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## December Sonnet translated by Rich Ives

Georg Trakl

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DECEMBER SONNET

In the evening, imposters move through the woods  
with strange wagons, small horses.  
In the clouds, a locked treasure shines golden,  
in the shadowy plans, towns can be seen.

The red wind blows linens cold and black.  
A dog rots, a bush, sprinkled with blood, smokes.  
The reeds are flowing with a yellow chill  
and a funeral procession slowly makes its way to the churchyard.

The old man's hut nearly disappears in the gray.  
In the pond, a light shines from old treasures.  
The farmers sit down to wine.

A youth slips timidly to a married woman.  
A monk pales tender and sad in the dark.  
An empty tree is the sleeper's sexton.

*translated by  
Rich Ives*