

In any case,
Throw something on it,
Some brushwood,
Some lives.

Because look, it's starting to flare out
On our faces,
Making them beautiful and ugly,
Making them night and day,
Making them seasons and years.

THE MOUNTAINS

My thoughts grew luminous
Until the mountains began
To see themselves
In them.

Here they are, with their gold and uranium
And all the other minerals
More evolved,
With precious furs and antlers
Hooves or wings
And are happy
Under the shape of life.

Here they're cold, threatening
Full of ravines,
The sun's wheel over them
Squeaking all day long,
Drawing fresh time up for us to drink,
Straight from the bottom of the earth.

I didn't know, didn't know
I have so much geology in me,
And my soul sits
On its peak
Huge, undaunted
The Monastery From A Wood!

WHIM

Each evening
I collect from the neighbors
All the available chairs
And read poetry to them.

The chairs are very receptive
To poetry,
If you know how to arrange them.

That's why
I'm deeply moved, almost nervous,
And for a few hours
Explain to them
How beautifully my soul died
During the day.

Our meetings
Are usually serious.
Without any
Excess of enthusiasm.

In any case,
It means all of us
Have done our duty
And can go on
Ahead.

*Translated by Adriana Varga and
Stuart Friebert*