

## BELLS ALL TOO NEAR

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*Reiner Kunze*

*Translated by Lori M. Fisher*

Morning after morning, their ringing ravages  
my sleep, as if it were god's will to punish  
one who can't sleep evenings  
in his world

Sundays the great bells hurry to help the little ones

They ring the believers out of their beds  
they ring the believers into their coats  
they ring ring

On a Monday in the fog I'll pluck the bells  
like overripe fruit  
and feed them to the bell-fish

I'm not afraid for the safety of my soul

The pastor will intercede for me  
in secret. He likes to sleep in