Compañera

Sally Cannon

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Compañera
Poetry • Sally Cannon
¿Te sientes alguna vez como un ladrillo de madera
En una pared de ladrillos regulares?

Virginia y yo nos tendemos juntas
De vez en cuando
Oímos la lluvia golpeando la ventana

Escuchamos música francesa en el altavoz de su móvil

Todo me inunda—no sólo la lluvia, no sólo la música,
Solo ella y yo en este momento

Solamente allí, no hay cemento que te contenga...

Do you ever feel like a wooden brick
In a wall of regular bricks?

Virginia and I lay together
Once in a while
We hear the rain beating on the window

We listen to French music over her phone’s speakers

Everything floods over me—it’s not just rain, not just music,
Just her and I in this moment

Just there, no cement can hold you...