

MARIE-ANDRÉE GILL

Translated by Kristen Renee Miller

Literature in Translation Series

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I don't know if tomorrow will keep me whole I say the hope of letting yourself be Holds off despair

—Joséphine Bacon







LIKE NOTHING EVER HAPPENED









The way you blow a kiss kept in your palm I blow words with a stale hope in the pit of my throat a last drink of milk before it expires









A caress without purpose, a splicing of limbs, a dust kitten on the floor, a room closed off in fall, a scab torn off, regrown.

I lay my remains on the stove, and my birds hide themselves away to die.

Love is a virgin forest then a clearcut in the next line





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