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Epitaph, Vincius de Morais

John Nist

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Epitaph

by Vinicius de Morais

Here lies the Sun
Who created the dawn
And gave light to the day
And pastured the afternoon.

The magic shepherd
Of luminous hands
Who impregnated the roses
And stripped them of their petals.

Here lies the Sun
The hermaphrodite gentle
And violent, who

Possessed the shape
Of all the women
And died in the sea.

—translated by *John Nist*

Old Woman Gathering Withered Apples

This tree and I once both were young.
Its blossoms were a buoyancy upon the bough,
Its trunk and limbs were sheathed in satin,
The sweetness of its fruit tore at the throat.
But it grows late. The sun burns down,
And I pick withered apples from the ground.

Elizabeth Shafer