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Whispered in the Afternoon translated by Rich Ives

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WHISPERED IN THE AFTERNOON

Autumn sun, weak and hesitant,
and fruit falls from the trees.
Silence lives in blue rooms,
a long afternoon.

Death tones of metal
and a white animal collapses.
Coarse songs of brown girls
are scattered in falling leaves.

The forehead of God dreams colors,
feels the soft wings of madness.
Shadows swirl on the hill,
darkly surrounded by decay.

Twilight filled with sleep and wine;
the flow of sad guitars.
And as if in a dream
you turn to the quiet lamp within.

*translated by
Rich Ives*