

Gunnar Ekelöf

from Strountes¹

Alone at night I am most at home
alone with the lamp full of secrecy
freed from the intruding day
bent over a never-completed work
the combinations of the patience-cards. What if
this game of patience never does work out
I have the night with me. Somewhere
over the cards sleeps chance. Somewhere
already is a truth said in the past
Why be uneasy? Can it ever be
said again? Absently
I want to listen to the wind of night
to corybantic flutes
and to the eternal wanderers speaking

¹ Translated by Muriel Rukeyser and Lief Sjöberg.