Relics of War

William Pitt Root
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after Vladas Slaitas

I didn’t have time to take a thing, even a handful of earth from where I was born. Nothing but the strong scent of the black earth of Aukstaitija—odors of grassroots, earthworms and little clouds.

And the twilight of the quiet cross as the sun sank behind our village church. Or the insect whirr still ringing in my ears.

No, I didn’t have time to take a thing, a single bundle, nothing but this fragrance when spring plows mix black earth and sky. And this music from the village with the small church when, all night long, the insect choirs sing.

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