

Spring 1984

## *from* Solar Matter translated by Alexis Levitin

Eugenio de Andrade

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*from* **SOLAR MATTER**

45.

It rains, this is the desert, the fire gone out,  
what to do with these hands, the sun's accomplices?

46.

Look, I don't even know about my fingers anymore,  
gnawed with desire, I touched your shirt,  
undid a button,  
imagined your breast the color of wheat,  
or of a wild dove, perhaps,  
the summer almost at an end,  
the wind in the pines, the rain  
foreseen upon your loins,  
the night, the night would not linger,  
how I loved love, that leper.

49.

I know where wheat illuminates the mouth.  
I invoke that thought to cover myself  
with the most fragile mantle of air.

Sleep is like that, it allows the body  
this abandon, to lie in the breast of the earth,  
a joy promised only to water.

I say that I was here, and now I go  
the route of another, whiter sun.

*Translated by Alexis Levitin*