

A Sore Hope Advances into Nothing

The press of decontamination
is weighted with the shuffle of feet
the way leftovers cover with fuzz
the inattention of bored eaters—

the fast dart away of the eyes
from what began a fresh site of hunger
for teeth to grab at heavy as fingers
wrecking the surface of the earth;

the way we mix metaphors
as a further delay of the real,
until the present slides into
the same confusion.

What do we suggest to feel for
in the happy leaving of inaction,
right away, before the emergence
of a wish to make good the damage

of our dreaming in the dark—
for the wish is a moment of asking,
and there is no response
felt anywhere.

Our island is a task to be taken
in dread-filled manila folders
from desk to desk, copied
and stuffed into drawers.

Note: Homophonic translation of the article "Azores 'hoping for advances' in Lajes' airbase cancer-scare decontamination," written by Natasha Donn and published in Portugal Resident on October 27, 2017.