

APPENDIX

TOWARDS THE TRIANGLE

I have sunk from the function of man to the function
of the floor-measurer, long enough have my tired
thoughts been wandering round in their own worn
footmarks in front of the fence of
infinite liberty
sometimes another nausea arises from repress wishes
up out of my interior, the bubbling emissions
of the last active crater in
a dying volcanic landscape
sometimes I stretch out my hand to stroke in distraction
the heavy shaggy wings of the night
outside the effulgence of my narrow lamp or
rub out with my hand the rest of the world
from the night's blackboard to give myself an
excuse for resembling my own death-mask . . .
some time perhaps, the lonely clock, my heart,
which perfunctorily punctuates the silence
and timelessness, will—releasing me from life—
strike thirteen strokes,
whereupon the organ-stop will complicatedly glide up-
wards
and be slowly transformed into a thin sound
ever higher and higher vanishing into the free scale of
infinity. . . .
then afterwards shall there be no more stars and the lamp long
since will have been blackened out.

Translated from the Swedish of Gunnar Ekelöf by
Bertil Lange and Terence Heywood.

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