

## Translation by Elaine Feinstein

Listen to this heart touching  
The tiles of a roof : sh, sh.  
I am in a stranger's cage  
Painting the bars silver,  
As if they were my own nails.  
Don't disturb me. I am scratching songs  
For you, my godchild, to remember.  
Perhaps today, perhaps later,  
My fresh lips will breathe on to your pages

Look at that question mark on the paper.  
It is an eyelash of mine left there to dream.

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Today I want everyone to look into my eyes  
And sing as if they loved me ,  
I don't care if it's true.  
Let all those who were once touched  
by the paper lips of my poems,  
who left their own signature  
on my body , and would not let me  
sleep at night for the twenty eight hours  
or centuries---of my life

They must begin to sing.  
My ears are open.  
I 'm listening.

But what comes back to me?  
Silence.

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Why don't you smile ? The sun  
has put on lipstick.  
The house is warm and  
you still have your own teeth.  
There is somewhere to rest your head,  
a place to eat and drink.  
A wild and playful soul  
should be laughing out loud

until Heaven hears and smiles.

So smile, damn it !

Why don't you smile !

#### ON MY OWN

I'm fine, I'm absolutely fine.....

Do I believe that ?

Maybe I do,

but perhaps I deceive myself,  
since what is not remembered  
usually disappears.

At least there is no anger.

Maybe someone could film a smile  
and put it under my nose  
like a magic fish  
or a piece of candy for a  
child.

I'm absolutely fine. I want to spoil myself  
tomorrow, and then day after day  
until joy becomes a habit.

You see, I'm feeling fine .

.....That's what makes me a poet!