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Editors of this issue: Antanas Klimas, Ignas K. Skrupskelis

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DANGUOLĖ SADŪNAITĖ

I

The sun comes

 running,
 racing,
 hurling towards me,
like a young school-boy.

2.

It is spring.

And the grass yaps at my feet,
 like a small puppy.

SPRING

1.

 The Grass
stands in the garden,
back-to-back.

With its shoulder-blades
 touching.

2

And the sun is a great barn —

.....

All the animals that have wintered
 there are coming out.

THE HEAT-WAVE

The sun has put up her hands
to her mouth — — —

Watch out!
Her face is becoming deranged.

She's going
to scream!
scream!
scream! scream,
and scream.

THE SUN

1.

Oh sun!
(Little sister,
Little brother!)

In the summertime,
you took up my whole view.
You filled each door, each window!

2.

Now you stay in your room,

Playing cards
All day long,
in your old dressing-gown.
(Little sister,
Little brother!)

With the moon
that mad seamstress...
.....
You reek of fish and of beer.

END OF THE SUMMER

Already,
it is the end of the summer.

The sun
raises her head from
weeding;

(Sneezes)

Takes off her gardening
gloves...

And slowly, disappears
through the door
of the orangery.

THE FUGITIVE

1.

A river of leaves has moved
right up to my door

.....
It has come to collect my skeleton.

2.

"I am coming!
I am coming!", I reply.
With my eyes on the curve in the road.

Shedding quickly,
(one by one)
My tight-fitting clothes.

AUTUMN: A WALK IN THE PARK

1.

Red
coloured leaves.

Voices
shells
ornaments!

2.

Bright-coloured
pictures

for my soul to look through,
to examine at leisure — —

.....
While the sun fights
at the Front.

THE LITTLE INN

1.

The moon has put up
at a little inn.

At the little inn
(beyond the street's
dark corner.)

2.

Between
white sheets he sleeps:
At a little inn,

Counting his money.

WINTER

1.

In winter,
time is measured
by the shape of a field

.....
The sun says little.
She has made her camp with us;
(She lives off silver fishes...)

2.

Tramping and tramping
and tramping and tramping —

From morning,
 until late afternoon.

She looks for survivors:
 (in the woods,
 in the fields) —

For trails blazing,
 Everywhere.

FALLING ASLEEP

1.

 The night has
moved in.

He's filling my room
with black suitcases... .

2.

He's giving away my clothes
from his dark pavillion.

.....
.....
Soon, we shall board a ship:

 An ocean-liner,

God has provided
for our long voyage.