

In the Corridor of the Wind

Translated by Jonathan Kaplansky

The mind awake
tormented
lying down then getting up a hundred times
in the silvery night
freezes the flesh
with pernicious intuition

Ward off ill-fortune
a few more times
in a state of urgency
of a life passing by
in the corridor of the wind

Echoless voices
lost their breath
in the vain words
of a sorrow too often recalled

The leaves fallen since months of snow
silence every quiver

We need to slow even the birds
avoid consciences colliding
in the universe of angels
turn out the night light star and the dawn that blind
for the ever-opened eye
upon the terrifying paleness of the great mystery