

LANDSCAPE

Before the city, where the fields begin
heavy with grain, dotted with poppies,
between oats and rows of cherries, here
was the place, our sky was flowing,
we listened for the birdsongs, felt
the earth at our back, in ripe
grasses insects twitching, we kept on going,
pears fell heavy, their skins
peeled back, their fruit was gentle,
sweet, all that was near, the land full
of smells, of labor, of haze
from the coke plants, purple oil
in the river, the cities hot like
thirsty lips and breathing with our
own lungs, we panted, the great
green landscape with the
odor of the sweat of the earth,
the masses of crickets on steaming
blossoms, elders, breathing with honey, nests
empty with a crowning of gray
dust, bubbles rising from peaty
lakes, we grew through each other, flesh,
waving wheat, black mossy
whirlpool, crackling, till rain came down,
still warm, wind wove always anew
the twitching of leaf shape, brooks
gathered all together, loam water dreamed
to the valley, over it cloths of rainbows,
the works, the moist down of birds,
lips, tooth or blossoms, the un-
fleshed world, made entirely of life.

translated by Frederic Will