

“The Serpent Who Dances”
(an exact, but not very poetic, translation)

That I love to see, indolent darling,
On your body, so beautiful
Like a flickering fabric
Your skin shimmering.

Upon your heavy hair
With arid perfumes
The fragrant wandering sea
With blue and brown waves.

As a ship that awakens
In the morning wind
My dreamy soul sets sail
For a distant sky.

Your eyes, where nothing is revealed
Of sweet or bitter
Are two cold jewels where
Gold and iron are blended.

To see you walk in cadence
Languorous beauty,
One would say a snake that dances
Around a staff

Under the burden of your languor
Your child’s head
Swings with the softness
Of a young elephant.

And your body bends and stretches
Like a fine ship that
Rolls from side to side and plunges
Its yards into the water

As a stream swollen by the melting
Of rumbling glaciers,
When the water of your mouth rises
To the edge of your teeth,

I think I am drinking Bohemian wine,
Bitter and conquering,
A liquid sky that scatters
Stars in my heart!

