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The Urban Life Liljana Dirjan

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Liljana Dirjan

THE URBAN LIFE

These mornings, when I pass alongside Parisian fish vendors, I witness blank, white, frozen men in the process of wage and capital, spreading out fish fresh from the sea and just off the boat. The unraveled forms sparkle in the sheen of coin and mother-of-pearl, luminous shocks of ice pounded down in stalls, the clear light of January. I suffer their separate deaths, their stared-through eyes, their void. Such jettisoned and mute nakedness . . . so suddenly I need to feel my heart beneath my coat to convince me who I am—my clean presence; my still warm, still life.

Translated from the Macedonian by **P.H. Liotta**