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(Mary Crow, Translator)

To Live Is to Be an Infraction

To live is to be an infraction.
Of one law or another.
There's no alternative:
infringing on nothing is to be dead.

Reality is an infraction.
Irreality also.
And between the two flows a river of mirrors
that doesn't appear on any map.

In that river all laws dissolve,
every infraction becoming another mirror.

A Man Alone

A man alone,
in a closed room,
lifts his arm in a gesture of goodbye.

Another man alone,
on a deserted road,
lifts his arm in the same motion.

An almost impossible suspicion
links both gestures:
the wound of saying goodbye
ends in opening up
when there is nothing and no one
to say goodbye to.

And those gestures that turn
man's key:
being pure goodbye.