Spring 1980

Letter to Light translated by Olav Grinde

Rolf Jacobsen
LETTER TO LIGHT

The morning’s paper is huge folded out
on the earth, it is a new day
and a tractor is already out with its lumpy fist
writing a letter to the light; it grumbles
each letter out loud to itself, because it matters so much
that everything is included, the thunder and the bees,
the ant-road that has stretched out its tiny
silk-foot in the grass, our peace
and our restlessness about everything, has to be included.

Large moist lines and a slow hand
that shakes a lot, but now everything is said,
the page is full and everything is exposed
like a letter to no one, the plow’s letter
to light that whoever wants to can read.

translated by
Olav Grinde