

Ana Dragu
translated from the Romanian by Claudia Serea

fever

I'm running a fever,
and in its light
I see the hideous beauty of all the plants forced to grow
in the dark.

I only think about you and my arms hurt up to my shoulders,
and this pulls them apart from the body,
stopping them from embracing me.

Instead of shoulders,
I have two holes in which it rains.

Each time I talk to you,
lightning strikes outside.

I can't even call it a dream
after I've seen it taking shape, insistent and screeching,
like the chewing of the mannequins
devouring each other in a closet.

In the most terrible silence,
our perfect love passes from night into night.

No regrets, no death,

only this miraculous fever
in which reason goes wrong
because it's a tool too precise.

