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XVII

Salvador Espriu

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Salvador Espriu

XVII

Could it be that the long
protruding tongue
in its last scornfulness
asks for more wine?
We still have some.

Under the gibbet,
we, the highbrows
of the Sephardim,
have the table set.
We want to celebrate
how we think—fake gold jingles—
each other brilliant.

The apple wine rises
again in the throat.
We shave our faces clean
with words of affection.