

MY Daughter and Apple Pie

By Raymond Carver

Me sirve un trozo recién
sacada del horno. Al realizar el corte
sale un ligero vapor. El azúcar y las
especias —
canela — quemados en la corteza.
Pero lleva gafas oscuras
en la cocina a las diez
de la mañana —todo tan sutil—
mientras me observa tomar
un bocado, acercarlo a la boca
y soplar. La cocina de mi hija,
invierno. Pincho el trozo de tarta
y me digo a mí mismo que no debo
meterme.
Ella dice que le ama. No podía ser
peor.

She serves me a piece of it a few
minutes out of the oven.

A little steam rises from the slits
on top. Sugar and spice –
cinnamon – burned into the crust.
But she's wearing these dark glasses
in the kitchen at ten o'clock
in the morning – everything nice –
as she watches me break off
a piece, bring it to my mouth,
and blow on it. My daughter's kitchen,
in winter. I fork the pie in
and tell myself to stay out of it.
She says she loves him. No way
Could it be worse.

Raymond Carver [1938-1988] was an American short-story writer and poet, a major force in the revitalization of the short story in the 1980s. Carver's reputation continued to grow after his death at the age of fifty.