
'Voor de storm', een gedicht uit 1936, het jaar van de Olympische Spelen in Berlijn

Het uur U

Voor de Storm

Looking downward into a great hall, reminding me of the hall-temple in Teheran,
a row of people came from the back of the wall, walking to the front of the hall,
my brother (squares in front, his head upright like the judge he once was,

calling: Het uur U. The hour (is) YOURS.

I went downstairs to greet him and walking together, we talked as if he was back
from beyond, when he died in his apartment, next door in the presence of a
daughter, the physician and nurse.

Suddenly, he was gone.
I alone, without bag or money,
somewhere in Teheran,
until I saw people in a row
and a man in a booth
with the bag and the money
like it happened in Kashan.

The Night of August 27, 2018 – a dream

The Night of August 27, 2018 – 1899, August 27, the birthday of my mother

Het uur U

Een gedicht (1936)

Voor de Storm

Martinus Nijhoff