

THE LAST BLOSSOM OF AUTUMN

I am the last blossom of autumn.
I was rocked in the cradle of summer,
I was placed on guard against the north wind,
Red streaks appeared
On my white cheek.
I am the last blossom of autumn.
I am the youngest seed of the dead spring,
It is so easy to be the last to die :
I have seen the sea so fairy-like and blue,
I have heard the heart-beat of the summer,
My chalice holds only the seed of death.
I am the last blossom of autumn.
I have seen the autumn's deep starry world,
I beheld light from remote warm hearths,
It is so easy to follow the same path.
I shall close the doors of death,
I am the last blossom of autumn.

EDITH SÖDERGRAN

NOTES

Like in an orchestra, where instruments
Shine from the foot-lights, a violinist
Unexpectedly rose up and played
Furiously, without connection with the rest,
At the base of a raised trombone,
So great despair seethes within me.

And like an emigrant, who steps
Off the train at the seashore where the earth
Ends, gazing he searched for the launch.
Which will carry him out to the ocean steamer
Where many lights mirror themselves in the sea,
So my gaze searches the darkness, the lasting truth
Which exists all about
But which is lunacy all about
Except in you.

GUNNAR EKELOF