

PARTING WITH A VIEW

I don't begrudge the spring
for coming back again.
I can't blame it
for doing its duty
the same as every year.

I realize my sorrow
won't halt the greenery.
If a blade wavers,
it's only from the wind.

It doesn't cause me pain,
that clumps of alders above the waters
have something to rustle with again.

I accept
that—as though you were still alive—
the shore of a certain lake
has remained as beautiful as it was.

I don't hold a grudge
against a view for a view
onto a bay dazzled by the sun.

I can even imagine,
that some-not-us
are sitting now
on a toppled birch stump.

I respect their right
to whispers, laughter,
and happy silence.

I even assume
they're bound by love

and that he puts a living arm around her.

Something recently birdly
rustles in the bulrushes.
I sincerely hope
they hear it.

I don't demand a change
from the waves lapping on the shore,
sometimes swift, sometimes lazy
and obedient not to me.

I don't require anything
from the deep waters below the woods,
emerald,
sapphire,
black.

To one thing I won't agree
To my return.
The privilege of presence—
That I'll give up.

I've survived you just enough
but only enough,
to reflect from afar.

Translated from the Polish by Joanna Trzeciak