


IRENE MARQUES

Leite de mel

To you my dearest love
YOU meu grande amor
To you-the one I never had
To you I want to write the most beautiful letter
And tell you about my deep loneliness
To you-I want to write words that will carry my body
I’m waves that you cannot miss
Words that will speak the murmurs of my breasts
How its shape surpasses all the mountains of your dreams
How its mouth is never hungry because it feeds your children
How its softness is the only blanket you need to sleep into the afterworld
To you my faraway lover – I call with my leite de mel
Never again will you be hungry or cold or lost
For you my dearest lover
This letter
These words
This call

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