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To Go Home translated by Daniel Simko

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TO GO HOME

No one welcomed you, only a pine hummed
above the brown slate of roofs.
On the mountains, gray like the creator's sleep,
the first snow was seen.

On the path in the field, half frost, half dew.
The cattle waited
until the pasture grew warm. From their sides
rose the light steam of home, the stable.

Dumb is the animal, and can't answer.
Lay your hand on it.
It will stare at your coat with its large brown eyes.
And how it licks your palms,

damply you remember the sound of forgotten tones
and hasty tuning.
And confessing humbly you realize, that actually
only the lost return home this way.

*translated by
Daniel Simko*