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Alone

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TRANSLATION BY AMY ELIZABETH BISHOP

Alone

The night has moved into my room—
all silences before its stone face.
A silver bow moves along on muffled, dark feet,
a moon, a star—something I do not know.

My hand is chilled, as if a small bird hovers—
always with me. Oh, carry me, the one
who scarcely lives any more, into the ice,
into the fire, even further into the sea.

There: I lie under a dream and breathe only dreams
from a home distant and bright as snow—
I eat my bread with cold fingers: all the quarters
of love are burnt up and only cause me pain.