

Nazarín

after Buñuel

Elizabeth Willis

Love is the great
unspoken thing:
the horse and his oats

To be
what a mountain would want:
money on the table,
the pitcher on the floor

God must be laughing
at the window, having nothing
to carry

I walk with my feet
I want to drink in the stream
in the cool desert trees

Reject sorrow
Endure what sorrow leads you to

A scene at a well
Devotion isn't passion

To look into the face
and do nothing
To carry it all
to the black and white limit

To be given to giving away
so to not know the difference
To be taken
on the road, your body
at its shadow

The horse will not live
The donkey won't replace it

The man will, gratefully
without thinking anything
of it