

TWO CHILDREN

1

Now you need only wait for the appearance of those hidden springs
that lead to the narrow hallways where foreshadowings of death
discourage the light.

A spirit who still values the earth a little asks you,
Won't heaven be scared by the untimeliness of your journey?

Don't those narrow hallways that lead to the winter of a courtyard
freeze the anguish of eternity that hisses through your blood?

Doesn't the open skylight, suffering because it takes in the pain
of a cloud,

kill in your eyelids any desire for hours without end?

It is early,
much too early for a child to be left to the shadows.

2

You can easily see that the night considers a boy differently
than the day which drowns him in a drop of water.
What does the swallow know of the owl's insomnia?

For God's sake,
kill him without the dawn's having to guess if it will happen or not.

He has left his head forgotten between two wires.
He has shouted his heart out so that echoes would turn against him.
Ask the needles that have been lost in sofas for his hands.

Where is that boy going who makes wrong turns?