

THE BLOUSE

Just the one blouse I made. I'm no good really:
I'm all thumbs, the needle's much too short
and the thread gets grey and tangled,
I don't know why.

The seams are different sizes,
the sections different lengths, untidy,
I don't know why.
Still, it looks pretty enough, from a distance.

It's sleeping now, its body blue and crumpled.
Of course it's clean, – it's been well washed.
It looks very pretty, at least it'll do
for God:

He looks at things from a very great distance.

(From the Finnish of Aila Meriluoto:
included in *Pabat unet*, 1958.)

TRACK

Two o'clock at night: moonlight. The train has stopped
way out in the plain. Far off, points of light in a town,
Shimmering cold on the horizon.

Like someone fallen so deep adream
he can never remember where he's been
when he returns to his room.

Or like someone fallen so very ill
That all his days become shimmering points, a cluster,
cold and faint on the horizon.

Two o'clock: bright moonlight, few stars.

(From the Swedish of Tomas Tranströmer:
included in *Hemligheter på vägen*, 1958.)

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