

HENDRIK SLEGTENHORST  
**IN THE LAST OF THIS YEAR**

*After Robert Melançon*

Garden flowers along my street  
Hold to their purple, although frost,  
Two nights ago, withered their lives.

Even after this, I read,  
Looking for clues to unravel the mystery.  
A yellow rose petrified beneath  
The autumn blue of a slowing sky.

Archipelago clouds,  
Sometimes the temptation of the undertow,  
Sometimes memorials for subterranean dead.

To procure a glance, or to forfeit everything  
In the immediacy of inertia.  
To be nothing, or to risk to strive against it,  
Even if all of this is without meaning.  
But still I shall search for what  
The appearances of paradise are to me.