
Lili Novy

Debris

Like frail broken glass all my fortune is gone:
vile hands seized my goods that glittered and shone;
and seizing them, cast them to crash 'gainst the wall,
while poisonous laughter there rang 'midst it all.

I swept up the debris and made a great heap
for anyone wanting some more fakes to reap.
And now, on the road out of my sombre state,
I welcome my freedom, my wounds, and my fate.

Translated by Janko Lavrin