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Winter

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WINTER

Winter approaches,
the bothersome sound of flies and cicadas dwindling.
Light fades over the poker game,
the moon transplanted in the sky
like a healthy kidney into a weak body.
The pain lifts
but we remain lost, confused,
cloaked in condensation
like a busy downtown phone booth.

Venetian blinds slide shut,
slicing off fingers of streetlight.
Tattered, dark squares alternate
where birds have just crossed in migration,
a wall from which paintings are being removed.
An unconscious man's dream in black and white
is stopped short by a nurse's cough.
My body pressed against your ribs through the long night
like the earth by its latitudes, my last geographical memories
lying in frayed maps deep inside the city archives.

In the morning, mother stands in the same place,
preparing coffee,
plump, clean, healthy as an Easter egg,
afraid of decalcification, the inevitable,
afraid of shattering.

Translated by Noci Deda and Henry Israeli