

Paul Celan

THE BRIGHT
STONES move through the air, bright
white, the light-
bringers.

They want to
not sink, not fall,
not collide. They move
up,
like slender
dogroses they break open,
they float
toward you, my gentle one,
you, my true one—:

I see you, you pluck them with my
new, my
Everyman's hands, you place them
in Brightness-Again, which no one
need weep for nor name.

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