

(untitled poem)

*by Andrée Christensen
translated by Simon Brown*

A luna moth smooths the night out flat
across this blank page

a lamp of contemplation
its pared-down glow watching over

a few kind-faced words gleam
their blood flickers
examines the darkness

my eyes go out
the owl's go on

wrapped tight in blue sheets of flame
the soul conjures up a dream
in the votive heat
its breath dazzling

time, lonely
burns up its ink
dying slow
dreaming
in my sleep