

Ten Metaphors in Space



CON CÓN

At the junction of the two waters, the Aconcagua River and the Pacific Ocean, I made my first spiral.

(Con Cón, Chile, 1966)



AUTUMN

In June 1971 I filled the Forestal Gallery of the National Museum of Fine Arts in Santiago, Chile, with leaves. The work was dedicated to the construction of socialism and lasted three days.



ANTIVERO

The river wants to be heard before it is contaminated.

The *nipas* are its spirits, its guardians. The perfumed shrub.

Thread is a trail
I'm lost on
the trail is a scent
I travel

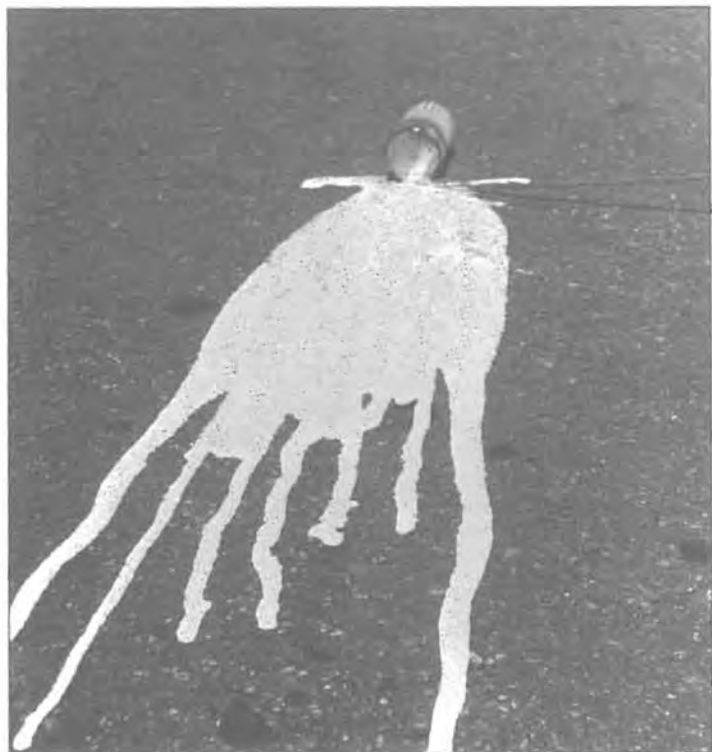


THE CHIBCHA TRAIL

The Chibchas wove trails on the crests of the hills to join the villages of Cundinamarca and Boyacá.

Poetry lives in certain places
where the cliffs need nothing
but a sign to come alive:
two or three lines, a marking,
and silence begins to speak.

(Bogotá, 1981)



A GLASS OF MILK

In 1979 in Colombia there was a "milk crime": distributors had added powder and water to the milk. 1,920 children died from drinking the contaminated milk.

I announced the spilling of a glass of milk under the blue sky. On the scheduled day I spilled the milk and wrote on the pavement:

The cow
is the continent
whose milk
(blood)

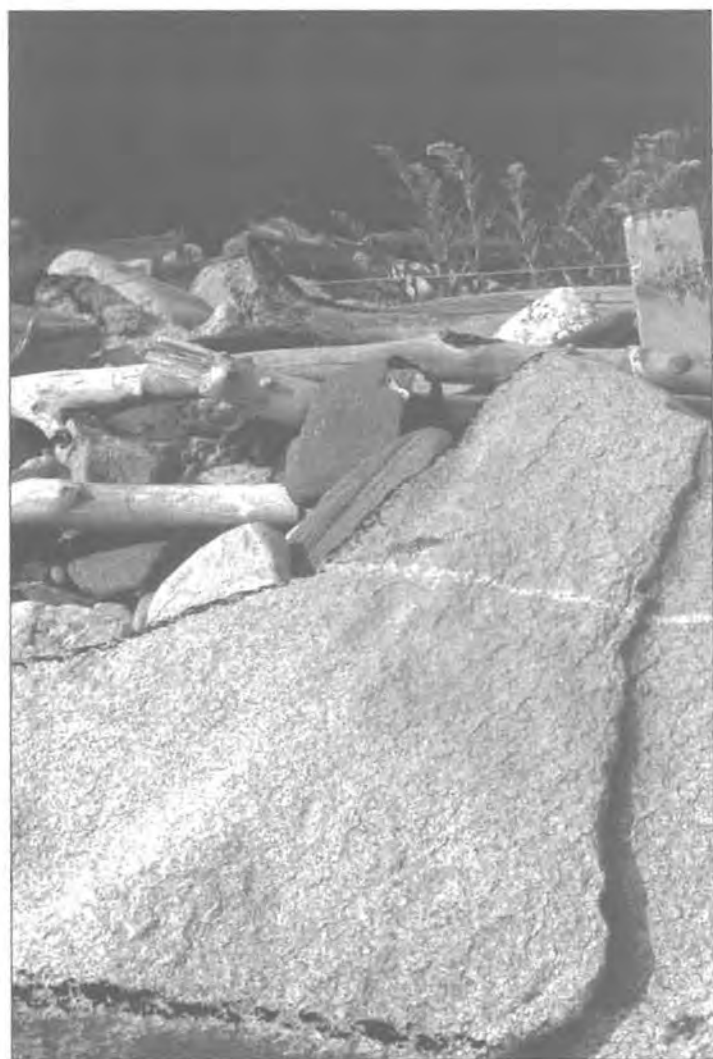
is being
spilled
What are we doing
to our lives?



SIDEWALK FORESTS

Small altars on the streets of New York, air vents for the earth,
pasture born in the gutters.

(New York, 1981)



K'IJLLU

Red dust in the k'ijllu crack.

The rock recalls a people that buried its dead with red ocher powder.

The earth leaked red ocher, and a civilization six thousand years old was discovered. *(Salter's Island, Maine, 1985)*



FOR THE TREES AND BIRDS

The opinions of birds are very important. Would they accept these woven trees? In a few minutes they were singing like crazy.

(Lexington, New York, 1987)



FIRE HYDRANT

Mouth of water. A little dust and four clay snakes mark the way back to the sea.

(New York, 1990)



HUDSON RIVER

I launched boats on the river, talking to it. Changing signs, mine and those there by chance. The boats and the trash, mingling.

(New York, 1990)