

ON SUNDAY'S PAINFUL LONELINESS

Here I am
naked,
lying on the forlorn sheets
of this bed where I yearn for you.

I see my body,
smooth and pink in the mirror,
my body,
once such avid terrain for your kisses,
this body full of memories
of your boundless passion
on which you fought sweat-soaked battles
on long nights of moans and laughter
and noises from my inner hollows.

I see my breasts
which you cocooned with a smile
in the palm of your hand,
which you squeezed like tiny birds
within the five bars of your jail
as a flower burst within me
and held its hard corolla
against your sweet flesh.

I see my legs
long and slow veterans of your caresses,
rotating fast and nervous on their hinges
to open for you the path to damnation
toward my very center,
and the soft vegetation of the mound

where you engaged silent battles
crowned with delight
heralded by volleys of artillery
and primitive thunder.

I see and I don't see myself
in this mirror of you that stretches painfully
over this Sunday's loneliness
a flesh-colored mirror,
a hollow mold seeking its other hemisphere.

It is raining heavily
on my face
and I think only of your faraway love
as I shelter,
with all my might,
my hopes.

Translated by Elizabeth Paravisini-Gebert