1976

Sunny Dream

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Recommended Citation
Sprusinski, Michal; Jerzy Przedzieceki; and Burt Blume. "Sunny Dream." The Iowa Review 7.2 (1976): 75-76. Web. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2055

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Again I take from the air the slight awareness that hides the balance of a flower.
Nevertheless we have watched the same bird we have seized its import, its situation at night and the place our hearts dominate is the same.

If I must go down through other times I will have this embrace tied to my memory like a stone from the sea or a rupture of algae.
They are the night's circuits where we have held each other or the uncertain manners of a morning in flight.

Then distance has already stopped digging into the soul the astrolabe is intent on encountered water although the smoke of the forest announces nostalgia that can devour the heart of a blackbird.

The trees carve on wood the name of the earth like twin flames we have purchased the air for growing to save with our laughter another corner of the world.

It may be everything that happens is the food of a distant life silently teaching the language of water giving love its place among the confusion of birds.

Translated by David W. Young

MICHAL SPRUSINSKI / POLAND

Sunny Dream

“By light, by light, by love, by love, by this.”
(Last words in Theodore Roethke's notebooks.)
By light by love by all this incomplete that our eyelids open into brightness. The bird

75
of dawn rattles in night's dry throat, 
glitters with the leaden polar cross.

By incomplete by light by love 
she is a naked girl facing the mirror 
lifting her hair high above her neck to pin, 
her shadeless skin all mortal. 
The angel hasn't filled the day's labyrinth 
with thunder. The green planet roars 
and the blue thrush circles her arms 
in feathered rings.

By love incomplete and light 
the travellers escape through a large valley 
with heads bared to the clouds: 
a black pinion cuts a brown galaxy of grass.

By love by incomplete by bright world structure 
dream: let the years and valleys be open.

Translated by the author and Jerzy Przedziecki 
with Burt Blume

AFFONSO ROMANO DE SANT'ANNA / BRAZIL

The Poet Establishes the Height of the Building

This is such a tall building 
that you can see the Hudson and the East River all the way round, 
though you can't read the names of the freighters 
neither can you figure out whom or what they are carrying.

It is so tall 
that on top of it even the foreigner is filled with a vicarious pride,