



Lacrima

I gråden kan du
ikke emigrere,
og længe kan du
ikke camoufleres
bag et farveløst slør.

Jeg holder om dig,
jeg giver dig min varme,
lytter til regnen
i dit øje, den falder
helt af sig selv.

Det var så dé tårer,
der gødede jorden,
men de er salte,
og efter dem
vokser ingenting.

Pia Tafdrup (b. 1952)

Lacrima

You cannot emigrate
into weeping,
and you cannot remain
camouflaged for long
behind a colourless veil.

I put my arms round you,
I give you my warmth,
listen to the rain
in your eye, it falls
quite by itself.

This is what the tears were like
that watered the earth,
but they are salt,
and after them
nothing grows.

*translated from the Danish
by David McDuff*

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