

One October morning

Maria, God said to my grandmother,
let the kids pick the grapes.

Leave the boiling pot
unattended,
and your daughter-in-law
to chop onion for soup.

Leave the men waiting
for the first shot of *tuica*
at 10 a.m.

When you hear your name,
leave everything.

Don't try speaking
to your granddaughter,
for I'll clench your jaw
and numb your tongue.

Don't fight
the cold wave
lapping at your feet.

Don't try standing by the stove,
for I'll make your knees melt
and your ankles give.

I'm sending for you
my trusted eagle.

She'll tap at the window,
fly inside without a sound,
reach down your throat
with her beak

and pick your breath.

Maria, I'm calling you by name.

Claudia Serea

The eagle is here,
in the room.