

## “Viimane pilv...”

Viimane pilv läheb üle taeva läänest itta.  
Viimane mesilane laskub lennulauale.  
Viimane lind lendab üle aia kuusehekki.  
Näen ainult tema tõttavat siluetti  
taeva taustal ja kõikuvat oksa  
seal, kuhu ta kadus. Ons seal tal pesa?  
Rukkiräägu hääl tuleb ikka ligemale.  
Nüüd on ta päris aia taga. Teine rääk  
vastab talle tee äärest nurmelt. Võibolla  
saavad nad täna öösi kokku. Võibolla homme.

***Jaan Kaplinski***  
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## “A Last Cloud...”

A last cloud moves across the sky from west to east.  
A last bee alights on the flight board of the hive.  
A last bird flies over the garden into the spruce hedge.  
I see only its hurrying silhouette  
against the background of the sky, and a swaying branch  
there where it vanished. Has it a nest there?  
The voice of the corn crake comes nearer and nearer.  
Now it's just behind the fence. Another crake  
answers it from the roadside field. Maybe  
they will meet one another tonight. Maybe tomorrow night.

*translated from the Estonian  
by Fiona Sampson and the author  
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*Celebrating the 2004 EU enlargement : poems from each of the 10 new member states - Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Malta, Poland, Slovakia and Slovenia.*

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