

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,
slowing 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...

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