



Les pedres de l'àmfora

Vicent Andrés Estellés

There's nothing i like as much

I
there's nothing i like as much
as garlanding roast peppers
with virgin olive oil.

then i sing happily, i talk to the oil, to the fruits of the earth.

I love roast peppers
—not too roasted, that ruins them—
but with the inside easy to get at
when you lift off the burnt skin.

I spread them on the plate in an exciting sequence
and garland them with oil and a pinch of salt
and i dunk lots of bread,
as the poor people do,
in the oil mixed with salt and flavored by the roast peppers.

then i pick up a bit of pepper
and a bit of bread between my thumb
and my index finger, i raise them avidly,
eucharistically,
I stare at them in the air.
sometimes i reach a point of ecstasy, of orgasm.

I close my eyes and gulp down the motherfucker.

Translated by David H. Rosenthal