

as inside the stone my secret voices
the statue refuses to emerge without being loved
I stone in the mountain
pebble at the foot of the conical setting
resist untying the
internal fruit-bearing
monotonous and ancient
statue from the belly of my hand
every stone sacred like it
is circle of my invulnerable stone
is feast of my round light
because it holds time prisoner
the space of God is mine
I am the one speaking

Extract from the poem
'A bit of island comes to my shoes'
by Jorge Oteiza

I am already of statue this immobile owl
and I don't look
now I don't look
with my eyes open and made of stone forever
I will die and there on the roof
the owl will remain
if you ask about me
I'll be watching you.

*Extract from the poem
'Requiem for an angel who didn't want
to go back to heaven'
by Jorge Oteiza*