

(untitled poem)

*by Sara Dignard
translation by Simon Brown*

I sketch myself out
in the hollow of many hands
in a no-excuses house
where my room is still free

a house
a would-be gesture
carved into my grandmother's forearms

I only wish for a blanket
a table set
something that lasts

with river's instinct
tide's persistence
making it possible
filling my belly with birth