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From two slow roads ... Giannina Braschi

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Giannina Braschi

From two slow roads, two fast stops, I take the wind. The body belongs to me, I take the day. I'll never stop, the road will stop, we'll take a quick look from two slow roads. When I plunge into thought, I walk at the foot of the wind. If I have penetrated something, it's only to be alone with all I see. To avoid looking at it, I think of another foot. I don't want to see day, or night, or that hat. To avoid resting, I run. Like the plane that flies and the car that stops now. A door closes and night rises. Streets are crowding solitude.

Translated from the Spanish by **Tess O'Dwyer**