

I have six really good poems. I hope I will write more of them.  
I am twenty-seven years old. All these years have passed like lightning.  
I am relatively courageous. With this courage I fight human stupidity.  
I have a birthday March seventh. I hope March seventh will be a nice day.  
I have a friend whose daughter's name is Breditza. In the evening when  
they put her to bed she says Salamun and falls asleep.

## Dinosaurs

When dinosaurs run to their duty over  
my heart, I cannot explain. On Sunday I shot  
a pheasant, walked on rails, iris bloomed  
in the stock market. Walter de la Mare, consecrated

and pale, my raft is giaour, on Sunday I cleaned  
the pheasant and watched the road from this house.  
I see the arrows are parallel. Crow is in the library  
on the wall. When I think about the scale of America

binding round roots, under the ocean, I feel  
cotton is in both seas. Harpoon cuts  
in the blue, little hair of mushrooms' smoke

are wounds in the human night. When a pheasant falls  
I see feedback of fluttering of the generals. Silk  
falls into the lake. Skiers speak into the microphone.

*Translated by the author with Elliott Anderson*

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## Of Encounters and Places

A request from the sun. Its understanding of this difference  
the label that speaks among things  
lamp or star keeping watch over the area that separates us  
and lets us illuminate ourselves with the color of distance.