

A little bit dark and some social criticism

Von Desty_Nova

Kapitel 12: Boreas (Englische Übertragung)

Boreas

If the whitened cold winds blow
The breath of seasons will follow
Caused by the wide clammy dryness
This sorrow seems to be endless

In the penumbral dawn the crow
croaks. Perhaps it foresees something,
like the future its eyes will show
The future as black as its wing

It wants to serve its master, well.
Its fate is to carry and go
With a dead forgotten shadow;
Bare trees lit up by the moon swell

As they grab the heart of the soil,
suck blood the whole time and don't know
until in pain writhing cloaks toil
up to the surface and scream: "No!".

This sorrow seems to be endless
Caused by the wide clammy dryness
The breath of seasons will follow
If the whitened cold winds blow

(Eine "Übersetzung" ist das Gedicht nicht, da ich meiner Originalvorlage auf Deutsch treu bleiben wollte und bis auf das Versmaß ist es mir auch ziemlich gut gelungen.)