The Day Death Comes translated by Naomi Lazard

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THE DAY DEATH COMES

What will it be like, the day death comes? Perhaps like the gift at the beginning of night, the first kiss on the lips given unasked, the kiss that opens the way to worlds of marvels while, in the distance, a Spring of unknown flowers agitates the heart of the moon.

Perhaps in this way: when the morning, green with shimmering buds, begins to sway in the bedroom of the beloved, and the tinkle of stars as they rush to depart can be heard on the silent windows.

What will it be like, the day death comes? Perhaps like a vein screaming with the premonition of pain under the edge of a knife, as a shadow, the assassin holding the knife, spreads out with a wing span from one end of the world to the other.

Whichever way death comes, whenever it comes, there will be the same word of farewell to the heart: “Thank God it is finished, the night of the broken-hearted. Praise be to the meeting of lips, the honeyed lips I have known.”

translated by
Naomi Lazard