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## Islands Crop Up translated by Nicholas Kolumban

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## ISLANDS CROP UP

Islands crop up in our heads  
now and then. Birds fly over them  
and drop the seeds of miraculous plants.  
Sweat trickles from the machine's face;  
tears fall from mothers' eyes.  
We drip oildrops while we work.  
This is how the world goes around!  
Yesterday I thought I was a pear tree.  
Children come even today to kiss me  
and they shake in me the branches,  
heavy with fruit.

I preserved my first love in alcohol;  
I often gaze at her—  
a strange, little beast.  
Hi! How are things?  
Thanks, I'm all right. And you?  
It could be better.  
Is it that we don't feel desire anymore?  
We stagger on top of Mont Blanc, shivering,  
and pray: God, oh Lord, why can't you  
make us mountains?  
I give myself to you like a mother  
gives her warm, full breast  
to her hungry baby.

The shrubs are asleep.  
I'm going to sleep in you  
so at dawn you can be near me,  
dear tools,  
you with your steel heads.