

hiddensee, south beach, beckoning bay

(hiddensee 2)

a walker down here, light?
rose hips, a house, a head
fluffy plant fluttered up

seaweed – curlicued sand. violet
ghost, or ghost of what:
smile, like light pitched

on a point, gnawed, a-giggle –
a child's face? hollowy like
a cave shadowy for swallows

or mosquito bites, lumps too
skin-close, sandy, even: as light.
a thing that walks whirls reels

closeness

even so, so even the beach
its work of friction, sandy, wanton
sea shining, and flat

and us too, built into air. a
violet shadow, up, there
this porous fabric me calling

you

through it. when i say “you”. when
i say “i'd like ...” “i ...” a
child's face. oh ghost! porous

bush: my uttering you. when.
me saying: you, even, wanton
and flat the sea. come on

you say,
come here.

mill

he her himself when she
herself in his turn when he
now the decisive
move on the board black
against white so much hair a forehead
her turn the train window she when he
in turn not white what
next when her and still
not her her turn too not sure
whether he stay or leave or her
or her and now in her turn
looks out herself he when she does
wait whose turn black or white
when he does wait for her to get in
the bangs hanging on her forehead
black for sure now knows
his turn he when much more than that
when as a piece she herself
in turn he his turn
now for sure when white
on white her fingers
as she opens the window
for sure finally the board
the train's running board so they
break up she in turn she
herself not sure and
when he himself is he?

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