

# Vicent Andrés Estellés

## CRY IN THE NIGHT

Families mourning all night long.  
The war and the years after. . . . I remember a mother  
who was never told her son had died  
on the Teruel front: she was told  
“he’s missing in action.” And she waited for him  
during the war. And she kept on waiting  
once it was over. And she set the table  
and she put fresh sheets on his bed;  
she waited at the door. No news of him.  
Did he die? Nobody knows. He is just missing.  
She shut herself in her house. I remember  
her crying out. The neighbors knocked at her door  
but she would not open it. Where was her son?  
If dead, where did he die? Oh, the facts of war!  
Who can ever know? Families mourning  
for the rest of their lives. The war and the years after. . . .

## FLÈRIDA

*Those of you who love take these ashes*  
—Roís de Corella

On certain nights, in the dark, the sad blind man  
comes to the head of your bed and touches your body  
with the trembling, numb hands of the blind,  
as if trying to recognize an old delight.  
You are silent, meanwhile, in the conjugal bed,  
your eyes open in the dark, full of tears.  
The hands insist, stiff, useless.  
Some leftovers are on the modest table  
in the dining room; the kids must be sleeping