

The Foreigner

She talks with an accent of her savage seas
that have who-knows-what kind of seaweed and sand;
she says a prayer to God without form or weight
looking old, old, as if she was going to die.
That garden of ours, which she made odd to us,
has produced cactus and grasses that scratch you.
Her breathing is the breath of the wilderness,
she has loved with a passion that makes her blanch,
which she never mentions and which would be like
the map of another star if she told us.
She will live among us for eighty years, but
she will always be as if she had just arrived,
speaking a gasping, whining sort of language
that only little animals understand.
One night when she is suffering more, she will
die among us, with only her destiny
for a pillow: her death will be hushed, *foreign*.