

Here is the translation containing both its poetic unveiling and the arcane symbols that return through word to sign and then shall have their life in movement and then shall be written once more

Having read and forgotten and losing notes and memory of conversation, having now only these symbols before me I shall here inscribe these meanings hidden in the allusion of feinting words...

1. When the sky travels then shall a window also slide down with open gasps of pane and shall it be the first after the first the tongue approaching speech, the strings of eyes and trees and desire requiring subtler more powerful organ workings, words coming soon...

2. Though not yet this these coming words see that one thing drops into another (the eyes see this) and while they live they knot adjacent meanings until the whole world is thrust outside of speech (this means the cloud smoke is what the vowel open wind looks onto and rumbles portent from)

3. These are the first words rendered harmless returned safely to sound to shapes of song the spells shapeless and soft as mountain water

4. This is a break a few old millennia this us in now this is too many and all of everything and as you point your pointed at and there's no settling and the start of rest is the end of it and the journeys long but you must arrive now holding your lunch in your breakfast hand and your phone calling over a morning you just watched the sun once from your window

5. here when the bursting of the above this is tears in silence and who has travelled slowly with you at this golden pace how your machines have dropped out of your head and fingers dawn sunset bright sea afternoon rising into your eyes in cool wonder

6. Because even life continues after

but hands find new forms when the nails have glowed and the asking itself makes true new shapes that search for praise...

7. A step of no equivocating past a door a universe on either side

8. above and above who came first trace or bird or is the song the first and the sky follows flying

9. all paths join one lonely point with all times running unknown beside each other even this is just one of many

10. where landing is beginning all journeys marked by a start how much of the world is changed by your presence within it?

11. hollow cups the pouring of ears into sound element on element liquid in hardened liquid the primal from a cultivated mouth everyone on the crisp edge of civilized pulsing strange below

12

when these like the echoes of deep rivers deep clay canyons the bouncing of flint become song wide and ancient the singing river and a host of throats when the scribe returns to the steps of a crab speaking on sand

13

deaths long pulled string unravelling as long as life...

14

both go and stop as close to the shady green the pale flesh bark gambles of colours closer closing this almost meaning so much more for its unsure power

15

by looking looking by the gods surge out of the page the wall the rock the cupboard the wall even the wall the last language returns to the first the random and designed speak so near they bend each other to complete

[Zac Jones, *translation*, 2012]