

Window

That tree
Outside the window
Beyond me and beyond the window.

I close my eyes
And leap through the wooden frame.
Then trembling, my finger touches a leaf.

Beyond the window
There should be a mountain
There should be a lonely man on the mountain.

My eyes open,
Framed in draping images.
Til one, the tree, explodes like a cloud.

And I wonder,
Does the tree become a window
Or does the tree hang within the pane.

Perhaps,
Since I began to forget the season,
I had to turn and leave the tree.

Still the tree—
And still the window,
A glacier, unwilling to dissolve.

The scenery,
So extremely obstinate,
Will not transplant the tree back through my window.

Translated by the author with Margaret Scarborough