Somewhere in the Woods
A Translation of SKOGSPARTI by Tomas Tranströmer

On the way there, a pair of startled wings flap upwards, that is all. Walk there alone. It is a tall building entirely cracked, perpetually wobbling, but it never gives. The sun, a product of a thousand, hovers in the cracks. Some reversed law of gravity plays in its light: the house is chained to the sky, and all that falls, goes upwards. Turn around. It is okay to grieve here. Look at certain, prevailing truths that otherwise are stored away. The roles I play deep-down surface there, hanging like dried skulls in an ancestral hut on some Melanesian Island. An innocent atmosphere around perverse trophies. The forest is so mild.