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Women Buying Sandals

Women, women, shadowed women!
The continent spewed out the scorching heat.
Blush turned blue. When was the last time
you read the instructions on how to throw up?
Only the grass in the park returns again.
Only the river under the bridge returns again.
Between man and shadow the only obstacle
is the hearse where it's shameful
to get in wearing sandals. Yet
your little nails show, is this pain or rage?
You need to cut, cut, cut!
Slice Earth like a watermelon.
Be consonants between two days
yet never consonant with the night!
The heel is the axis of conscience.
Laughter revolves, revolves
then it bites spring in the strap.
Every sandal hides a membrane
every membrane discovers another shore.
Only the woman in an hour of hell
shuts the window, turns off the lights
rising up into her memory.
Remember her?
She's on the tip of my tongue.
It'll come to me. It'll come to me.

Translated by Thomas Shapcott and Ilija Casule