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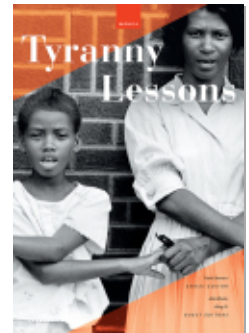
It Is Eternally

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Manoa, Volume 32, Number 1, 2020, p. 94 (Article)

Published by University of Hawai'i Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/man.2020.0033>



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It Is Eternally

And every time when with coppery voices
through streets metal tunnels
through men's coldly clinking breasts
they shout maliciously it is no more
they shout proudly it is no more
they shout with lascivious joy it is no more
they shout with the rumbling salvo of cannons
they shout with the anesthetic bodies of naked soldiers
it is no more they shout with glassy souls
of nodding officials it is no more
in telephone booths it is no more
on street corners it is no more through the market gates
from the incessantly half-open rattling mouths
it is no more
every time we hear and always will hear over the burden of years
through the dust of daily habits resting on souls
softly stroking wispy hair it is eternally
from moist eyes darkening with sorrow it is eternally
from a softly approaching passionate body it is eternally
from tenderly pulsing hands from wondering lips
opening in a smile it is eternally from a faint
a very faint heart from pure very pure suffering
from very pure pain it is eternally
it is eternally

Translation from Estonian by the author and H. L. Hix