

Closed like an eyelid
Over the eye in which I waited

Translated by Hazel Wilson and Peter Jay

Exile

I go into exile into myself.
You are my home country
I can't come close to anymore;
You are the country where I was born,
Where I learned to talk;
I know only you in the world.
In your eyes I swam so many times
Surfacing ashore body all blue.
So many times I sailed on you
Listening to murmurs foretell the ebb
Of blood where I could drown at any time.
You are my portion of land;
Only out of you do I know how to grow.
You, master, forested
And seeded with lakes,
A land which once I owned
To which I can't go back again.
From me, from this foreign country of mine,
Let me at night be myself your dream
And pass through you rocking sleep,
Let me possess you at night,
Give yourself to me
Like the geniuses gone live possessed by their ideas.

Translated by the author with William Cotter Murray