

Megin Jiménez

Cathedral

The monks built on top of
the center of the universe
We're on our knees 500 years later,
staring at relics, archbishop bones

Priests sit in its corners,
legs splayed under stiff gowns,
listening to whispered sins

Women bore foreign men's bodies,
bore their foreign tongue
bore their diluted children
I want to tear their hearts out,
I'm a diluted child

Forty thousand mixed-blood hearts
will not bring back any hungry god,
any vengeful bird, tricky beast,
venomous darts, words of a curse

Body of a Man

After Neruda

Body of a man, windswept plains, span of muscle,
you resemble a city in ruins, lying spent.
My round body completes your shadowed spaces
and shields the angles of your bones.

I was ripeness, welling, watching
the journey of light, its exit with a breath of frost.
To prolong my prime, I held a word under my
tongue and then swallowed it, I accepted you in silence.

But I've submitted to this wilting and now I speak it.
Body of many lengths, of avid ends and bites.
Oh the firmness of your hands, your teeth of presence!
Oh, the smoothness of your part! Oh your voice, loud
and shameless!

Body of my man, I will persist in your hollows,
My thirst, my surging need, my uncertain flight.
The dim streets, where thirst courses
and sleep follows, and the endless pang.

Megin Jiménez is a Venezuelan-American translator, poet and writer. Her book of prose poems and hybrid texts, *Mongrel Tongue*, was selected by Daniel Borzutzky for the 1913 Prize for First Books and is forthcoming from [1913 Press](#) in Fall 2019. Her poems and essays have appeared in *Barrow Street*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Best American Poetry Blog*, *Barrelhouse*, *Mantis*, *The Inquisitive Eater*, *NOÛ Journal*, *LIT*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Redivider* and other journals. She lives in Leiden, the Netherlands. Visit meginjimenez.com for more.