

The evening

The same stars about us
whisper the evening as a confidence
and lanterns issue from the dark gates
in the street quietly stand.

The twilight alters softly the space,

gardens abandon their flowers,
gray houses flow down with the wave.
Betwixt the alder-trees swim a regret lower.

A way lead lengthly in the remembrance.
The horizon bends aside the sky
with his moon only, and your hands
sow between us the distance in this hour.

Uebersetzung aus dem polnisch
H. Devechy