

# Salvador Espriu

## XVII

Could it be that the long  
protruding tongue  
in its last scornfulness  
asks for more wine?  
We still have some.

Under the gibbet,  
we, the highbrows  
of the Sephardim,  
have the table set.  
We want to celebrate  
how we think—fake gold jingles—  
each other brilliant.

The apple wine rises  
again in the throat.  
We shave our faces clean  
with words of affection.