

14. Ana Margolin.

No. 28. We Went Through Days

We went through days as through storm-shaken gardens.
We blossomed and were happy and played with love and death.
Clouds and insolence and dreams were in our words.
And amid stubborn trees and summer-rustling gardens
we grew into a single tree.

And evenings spread out with heavy, dark blueness,
with the painful desires of winds and falling stars,
with the wandering, fawning shine on twitching grass and leaves.
And we wove ourselves into the wind, permeated ourselves with
blueness,
and were like happy animals and wise, playful gods.

No. 29. Fall of Night and Weeping

A silence, sudden and deep,
Between the two of us,

Like a confused letter
Announcing parting,
Like a sinking ship -

A silence without a look, without a motion,
Full of night and weeping
Between the two of us,
As if we ourselves
Were closing the door
To Paradise.