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# Mediterrània

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# Teresa Arenys

## MEDITERRÀNIA

I do not want this silver sky  
unless mirrored by the sea.  
Peasants know nothing of tides.  
Sailors reason like the wind.

Pausing at night to hear the pulse  
in white sand where the last god dies,  
I fill my pockets up with wheat  
and dance to drive away all thought.

Woe to whoever is inland, far from  
moving waters, the carob tree,  
salty at night. A golden fish,

the sea's lantern, shouts prophecies  
to the pregnant dark—  
along sea troughs, damp intuitions.