Spring 1980

Wet Grapes translated by Patsy Boyer and Mary Crow

Circe Maia
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