

## 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*