

Poem Title : Rita And The Rifle

Between Rita and my eyes

There is a rifle

And whoever knows Rita

Kneels and plays

To the divinity in those honey-colored eyes

And I kissed Rita

When she was young

And I remember how she approached

And how my arm covered the loveliest of braids

And I remember Rita

The way a sparrow remembers its stream

Ah, Rita

Between us there are a million sparrows and images

And many a rendezvous

Fired at by a rifle

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Rita's name was a feast in my mouth

Rita's body was a wedding in my blood

And I was lost in Rita for two years

And for two years she slept on my arm

And we made promises

Over the most beautiful of cups

And we burned in the wine of our lips

And we were born again

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Ah, Rita!

What before this rifle could have turned my eyes from yours

Except a nap or two or honey-colored clouds?

Once upon a time

Oh, the silence of dusk

In the morning my moon migrated to a far place

Towards those honey-colored eyes

And the city swept away all the singers

And Rita

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Between Rita and my eyes—

A rifle

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