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The Night Spreads Out Its Fingers translated by Rich Ives

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THE NIGHT SPREADS OUT ITS FINGERS

The night spreads out its fingers
They find me in my house
They place themselves under my table
They crawl growing larger they coil themselves

And the smoke floats through the room
Growing into a beautiful tree
That I can easily destroy—
I smoke once again then

I count off all my loves
Friends on these fingers
There are too many fingers I
Am dead to easy friends

The night spreads out its fingers
They find me in my house
Smoke swims through the empty room
Growing into a tree

That was completely covered with leaves with words
Words that immediately withered
Little boats swim through the branches
That today I can no longer climb

*translated by
Rich Ives*