

Classic Poetry Series

August Strindberg

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Indra

DOWN to the sand-covered earth.
Straw from the harvested fields soiled our feet;
Dust from the high-roads,
Smoke from the cities,
Foul-smelling breaths,
Fumes from cellars and kitchens,
All we endured.
Then to the open sea we fled,
Filling our lungs with air,
Shaking our wings,
And laving our feet.

Indra, Lord of the Heavens,
Hear us!
Hear our sighing!
Unclean is the earth;
Evil is life;
Neither good nor bad
Can men be deemed.
As they can, they live,
One day at a time.
Sons of dust, through dust they journey;
Born out of dust, to dust they return.
Given they were, for trudging,
Feet, not wings for flying.
Dusty they grow--
Lies the fault then with them,
Or with Thee?

August Strindberg

We Waves

WE, we waves,
That are rocking the winds
To rest--
Green cradles, we waves!

Wet are we, and salty;
Leap like flames of fire--
Wet flames are we:
Burning, extinguishing;
Cleansing, replenishing;
Bearing, engendering.

We, we waves,
That are rocking the winds
To rest!

August Strindberg