Classic Poetry Series

Emile Verhaeren

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Infinitely

The hounds of despair, the hounds of the autumnal wind, Gnaw with their howling the black echoes of evenings. The darkness, immensely, gropes in the emptiness For the moon, seen by the light of water.

From point to point, over there, the distant lights, And in the sky, above, dreadful voices Coming and going from the infinity of the marshes and planes To the infinity of the valleys and the woods.

And roadways that stretch out like sails And pass each other, coming unfolded in the distance, soundlessly, While lengthening beneath the stars, Through the shadows and the terror of the night.

Emile Verhaeren

Tenebrae

A moon, with vacant, chilling eye, stares At the winter, enthroned vast and white upon the hard ground; The night is an entire and translucent azure; The wind, a blade of sudden presence, stabs.

Far away, on the skylines, the long pathways of frost, Seen, in the distance, to pierce the expanses, And stars of gold, suspended to the zenith, Always higher, amid the ether, to rend the blue of the sky.

The villages crouched in the plains of Flanders, Near the rivers, the heather, and the great forests, Between two pale infinities, shiver with cold, Huddled near old hearthsides, where they stir the ashes.

Emile Verhaeren