



# Bruixa de dol

Maria-Mercè Marçal

«He is there. And I am. Mingling in a face...»

He is there. And I am. Mingling in a face  
exposed for the first time to thirteen winds patched up with new rain...  
And we are not. Scissors have torn the root.  
Frayed knots. And a door broken open.

I trace the whole way back upstream in vain.  
All the hawsers have been cut. The waters are undone.  
The boats which tried to pass a bridge are shattered.  
And, in spite of it all, confused in a face, he and I.

And we are not. A new froth blossoms on the strait  
that joins and separates: who knows where the source is?  
Lowering its nets into these waters, life takes what  
belongs to it, forgetting who he is, who I am,  
what kind of love cast old dice at the meeting point,  
what chance set chance afire, spark in the wood:  
the contours of the leaves bury it all.

Translated by Christopher Whyte