

Translated from the German by John M. Gogol.

**Johannes Bobrowski /
FISHER OF NIGHT**

In the beautiful foliage
the stillness
unconsoled.
Light
with hands
goes over a wall.
The sand steps out of roots.
Sand, walk away red
in the water,
seek the track of voices,
walk in the darkness,
lay out the catch in the morning.
The voices sing pale silver,
take away,
for safeguarding,
the ears, into the beautiful foliage,
the voices sing:
dead is dead