

Winter Ritual · Nichita Stănescu

Always a cupola
another one always
taking on a halo like a saint,
or only a rainbow.
Your straight body, my straight body
as during a wedding.
A wise priest made of air
is facing us with two wedding bands.
You lift your left hand, I lift my left arm,
our smiles mirror each other.
Your lovers and my lovers are crying
tears in syllables like Christmas carols.
They take pictures as we kiss.
Lightning. Darkness. Lightning. Darkness.
I lower one knee and fall on my arms.
I kiss your ankle with sadness.
I take your shoulder, you take my waist,
and majestically we enter the winter.
Your lovers and my lovers step aside.
A ton of snow overturns on us.
We die freezing. And once again, only the locks
adorn our skeletons in spring.

*Translated by Mariana
Carpinisan and Mark Irwin*