About Death and Other Things

Alexander Ristovic

Charles Simic

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How strange will be the death of which I’ve thought since my childhood:
an old man barely able to move leaves a small town library,
bends to one side till he drops onto the green lawn.

I’ve reasons to believe that I too will experience what others have
while I climb the stairs carrying the food for the evening meal in a nylon bag,
and without turning to look at the one who in that moment descends curly-haired and in a party dress.

It could be an ordinary death in a train coach:
a man who carefully studies the fields, the hills and snow, shuts his eyes, drops his hands into his lap, and no longer sees what a moment ago he admired.

I’m trying to remember other possibilities and so here I am once again disguised as myself in a small merry company, where, after emptying my glass, laughing, I fall on the floor pulling after me the tablecloth and the vase with roses.

My death would have an entirely spiritual meaning in some sanatorium for the insane among the mountain ranges; while we die we complain to each other in beds with freshly changed sheets.

But, suppose I die in an entirely different way from the one I expect: with my wife and daughter and surrounded with books, while outside the neighbor tries to start the car which the night has surprised with snow.

translated by Charles Simic