

Rosa Alice Branco

Spelling Out the Day

It all remains to be said and I'm wasting words to get
there. I don't know if I'm getting further
or getting closer. If I have ever grazed
the skin of the essential. And I always wonder what
they're for, these words that insist in me. The past is
not what is done,
but rather what no word will make anew.
That's why I always read what hasn't yet been written, but
never know what side of time I write. And if I knew that I
were dragging letters like a crab
I would say I only have this hand of words.
I spell out the days in each thing that looks at me
when I sense that I am seeing it. That's all.
And there are no excuses for what I do.

*Translated from the Portuguese
by Alexis Levitin*