

Autumn is Here

Autumn has arrived from beyond the sea,
The eyes of blue nights darken out of anxiety
And heavy veils cover her long hair,
The golden sea hair moving with the wind,

Seducing the sun-soaked summer's day
That now withdraws gray and sad to the hills
Knowing that there is nothing to wait for,
Everything succumbs to dark and cold.

He (the summer) hears the straws fade and fall,
And sees the birds disappear on their the wings,
The wind blowing flower seeds to southern seas,

And his (the summer's) eyes close; east goes
The strange and dark night with a sickle in hand,
With the sickle mounted against torn clouds.

Ice Breaks

In the chambers and corridors
Below the ceiling of the sea's
Icy walls
I lie awake and wait.

Then I rise, a flood
Of edges sharpened by the sea
From red wakes,
Driven by green songs of spring.

Then at last is finished
The long winter,
A new and better
Age will arise

Mildly and gently
Across crumbled ice.

Spring

Blessed be the grass
That grows around the farmer's
Homestead and reads me
His poems,
The longing and triumph
Of a silent man.

Blessed be the grass
That grows on the graves,
Bestowing on the dead
Peace and hope.

Blessed be the grass
That appeases the wrath of the sand,
The grass
That heals the earth's wounds.
Blessed be the grass,
Blessed the spring of the country.

Summer Night

From the north the wind drives dark clouds,
Suppressing them at the mountain foot, ponds
And pools wipe the sour rain from their keen eyes,
The rushy lake turns grey, the heavy straws bend,
Hiding their pale image in glowing
Intricate circles, a black spider
Rests on a wet edge next to an empty net;
Down by the river an oyster-catcher flies home
To the meadow, finding a small boy there
In the light of a lost summer ... Darkness condenses
And the irregular clink of the mowers turns silent
And the veils of the rain fade into a dream.
The river and your heart sing the same song
about the sun and flowers, a long and happy day.