

## AT TRANSTRÖMER'S GRAVE

the freezing northern sea is also sitting on this stone bench  
a silent eye-to-eye leaving the amber of cold behind  
a snowstorm road is also chasing the crackle of a prow  
pushing into a layer of ice I hear the left hand playing  
slower a stroke by stroke written signature like another seashore  
sideways in the air candles and white roses seem just to have  
swum out of jet-black seawater I hear the inscription asking  
Tomas where could the fastidiousness of poetry take us?  
the way you knit your brow and closely watch me  
as if my eye was filled with marine horizons there's always one  
left behind keeping up night flights through your plural seas  
Tomas the March mud is softening the gravestone  
like a sail like a sail in a windless sea where is the silence of Runmarö Island  
taking us? Monica read and understood  
a pair of sparkling glances deep in the ebb tide  
in front of the stone bench a little stone pier is waving its semaphore  
Schubert's sorrows filter out the impurities of a whole century  
pouring into sorrows of mist sorrows of the estuary snow-white  
stretching to the other shore water moves we know that under the ice  
you are also moving a new story squeezed into the ballast of stone

Translated by Brian Holton