

Spring 1980

## Wet Grapes translated by Patsy Boyer and Mary Crow

Circe Maia

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### Recommended Citation

Maia, Circe (1980) "Wet Grapes translated by Patsy Boyer and Mary Crow," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 14 , Article 47.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss14/47>

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WET GRAPES . . .

Wet grapes, vacation air,  
across the palm of the hand, like a top twirling  
washed, pure and black heart of night.

How in tune with us its beat in time  
and how we felt happiness sometimes, strong  
thick, almost tangible  
no one knew from where.

Putting the cloth on the table,  
we noticed it was made of white cloth  
or it was glass and pottery  
and during supper it flew  
from one side to the other, over  
the light of the glances  
of a glass at a table, of bread and water.

One heard its beat  
in the conversations  
in the comfortable silence, in greetings  
in the: see you tomorrow!

Now  
everyone has gone off to bed  
and as if the smiling glance  
would never get up again,

the December nights flew away and the shine  
of unwashed fruits  
the quick steps on the path flew away  
and the one who was coming  
—who knows from where—

happiness, dark gust  
on the skin of the face.

*translated by  
Patsy Boyer and Mary Crow*