

# PAUSE

| Xavier Farré

Silence behind the windows, only a passing train  
with its shrill whistle, like the cry of an infant,  
reaches you to indicate the multiplication  
of stillness, to engross you in your thoughts.

The TV set broadcasts wordless images. A fake  
reality, a few mouths moving out of sync.  
The light in the room enlarges the shadow  
of my hands searching for you everywhere.

My footsteps, on the way from bath to bed,  
echo like the sound of bells in an empty square.  
Steps seeking out their path. Feet know it.  
To attempt to reach the edge of your body.

Silence behind the windows, wordless images,  
a whistle, a few open mouths, a few footsteps,  
some bells, a light, a square, a small cry:  
I fill until I overflow in your presence.

(Translation from catalan to english by Sam Abrams)

