

## Vanity · *Chrisula Stefanescu*

Oh, my neck,  
superb as a cathedral tower  
beside which emerald lizards  
once lay sleepy in the afternoon.

Oh, my breasts,  
beside which the biblical metaphor  
of two pomegranates  
seems clumsy.

Oh, my hips,  
on which your hands  
were not able to remain quiet —  
once, at least.

Oh, my knees,  
molded by the hollow of your hands,  
birds ready to take wing,  
esoteric visions of stars.

Oh, my feet,  
with their pink heels floating,  
soft as tallow,  
indifferent,  
above our nights so alive!

*translated by the author with Emily Chalmers*