

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: in the glade

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Anvendt udgave: Samlede skrifter II

in the glade

my fate
has no shadows
no home
and no friendly lake -
no whispering trees
and no female moon -
my fate
has no poems
no caressing fire,
and my way has
no polished end at last -
- you think
me the waiting poet -
I am not -

my fate shall not change -
I shall never
control my hissing voice -
I shall
never bring to my people
tied-up the broad-scaled fish of wisdom -
my people
shall never lift from my hands
the glowing gifts of my god -
never shall I leave the forests,
my fate shall never roar from the lustrous spires
of clearness -
my fate shall not change -

I am the dark-faced hunter,
I am hunting the arrows
from the unseen suns -,
I am hunting the coiling cues
from the waiting earth -
I throw my prey on the waters -
for the sharp-eyed to catch,
for the able to sow -
don't send your beggars to me -,
my mercy is gone -
don't send your rulers to me -,
my humbleness is gone -
if they come, the begging rulers,
I'll take them to the Stone in the glade
and betray them there -
if my fettered brothers
do seek me deep in the forest,
I'll show them
the craving of their re-born God -,
I will lend them
my eye and my spear -

but my dearest prey
I have thrown on the waters,
to feed my children -
I am the dark-faced hunter,
I throw my gold on the waters -