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TRANS. ROBIN MYERS

Summer, There and Back

There's nothing quite like rowing in the dark
along a black, familiar river
so black the moon reverberates
against the gleaming profile of the fish
crossing the ancient course,
a thousand knives flung from the depths
by some blind hand.

Inside this dam-tamed river
boughs jostle gentle far from
shore, kissing the water where
the fireflies, which once had seemed
to follow us, have come to drink. We crossed
this river once, together, from
a bank of sand onto another one of
thorns.