

## IN THE TWILIGHT

*I composed this poem after the explosion  
At the Chernobyl nuclear power plant*

In the twilight there emerge  
Vague ideas of mountains,  
Of overflowing rivers, of the smell of wood,  
Of a faint outline of wind  
Drowning out the last radioactive waves.

But the throats are gone,  
The spontaneous songs of the goldfinch no longer sound  
And the croak-croak of the frog  
Has been lost, definitively lost.

Perhaps the snow is white and lingers  
Hard on the top of the possible glance.

Perhaps all our nights have not been,  
Have not even been moon,  
That cold moon, whose face  
Did not understand the reason  
Insatiable of the asphalt

**“Dawn Breaks and the Wind Tangles your Hair” (1980-1992)**