



# Bruixa de dol

Maria-Mercè Marçal

**Bonfire Joana**

II

Friend, I'll meet you in the heart of a shell.  
Little bird, nest in the breast of the wave.  
Give me your tongue, love. Give me the salt.  
And give me too  
that sweet lizard that makes me crazy  
when it threads through the grass.  
Slowly let the down catch us there

III

My breasts are two caged birds  
when your fingers seek them  
from among the leaves and flowers of my dress.

But when leaves and flowers fall to the ground  
-for desire carries a scythe!-  
They are two fishes that flee from your hands  
on the whitecaps of the sea.

IV

Sweet enemy,  
with a butterfly net  
you set traps for me  
among the folds of pleasure

V

Today I would lock the lizard up in a cage.  
And make it the festival of the fingers,  
the dance of ivy inside the ear,  
the tenderness of the sole of the foot,  
the black gold of brow and armpit.  
I would follow the roads that delirium forgets  
with very slow steps  
like that of the ox flowing  
this landscape of Gypsy moon.

Translated by Kathleen McNerney