There’s nothing left.
The southwest wind’s already landed.
The sky’s alive with gulls.
The evening’s shaken out the waves, folded one hapless mast neatly in two.
Flounder swim imperturbably, uninvited, through the skull of a ship.
Gleaming like coins, their eyes recall an army of shopkeepers.
There’s nothing left.
The lamp turns to a firefly in my hand
and darts through the darkness.
The last patient candle topples to the ground, kindling a cry of delight.
A fire blazes up and spreads until
the child who before was afraid of the dark
now shrieks at this strange conflagration and scampers home.
Curled in a ball, he hides one spark in his dream
while, humming softly, his mother closes the shutters.
There’s nothing left.
The sea is black as a hole,
the squid’s insidious ink swirls into the sky,
the screaming seagulls urge the storm clouds on. Only the tree can’t fly Stricken by lightning, thrashing its
tormented feathers,’
the olive tree wants to demolish the sky
There’s nothing left.

Nothing? Really?
Tell me. The warm earth shimmers.
"There’s more," you say, in your low, melodious voice as the river trembles in a lightning flash and
vanishes. "There’s more."
As if the world were a small black boy
who’d wept too long, you comfort him like an older sister, and smooth his dripping hair.
"There’s more."
You whisper it in his ear while the world sleeps calmly, while motherless birds crowd sleeping together
and the sea leans against the shoulder of the cliff. He sleeps on quietly. Quietly.
From far away, a solitary star approaches.
It wants to stand beneath his window on the lawn and learn how to commune with the taciturn grass.
"There’s more. More."
The world will wake at daybreak, fully grown. His eyes will flash a grown-up smile. Yes. Outside, the sun
will anchor in the harbor. The East will redden, blushing, little by little. She’ll have caught sight of the
world and fallen in love like a schoolgirl.
The dripping bush will be crowned with flowers.
Hope’s back.
What more can I ask?