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MÁS-cara (poem)

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MÁS-cara

Rita Urquijo-Ruiz

Sentada frente al espejo
me transformo:
desprendo milímetro a milímetro
mi máscara de fuerte
mi máscara de valiente
mi máscara sonriente.
Empezando por la frente, la doblo
hacia abajo entre mis diez dedos;
se van desprendiendo
las dos cejas,
los párpados cerrados,
el tabique de la nariz, la punta,
la mejilla derecha, y a mitad de ésta,
la izquierda,
mi labio superior,
seguido por el otro
para terminar con la barbilla.
Quedan debajo:
una mueca triste;
mi cara: bistec crudo, palpitante.
Cualquier viento aterciopelado
al menor contacto,
podría tajarla dejando escapar
un hilito de líquido viscoso,
rosado, rojizo, rojo.
Pero con cada rasguño llega una cicatriz
y de costra en costra
formará otra cara
que aunque nueva,
aprenderá a ser fuerte,
a expresar una sonrisa arraigada,
profunda, verdadera.
Quedaré sin máscara,
quedaré con más cara.

MASKS

In front of the mirror
I'm transforming:
I slowly peel away
My mask of strength
My mask of courage
My smiling mask.
Starting with my forehead, I fold it
downwards between my ten fingers
My two eyebrows,
My closed eyelids,
The bridge of my nose, the tip,
My right cheek, and half way,
my left one,
My top lip,
Followed by the bottom one
are pulled away.
Underneath:
A sad smirk,
my face: raw, throbbing flesh
The softest wind
With its velvety touch
May cut into it, exposing
a thin thread of viscous liquid
pinkish, reddish, red.
Each scratch, a new scar,
and scab by scab
a new face
Learning to be strong,
With a deeply rooted,
Smile.
Without a mask,
My new face,
My new soul.