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A Tale

Mario Suško

Thousand and one nights away
In a city where all windows had glaucoma
And hunger was a cannibal dancing in the brain,
I stole voraciously candles and matches
To copy the death-bed edition
Of “Leaves of Grass” in minuscule letters
Of another language and make it lighter
In a battered vinyl case when lugged
Across the powder bleached field.

My Barthelmes and Malamuds left behind,
And my Styrons, Bellows, Doctorows, now
Next to someone’s tomatoes and kidney beans.

Bits and pieces of my life are
Being sold on the side of a muddy road.

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