

PREMIOS VICTORIA URBANO 2007

Premio Victoria Urbano de Creación: poesía de mujeres

Finalista: Hedy Habra, Western Michigan University
Simulacra, Unborn , Evening Walk, Mascarade, Bricolage

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Simulacra

At sunset, evading the canvas, her weary brush
rests, inert, a broken stem.

Drawn to the stream's silent
murmur, she watches lines of liquid light encircle white boulders, tremble
into a mosaic of reflections.

The painter sits still, loosens her bow, wishes
she'd lie on the riverbed,
water running like fingers
through her hair, the way the undercurrent combs
long wavering algae, willowing over rippled sand.

At a distance, passing clouds delineate black
naked branches, heavy
with birds like berries.
She thinks of paper, pen and ink, reaches for her nearby portfolio leaning
against the abandoned

easel. Unable to move, her hair, entangled with
mossy filaments, flows
through crystalline
waters. Reclined, she sees the birds fly,
clouds disappear as night falls over the creek.

Unborn

I have no face, no eyes, no ears,
no lips, no name,

a flower swollen from the wild
seed of their eyes,
elytra's spark
in the darkening riverbed,
a trembling protean flame
rising from an elusive space
where skin meets skin.
Hand in hand,
they watch me grow tongues
of flame licking the warm air,
extending like fingers in a glove,
intertwined vines
blossoming in fiery petals.
They hear a droplet bursting
on a tin gutter, a crack in the icy
roof, a tear of melting snow,
the rustling of dry leaves nearby,
read the sudden silence
of wind chimes,
hear me whisper: yes, I am, I know. . .

Evening Walk

I stand, arms wide-open, feel
the wind
over the greatest surface
but my arms
can't hold it all,

wish I had a cape,
I'd lift batlike,
sift messages,
lost in the air,
between a lift and pause
of breath,

discarded words, letters
highlighted
with my own colors.
I would walk
on the wet sand

arms stretched-out
as if about to fly or sail,
anchored to the shore
by the weight

of memories,
of minutes, heavy with absence,
 phone conversations
silent pauses

where only presence matters.

Mascarade

When a child, fingers
stained with golden dust,
a softened imprint
of impalpable wings,
I pinned over velvet
the cause of my joy.

Now I wonder.

What are they really,
if not worms in disguise
wearing a carnival mask,
rising for a day
to drink and mate,
as we, earthbound,
indulge in the illusion
of love, turn
into flying petals,
expose ourselves
to a touch,
a scorching light.

Bricolage

Go every day a little deeper
into the woods, collect acorns,
twigs, thorns, fallen leaves,
pine needles, a fern's curl,
a bird's nest, a lost feather,
spring air, hot, humid air, a raindrop,
a touch of blue, a ripple,
and why not the hush
of your steps over moss,
the trembling of leaves
at dusk against black bark?

Put it all in a bag and shake it:
you will retrace your steps
within the clearing, hear frightened

flights, see the rain darken the deck,
flatten oak leaves, silence songs,
answer the root's mute prayer.

Nota biográfica:

Poeta y ensayista de origen libanés, Hedy Habra dicta cursos de español en Western Michigan University donde se doctoró en literatura hispanoamericana. Ha publicado artículos sobre numerosos autores españoles e hispanoamericanos, entre ellos, Mario Vargas Llosa, sobre quien escribió su tesis doctoral, *La creación de submundos: lo visual en la narrativa de Mario Vargas Llosa*. Sus artículos han aparecido en revistas como, Revista de Estudios Hispánicos, Hispanófila, Chasqui, Latin American Literary Review e Inti entre otras. Su obra creativa en francés, inglés y español se encuentra en revistas como Linden Lane Magazine, Negative Capability, Parting Gifts, Explicación de Textos Literarios, Puerto del Sol, Poet Lore y Nimrod. Sus poemas figuran en Arab American and Diaspora Literature, editado por Nathalie Handal e Inclined to Speak: Contemporary Arab American Poetry, edidato por Hayan Sharara. Su poemario, "Tea in Heliopolis" está bajo consideración editorial y está terminando una colección de cuentos.