



Melnais Laiks

Ne jau zaļums, tikai attāla nojausma gaisā,
Ka ar laiku būs iezaļa migla ap bērza lokaniem zariem.
Ziemeļu mīlas kautrums bērzu lēnajiem pavasarciem.
Gaidīt. Aizturēt elpu. Sirdij no maiguma aizslāpt.

Ne to redzēt, ne dzirdēt, kā bērza pumpuri raisās.
Vēl ir mēmums starp pūces vaidu un cīruļa vīteri skaļo.
Vēl ir melnais laiks - dobja svītra starp balto un zaļo.
Vēl ne zaļums, tikai attāla nojausma gaisā.

Vizma Belševica
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The Black Time

Hardly a green, just a faint airborne premonition
That soon a green tinged mist will envelop supple birches.
The timorous northern love of the slow greening of birch trees.
The waiting. The breathlessness. The almost choking tenderness.

Unseen. Unheard. The buds of birch unfurl. There's still
A lull between the owl's moan and the lark's trill. It's still
A black time - a pulsating streak between the white and the green.
Not quite a green, just a faint airborne premonition.

*translated from the Latvian
by Mara Rozitis
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