



Back of the head, hand, the hair
no longer there, blown, the impotence
of face, the place no longer there, known
you were going to be there-

You were a character of dream,
a mirror looking out, a way
of seeing into space, an
impotent emptiness I share-

This day we spoke as number,
week, or time, this place an
absent ground, a house remembered
then no place. It's gone, it's gone.

What is it sees through, becomes
reflection, empty signal of the past,
a piece I kept in mind because

I thought it had come true!

I would have known you anywhere,
brother, known we were going to meet
wherever, in the street, this echo
sio, I would have known you.

JOHN BERRY, TRANSLATIONS BY PATRICK...

