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Three Poems from "The Shape of Time"

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Three poems from *The Shape of Time*

Desert dogs run through my dreams,
light, fast, and silent,
just like the wind of God;
beautiful and regal, night after night
they bound wildly.

I smell it, naturally I smell it:
my heart is their prey.

How could I ever feel fulfilled,
if I didn’t run until I was spent;
if I didn’t run night after night, didn’t race
with the phantom, alien
desert dogs.

* 

The three-sided glass house: One side
is water. One is fire. One is night, where
prehistoric and outlawed creatures live—
impatient, shameless, and exquisite
like the carnivore flower and the butterfly dog.

*
Bitter and scarce is the northern light.
The sledge here is drawn by heavy shadows,
the owls and wolves keep watch.
A word crunches between the teeth.

I don’t know, I don’t know how to be here,
I am chilled by history.
All borders are cages,
all stories are locked.

What I’m talking about, is
the dance of the dust mote
in the immeasurable sun.

*Translated from the Estonian by Tiina Aleman*