

Rokhl Korn

On the other side of the poem

On the other side of the poem there's an orchard –  
And in the orchard a house with a straw thatch;  
Three silent pine trees are standing there,  
Their guardians forever keeping watch.

On the other side of the poem there's a bird,  
A brown-yellow bird with a reddish breast  
That returns here every winter  
And hangs like a bud on the naked bush.

On the other side of the poem there's a path  
Narrow and steep, the thinnest silver,  
And someone who's lost her way in time  
Comes, quiet, barefoot, to haunt me there.

On the other side of the poem there may be  
A miracle. But today is dreary and grey;  
A feverish longing for an amazing hour  
Flutters against my window pane.

On the other side of the poem my mother  
Stands on the threshold, stands in thought  
And calls me home as of old, as of old:  
You've played long enough! Can't you see it's night?