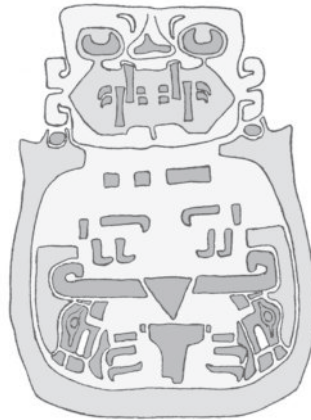


Poesia / Poetry

**Fertility**

In caverns of stone, where echoes whisper tales,
 Symbolic narratives in rock art unveil.
 A time long past, when clans in nature thrived,
 Depicting life's essence, where symbols derived.

In primal days, when tribes roamed free,
 Hunting and gathering, life's tapestry.
 Human resources, the cherished wealth,
 Their quest for fertility, their silent stealth.

From nomadic whispers to settled hums,
 Life's rhythm changed, a new beat strums.
 Cultivation, agriculture, society weaves,
 A dance with nature, where fertility conceives.

In rock art's canvas, stories unfold,
 Of pregnancy and childbirth, symbols bold.
 Mother goddesses and abstract signs,
 Triangle, vulva, circles entwined.

Myths and totems, rituals profound,
 Guardians of life, the fertile ground.
 In sacred depictions, on stones they etch,
 A dance of life, where symbols sketch.

Two aspects entwined, life's dual thread,
 Physical and mental, as one they tread.
 Spirituality, the unseen guide,
 In rock art's whispers, their truths reside.

Human and animal, life intertwined,
 Pregnancy's dance, a narrative bind.
 In California's Coso, women and sheep,
 Fertility's blessings, secrets they keep.

Kosovo's rocks, with symbols rife,
 Deep incisions, the dance of life.
 Northern Russia, Serbia's tale,
 Deer and woman, life's intertwined trail.



From France's antlers to Kazakhstan's hand,
Petroglyphs unveil life's birthing stand.
A realistic scene, no magic to shroud,
Delivery's moment, amidst the crowd.

Cup marks, phallus objects, symbols they tell,
In rock art's language, life's secrets swell.
Mother goddesses, figures grand,
Fertility's whispers across the land.

In India's embrace, rock art speaks,
Hunting scenes and childbirth's peaks.
Mahadev's caves, pregnant women in stride,
Pots on heads, in procession's guide.

Panchmukhi's shelter, childbirth's scene,
Abstract motifs, like scripts unseen.
Isko's intricate geometric dance,
A mother's labor, life's sweet chance.

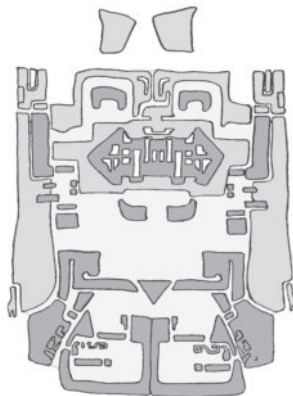
Lakhajuar's family, a rare delight,
Pregnant woman, in moon's soft light.
Bhimbetka's canvas, pregnant few,
Life's panorama in red and blue.

Animals, revered in rock art's grace,
Deer and buffalo, a sacred chase.
Pregnant cows in herds that roam,
Life's abundance, nature's home.

In Mirzapur's shelter, life's secret shared,
Fetus inside, a pregnant glare.
Human and animal, in scenes combined,
Rock art's whispers, a truth defined.

Conclusion drawn from art untold,
Fertility's tale in symbols bold.
Rock art's dance, an ancient song,
Life's vibrant tapestry, forever strong.

Sachin K, Tiwary





El mar es una línea azul en el horizonte

las olas: crestas blancas espumosas suben y bajan suben y bajan.
Danzan alegres y cantan. Aquí la Señora de Cao daba a luz a los pallares, a los pacaes, a las lúcumas. Alumbraba el maní, la chirimoya, el ajonjolí, la calabaza, el zapallo loche, la guanábana.
Disfruto del paisaje aquí en Chocope. Finjo que me distraigo que no te observo. Te contemplo distante en ese mar azul del horizonte: lejos de tus dudas represiones frustraciones. ¿Me oyes Mariela? Cerquita a ti Señora de Cao: enterrada aquí bajo mis pies. Tierra anaranjada amarilla cobriza ceniza azafranada. Paja cortada labrada vuelta a cortar vuelta a labrar. Señora de Cao: resucito al estar cerca de ti. ¿Me oyes Mariela me oyes? Cerca de ti enterrado bajo estas hierbas bajo estos pastos bajo la línea azul de ese mar en el horizonte: vuelvo a renacer, revivir, resucitar. Cerca de esas olas que suben y bajan suben y bajan alborozadas.
Mariela: ¿me escuchas?

*Ojitos negros no llores
No llores ni te enamores
Llorarás cuando se vaya
Cuando remedio no haya*

Rubén Urbizagástegui-Alvarado

