



Aleksandrina Karadjova

Love

My soul was a light blue dress, the color of the sky;
I left it on a rock by the sea
and naked I came to you, looking like a woman.
And like a woman I sat at your table
and drank a toast in wine, inhaling the scent of
some roses.

You found me beautiful, like something you saw in
a dream,
I forgot everything, I forgot my childhood and my
homeland,
I only knew that your caresses held me captive.
And smiling you held up a mirror and asked me
to look.

I saw that my shoulders were made of dust and
crumbled away,
I saw that my beauty was sick and wished only to –
disappear.

Oh, hold me tight in your arms so close
so that I need nothing more.

Edith Södergran (Sweden, 1892-1923)