

A Widow

Translated by Freda Hodge (2015)

Were the celestial fields ever blue?
No sign of it exists. Black from end to end.
The stars shudder, as if they want
to spring out of their skins from fright.

Since her husband died
the darkness has glazed eyes:
she burns a lamp all night.

Light rays from the lamp stream straight
like fingers to the window frame,
they beckon outside
to an unknown man...

The night is silent and trembling,
but a demented wind dances on the roof.

And she is so alone, so fragile.

And rays of light stream like fingers
to the window frame.

They twinkle outside
to her dead husband.

Should she go down and extinguish the light?
Behind the wall at her head
she hears someone standing and sobbing.

Her lips murmur anxiously:
who hovers in the dark if not You
and You sparkle in the burning wick;
give rest to the dead,
give peace to the living.

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(June 1939.)