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Humidity At The Unwanted Continent's Edge

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[HUMIDITY AT THE UNAWAITED
CONTINENT'S EDGE]

Humidity at the unawaited continent's edge,
where dreams slowly begin to change,
and language, soon after, will yield.
It, too, cannot hold out for good.

In speech—not even the blackness of pines
remains, nor the rough-lined face of autumn,
nor the damp and shining waste of death
whose glacier bangs at the door.

The denouement, with voices swamped,
passes on, leaving an empty space of lies.
Erasing the globe, you listen all night
to the darkness of a distant, alien body.

All night, you listen to the flow of another's
blood in which you live as in a mirror—
when the heaviest reflections leave no mark
in the waters of the Neva or the Neris.

*These poems are from Tomas Venclova's collection
Pašnekesys Žiemą (Vilnius: Vaga, 1991).*