

## *Un Incendio Difícil de Traducir*

*Cuándo nos azota el catástrofe*, we picture ourselves elsewhere.  
This tends to dull the pain.

The water's warm as we settle in,  
*pero no hay ni luz, ni gas*. We pretend the frequent explosions

are our passionate emotions, & we send ourselves on errands  
to buy bread on the breadlines

*pero no hay pan ni para hornear,*  
*ni para comer*. Each new day the past goes missing,

*algo que queríamos, algo que teníamos*, a familiar story  
we thought we knew,

but we were sorely mistaken.

Phones don't dial out & radio's no longer transmitted:

It's just a little static... *luego nada*. *El frío entra más y más adentro*  
*espantando al calor*, the cold

strangling heat from our house's rafters.

The generator overheats, sparks a fire devouring dogeared photos

of our youth's mistakes, hops between termite-gnawed beams,  
gorges itself on the plywood,  
on the paint & curling plastic  
*que construimos con nuestro propio esfuerzo durante tantos años*.

Nothing can counter this blaze, so instead *nos abremos las bocas*  
*y soplamos, luego lo tragamos*.

We drape rugs over the flames,  
search in vain for expired extinguishers we forgot to renew.

*Lo único que nos queda es huirnos, so we grasp each other's hands,  
perch upon windowsills,*

leap into a landscape of ash.

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