



Naked to the wind  
like the boy who leads his horse  
close to the sea.  
Blue reflections on the shore  
return the sand,  
snow,  
cemetery,  
swallow's wing.

. . .

You leave the sea,  
stretch out on the sand  
and your stirred breath  
comes and goes  
like the waves.  
You listen only to your own heart.  
*translated by Abby Wolf and Eric Walker*