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## Speechless: Aucun mot à dire

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## *Speechless*

the nursing home smells like babies;  
the scent of diapers hangs in the air.  
as i walk past the old, withered ladies, i wonder if  
they are jealous of my strong legs and my painless joints,  
of my long brown hair and my bright eyes,  
of my ability to walk on my own and to dress myself. i wonder  
if they hate me.

i bend over my grandfather and press my lips to his tasteless cheek.  
"i'll be back soon," i say, gently, into his ear,  
and when i pull away to look at him, he is crying.  
tears brim over his eyelids and cascade, one by one,  
down his wrinkled face.  
i squeeze his hand tightly; i tell him i love him.  
there is no right thing to say.

*Jessica Trumbull*

...

## *Aucun mot à dire*

la maison de repos sent le bébé  
une odeur de linge flotte tout autour  
côtoyant les petites vieilles flétries, je me demande si  
elles envient mes jambes solides, mes genoux sans douleur,  
mes longs cheveux bruns et mes yeux brillants,  
ma capacité de marcher, de m'habiller toute seule. Je me demande  
si elles me haïssent.

me penchant sur mon grand-père, j'effleure des lèvres sa joue sans goût.  
« je reviendrai tantôt » lui dis-je, doucement, à l'oreille,  
et quand je me relève, je le vois qui pleure,  
des larmes débordent de ses paupières et coulent, une par une,  
le long de son visage ridé.  
je lui serre la main fortement; je lui dis que je l'aime.  
il n'y a aucun mot à dire.

*Translated by Rebecca Davidson, Ali Hardy,  
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