



3 Poems by Natalia Fernández Díaz-Cabal

TRANSITS

They say that a rustling of leaves
stretches behind numb eyelids:
it is a spread of wings
that crosses the mystery of life
to death.

And sometimes it returns from death,
like a strange glow,
ignoring Charon's wrath.

They say that golden sap
stops right at the point
where breath was extinguished.
And there, particles of souls sprout,
taking advantage of the journey
of light.

They say that a murmur increases
in the void left by language
and that silence settles
on the palate,
awaiting its climax.

Everything ends when it begins.
Or perhaps it is that we always begin,
and thus we defy limits
thanks to the memory
of those of us who remain on earth.
Germinal dust.

We the living exist
because the dead remember us.

DNA

No one ever explained to us
that angels slip through your fingers
like golden fireflies.

No one explained to us that the universe
is written in our fingerprints
and that from there you can hear
extinct seas.

No one explained to us that our DNA
tells ancestral stories
and contains the history of the universe
in a single drop of blood.

No one sang us true songs,
or sought oracles in the silences,
or quantified cosmogonies,
lies from which generations were born,



dead in foreign and anonymous graves.
No one has revealed our name.
No one dared to break our chains.

MINIMALIST

We must learn to walk
through the chalice
of the flowers:
it will give us the exact perspective
of the scent and the sky that we banished
at the cost of inflicting wounds
in which flocks of starlings agonised.
Let us exchange our comfortable home
for the bottom of a bottle
that is neither half full
nor half empty,
but in which someone has placed
a message of help or hope
(two imperfect synonyms, despite the rigours of semantics).
Let us breathe in that message.
It will leave us with a lump of sugar dissolved
on the palate
and the starlings will have the opportunity
to sing with our own throats.
Inhabit a drop of blood,
the veiled light of a tear,
the remains of amniotic fluid...
Because the earth will not be easy on us.

Bio:



Natalia Fernández Díaz-Cabal is a polyglot, translator, professor, and international lecturer. She holds a PhD in Linguistics and a PhD in Philosophy of Science, as well as an MA in Anglo-Germanic Philology and a Master's degree in Human Sexuality. She has also pursued studies in music and musical language.



She has delivered lectures, seminars, recitals, and courses in numerous countries, including Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Great Britain, Canada, Italy, Mexico, Paraguay, Argentina, Morocco, the Czech Republic, Macedonia, China, France, Turkey, India, and Uganda. She works as a translator in nine languages.

Díaz-Cabal has written poetry since adolescence. Her collections include *Secreta perfección del fracaso*, *Hijos de sarcoma*, and *El árbol que mira hacia la luz*. More recent works include *Heterodoxias del tiempo y la palabra* (Alondras Éditions, Montreal, 2021) and *The Time We Had to Live Through* (Alondras Éditions, Montreal, 2023).

In addition to poetry, she is the author of several essays, including *La violencia sexual y su representación en la prensa* (2003), *Cuando el feminismo dijo sí al poder* (2013), *Polifemo y la mujer barbuda. Crónica (des)enfadada de un cáncer atípico* (2016), *Perséfone se encuentra a La Manada* (2019), *A History of Women's Contributions to Linguistics: Words Gone with the Wind* (2024), and *Intercultural Communication in Post-Pandemic and Dystopian Times: A Critical Approach* (2025).