

Going Home

Translated by Andrew Firestone (2014)

In a dark field on a still darker stone
An old woman sits alone.
To her grey thought she makes grey reply:
"Not long now".

A tree has eyes:
What it see in the dusk
Shudders its branches
Thinner with fear.

Nearby the old woman sits,
A remnant light from bygone days,
She looks across to the far side of the road
Where the sun inscribes its song with blood...
To an old thought, she murmurs back:
"Not long now."

Suddenly winds start to whirl and swirl;
Dog-faced clouds chase each other and run.
The night jumps down with a shower of rain,
And a thousand paths
Turn to one

Which leads nowhere...
But for this old woman, too abrupt was the parting
Day left without a goodbye
So must return...

Like a house built on a weak foundation
That straightens itself up,
For a while the world lightens.

A man stands exulting: how sweetly
The sun's song ends, with blood!

But a tree has eyes
That see in the dusk
And distress shakes its branches
Thinner and thinner:
No, no, no!

Brother, the main thing is do you have a home?
While nearby an old woman sits,
A remnant shadow of dead days past
She looks across to the far side of the road.
To her grey thought she makes grey reply:
Not
Long
Now
To home.

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