

*Jaan Kaplinski*  
*from Words For The Wordless*  
*(Sõnad Sõnatusse)*

Everything grows out of memories  
The winter light with its distant clumsy hand  
strokes the backs of unread books  
you've come with  
Have brought here

forgetting everything  
you ever wanted to ask

Only your name and face  
still maybe kept  
in someone's mind  
this evening

Only some trembling  
frosty branch  
in the winter twilight  
still regarding you  
from the mirror –  
the bird has left  
Has long since flown away



The lower  
the sun  
the higher  
its midday rays  
on the floor  
on the stove  
the shadow dance  
of tits  
and twilight  
half-light  
caught  
in its own rays  
and night  
giving so much time  
to think about your shadow  
whom you must obey  
as it has obeyed you



Prayer is what remains  
when everything's been told and there's nothing more to tell  
God is what remains when everything that has been believed is  
over  
and there's nothing more to believe  
I've already written about the hay we put in the loft  
about loafs of bread covered by a white linen towel  
It will make no difference whether you told  
everything in a couple of words or nothing with all your words



Nobody can sleep anyone else's sleep  
and meeting here-and-now is too brief  
although there's plenty of time and silence and there are starry skies  
overhead,  
the windows are already dark and no wind shifts the gate  
Before falling asleep you have time to think  
that houses and thoughts die more easily than human beings  
Waking in the morning you probably don't understand this any more –  
looking around at what you remember against the light and seeing  
something you have never seen and will never see again