

Untitled

by

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You remain always like a stupendous dream
Wedge between the two earths
And making the suns rise simultaneously
Thrusting their fires into the center of the universe
Generating yet another planet in which a new generation is born.
Then you descend into the great center of the universe
And stretch your fingers weaving mysterious stars
From which images of faces long since forgotten burn
Making the whole night-sky aflame with ecstasy.
That is why I cannot praise you
But keep a round calabash at the ancestral place
For those who die leave only sadness
Or else an emptiness howling into the cliff-edge of the night.
One day the hill that is so full of demented women will
Resound with the triumphant dance
They will say: "She should have been with us at the festival."
A thousand years from now,
A thousand years and a thousand years
The flame shall travel on the rind of a mountain
Sending its messages into eternity through the walls of winter
A thousand years from now,
Our song shall be sung by generations and generations to come!