



## Vilks Vianacis Dzird Savu Elpošanu

Nekāda vēja, šī diena bez vēja  
Smacīgs, sutīgs, bet viss stāv uz vietas

Koku zari nešūpojas, priekškari nekust  
lapas pilnīgā mierā  
bet akmeņi neripo  
satrunējuši koki negāžas  
avīžlapas neburzās  
durvis ir vai nu vaļā vai ciet

Un Vilks Vienacis, nekustīgs tā  
kā tikai bulta lokam uz stīgas var būt, domā :

„Kas es esmu ? Kur manas mājas ?”

Bet vienīgā atbilde  
vienīgā skaņa

ir viņa paša elpošana

**Juris Kronbergs (b. 1946)**

## Wolf One-Eye Hears His Own Breathing

No wind, today is utterly windless  
Stifling, humid, everything is standing still

Branches do not sway, curtains do not move  
leaves are motionless  
stones do not roll  
rotted trees do not fall  
doors stay either open or closed

And Wolf One-Eye, as unmoving  
as only an arrow on a bowstring can be, thinks :

“Who am I ? Where do I belong ?”

But the only answer  
the only sound

is his own breathing

*translated from the Latvian  
by Mara Rozitis*

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*John Lewis Partnership*

