

# “OVERFLOW” / “REBOSAR”

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## I

In the depths where shadows dance:  
I am woman.

I feel dread upon my fate.  
I carry the lineage of death.  
I take life,  
Faster than I give up.

Unprotected. Unresolved. Unrequited.  
I too burn at the stakes tonight.

Did I inherit the sin?  
Tradition is then a devil  
Passing from womb to womb  
Where this hunger is growing:  
The insatiable within  
Demanding to be fed.

I forge my scar, I make way.  
I too was afraid to shed skin.  
I testament my own creation  
And find refuge.  
Am I heir to them?

I am not afraid,  
For I do not rise a phoenix.  
I do not rise anew.

I rise a woman.

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## II

Is there stillness in the night  
when shadows move?

There is darkness before death  
Songs that creep and wait,  
Yet surrounded by storms and stares  
I'm loose.

I'm no longer squared and straight  
For my feet sound since as hooves;  
I do not miss my bed,  
I created words to  
Sentence me  
And summoned my debt.

Was it death that held you down  
Or was it you?  
I no longer find pressure  
In the beat and beat of time  
For my chest no longer tries,  
It moves.

Word build. Tongue freed.  
There is sense and creole in the streets.  
But I no longer live,  
I create.

## III

For a moment I thought  
Frozen time—on the turn of the page  
That I'd lost my intuition.

And when the night speaks  
All land stays silent.  
Except for the trees,  
Cracking away at the moon  
While their leaves fall asleep;  
For the distant breach of life  
Untouched by moon,  
Unaware;  
For time, who made us trust the sin



Yet me always want more.

We spent centuries writing to the same  
Writing to the same moon  
Yet we failed to seduce her.  
Let us try.

And if what's left of me is enough  
I'll remain silent  
And embrace under this tree  
To ink my back to stone  
(to the moon, time froze)  
To us—the future dead.



