

Estepa

*Has mudat en danses els meus planys,
m'has tret el dol i m'has vestit de festa.*

-Salm 30:11

Quan es fa fosc
entren els llangardaixos
i tot és per tu.

Entren les serps
i tot és per tu.

De matinada entren els trons,
m'entren els llamps
i és per tu
que ja no temo els animals
ni el raig de sol
que em travessa el pit.

Estepa, *Hypericum balearicum*

*You've transformed my sorrow into dance,
You've undressed my mourning and draped me with joy.*

-Psalm 30:11

When night falls
the lizards come in
and it's all your doing.

The snakes come in
and it's all your doing.

At dawn thunders claps,
lightning strikes me
and it's your doing
that I no longer fear animals
nor the ray of sun
that pierces my chest.

Viatge interior

No ho diguis a ningú:
m'he empassat la pedra
que m'ha fet caure
i he alçat el cos
aprofitant un cop de vent.

Si em moc és
gràcies al dolor que em llisca
esòfag avall,
fetge avall, estómac avall,
intestí gros avall,
abdomen avall, genolls avall,
víscera endins.

Que per què escric?
Perquè no sé parlar ni en vull aprendre.

Inner Journey

Don't tell anyone:
I have swallowed the stone
that has made me fall
and I've lifted my body up
taking advantage of a gust of wind.

If I move it's
thanks to the pain that slips
to my esophagus below,
my liver below, stomach below,
large intestine below,
abdomen below, knees below,
viscera inside.

Why do I write?
Because I don't know how to speak and I don't want to learn.

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<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/akaiser>