



Joana

Joan Margarit

June night

When I came out of the cinema it was already dark.
In the old unlit car-park I climbed
the rough and grimy ramp
because I had parked on the terrace roof.
It was a steep slope, like the one inside me:
these were the first days without you.
But when I reached the top, out in the fresh air,
I found myself in a warm silence
surrounding the shadows of a few cars:
reddish floor-tiles, railings
with simple, delicate iron bars
and tin-cans filled with hydrangeas.
As I came out into the open, a veil
was suddenly torn apart and there appeared the night
of the inside yard of a block of houses
with its verandahs and windows all lit-up.
I stopped
feeling that you were nearby. Feeling that now,
at any moment, I could make death's
treasures appear.

Translated by Anna Crowe