

how you spoke to me.
But better still, let's not think about anything
and
open out
the posy of nerves in my touch,
only so that God
will not find me sleeping.

MANUSCRIPT IN THE DRAWER

to Jorge Luis Borges

There is a book in a state of grace,
a manuscript—so they say—of my work,
a city recounted, an adjective,
the keys, the codes, and the speech.
Some pages—so they say—some lines,
an infinite number, a figure,
the fatuous sentence that is life.
The work is airtight, illegible,
its metaphors, tunnels to the emptiness of my time
—its titles, the game of building walls around words—
its destiny, unknown, like our own.

Translated by Ronan Fitzsimmons