

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.

* Translated from Spanish by Irina Dinca and Joseph Brenner.