

DAT MASA EAI LEAN SÁNIT Poems by Kirsi Máret Paltto

Translated by Annikki Herranen-Tabibi

Publisher: ABC-Company E-skuvla AS



I drop in  
on what is heavy  
and I return

I listen again

to the raging wind  
and I return

little by little  
the storm  
gives way

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t's not that I have

heavy

thoughts

It's only that

something weighs upon me

not even I myself know

what it is

a feeling

I cannot

dress in words

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I return

again and again

to the rivulet

its voice dissolves

tangled thoughts

the weight I feel

the despondency

I release all

into

its care

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And after

decades and  
decades

I imagine  
how it might have  
been

if anyone

had seen

asked

listened

embraced me

and said

the storm wil clear  
a little longer  
and it'll pass

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How might it be  
if I'd braved  
telling someone  
intimated

if only there

had  
been  
words

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Life

has changed

for the better

but with whom

can I celebrate

when I didn't

tell a soul

of the heaviness

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The sorrow

knocks

on my door

i listen again

for where it comes from

for what it has to say

I allow it

to stay the night

I give thanks

when in the morning

it departs

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Glancing at

frost whiskers on  
the moss

the snow flakes'  
dance

I release all

that is heavy in me

I let myself

be cleansed



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And yet

I still seek

to understand

Was this

and was that

because of...

Am I crafting

a new reality

now, after the fact?

New explanations

because I no longer remember

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what I thought then?



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Once more  
a day comes

for me to cry  
I want to vomit  
I can't  
I don't want to

and the guilt:  
it was me that couldn't  
I couldn't manage

even though I knew  
I should be wiser

I do it

again and again

I oppress myself and I feel sick

you ask me

to abandon

the fun

so that I'd be able to go on

I ask you

to have fun

so that I'd be able to go on

it'd be

easiest

to stop

to hold

onto you

together

in the sauna

skiing

to have time

to live

to live

to be

Do you have time

time to speak

To tell me something

To cheer me up

to help me

past

the dark cloud

I pretend

that

all is

well

a light heart

yeah right

even for a little while

you have time, don't you?

Life like a train

just

keeps

going

And I stay

sitting here

dizzy

images

people

encounters

flash by me

and I can no longer

grab

onto

anything

I lay down

on a field of flowers

sail

with the clouds

they, too

speed by

but not

DAT MASA EAI LEAN SÄNIT Kirsi Máret Paltto (oma käännös)

the same way