

BURNED BY JOY IN SPRING

Burned by joy in spring,
Wandering the streets without aim,
Wounded by dark nightfall,
I am left like a sparrow without a nest.

Burned by joy in spring,
Hands, feet burned; only my eyes are left.
Deaf to song and dance.
I pass my days with deaf – mutes.

Tired and aching at nightfall,
I seek some nut-sized shelter.
But my shelter is burned like in a dream,
I spend my nights only with the stars.

Then wander in the morning with my blackened heart
Burned and scorched in my chest,
I stumble in the streets, cut myself and bleed,
In spring, scalded by joy.

Burned by joy in spring....

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Translated: John Hodgson

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