

Autumn

Evening. Humidity. Let's remove the mothballs from the woollen things.

A star stirs your soul, slowly, sorrowfully, like a woman's hand, using a spoon, vaguely stirs a cup of hot tea, dissolving, a small square piece of sugar.

Loneliness

Sorrow was hanging in the air; the leafless branches
behind the railings and you were alone by the window.
The night passed in front of your door; it left like
a beloved woman, a woman that another man
was holding from the waist.

And the moon, like a calm, turned off light bulb
at the turn of the road above the drug store.

Inexpressible

The trees contemplate each twilight. And the rocks.
And the voices. As if they return home and lock
the door behind them. Behind the door a naked woman
stands in front of the big mirror.

You know it and you smile. You don't see anything.
Perhaps you could find her in a song; but when you try
to sing your lips lose the shape of the smile.