

Bring Me the World

Translated by Freda Hodge (2015)

Bring on the twilight
the world
gnaws at my heart.

When in pain I see
how the fields' open gaze
turns humid and dark.

My gloom
hangs down from every tree
but doesn't fall to the ground

I haven't given in yet.

Because deep down I know:
a white day has been lost
but what I dreamed today
burns now in the heavens.
All the trees are red
and my gloom hangs down
from every bough
it doesn't fall to the ground.

Held up high
in his thin hands
Twilight brings into my heart
the world.

I go towards her
my temples now
are red as gold,
my face
as pale as silver.

In this way I approach her.

Chunks of flame
lick rapidly
at all the borders
of the heavens.
But the earth
lies still. Keeps silent. Doesn't believe.
She is cold, cold.

And I in deepest gloom
Go to face the great world.

A thousand ways present themselves
to my feet, a thousand
dead ends
half are lit, and half in darkness

and somewhere in its corner far away
the sun already sets,
goes slowly down
step by step; it barely moves.

The pain endures so long.

The fields turn pale and lean,
the trees are already anaemic;
woe is me,

from my forehead fall
the last little drops of gold.
And yet I have to go now
and give welcome to the world.

There behind the first trees
weak she lies
in the arms of twilight
and lets herself
be led
into my heart.

Woe is me,
the long crease in my cheeks
has deepened so gravely,
deep and empty
like a fresh grave, that awaits
its corpse.

How can I go forward?
What will I say to her?

I remind myself:
today I had some dream
a beautiful dream,
as lovely as the world
as distant as the world.

A thousand paths
lie still,
dark, dark
yet bright as well.
(The paths so sleepy and fatigued,
but it's a shame to fall asleep now)

A thousand paths
silently await
my feet.
And I
woe is me.

My footsteps are heavy:
the earth is heaped with shadows,
great rigid shadows lie
like dirty-grey dead horses.
My feet are heavy.
Who will guide me?
Who?
Winds blow.
Yes, winds gust,
but not in my path.
Winds blow down the last spark
from the sky.

It grows cold on high,
it grows cold on high;
a day has burned away,
there is sorrowing above,
the clouds lie
dirty brown,
like incinerated horses.
I remind myself: my dream
blazed there.

No, I can't remember,
it is hard to remember.
My temples are heavy.
The sky oppresses me.
The earth is hard for me.

I am falling.

Beside me
shadows lie spread out,
resting
their wild enormous heads
on my small breast.

Well, this I know:
the world
has already entered my heart
and is a dark one.

(1921)