EDZI AHNIATSVET

MY WISH

I wish to come to you –
with new-found verses.
But they are roaming –
wandering round the copses.
With the wood-zephyrs hide-and-seeking,
With the wood-peckers time are keeping.
Try to find them anyhow!
They are in the wild crane's cry,
the bright cloud pocket,
Or perhaps have flown off in a cosmic rocket?
Dew-drenched,
like the morning brightening,
True-edged,
like the stormy lightning –
I desire to find them now!
Though but little twigs they be in the shady grove,
Though but little bricks they be in my native home,
Seething, frothing main,
Healing drops of rain –
I desire to find them now!
Endless churns my heart's unrest,
all night and day there,
And I serve my ardent breast –
toil like a labourer!
At their forest address,
On the banner of happiness –
I desire to find them now!
1967

Translated by W.May