

In Summer

Translated by Jon Levitow (2014)

The fields let
the summer caress them
and turn green with its touch.

Day's beginning befalls.
I too appear in the field
and green along with them.

The fresh sheen
of dancing iron
in the peasant's hand
slices between the day
and the village.

The dense rippling
of healthy grain
sounds sharply through me.

Still under the scythe,
the stalks give off their scent
and fall full of light:
We have lived!

Over the remaining
solidly-certain roots,
I march and march
under the hot
orders of the fields –

and listen closely
to the beat of my steps:

“Lived today,
lived today,
and tomorrow is again
a summer day.”

(1920)