



(Photo: Snowmelt; 1000 Diamond Spring, April—the Alps)

Expectation

Meltwater from the mountains, touches me:
the stars turning and the new moon
presage spring. All winter consumed
by you, drawing meltwater to the snow,
waiting for you, to stand up in the flowers.

The Rejection

I write you with a raven feather,
Sir.
My honor and your honor
your heart and my heart
have nothing in common.
I write you with a raven feather.
I write you with raven black
the sign: no.

The Departed

To go seven times around the earth,
if necessary on hands and feet;
seven times, to greet the one
who would be waiting with a smile.

To go seven times around the earth.
To go seven times over the seas,
threadbare clothes, makes no difference to me,
could I bring back that one from the dead.

To go seven times over the seas,
seven times, to stand as two together.

Ida Gerhardt (1905-1997)
(tr. from the Dutch by Cliff Crego)