



and his image is clear,

I have misled you, now open your eyes, and don't listen to me,  
the power of the Empire is in your heart, there it is great,  
the Empire is born and falls in the blink of an eye,

it dies when the eyes are opened.

\*

What kind of man is a man who is not a soldier not a man nothing  
what kind of soldier is one who is not in irons and chains

what kind of man is that why none at all: board him up dig him down  
under the dirt so the forest will grow

and land you were promised land you shall have and your reward in the  
land  
just open your hand and your reward will be handed to you

just open your eyes and you'll get it between the eyes  
I tell you your land lies North to South under a certain spruce-tree

and if you should no longer see what we clearly see  
I'll put it among the notes of the hymn and you'll hear it then

we stand here close by as darkness descends and we look  
over to where the darkness is coming from

the rest we know. But where are we then, at the edge of what forest,  
this makes us rise, darkness, most longed-for sight in front of our eyes

and go.

from *Land of Birth*

But what if the good days should strike us dumb, how can we endure  
without falling silent,  
how can we endure without falling silent when poems are shown to be  
nothing,  
this, for the present generation's praises:  
we wrote the poetry and now we are silent, listen, it is the time of the  
drums,

time of the drums,  
and drumming's a sound when mute darkness precedes it, sheer darkness  
that cannot carry a sound,  
twice, no,  
seven times the Black Regiment has been gathered here, under black  
banners,  
and it is not the same, it was gathered here, but this is now and only now is  
this

the sound of the drums:

now is the time, the time before death, before the trees burst into flower,  
the time of the drums,  
thus, even this golden decade has begun and is setting,  
scarce friendship becomes exhausted, gold is bartered for steel.

from *The Trees, All Their Green* (1966)

I look outside, the fire in the stove in the windowpane, burning  
against the rain, the smoke, the green alders.  
I think about how far beyond many wars my world already is now:

the door behind me is the frame in which you see me  
coming,  
going, before I turn and go,

and that a house, a house, love, and happy times  
don't always just coincide.

from *The Short Year*

Trees, nights little by little a little longer,  
just a little, so you're not aware of it.  
Nor does the dark prevent the sighing that continues in the trees.  
Yet, it is sad, like the child  
to whom you talk, calmly, from whom you are keeping something,  
but who already knows.

\*

In this cruel world it's useless even to beg  
not to be born again.

from *Poems from a Journey Across the Straits* (1974)

from *In Praise of the Tyrant*

8.

The tyrant inspires small poems.  
He doesn't understand what's so special about him.

11.

When the tyrant is young. Everyone waits  
fro him to come to his senses.  
Old. For him to die.

From *In the World* (1974)

Don't reminisce,  
the dead  
reminisce about the dead:  
the flowers of Autumn,  
snow-chilled,  
about the flowers of Spring.

from *After the Deadline* (1984)

This is a world that will, in any case, be destroyed at some time.  
Working for its destruction seems pointless.  
It is impossible to save. Between these two facts, life must be lived.  
Other creatures, human and divine, differ from the mouse  
only by the frequency of their breath-rate  
in and out, quickly, until you lose it.  
Now, the universe is breathing out: a great breath, so that,  
from inside, it looks slow, and distant, from this edge.  
When it starts breathing in, it will have breathed only  
once: out and in.  
It's time to stop recycling waste paper, it is time to stop producing it.  
You are told that it, too, is an industry that uses up energy  
so what's it matter what you do.  
And who am I if not industry and war, destruction and  
waste. I should write smaller, tell fewer lies,  
get it all said, should lower my voice.