

Music Box

by Jorge Luis Borges (Translated by Tony Barnstone)

Music of Japan. Parsimoniously
from the water clock the drops unfold
in lazy honey or ethereal gold
5 that over time reiterates a weave
eternal, fragile, enigmatic, bright.
I fear that every one will be the last.
They are a yesterday come from the past.
But from what shrine, from what mountain's slight
10 garden, what vigils by an unknown sea,
and from what modest melancholy, from
what lost and rediscovered afternoon
do they arrive at their far future: me?
Who knows? No matter. When I hear it play
15 I am. I want to be. I bleed away.