

# *(Untitled)*

**MARIA  
LAINA**

*translated by Yannis Goumas*

Fear  
always worse  
rose-coloured fear  
before what, of what  
fear of fear  
fear of paralyzing you.

# *(Sottovento)*

BRAND 67

**MARIA  
LAINA**

*translated by Yannis Goumas*

She opens the night's pack of cards  
with part of her bosom  
a crazy part.

Once again the wind takes her  
or rather she slides along  
her heels are not lifted.

# *(Jamaica Inn)*

**MARIA  
LAINA**

*translated by Yannis Goumas*

Our life has changed somewhat;  
we no longer live in town  
but on the road leading to the sea.  
At night we take up our time  
with the moon's passage  
the whirring on the hills  
and the horses that wend their way to the water hole.

If you do decide to come  
you'll be company to me at night  
now that autumn's here  
and the hinges grate in the dark.  
You'll learn to pray  
with fervour and despair  
and this odd feeling  
will match nature's rough-edged outline.

Bring only a few clothes and books  
as they last longer here;  
and don't forget to pack suitable shoes  
there's a marsh behind the house  
and in winter it rains a lot.

I'll stop now; look after yourself –  
and I love you very much, you know.  
I think of you thinking on that sofa by the window  
of time and ageing bodies.  
All these are baseless here  
we have but a strong, lucid eternity  
that doesn't tire one, although at times the eyes smart.

I must go and close the window  
the wind has risen again.