Humidity At The Unwanted Continent's Edge

Tomas Venclova

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Venclova, Tomas. "Humidity At The Unwanted Continent's Edge." The Iowa Review 42.3 (2012): 176 Web. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7252

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
[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).*