

WORLD POETRY DAY 2022

IF I CAN

Something has crept
into a line that I know
I'll be able to write, and I don't
know when, or how, or what
it will turn out to be. If I can
I will bring it to show you.
Let it utter your hair
or the flake of sun
that shimmers on this fingernail.
But maybe I won't always
entirely remember
what I now see in you.
I have heard the deep sound
of something I let fall
into a well. When it floats,
do I need to know
that it arises from this moment?

Gabriel Ferrater
Translation: Anna Crowe