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From *Desnudo/Aguafuerte*

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From *Desnudo/Aguafuerte*

I don't know whether I miss you. I'm not really sure if this is love's chronicle. You know, when the veil was twisting down over me, I raised my arms. And later I dropped them, but the veil stayed caught on a bird's wing. So that now if I look up, it covers me, but if I only look straight ahead there are trees strewn in the shape of a forest.

Translated from the Spanish
by **Forrest Gander**

From *Desnudo/Aguafuerte*

Look, honey, you don't know me, and I don't know you. I can never make that out: only a few details of liberation and some of tenderness. Because, you know, when we spend several days together, we spend them feeding ourselves those details necessary for life as it is lived day by day. As far as that goes, I remember the details: the rest, you understand, I cannot fathom.

Translated from the Spanish
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