

Bruixa de dol

Maria-Mercè Marçal

The full moon

IV

The full moon sat down tonight
to share a meal with us.
The checked cloth on the table
was a scrap of the night sky.
Once we were through with dinner
Love came to read our cards.
When first we tried our luck,
We felt our colours flush.
The second time around
the wine spilled on the cloth
And when the third time came,
Our china moon fell down.

Translated by Joan Tarrida