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Parting with a View

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PARTING WITH A VIEW

I don’t begrudge the spring
for coming back again.
I can’t blame it
for doing its duty
the same as every year.

I realize my sorrow
won’t halt the greener.
If a blade wavers,
it’s only from the wind.

It doesn’t cause me pain,
that clumps of alders above the waters
have something to rustle with again.

I accept
that—as though you were still alive—
the shore of a certain lake
has remained as beautiful as it was.

I don’t hold a grudge
against a view for a view
onto a bay dazzled by the sun.

I can even imagine,
that some-not-us
are sitting now
on a toppled birch stump.

I respect their right
to whispers, laughter,
and happy silence.

I even assume
they’re bound by love
and that he puts a living arm around her.

Something recently birdly
rustles in the bulrushes.
I sincerely hope
they hear it.

I don't demand a change
from the waves lapping on the shore,
sometimes swift, sometimes lazy
and obedient not to me.

I don't require anything
from the deep waters below the woods,
emerald,
sapphire,
black.

To one thing I won't agree
To my return.
The privilege of presence—
That I'll give up.

I've survived you just enough
but only enough,
to reflect from afar.

*Translated from the Polish by Joanna Trzeciak*