

Suspiria Rudolf Reiber

Cuireann sé le báiní mé,

Do bhosca dúnta

Ar urlár snasta

Faoi sholas lasta

I seomra glasta

Ar chúl an bhalla ghloine!

An féirín nó nathair nimhe atá ann,

Nó cliabhán nó cónra?

Nó scámhóg ag osnaíl?

Gíogann fáinleog i mo chroí:

An mbeadh an samhradh i ndorn leac oighir ann?

Féach: boscaí bána crosfhocail iad

Ár súile gan leid,

Cluas orainn le ceolchoirm do chiúnais gan ghléas,

Rosc gan radharc, cluas gan chloisint

Roimh do bhosca dorchadais i mbroinn an tsolais!

An mbfhearrde sinn thú a oscailt?

An sárófaí Pandóra is an scaoilfí chugainn

An tsíocháin faoi dheireadh?

An é an t-aineolas an sonas?

Derry O'Sullivan

May 2012

Paris

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It's driving me bonkers,

This closed box of yours

On a polished floor

Under electric light

In a locked room

Behind a glass wall!

Does it contain a gift or an asp,

Is it a cradle or a coffin?

Or a sighing lung?

A swallow chirps in my heart:

Could it contain summer in a fist of ice?

Look at the blank crossword boxes of our clueless eyes,

Our ears filled with the concert of its silent orchestra,

Our eyes are blind, our ears are deaf

Before your box of darkness swaddled in light!

Would we be better off if someone opened you?

Would we at last conjure Pandora's curse

And release Peace from its bottom?

Is ignorance bliss?

Derry O'Sullivan

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