

A poem by Helena Sinervo

Translated by Anselm Hollo

From Pimeän parit (Partners of Darkness) WSOY 1997

TIRESIAS' PLEASURE

Few forget the sea
for one droplet,
but I don't remember
your face, only the drop
that hung from the tip of your nose
and fell into the wine glass.

Was I looking at you
or at myself, or at something
in between, I don't remember
but the incandescent light
struck that droplet and shimmered
and, shimmering, fell.

The wine still trembles.

HELENA
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