

Again I take from the air the slight awareness
that hides the balance of a flower.
Nevertheless we have watched the same bird
we have seized its import, its situation at night
and the place our hearts dominate is the same.

If I must go down through other times
I will have this embrace tied to my memory
like a stone from the sea or a rupture of algae.
They are the night's circuits where we have held each other
or the uncertain manners of a morning in flight.

Then distance has already stopped digging into the soul
the astrolabe is intent on encountered water
although the smoke of the forest announces nostalgia
that can devour the heart of a blackbird.

The trees carve on wood the name of the earth
like twin flames we have purchased the air for growing
to save with our laughter another corner of the world.

It may be everything that happens is the food of a distant life
silently teaching the language of water
giving love its place
among the confusion of birds.

Translated by David W. Young

MICHAL SPRUSINSKI / POLAND

Sunny Dream

*"By light, by light, by love, by love, by this."
(Last words in Theodore Roethke's notebooks.)
By light by love by all this incomplete
that our eyelids open into brightness. The bird*

of dawn rattles in night's dry throat,
glitters with the leaden polar cross.

By incomplete by light by love
she is a naked girl facing the mirror
lifting her hair high above her neck to pin,
her shadeless skin all mortal.
The angel hasn't filled the day's labyrinth
with thunder. The green planet roars
and the blue thrush circles her arms
in feathered rings.

By love incomplete and light
the travellers escape through a large valley
with heads bared to the clouds:
a black pinion cuts a brown galaxy of grass.

By love by incomplete by bright world structure
dream: let the years and valleys be open.

*Translated by the author and Jerzy Przewdziecki
with Burt Blume*

AFFONSO ROMANO DE SANT'ANNA / BRAZIL

The Poet Establishes the Height of the Building

This is such a tall building
that you can see the Hudson and the East River all the way round,
though you can't read the names of the freighters
neither can you figure out whom or what they are carrying.

It is so tall
that on top of it even the foreigner is filled with a vicarious pride,