

THE HOUSE

With father's milk
I drank the solid
architecture
of the house,
but even in those rooms,
I'd cover up my head
at night, and there's
no doubt:
out in the open,
they'd come, those
who don't exist,
and devour me.

It's hard with a house
in your head.
In the evening, I go and sit
on the threshold
at the back door
and wail,
calling those
who don't exist.

ISAAC

When Isaac is asleep,
I cover his little wings,
I watch him breathe
and smell him
as though he were mine.
When Isaac waves to me,
I warn him, crossing
the street, shivering
as though he were mine.
For I let him go, knocking
on wood three times
every day, I let him go
among wild beasts.

How can I say it
as though I didn't care,
Isaac, come, let's climb
the mountain high.

How can I seek a block,
a chopping block, smooth
and clean just for him.
How can I take a knife,
as though I didn't care,
take a knife, gray and bare,
how can I cut him off
alive.

Isaac, come, let's go.

THE COUPLE

We're alone
on a lonely island.
Waiting for a ship
that may not arrive.
We're alone,
a woman and a man.
He's nothing special
and I'm not into specialties
anyway, but there's
no choice on the island,
neither for me nor for him.

We're alone
on a lonely island.
Put on the rack
between yes and no every day.
Each day is worse
than sex.
Worst of all is my fear
of catching sight of a ship
and having to leave the shore
in the middle of the movie.
Each day is the gift
of delay.

When you fall in love
with your past,
an old man is born
inside yourself, whose
hands of yours shake,
whose legs of yours
hurt, finding it hard
to climb out of your
bed. At times, you're
a bit impatient
with the annoying
guest, but nothing can
stop a woman
in love. And when
my darling realizes it,
he vanishes like a book
among books.
Nobody touches it
for centuries,
only the air dries
its rounded back
until it ignites
in a fire to be
remembered for many
millennia to come.

ALL OF A SUDDEN

The first breath of
wind chose the poem
on the table only just
written, just one,
and carried it away
in an arc.

I was looking for it,
a rectangular of whiteness
on the red roof, a white
sheet on the dark
grass behind the house
and in the brown fields
still further away

until the first drops and for
some more time into the rain.

THE POEM ABOUT A ZIPPER

is a poem about me
sewing an iron zipper
on the old denims,
about two shiny needles
having broken,
and a sewing machine
possessing a soul,
but it won't make it to heaven
'cause it's pissing me off on purpose.