

ONCE IN THE LIFT

Once in the lift

always with you

I plunge like a missile in a silo

confident

as an SUV toward the person in the intersection,

the safest in its class, the door hisses

tickets are inspected (the building is tall and expensive)

the stairs are closed

I once rose with you

to the highest storey, the concrete crashing, to the roof and

the air,

burst through the smoke and mist, a sulphur yellow

asthma cloud, burst through a lie wrapped around

a blue paper globe.

Once with you, I plunge past the solemn

crowd, today

the night is brighter than day

with you

it's always brighter to rise.

Jarkko Tontti, *Vuosikirja (Yearbook)*. Otava, Helsinki 2006, pg. 103.

translated by Lola Rogers