

**Anonymous**

**Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge**

I translate Greek words from a slab of stone  
the size of an ancient kin's era

he sees my lips as archaeological tools  
extracting and brushing each letter

in return he translates Latin eulogies  
and we imagine their last seconds

like the one whose dog slept on  
their chest to keep it warm

or the ones holding hands  
as the sun disappears.