Ode to Gloom translated by William Pitt Root

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ODE TO GLOOM

Gloom, you scarab
of seven-legged defeat,
you cobweb’s egg,
despicable misfortune,
skeleton of a bitch:
Don’t come in here.
Don’t bother to stop.
Walk right on by.
Go
south with your umbrella.
Here lives a poet.
Gloom can’t
trudge through these doors.
Through these windows
blows the air of the world,
the roses fresh and red,
the waving flags
of the people and their victories.
Not you.
Don’t come in here.
Shake
your bat’s wings,
trample the plumes
that fall from your cloak,
sweep the pieces
of your corpse toward
the four corners of the wind,
wring your neck,
stitch your eyes shut,
cut out your shroud
and bury yourself, Gloom,
sink your rat bones
deep under the brilliance of an apple.

Translated by William Pitt Root