

Long Paddock

JULES SUPERVIELLE
Trans. John Kinsella

In the Forest Without Time

In the forest without time
They are felling a great tree.
A vertical emptiness
In the form of a pillar
Quivers near the fallen trunk.
Seek, seek, you birds,
The place for your nests
In this lofty memory
While it still whispers.

The Secret Sea

When no one is watching,
The sea is not the sea,
It is what we become
When no one observes us.
It has other fishes,
And also other waves.
It's the sea for the sea
And for the ones who dream
Of it as I do here.