

PAUSE

| Jordi Sarsanedas

Alms

Did I stretch out my hand? Perhaps indeed,
under the breadth of my simplicity,
I play the role of mendicant,
the golden gesture of Assisi.
Moved, I take the alms
of a September-filtered light,
drops of red and blue,
weightless on my palm, on the leaves.
I still, perhaps, feel how
fleet-footed hours fly by,
tunic all a-flutter,
the alimony of air to breath.
And I give up my thanks.

| 49

(Com una tornada, sí. Barcelona, Barcelona. Proa, 2003. Translated by Sam Abrams)



Mar Aguilera