

Jorge David Capiello-Ortiz

SMALL BODIGOS

If only I could tear and hawk
just one of my poems
in verses
and clean their blood
in recently distilled milk;
to make small *bodigos*
with them
covered in flour.
If only I could
macerate one my verses
in letters
and condense them in the pulp
of an already dry breast,
and from it, offer libations
of the blasphemous
dissident germ
of salvation
of divine unconformity.
If only one stanza
unmade in words
and the interwoven gray hair
of my guilts
could harbor
those who sleep dispossessed
under the stairways.
How many words
to name
the misfortune;
so many names

for misery
and only be able to name it.
If only I could tear and hawk
in verses
just one of my poems,
and cover so many bones
with flesh...
If only God allowed me to do it;
although no more than two...
who knows if maybe three...

The use of the word *bodigo* was taken from the Spanish medieval novel *El Lazarillo de Tormes*. It refers to the medieval way of making the Host, which unlike in contemporary times, it was simply a small bun of bread, which the priest sliced as he gave it to the filigrees. It could have been translated into “holy bread”, but the simplicity of the bun of bread would have been lost.