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*LÅT SYNDERNA BRINNA (English version)*

### **BURN THE SINS**

My sun, burn the sins

In the tissue of hands, the claws of the tongue,

Destroy the cells, the “honest” marble,

O kindly sun, with your open bow,

Throw away your hat and gloves,

Blazing and smiling, go to monkeys

At this century's end and kiss them on the cheek.

O my sun, dawn flows

Like a river in the sin-soaked sky,

They have hanged Homer and Lorca by the neck.

O my sun, burn the sins,

The new dawn threatens a storm,

They are hanging poets from high gallows.

1989

Translated: John Hodgson

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