

EGHISHE CHARENTS

No title

To Isabella, my wife and friend

A heavy silence will descend
The day when my life will end
Like a gloomy cloud or ancient sadness
Or unexpected news written in papers.
Widow, unhappy like a familiar face
Like a kinswoman with a sorrowful face
The news will wander about the streets
Then it will enter through doors and gates.
Like an old man newspaper-selling
Well-nigh blind and slow moving,
In every house it will emerge
It will appear in every yard.
Slipping in every street like a shade
It will stand like an invisible guest
Will stand like a pale silence
Widespread in every heart and place.
For a moment at silent midnight
In every heart it will suddenly rise
Like a frozen moon in the distance
My suffering face already lifeless.
And people to whom I was unknown
Who had never heard about my person,
And people sometimes in their free time
Inventing fanciful legends of mine.
People being unaware of to my works
People who had echoed to my life
But indifferent witnesses of my mind
And thought that I had already died.
From the evil news about my death
A shivering feeling will envelop them
Astonished they'll feel me very near,
. And suddenly close to them and dear.
Covering the earth with a thick powder
Rising as memoirs in souls which wander
Coming from the past life's unhappy corner
My tormented ghost will bravely hover.
In remote towns and countries

People who even don't know each other,
In their glances and amazed eyes
Will read the familiar sadness.
With sorrowful face and with silent eyes
About the same mourn they'll tell us
That are very proud of my writings
And have forgotten all my past sins.
Maybe some of them will open my book
Turn over pages, read some of my works
Then uncertainly they will close it,
And the grief will sink deep in my heart.
Maybe only in one gloomy room
Bowing the head on my sad picture
A woman will look at my wistful eyes
And her face will be washed with tears.
And like years ago in her early life
Suddenly memories of past will come alive
Or in dreams which I have already passed,
And in thoughts brought up in my arms.
The one I used to be before
Will not be mentioned already at all,
And in any book all over the world,
Never and never all over the world