

1974

The Angels

Peter Huchel

Michael Hamburger

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Huchel, Peter and Michael Hamburger. "The Angels." *The Iowa Review* 5.3 (1974): 28-28. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1657>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

THE ANGELS

A wisp of smoke,
a shadow rises,
crosses the room
where an old woman,
a goose's wing
in her feeble hand,
sweeps the stove ledge.
A fire is burning.
Remember me,
whispers the dust.

November mist, rain, rain
and the sleep of cats.
The sky black
and miry above the river.
From gaping emptiness time flows,
flows over the fins
and gills of fish
and over the icy eyes
of the angels
who descend behind the thin dusk,
with sooty wings to the daughters of Cain.

A wisp of smoke,
a shadow rises,
crosses the room.
A fire is burning.
Remember me,
whispers the dust.

translated by
Michael Hamburger