

EDUARDO CHIRINOS

Poet's House

There, at that old desk,
Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy*.
This is where he used to walk,
stoking the fires of the inferno,
looking for something to eat in the pantry
while he'd thread a tercet together.

I cried in Dante's house.
It was the day Firenze beat Juventus 1-0.
The sun bathed the hills in golden light and the waters
of the Arno flowed, unwittingly, beneath the Ponte Vecchio.

A little old man selling souvenirs
told us (in very hushed tones)
that Dante had never set foot in that house.

And at this I was mildly abashed.

Translated, from the Spanish, by G. J. Racz