

JOSÉ KOZER
TRANSLATED BY PETER BOYLE

Union

My mother is of widow's cheap black wool of jute or coal is the skin my
father will shed.

The blue of fire left in the thickets the firebreaks' narrow path,
they walk by: a
sore stretches across
her cotton
chest-cover.

It festers the dark-green spot that touches it with a
bitumen blue,
it infects.

Two gusts of wind rip a strip of widow's wool another of jute, they're
intertwined: my
mother caresses the
open fontanel the
drop of liquid
coal that crowns
my father.

Of cottonwool, they were: it's snowing (fire's blue echoed in the blizzard).
Sometimes thirst
echoes in the
stag's tongue as
it cleans the sand
(the gazelle turned
round into the
blizzard).

Blacksmith friar-bird sparrow sparrowess, in the air:
beating the
air, their chirps.

Crumbs that trace a path they recognize by the blue resin of
the forests: they
did meet each other.

With cardamom they made the sign of the cross smudging each other's foreheads.

I am going to be born with the avocado colour they have (here) their stubble.