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A Drawing of Water

Everything to do today, things put off
from other things. I think of you as I wake up, that is to say:
I wake in you who are further away
than I ever was. And I don't even know who you are or
who you might be. While I eat cherries:
the pulp of the flesh, the flesh of liquid flowing
in my mouth, I feel in them the last kiss
we didn't give. And if I feel nothing (but
the existence of the cherries) it is because it seems easy
to love you. But I know what you don't know and what you fail
to be. I am divided by what I love in you: the cherry,
its sweet pulp. But how to separate you from yourself or
swallow the pit? You see, life is simple. If you were nothing
I could be close and not in the middle.
The taste of your ears on my skin (the skin that is theirs)
makes of your tongue a whirlpool, but then afraid
(of us) you erase me wounding your lungs
that breathe in me. And you go deeper
than the walls of the flesh and when you cry out
someone in you expels me (their laughter).
What I am with you pushes you to blindness
and you are no longer you (she writes) and I am no one.
But you are tied to the hull of a ship
waiting for the birth of your wings. You only have the tears
I've drawn for you. The only true illusion
is my body flowing into yours. All, all in us
is liquid which is what you cannot be.
None of this is very clear. I will write
until morning also dawns in me.
The cherries glisten wakening to ignorance.
But I am breathing and have a kiss still to give.