

Erithacus Rubecula (The Robin)

'Speaks of an extraordinary simplicity...'

Ralph Dutli

The sparkling blue of the snow

Under the smoky tulle of the sky

And you, my little bird,

My providential companion

In orphaned solitude,

You who chisel out

The intimately granular facets of the air

With your voice of blue diamond

So as to speak

The entire brightness of creation.

The blood of your tiny throat

Is like a timeless rose

On the imponderable whiteness of the garden.

You, whose song

Inspires an invincible hope

In the sleeping stems

Which lie beneath winter's

Soft harshness.

You, with your divine delicacy

In the midst of life's

Sadnesses!

Translated from the French of Athanase Vantchev de Thracy by Norton Hodges