

TO MY CRAFT

My craft, bewitching one,
you make me believe my life matters.
Between morality and terror, at the same time
in broad daylight and pitch blackness,

like a land with its cliffs mangled
by lightning, where the unstable weather
of immense clouds—huge cumulous
brains—clap their fire together,

and, in the fire-streaked air
they give birth to the endless battle,
the never-ending siege of Buda
I've known since I was a cell,

where everything vibrates and is perishable,
where everything is basted, fraying, furred,
where the heart itself frazzles,
and on a single thread hangs the word,

the word that from earth to heaven
pendulums continuously its crackling, loud,
reverberating rhythm, conjoining
its own convulsions and the cloud—

between morality and terror,
or else in immoral terror,
my craft, for all that, it's you
that measures, that's beyond measure,

even if convulsively, but like a clock
that taps out illusory rhythms despite
its equable tick-tick—nonetheless
you divide the light from the night.

translated by Bruce Berlind