

My river or tears like crystal

I

Drop by drop falling from above,
My river or tears like crystal,
One summer night, I say, desire gave birth to me.

Thoughts have furrowed my brow,
Burning and roasting like flames.

I travel barefoot over untrodden paths,
Stumbling on stones like a mountain stream,
My brow and eyes ache from the mad light,
My chest and heart smart from creating.

II

No river flows from above, you fool!
No river like crystal flows from above,
One summer night, spite gave you birth.

You drink your cups of inspiration in vain, you fool!
And then moan that thinking has furrowed your brow!
Why travel barefoot, you fool?
Moaning you are hurt like a mountain stream!
Our brow and eyes ache from the mad light,
Don't make such pleasures a habit!

Don't tell tall stories, you fool,
About your river with water like crystal!

III

I writhe between two fires
And the thought strikes me like lightning:
"I will burn and roast for this river,
For my river or tears of crystal!"

Translated: John Hodgson

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