

## SELECTED POEMS FOR *THE GROVE*

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### “Judas”

We entered the room — blind —  
And I ended up seeing you:  
Blackness and putrid stench,  
We penetrated a buba  
In Ibn Sina's madrassa.  
Plague, vice and ego - tobacco,  
Alcohol, perfume of Fathers,  
Sons and Absent Spirits.

The Trinity raised its altar  
From the underground.  
The flowers of the table  
Caressed the knees  
Of the players who gambled.  
Although they did not caress them -  
They kept on gambling -  
They were seizing them.

Boirs sprouted from below  
And darkness that bewitched -  
A white wall around.  
The bonfire and the feast.  
And you Judas, where?  
To the right.  
You looked at the cards  
Like an evening demon.

You sweated drunk and foolish  
And smoked - my body wasted away -  
Gray Shulamite in the middle of the game.  
You threw me to the dogs  
A night of white Bailey's cream.  
You longed to win — Norman — cheating  
Treacherously and you lost.  
That night you didn't take me to bed.

Chips were falling on the table:  
Equal, raise twenty, pass....  
Gold for your purse  
Heartless mercenary.  
That's why you didn't hear it:  
Withdraw.  
You didn't want to hear me:  
Shut up.

You still can't hear me:  
Trio.  
But you know.  
Three hours we waited for you,  
Judas.  
Three hours you played with the  
Three hours was enough for you —  
But preferred to play poker.

And you're still playing your game.  
Treacherously, yes, Judas.  
Because you had no heart —  
Even if you played poker —  
You always cut with diamonds —  
To give it all in —  
And hang yourself at the orchard.

**“End”**

A poem to read  
At the end of the world.

Running with handfuls of  
Cash to the coffin  
Covered in weeds we smoke  
Singing songs about love  
And sex separating  
Souls in a mixture  
Of colorful polaroid —  
Full of foolness.

“Ukrainians murdered at the border”  
Said a Russian host never —  
And viceversa.  
As we turn TV down forever  
And meet a new world,  
Chaucer coined Twitter  
With new fake news  
And old real gore  
— Every minute —

She waves in the mirror  
At me every morning  
And tells me how he likes me:  
(Pretty thin fumes  
Of a cigarette I buy —  
A ticket everyday —  
A thriller magazine —  
Dieting on Cola and Coke  
To the end of the world.)

But spring flowers  
from another’s neck  
And I’m lured to live again  
And find a world of airs —

Running wild, wild!  
I can't find  
One for my own.

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Must stop reading.  
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So many lines.  
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So little spaces.  
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End of poem.

## “Imagine”

Imagine you were not a clock!  
And ticktack vanished. Imagine!  
That silence conquered the muffled voices,  
And rambling conquerors tasted at last  
The inward ironed wound  
That comes from no one and tastes of emptiness.  
The nothingness of running beheaded  
Bounded by the reins of wants.  
Of time hurriedly time-less.  
Of life life-less and human aliens  
And loneliness personified but unnoticed.  
Of light clothing darkness,  
And sleeping out of cycle —  
And producing, consuming, and producing!  
In a whimsical folly!

Imagine the clock hands grasp  
Relaxing over your neck —  
Like the rope bit by the dog  
You walk mornings in a rush and evenings,  
Till its tears it into freedom.  
But you wither and melt  
Into it as you linger  
Under the sun on the sand  
Of a lifetime beach.  
In a blazing summer created  
Of punishment ignored  
That persists not in memory.

If only you crashed the sphere.  
If only you breathed again,  
And walked the sphere of Earth,  
And felt the breeze of air.  
If you rocked the baby,  
And were the baby.  
And crawled and touched,

And questioned.  
And smiled and learned,  
And failed and fixed.  
And patient like a sleepy baby  
Or anxious for the breast,  
Groped for the nipple,  
Tearing down the mechanism.  
Imagine!