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## Alone

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TRANSLATION BY AMY ELIZABETH BISHOP

# Alone

The night has moved into my room—  
all silences before its stone face.  
A silver bow moves along on muffled, dark feet,  
a moon, a star—something I do not know.

My hand is chilled, as if a small bird hovers—  
always with me. Oh, carry me, the one  
who scarcely lives any more, into the ice,  
into the fire, even further into the sea.

There: I lie under a dream and breathe only dreams  
from a home distant and bright as snow—  
I eat my bread with cold fingers: all the quarters  
of love are burnt up and only cause me pain.