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Between the Lines

A secret place where there is no room for science or rational thinking and which only poetry can approach. The qualities which escape the ordinary language are the specialty of poetic intervention. It gives a name to the unpronounceable, to things that cannot be expressed in any other way. When empirical data, logical analysis, the code and its adjustment fail, it's time to make way for poetry.

Between the lines of a poem new meanings are offered - they are wickers, used to braid new combinations of words capable of conquering new semantic territories and, with them, new realities. Since the world is created by words, by assaying these new lines we enlarge the edges of reality.

On the pages of poetry books one can see how the lines never fall into the abyss of the paper but stay safely within the poem's environment and from there they construct a universe of meanings which, within itself, works like a clockwork. At the same time these lines do not skimp on paper, because poetry is not greedy, it's almost a luxury like love. And as necessary a luxury.

The lines of a poem are loose because between them there is space for everyone, for everything. There is room for everyone to come in and bring their own diverse interpretations, readings, contributions. The reader makes those verses their own and finalizes the meaning of the poem, which is always an encounter, a reunion.

Thus poetry is the language of suggestion because between its lines the silence counts as much as what is said aloud. It pulls the reader's - its accomplice -

sensitive intelligence between those gaps and those lines, in order to put together its revelation.

The void between the lines suck from the reader all the invisible that is needed for the completion of the poems mission: the reader's emotional memory filled with content, his cultural context as a functional backdrop, his former readings as a theatrical tradition, his intimate relations forged with the vocabulary. All this, activated through what is missing.

Because poetry leaves room for the other and integrates the possible diversities between its lines, it is also the alphabet of the approach and respect for otherness, the alphabet of empathy and understanding. Those who cannot travel in the obvious way, can still move between the lines, those unable to travel in time in an objective way, do so between the lines. Those who - obviously - cannot be someone else, can dream to be someone else between the lines, walk in the emotional shoes of those they read.

Because between the lines of a poem there is growth, a language contrary to the discourses of power whispers between the lines. The denotation is a code of obviousness, and the significant constellation of poetry dispenses its message between the lines. It cannot be said that its message is just vague since it has its own kind of very precise vagueness, which represents a large part of reality - its porous, polymorphous, unstable texture – much better than any symbolic-by-mere-substitution maneuver. It is abandoning the denotative capitals and being the peripheries of the sign.

The lines are marked and what remains between them is not marked. We identify with what encourages between the lines because it is the alternative, the feminine, the suburban, the different, the other, the inexplicit; safe from power. Between those coordinates we feel much more comfortable, honest and genuine than in what only IS. What it just is. What is shown so obscenely

and boastfully appears. More than in the black of ink, we remain in the white of a tabula rasa in which everything shines with future and possibilities.

As soon as something is said, written, it begins to lose its truth, to become obsolete. That which is made explicit begins to die a little. Only the unspoken will always remain a child. That is why poetry is the most spongy language, rich in its own lack, most full of silences. Of brilliant silences of pure eloquence. Loud silences.

To collapse all the old forcefulness of the slogans, the iron of the patriarch, the center, the capital, a few certainties and almost all its values, we will always resist, talking between the lines