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**Map**

*Dedicated to Eva Klein*

There is no place  
The eye won't find  
Some passage, a face  
The sign of a word  
Spoken, and with it obedience  
Or sacrifice  
To change the mark  
Of that which is human

Whoever looks out  
Nevertheless forgets  
The hidden world  
Or ignored,  
The flatness  
Of the map is blind:  
Earth spattered  
With earth  
There is no letter capable,  
Of lighting up when  
Perhaps previous and existing  
The old mark of something subterranean  
Still survives  
And wants to remain  
In the areas  
In the places that have been silenced.

A firmness, a sign, the route  
Are, they are  
Like the city crossed,  
But let's follow one  
With less rigor, true  
Old map, surpassed  
And defeated by the years:  
The trace is achieved  
Sometimes of a species  
Existing, subhuman  
A little worn  
Today modified to be refolded.

The human gaze  
Searches within silence for  
Invisible points  
The underworld appears to be  
Something that is known,  
But not understood  
Even though one looks around  
Without encountering differences:  
They are the marks of the species  
Diluted and weary  
Extended over the earth  
Awaiting an impact  
From the subsoil  
Or from a superhuman  
Effort  
That will awaken or kill it.

Over the plain  
Empty of sparkle  
The hand adopts  
A lesser type of action,  
It slips expecting  
That uncertain custom:  
The sign that might stop it  
And entice it  
To look for something  
To make sensitive skin prickle  
To not touch anything  
Except the forms  
Underlined, located  
Out of place.

Underneath the maps  
There is a world without light  
The earth contracts  
It looks for the exit  
And for the broken folds  
Of the crust  
It arises incomplete  
A nature

Separated into species:  
The sub lunar world  
Confuses the dimensions

The extension rises up  
Vertical and quiet  
While the altitude  
Spreads  
Like an epidemic.

Whoever takes the map  
And holds it  
Wanting to guess its weight  
Before spreading it out  
On the table  
Is on the verge of revealing to  
Their eyes  
The blind madness  
Where hands search  
Without much success  
For the point where stroke  
And oblivion coincide:  
It's when  
The human person  
Disheartened or exhausted  
Nervously  
Although without hope  
Drums their fingers  
Or taps their fingertip  
On a spot on the map.

That stubborn noise  
Ends up being the beat  
Of the underworld  
With its series of species  
Divided  
Or subspecies  
Half developed,  
The human person  
Who taps on the map  
Like on a door

Considers himself  
A member of the supraworld,  
But the echo returned  
Is a true reflection  
Of the underworld,

Few times  
He who recognizes it suffers  
A deception, perhaps a sort of  
Fear:  
World spattered  
With earth  
Another side of the map exists  
There is a prehuman way  
Of showing  
Of creating silence  
Or interrogating.

If a plant or animal  
Observes the map  
It doesn't distinguish the same,  
It's the example of perception,  
Extrahuman, unfathomable  
Which equals objects  
Like a very mirror:  
One ignores if it's superfluous  
To look at the invisible, if  
It's worth too much  
Or represents  
Something very little,  
Trees glued to maps  
Bits of cardboard  
Built in with nails  
To the corrugated tin  
Mute pictures  
They would be episodes, branches  
Of a forgotten species  
Of the supraworld  
That has its exact language  
Like every species  
And its personal reason.

Sometimes, the finger taps  
An invisible place  
And leaves on the map  
Its tired print  
Like exhausted earth  
Similar to a collapse  
While the eye observes:  
There's something of a species ignored  
A will to besiege  
Of astronomic reach,  
It's patience  
Inscribed in the objects  
Of any one  
Of the worlds,  
An unavoidable gift, also  
Torturous, which doesn't change  
It only takes away, it doesn't restore  
The human meaning of things.

A will of innocence  
Can confront  
This siege  
Between what is known of this  
And another world  
There is nothing tangible  
Which can conquer that which is foreign,  
The point where the map  
Splits from itself, stops  
Signaling  
With no apparent motive  
It suspends itself  
And consists of an exhalation  
A promise  
Or a simple plot  
Which forgot its own intention:

The underworld guards  
Memory,  
Beneath us alarm  
Lives, the true map  
Not the real one, nor  
The invented or incomplete one  
The faded one lives  
Submerged in the prehuman.

Because there is no place  
The eye won't find  
The mark, the promise  
Even though inconclusive,  
To change the known  
Face of the map:  
The sub lunar world seems  
Superfluous  
There's an ornament  
Repeated and static  
That searches, without success,  
To be perennial when  
Only  
In reality it's useless  
And impotent, there is no  
Place to discover  
That which is past, not even  
That which is new, if it exists,  
Of the past, there is no  
Place to withdraw to  
And it permits  
Some subspecies  
Of that which is human  
To recuperate its breath  
Its old landscape  
Its fundamental language.

On occasions  
When the map spills  
Onto the cleared table  
It discovers its folds  
Of threadbare material  
And the human person  
Who observes the cloth,

Paper or oilcloth  
Wonders if these  
Creased lines  
Like fossilized capillaries  
Of a prehistoric body  
Might not be, for example  
Some live plot,  
Mute but unstoppable,  
Lodged in the map  
To express the underworld:  
Parallel reality  
Chosen thought  
Theory of the present  
In its dark night  
It works and waits  
For the maps to open  
Their wrinkles, those traces  
Broken and useless to  
Mark the supraworld,  
Because its magic has  
A double meaning,  
It reveals or surprises  
Similar to a life  
Acquired  
By some entity  
At first sight  
Artificial  
And only sometimes  
If it happens  
It reveals itself.

Every part of a map  
In its indifference  
Explains mutely  
The arbitrary nature,  
Every map finishes  
Before, it's reduced  
It's a type of object  
Deceptive, unable  
To reveal  
The true nature  
Postponed or not, repeated  
Of our sub lunar landscape:  
Map spattered

When the person  
Standing in front of the table  
Next to the piece of furniture  
    Made of glass  
    And under the light  
    Of the lamp, forgets  
The earth that his feet touches  
    The dirty earth  
    His bare feet  
    His unbuttoned shirt  
The slumped shoulders

He forgets and bends over  
    The map  
    Like an inverted sky  
    That imparts its serene  
    Nocturnality,  
    That human person  
    Approaches work  
Driven crazy by the underworld  
    With its insatiable noise  
    Of machine  
    Inoffensive and brutal:  
    Along the cracks  
    Or folds of the cloth  
    He can see darkness,  
    The straight data  
Without meaning, the passive bit  
    Virtue of every species  
    Prehuman  
    Until something calls  
    His tired attention  
And bringing an eye closer  
    To the point where the map  
    Doesn't resist and breaks  
He distinguishes without scandal  
    A blemish  
    Bristling and alert  
    On his own skin.