October

Tender and young, as if it were spring but lighter yet, not burdened with new fruit, with thin mist between the yellow leaves, quietly the time of fall begins.

I feel alone, that I love like a child, something young, something old, end or beginning? Something so known and so undone of all conflict— not as an end of life, but as the spring of death.

The rarefied crowns, the naked trunks, and this surrounded by silence and mist.

(tr. Cliff Crego)

M. Vasalis (1909-1998)