In a Void translated by David Keller and Donald Sheehan

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IN A VOID

The sun's crest had twisted
among the garden trellises and on the shore
any rowboat lay half asleep.
No sound had come from the day
under the clear arch,
not the pine cones'
skip or ball snapping
outside the walls.

The silence swallowed everything.
Our boat hadn't come to a standstill,
it drew a mark on the sand, a sign
long suspended high up, dropped.

Now the ground was a rim overflowing,
weight loose in the dazzle,
the glare a foam on the darkness;
the ditch grew larger, much too deep
for the anchor and for us

until suddenly
something happened around us, the valley
closed its sides, nothing and the everything were lost,
I awoke at the sound from your lips—
mute before—and locked fast,
both of us in the vein of crystal,
invisible, that waits for its day.