

A Family

A woman drives home from the maternity ward,
and sees no end to the line of cars,

beep beep beep beep, la la la la.

She's a mother and a chauffeur,

she's an organiser, breadwinner,

a jug of milk (slosh!) and first warm bath.

It's scary to drive now all alone:

without a shoulder on which to lean,

but she puttters through the city:

it'll be all right, be brave, now.

And blooming clover grows,

on the apartment-building steps

and into the room light falls, a curtain of soft hue:

morning, morning to your courage and you,

we'll embrace you, swaddled, tenderly,

the clouds, the wind and city buzz,

the dust that coats the curtains with fuzz,

we'll cherish you softly,

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Translated by Mārta Ziemelis and Ieva Lešinska

beep beep beep beep, la la la la.

Joy and vigor drift and rise,
falling dust-like from piles of books.
but real life turns out otherwise
beep beep beep beep, la la la la.

A family's being shown to us here:
a mother and her little girl.

Crossing the Street

A child leads his parents by the hand
through the sea of cars—and life,
Dad is buffeted by every puff of air,
Mom keeps yelling to hold in there.
He struggles through cartoons of broken bottles,
through magical wonders of cigarette smoke,
with every moment the child ages,

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becomes an old man, just like that.

A child leads his parents by the hand

through that sea of blue-green glass,

Dad is buffeted by every puff of air,

Mom keeps yelling to hold in there.

Death shadows their heels, sowing fear,

They're scared, but the kid will get clear.

What to Do With and Adult in a Supermarket?

If you are going through a shop with your mum or dad,

and all of a sudden, well, maybe because you'd like a bit of chocolate,

some ten or fifteen kilos to get you through life,

if your companion suddenly starts screaming like a siren,

tugging your hand and rushing you to the cashiers,

or, what would be most unpleasant,

starting to shame you, to compare you

to some lacquered pink baby with bows,

if that suddenly happens, here's what you do:

imagine that your companion (usually your mum) is a ship

with a broken siren and, disturbing the fish and the birds,

you rush through the waves of the shop.

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Or imagine your grandma with rabbit ears
which, at the moment she scolds you,
flop down rhythmically to the right and left.
If dad tells you: stop your whining, it's really too much,
imagine you have an oil can and tell him:
here, you grease me and then I'll grease you.
It's not easy to go with adults to the supermarket.
If mum is annoyed because no boots fit you and
your trousers are found on the shelves for adults,
just say: perhaps we should go for a pastry or two, you look so tired.
If the adults refuse to buy you something saying: *not today*,
ask them to type the thing you want into their new iphone.
That alone will make you feel better.
It is not easy to be with an adult in a supermarket,
but with a bit of your irrepressible imagination
and your lively sense of humour
it just might become a great adventure
and you could emerge from the supermarket safe and sound—
or sometimes even bundled up in fur coat of love.