

# Alalá

Sofía Ruvira



New York

I started writing the majority of these poems sometime around 2023. I felt for them no expectation, just the radical desire to experience and research the joy hidden behind words of languages that I now consider my own. Thank you Arteidolia Press for trusting my delirium. Thank you to Yale University and my amazing department for valuing, on the other side of the planet, something that many people are not able to value in their own land. Thank you to my family, especially to Xonxa and Margarita Fernández. Thank you Jaco, Mark, Frank, Xabi, Xurxo and all my friends who inspire me, who support me and without whom I wouldn't be doing what I do today. Thank you Zack for being my safe place. Lastly, thank you to all the people who commit the political action of speaking their mother tongue. Na Galiza en Galego.

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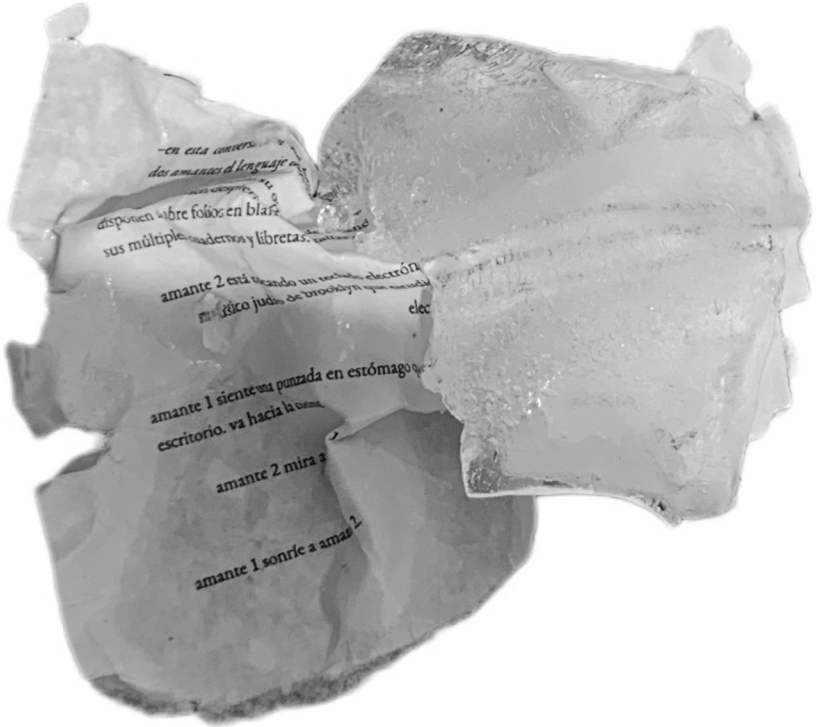
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en esta conversación  
dos amantes al lenguaje  
disponen libre folios en blanco  
sus múltiples

amante 2 está buscando un  
místico judío de tradición  
elec

amante 1 siente una punzada en estómago  
escritorio. va hacia la

amante 2 mira a

amante 1 sonríe a amante 2

coming from afar

clouds

rising star — t

there is something

*algo*

*abaixo*

language spoken in the way that

I can

cannot express myself

I am whimsical

and clumsy *eu son dixen que quería*

*lonxe fun*

I am made of

flowers and desire

the one who can name

existence

I see somebody

boarding a plane

*adeus papá lonxe fun*

a language nobody understands

from an oppressed land

not

even recognized

I say and sing and sew and fly and glide and soar

*movemento presente feito de area* not

touching sand anymore

at least from now on

if I trace

a line from cross to cross I see  
my  
abandoned self

land  
*reflexo da lúia meiga sorte*

I say and sing and sew and fly and glide and soar  
*eu digo e canto e coso e voo e álzome e  
érgome*

They say:

where are you from?  
where are you from?  
where are you from?

where are you from?

and I wonder:

*de onde son.*

I fantasize on using all the words that I don't still know  
like for example

*tépeda*

*morriña*

*treboada*

*esaxeración*

*bulir*

*trapalleira*

I don't know the world yet I can feel

on my throat underneath my  
tongue

gut feeling a claim a desire a  
of explosion

*si eu puidera escribir de todas esas  
cousas*

*de todos esos xeitos*  
I will be writing maybe at a reputed  
journal

or a university I will be lector of some language  
but of course not mine

sadly not mine

I fantasize writing a long poem  
with turns and verses and invented phrases and  
long sentences  
with adjectives

I fantasize I could say the things and love  
and read the things and love

in this

foreign language

I fantasize of knowing the stress of the word  
where do I let my tongue

vibrate

brrrrgf

in this foreign language

*quixera ter nesta noite tódalas palabras do mundo  
e facer con elas unha ponte  
que me levara  
de Nova York a Galicia*

if I could at least tell you how deep  
I feel this thorn  
how encashed I have  
this loneliness

being unable to express myself

*quero falar e non podo  
quero chorar e non podo  
quero maldecir e non podo*

and all the words I found for that are not  
at least not

registered    I I I eu eu eu  
son am son am  
son am  
son am  
*quero chorar e non podo*  
I wanna cry

and I can't.



particles

suspended in the air

my breath is a cloud  
blue

and fluffy in the horizon

I am

a thought

a blurry piece of messy thinking

I am a cloud a hope a thought  
a little bird tweeting

brrrrrôíí

How wild to think that

I am losing myself for speaking another  
language being able to communicate in  
another language

when I speak now

I tend to forget words

*cravo*

*argola*

*caixón*

*taza*

*moito*

but I always remember  
the deep words

*morriña*

*lembranza*

*saudade*

Well, I would say

sad

deep words  
they bring me back to belonging.

I said bye to my dad on a blurry, cloudy day  
it made me feel good, because  
in my land we mostly have those days  
when the sky is so whimsical  
and I am so willful  
that I have the courage to extend my tongue  
open my wide mouth and extend  
my lips and  
loudly but shaky  
and say

*adeus*

When Raúl Támez choreographed *Migrant Mother* he  
thought of it as  
[every mexican] heritage

When Carmen Boullosa wrote about Spanish she thought  
about it as  
a minoritized language  
*tamalitos, tamalcitos, tamales*

When I decided to professionalize my Galician language I  
think about it as  
a way of rebellion

language, mother language

I long for a mother  
I long for a language

at Yale University I have an office at the Spanish and  
Portuguese department  
and well,  
I am just      like a brick  
placed in the in-between of these  
two languages

I can speak both  
read both  
love both  
and hate both

I can say *hola* or *ola*  
and *te quiero* and *querote*  
and I can have a salary and teach      other people to  
say  
I love you

at Yale University they also respect my own language  
they do  
they will open a seminar  
I claimed  
*preciso unha asignatura na que se considere o galego*  
*e se fale o galego*  
*e se aprenda o galego*  
they agreed

I am just      like a bridge