

La Guirnalda Polar

La Redvista Electrónica de Cultura Latinoamericana en Canadá
Los Tesoros Culturales del Mundo Hispanohablante

The Dimensions of the Vancouver Public Library

Artículo por José Tlatelpas

For Paty...

The central building of the Vancouver Public Library is an intimate dimension of many solitudes. From the origin of all the winds come lost souls to search meetings by the sacred ways of the books. Sometimes, the texts offer dreams, ambitions, confidences, light.

I could say that it is a corral where summer's baby bulls and lost baby cows trot between the virtual grass of crazy architectures. Here the humanauts navigate in golden spider webs searching for a voice, a hope, a sin, secrets, understanding.

The workers of the library works. Some ones dream, others are imprisoned and, secretly, read the dreams of the citizen readers and citizens givers of readers. Like a coyote in the hill, I watch them with my staring eyes, careful, inadverted, natural, savage.

There I have seen a girl, remote and white, she works finding dreams and, while she works, she dreams. Sometimes I find her lost between the routes of her heart or the virtual spaces of a misunderstanding society. Like her colleagues, she hoards, with discretion, the transcourse of her intimacy. Sometimes, I watch her to draw the courses, furtively, between the possibilities of the titles of a book and, sometimes, to drag herself to the sidereal magnetism of her own dreams, I see her navigating in the spaces, human and delicate, sensual, unaccessible.

I know that there are several hidden stars between the shelves and the books, workers, readers, security workers, directors, tramps, dreamers. I know there are, in that place, secret fires, content informations. I know a poet and a German theoretician, a delicate poetess in French, and the library worker, remote and white. In a map, I could be the compass that identifies the route of their lights.

The German poet has the long hair and try to hide his glance. Maybe he fears that a reader could steal his thoughts and could be discovered his quality of a prisoner. To maintain the freedom of his dreams he hoards them. The eyes, a door of the Three Souls, could allow them to escape. That is why he avoids to meet with the eyes of the anonymous numbered readers. Because, sometimes, in a library, for the administrators, each reader is a number, a credential, a user of rights, a snawer of the services, a thief of intimacy.

The poetess Quebequois seems hard as a soldier. She has the look cold, the eyebrow... merciless. Nevertheless, when she goes over the prologue, we could notice her soul trembling, between the

vibrations of her shyness, and that she is a very fine shell of tenderness. I could say that she is even more subtle than the dust that covers the yellow wings of the butterflies, more luminous than the petals of a tulip, smaller than a daisy. And however, she pretends to be a magic sculpture of white steel.

The remote and white library worker is a bandit. From her marble tower she steals thoughts, attentions, my heart. Devoted to her job she navigates like a tender kiss of paper in the Pacific ocean.

Her eyes are the eyes nearest to the Moon, her waist is a treasure in a medieval tower, and for it fights the warriors of the letters. Sometimes she shines so gorgeous and distracted, that prevents any reading, she kidnaps the dreams, she takes the ownership of my breath and its accents.

I walk between the books of pine, or between the printed pines. Very near, the water surrounds me, the legislation, the regulations, the obligatory silence. Quietly I rise by the Canadian ladders and I look carefully, I am The Mythological Coyote of The South.

My nose, dark and humid, discover the challenge of the summer scents, the secret that navigates in the breeze, the intimate perfume that seems inavderted. My soft hair is a spark between the volumes and sometimes, as a thousand of years ago, I capture, suddenly, the own heart of the unexpected.

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1. - Libro antiguo

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