

November

Marin Mihalache

You will be a man born too late.
Fortunes have forgotten you
Weaving thread
Of thin spider
For the knotted mottled
Rug of destinies.
You will be a latecomer.

In November there is so much
Wish of death.
The wind powders the dust
From the ruins
And from the rotten
Alder's neck fountains
Prolong as a giraffe
At crossroads meditating.
The poplars hear
Their own melancholy rustle.
Autumn's gold
Drips in the cold ratting-pool
Of the matter.

There's much want
Of death in November.
Cats are walking
On the putrid fences.
In the hospitals of fear
Lonesome is writing
Letters of lost love.

Adieu, my soul.
I will pass through the shadows
Mountain throws
To the most distant equinox.
I am a late man.

They say that
In the winter which followed
My coming into the world
There was rich and beautiful snow.