

## The Encounter

by Vladimir Nabokov via sylph - (poet's rendition) *Wednesday, Dec 16 2015, 8:40pm*  
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Longing,  
mystery and delight...  
you came,  
slowly emerging from the brooding blackness  
in slow-motion you appeared  
crossing over from the darkness onto  
the dim bridge you came

And the night flows  
silent, floating into satin streams  
your black wolf mask betrayed  
by your human lips.

under chestnut trees, along the canal  
you passed, luring and viewing me askance.  
what did my heart discern in you,  
how did you move me so?

In your momentary tenderness,  
or in the changing contour of your shoulders,  
did I experience a dim recollection  
of other irrevocable encounters?

Perhaps romantic pity  
led you to understand  
what set that trembling arrow  
now piercing through my verse?

I know not.  
strangely my verse vibrates  
and in it, your arrow...  
Perhaps you, still nameless,  
are the awaited one?

But sorrow not yet cried out  
perturbed our starry hour.  
Into the dark night the double fissure  
of your eyes return, eyes not yet illumed.

How long? Forever?  
Far off I wander and strain to hear  
the movement of the stars above our encounter

asking myself if you  
are to be my fate ...

Longing,  
mystery and delight,  
like a distant supplication  
my heart moves on still wondering  
if you are to be my fate...

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-632.html>