

Premature Old Age.

Sandra Trafila.

Abstract

Sandra Trafila's Poem translated in to English.

Like a lightning bolt
the dark glass shows me
my reflection,
my deep-set eyes,
wrinkled forehead
and faint smile fading
as it faces the reality.
With astonished nostalgia
I remember the woman I was.
 What happened to your plaits?
 History has undone them.
Where has the fun gone,
all those games?
Gone to a distant park
eroded by memories.
 Where is the trust
 in your smiling hands?
 They destroyed it by gunshot
 on that night of frozen horror.

Sandra Trafilaf
Translated by Dinah Livingstone
Poem circa 1988