

Rolf Jacobsen

translated by Roger Greenwald

Guardian Angel

I am the bird that knocks at your window in the morning
and your companion, whom you cannot know,
the blossoms that light up for the blind.

I am the glacier's crest above the forests, the dazzling one
and the brass voices from cathedral towers.
The thought that suddenly comes over you at midday
and fills you with a singular happiness.

I am one you have loved long ago.
I walk alongside you by day and look intently at you
and put my mouth on your heart
but you don't know it.

I am your third arm and your second
shadow, the white one,
whom you don't have the heart for
and who cannot ever forget you.

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