

A Grove of Words

Translated by Nigel Spencer

Words are birds
hatched beneath eyelids
in night-nests
alive in our dreams

The shell of silence barely broken
and they travel from
lip to lip

In awareness flighty
they touch down on vivid memory
wired to head, to heart and life
tension lines, indelible
on the page of a book

And this book flies off too
a vulture devouring boredom
a hummingbird's to-and-fro between
past and future
an owl standing guard over dark history
of blind wars by nations
swallow of memory at the
reference-points of hope

Words are birds in free flight
ready to perch
on pads and write the world in a
constellation of imaginary worlds
resting in rows in an amazing stand of words
cover-to-cover with so many strange thoughts

Ink-smudges
waiting
for two bird-like hands to nestle them
in their palms

longing to migrate from soul to soul

Let's open up this grove
of signs that wish to tame us