

## Casa de misericòrdia

Joan Margarit

### Still

Let me look into your eyes and sink  
into the hot and dark imagining  
of seeing you naked in another's arms.  
These are not the whims of the old. Nor deviance.  
It is the hard, ruddy-black stone  
of the peach which I ate in my hunger,  
but which I still work at with my tongue  
keeping the sweetness of your love.

Translated by Anna Crowe