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Thrace translated by Rich Ives

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THRACE

A flame tongues
here on the ground at night,
it whirls white leaves.
And at noon shatters
the sickle of light.
The rustling of sand
divides the heart.

Do not lift up the stone,
that warehouse of silence.
Beneath it
sleeps the centipede
of time.

Over the pass,
notched with horses' hooves,
blows a mane of snow.
With the smokeless shadows
of numerous fires
evening fills the canyon.

A knife
skins away the fog,
the battering-ram of the mountains.
Across the river
live the dead.
This speech
is their ferry.

*translated by
Rich Ives*