

Elexía do Courel

From the Galician of Uxío Novoneyra

Owl singing in the quiet night
in the shadow of mingled boughs,
you turn these city trees
into an old wood where I always was.
Your song knows nothing of the houses
heaped up all around as,
so i can forget they were built.

You and I weren't made
to live here.
We're both from a long way off
and someday we'll go back there.
where our mistery may be adjusted.

You'll go before I do,
some night when nobody is watching,
in this city of clouds and slow bells.

Pearse Hutchinson