

1-1-2003

Abendlied

Georg Trakl

Carroll Hightower

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Trakl, Georg and Hightower, Carroll (2003) "Abendlied," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 8 , Article 31.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol8/iss1/31>

This Front Matter is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Georg Trakl

Abendlied

Am Abend, wenn wir auf dunklen Pfaden gehn,
Erscheinen unsere bleichen Gestalten vor uns.

Wenn uns dürstet,
Trinken wir die weißen Wasser des Teichs,
Die Süße unserer traurigen Kindheit.

Erstorbene ruhen wir unterm Hollundergebüsch,
Schaun den grauen Möven zu.

Frühlingsgewölke steigen über die finstere Stadt,
Die der Mönche edlere Zeiten schweigt.

Da ich deine schmalen Hände nahm
Schlugst du leise die runden Augen auf.
Dieses ist lange her.

Doch wenn dunkler Wohllaut die Seele heimsucht,
Erscheinst du Weiße in des Freundes herbstlicher
Landschaft.

Carroll Hightower

Evening Song

In the evening, when we walk on dark paths,
Our own pale forms rise before us.

When we're thirsty,
We drink the white waters of the pond,
The sweetness of our sad childhood.

Like the dead we rest under elder bushes,
Watch the gray gulls.

Spring clouds rise over the dark town,
Silencing the nobler time of the monks.

When I grasped your slender hands
You opened your round eyes. Softly.
This was a long time ago.

But when the dark harmony haunts my soul,
You rise in your friend's autumn landscape, pale one.