

on adoptive language

 speak we should but may
 we be spared the blemish of
 repudiating the first syllables uttered, the familiar
 cooing from those closest, all those words
 that should have been said but are now
 exchanged for extraneous sounds
 in a separate and sometimes dissenting language, no,
 there are no
 perfect equivalents and trading this language
 for that one is mostly
 a lesser and unexciting form
 of subversion, plainly a way of renouncing
 the world as we know it
 and, without
 once realising, a formidable
 mutation takes place, our faces embracing another
 cast, our voices crooning a different
 tune, and we become
 aligned with the inhabitants from elsewhere who
 speak with such
 different procedures, mean other
 things or probably none of the stuff that we hold
 close to our hearts, seemingly incapable of familiar emotions yet
 have reached uncharted ones, and thus
 this new language turns out to be
 as powerful
 as our fate
 for what you now say is what
 you have unquestionably turned into, and who
 you once were
 died the death
 of your oldest, wisest
 vocabularies

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