

# Now That We Are Nothing, for Example,

*Eduardo Milán*  
*translated by Steven J. Stewart*  
*and Patrick Madden*

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Now that we are nothing, for example,  
we can be the rain. Surely  
the rain will accept us without hesitation, even  
when it's starting. And now it's starting. Drops  
on the window glass: it accepts us,  
this feminine rain accepts us. Kiss me.  
Fragility, spin a thread toward the bird's little foot,  
fraternal ending of the rain or exhaustion, spin it.  
A type of cardboard box with "Fragile" written  
in a bold hand, free from trembling.  
Let us be fragile for we are not the ocean.  
Some form will accept us.