

Death Is Sitting at the Foot of My Bed

My bed is unmade: sheets on the floor
and blankets ready to rise in flight.
Now death says she's going to make my bed.

I beg her not to, leave it unmade.
She insists and replies that tonight is the night,
makes herself at home and says tonight she loves me.

I answer her but how am I to cuckold
life? She tells me to go to hell.
Death is sitting at the foot of my bed.

This insistent death is really hot for me,
would like to leave me sucked dry as a fig:
I try to frighten her with an enormous branch.

Now she says she wants to lie down at my side,
just to sleep, don't be afraid.
Out of respect I don't mention her bad reputation.

Death is sitting at the foot of my bed.

Translated by Roslyn Frank

Burning

The golden sword looks directly at the sun
Ah!
The pear blossom reflected on a fixed star!