

Ovidi Montllor

A LETTER HOME

Dearest Antonia,
here I am
so far from home.
Raindrops fall
on the dirty windows
of the bar
as I wait for
a glass of wine,
and a bit of deceit.
That's my last resort,
you know: deceit,
I'll be filled with it.
To go on living.
To go on enduring.
To go on loving.
I've sent you the money
(like every month).
So far, no chance of a raise . . .
be patient . . . it will come.
I've kept some of it
to buy a coat.
Winter is much harsher
without your body.
They want to move me
to a quieter department
and soon—please God—
I'll find a house
and you and the child will come.
My roommate has been ill.
Typical now, you know . . .
the winter . . .

I haven't heard from you
in a week.
Are you ill?
You make me suffer terribly,
so far from home.
Write to me, please,
I need you.
Next year, perhaps,
we'll buy a car.
Who would have guessed!
And we can send the child
to school for free.
And money enough
to stop weeping.
But it will be, you know,
far away from home . . .
Wine does not help
me forget certain things,
this wine here,
on my table.
It is still raining, Antonia.
Tomorrow will be Sunday
and we will not go for a walk,
the three of us.