

ARACELIS GIRMAY

Milk

which blazes all my branches
white with eels,

all my nests, suddenly bloom,
rattling with light or I am dirt,
worn through by mice
or the rivers suddenly again with fishes.

A cup of cups that runneth over,
a list of geese and hours through air

from the eyes of my two darks laughing.
Laughter that is milk. *Count this*

among the happiness they say.

Such small bells ring like
happiness inside us, suddened open.

To be the window and the wind,

the swallows and the muddened home.

So needs the little animal,
so flowers the bone.