

# The Hidden Third\*

to Basarab Nicolescu

To rest in the green  
of the forest,  
in the bird which calls out the alphabet,  
in the suspended drops of water,  
letters  
beyond the concept  
descending on the foliage,  
like a gentle breath  
which tempers  
the dark swirling  
of the word.

Return to me you virginal call  
in the form  
of pure resound  
piercing the heart  
and filling it with communicant light  
abolishing the limits  
established by the other  
through enunciation.

And you, tired mouth,  
follow attentively  
the secret of the waves  
and learn  
transparency.

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\* Translated from Spanish by Irina Dinca and Joseph Brenner.