

LINDA CHRISTENSEN

Descending, 2011
Oil on Canvas, 60 x 48 in



courtesy: the artist

BEATRIZ VIGNOLI

The Fall

If they tell you I fell,
it's because I fell.
Vertically.
And with horizontal results.
Of the right angle,
I'm only the sides.
I know nothing of the monumental art of the spin,
the elaborate twist of the hero
that makes his fall shine like a jump.
That loop of the martyr, which, ascending,
leaves the victim below
and flies over his torment—
not my specialty. Me, when I fall,
I fall.
There's no parabola,
or air, or sustaining force.
A slip: I wait. I reach the floor
by the shortest route.
A landslide, a stone,
a dynamited girder.
There's no artfulness in my descent.
But still, one survives: the bottom
of the abyss is softer
for one who doesn't fly, only falls.
If they tell you that I fell,
don't try
to teach me revisionist aerodynamics.
Don't talk to me about those who fell triumphantly.
Don't try to tell me
you don't believe it was an accident.
I only believe in accidents.
The only thing the universe knows how to do
is to fall apart without motive,
to crumble just because.

—translated from the Spanish by Florencia Milito

The author of fifteen books of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction, and translator of four books into Spanish, **Beatriz Vignoli** is a poet, novelist, translator, and art critic from Rosario, Argentina. Her poems have been translated into English, French, and Catalan and published in anthologies in Argentina and Europe. Her latest books are three works of fiction: *Molinari Baila*, *Es imposible pero podría mentirte*, and *Kelpers*.

Born in Rosario, Argentina, **Florencia Milito** spent her early childhood in Venezuela and has lived in the United States since she was nine. She is a bilingual poet, essayist, and translator whose work has appeared in literary journals such as *ZYZZYVA* and the *Indiana Review*. Recently she spent two years in her native Argentina translating the work of contemporary Argentine poets into English.