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Finding translated by Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste

Blanca Varella

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FINDING

Never looked.

When I hear a bird-song, it's my habit to say (to no one), "Well what do you know, a bird!" or "What color was it?"

The color really isn't important moves without a name the space full of a nameless radiance, and my eyes, steady, unnamed.

translated by Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste