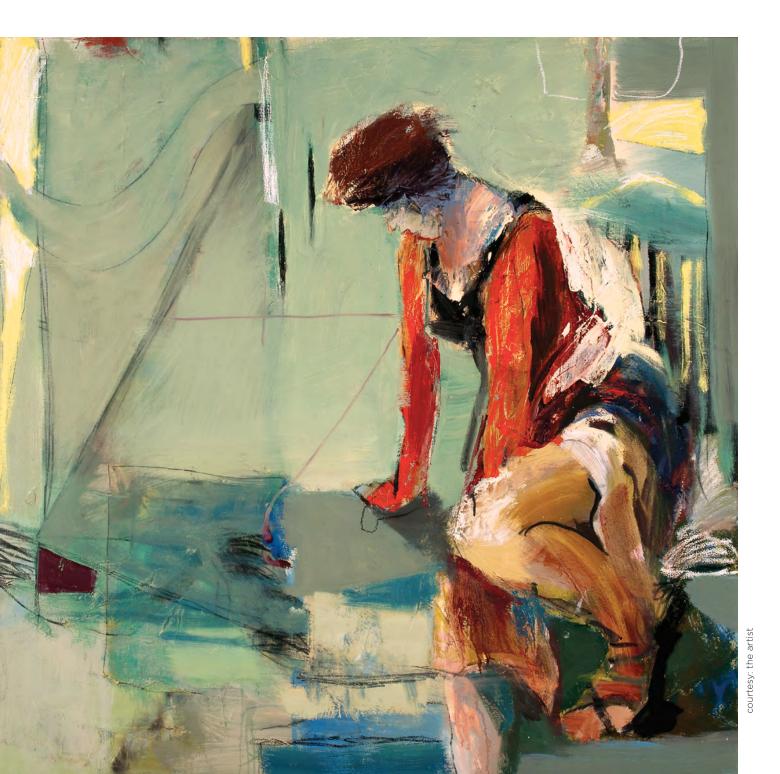
## LINDA CHRISTENSEN

Descending, 2011 Oil on Canvas, 60 x 48 in



## **BEATRIZ VIGNOLI**

## The Fall

If they tell you I fell, it's because I fell. Vertically. And with horizontal results. Of the right angle, I'm only the sides. I know nothing of the monumental art of the spin, the elaborate twist of the hero that makes his fall shine like a jump. That loop of the martyr, which, ascending, leaves the victim below and flies over his torment not my specialty. Me, when I fall, I fall. There's no parabola, or air, or sustaining force. A slip: I wait. I reach the floor by the shortest route. A landslide, a stone, a dynamited girder. There's no artfulness in my descent. But still, one survives: the bottom

of the abyss is softer for one who doesn't fly, only falls. If they tell you that I fell, don't try to teach me revisionist aerodynamics.

Don't talk to me about those who fell triumphantly. Don't try to tell me

you don't believe it was an accident. I only believe in accidents.

The only thing the universe knows how to do is to fall apart without motive,

to crumble just because.

—translated from the Spanish by Florencia Milito

The author of fifteen books of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction, and translator of four books into Spanish, Beatriz Vignoli is a poet, novelist, translator, and art critic from Rosario, Argentina. Her poems have been translated into English, French, and Catalan and published in anthologies in Argentina and Europe. Her latest books are three works of fiction: Molinari Baila, Es imposible pero podría mentirte, and Kelpers.

Born in Rosario, Argentina, Florencia Milito spent her early childhood in Venezuela and has lived in the United States since she was nine. She is a bilingual poet, essayist, and translator whose work has appeared in literary journals such as ZYZZYVA and the Indiana Review. Recently she spent two years in her native Argentina translating the work of contemporary Argentine poets into English.