

Echo

Translated by Andrew Firestone and Beni Gothajner (2014)

I asked
a tree in the forest
"Where is my mother
now?"

The tree
Turned away his head.

I asked
the cold river
"Where is my mother
now?"

But the sky
grabbed him by the throat
and begged "Don't tell!
Don't tell!"

I awakened
the fields from sleep
to ask them
"Where is my mother
now?"

One blade of grass
looked with concern at another
I waited.
But above them
they felt the sun
and plain forgot.

Among the darkening trees
an old man walked

with heaven and God
in his eyes;
with stars and night
in his eyes
an old man walked.

"Tell me" I begged him
"where is my mother?"

I held my breath
(like the hills around us)
and with utmost gravity,
gazing at the white
clouds passing
(like the hills around us)
the old man replied
"She asks the Day softly
still more softly the Night
'Where is my child
now?'"

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