

## MIGRATION

Suddenly I know the reflection is another person's

It comes from a more beautiful woman

Maybe older

Or more naive

But I am not

The I that I know is curled up in the deepest of me

(a me that now speaks another language and has changed the key that hangs from her neck)

Time ago she used to write and had sparrows in her sex

She is not in the mirror

She is not in any evocable word

People say she lives in another country

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