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## POEMS BY JUDITA VAIČIŪNAITĖ

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### Narrow Street

Where the yard like a sea shell guards  
the tiny graceful church,  
where green shutters and windows open  
onto the sooty snow,  
on the pavement's cross section,  
onto clay lives,  
and the depth under peat,  
where the tree's holiness rotted,  
where the sun's magical circle  
still guards the fireplace flame,  
and the green bronze sand,  
the bear's thousand year old mask,  
the boar's teeth amulet,  
the ghostly enhancing dance above it—  
in medieval clay,  
where the alley deepens  
towards the Neris' missing ford.

### The Cafe with Pigeons

By the railroad tracks and the market,  
by the trolleybus stop under snow  
I still found the cafe with pigeons—  
old women and gypsies gather there,  
there I heard the pigeons' coo  
and the morning rustle of their frosted wings,  
there I picked up  
a snow feather  
from the dirty stone floor  
and took my bag,  
and, with a torn heart  
glanced through the window—  
clouds swam into the distance,  
through the crossroad's fading stars,  
February clouds . . .

## Post Scriptum

In the central post office  
fresh from the springtime sun,  
still with their primeval feathers  
ferns sway  
in shaded flowerpots—  
old as the world  
they sprouted in the dark,  
they spread for the present,  
they spread for hope,  
and I crumpled up my letter—  
I too belong  
to that primeval world,  
a shaft of sunlight still so green  
earthy and eternal  
in the post office,  
fresh from the springtime sun.

## My Grandparents' Portraits at Piliakalnis

In winter's oblivion, in the snowbound cabin's  
unheated sitting room  
only my grandparents' portraits  
have returned to the empty farmstead—  
I stumble upon them, by the frozen well at night  
as if in a dream  
where centuries old midwinter linden trees  
reach toward heaven on tiptoe,  
and in the dark on a bleached  
frost-like wall  
so lonely, painted after their deaths,  
mourning in midwinter  
my country grandparents' portraits,  
every day they become more familiar, every day  
I come to resemble them more,  
myself evidence of their existence.

## That White House

That white house—a reflection,  
where the two of us will live,  
where a lonely boy will play  
with wet ashberries;  
where we will never need to be separated,  
where childhood's beams  
will splash from the stones,  
and where you can't avoid me.

Like a dragonfly's wing from the water  
shiny and green  
The glass of your opened window quivers in the sun  
— I love  
you to your depths,  
not erased by hundreds of miles  
through larch branches  
my green gaze hungers for you . . .