

Carl Sandburg

THE FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

1916

Carl August Sandburg (January 6, 1878 – July 22, 1967) was an American poet, writer, and editor who won three Pulitzer Prizes, two for his poetry and one for his biography of Abraham Lincoln.[2] During his lifetime, Sandburg was widely regarded as “a major figure in contemporary literature”, especially for volumes of his collected verse, including *Chicago Poems* (1916), *Cornhuskers* (1918), and *Smoke and Steel* (1920).[3] He enjoyed “unrivaled appeal as a poet in his day, perhaps because the breadth of his experiences connected him with so many strands of American life”,[4] and at his death in 1967, President Lyndon B. Johnson observed that “Carl Sandburg was more than the voice of America, more than the poet of its strength and genius. He was America.”

Atdz. Jana Bailtaisbrencis

MIGLA

Migla pietuvojas

Maza kaķēna gaitā zemā.

Tik nemanāmi tā parādās

Virs ostas un lielpilsētas

Bez mazākā troksnīša noslīgstot sēdus

Un piepeši aizejot gaitā lēnā.

PAUL CELAN

DIE POLE

sind in uns,
unübersteigbar
im Wachen,
wir schlafen hinüber, vors Tor
des Erbarmens,

ich verliere dich an dich, das
ist mein Schneetrost,

sag, dass Jerusalem i s t,

sags, als wäre ich dieses
dein Weiss,
als wäre du
meins,

als könnten wir ohne uns wir sein,

ich blättre dich auf, für immer,

du betest, du bettest
uns frei.

PAULS CĒLĀNS (1920-1970)

PRETĒJI POLI

mīt mūsos;
tie nepārvarami ir
gan nomodā
gan, arī kad slīgstam miegā
Zelta Žēlsirdības vārtu priekšā,

netieši zaudējot tevi Tev pašai,
bet atgūstot balto spozmi,

Tu teic, ka Jeruzalēme vēl ir,

teic tā to, it kā
šī spozme Tev
būtu es,
bet Tu būtu
mana,

tā, it kā bez sevis mēs varētu
būt mēs,

un es tevi uz mūžu atvērt kā
grāmatu varētu,

kad Tu aizlūdzot apguldi abus
mūs liegi.