

I am cold beside the springs. Climbed until my heart was weary.

Black grass on the hillsides and violet lilies in the shadows, and
still, what am I doing facing the abyss?

Immensity is short on meaning below the silent eagles.

I hear the shepherd's cry amid manure and lightning.

There's still light beyond the sparrowhawk wings and I go down
to the damp bonfires.

I have heard the snowbell, I have seen the fungus of purity, I have
created oblivion.

Before the winterscorched vineyards I think of fear and light (just
one substance within my eyes),

I think of rain and distances moved through by the ire.

A forest spreads open in memory and the scent of resin is suited for
the heart. I saw spheres of sweat and insects in the sweetness;

then twilight in its eyes;

later the thistle boiling before the ryegrass and the weariness of
birds shadowed by the light.

This house devoted to farmwork and death.

Inside, the spreading of nettles, flowers weighing on wood
tormented by the rain.

The body gleams in the deep entryway, before the straw plaiting
and the cupboards destined for quince and shadows.

Suddenly a cry lights up the stables.

A neighborwoman washes the funeral clothes and her arms are
white amid the night and water.

I climb over the flock excrement and lie beneath the musical
oaktrees.

Doves back and forth between my body and twilight, the wind
stops, the shadows are wet.

Solitude grass, black doves: I have arrived at last; this isn't my
place, but I've arrived.

Fertile mares in the phosphorescence. I recall the fear and
happiness in my hair riven by the lightning; later the water and
oblivion.

Sometimes I see the mountain radiance above the great sadness
machines.

Strangeness, glow: the unmoving sparrowhawk and the mane of
the reedgrass and above the water my hands before the dusty
blackberries.

I place the black fruit in my mouth and its sweetness is from
another world

like my thought laid to waste by the light.

I saw the serenity in the eyes of cattle destined for the industrial
knives and the horses unmoving in sadness;

later the limestone, its light in the ancient ones, and the great
crevices inhabited by wailing.