1978

Fever

Yannis Ritsos

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**Inertia**

He sat alone in the darkness of the room smoking. Nothing was visible. Only the glow of his cigarette moved slowly now and then, carefully, as though he were feeding a sick girl with a silver spoon, or as though he were treating some star’s wound with a small lancet.

**Fever**

Small squares in perpetual motion, one penetrating the other, one emerging from the other: building, unbuilding, a city of windows on windows; right and left the two corners rising asymmetrically and just beyond, noiseless, the great collapse in the midst of noiseless motion, while the three lean dogs grew more distant in the successive squares smelling foreign dead and their great staves to the far end, there where the woman, naked, raises the skinned hare in front of a mirror.