

GODSPEED

you are descending swinging stairs
to bid godspeed to the sea,
godspeed, the salty lips of evening say,
and amber melts in the tongues of foam,

yes, emptiness strikes just then,
when the wine runs out, the salt settles
on roots and rolling sand starts
to desiccate rocks: at high noon,
when the hourglass is turned over, it strikes,

but the one who passes this,
like the youth who passes through the kingdom of death
to become a man, knows: it does not coincide
with the soul, as the mirage confirms

Translated by H. L. Hix