

Diviner

Translated by Nigel Spencer

There you go
thrashing a path
like some wild thing
by a haunted house
You divine my presence and fear me
and I hear your breath
too paralyzed to show myself

Condemned to invisibility
my body vanished
my soul drunk in
by earth's deepest currents
ready to spring
from the heart of love in a well
slaking your limitless thirst
and mine
intangible

Through intuition
tenderness and consciousness
deliver me
Take me from where the dead
cry out in vain
I beg of you
Be my diviner
you traveller of the visible
for I will be your diviner
when our roles are reversed
I swear to you on the hidden roots
of the forest of world-dreams

I beg of you
Be my diviner