

**für die nacht geheuerte zellen**

**forsythias, yellow exploding, still leafless, their dicing**

trees bursting buds, what an april.  
what a meagre blessing, chestnut  
buds on the chrome of cars, what  
a meagre rain, forsythias yellow  
exploding, what an eruption of leaves,  
what for –

bushes. mourning eyes. on  
shoots, which starting. which don't.  
rain as it falls. as  
through strange woods I  
walked with the strange white  
flowers, the too-small feet:  
ankle-deep a glance that's  
missing

girl-height, a  
cut. forsythia at chest  
level, fringe skipping  
on forehead – tuft  
of hair snipped as I think of you  
as now, back there,  
waving, father, in your bark,  
approaching green.

forsythias, yellow exploding, still leafless,  
their dicing, at the edge of the woods that tilts.  
yellow matches, that's all.  
touchpad forehead. clicks on the gaps  
in the woods. "you don't exist  
for me any more," you said.  
dust on the chrome of cars. rain. my  
feet in shoes that are rubbing my ankles.  
trees bursting buds. nothing comes back.

trsl. by C. Hales

## wet alps

lie grating  
in the rubber shells a  
woman in ermine taking  
my small organs from me  
amygdala a little kidney  
foam. i've been having blast  
dreams (again) fluid  
seeing: the way a group  
of semi-nudes leant against  
a stadium their delicate  
bodies scales and the black-haired  
woman with her hands raised  
a spirit from the earth  
to speech: up it rose  
from the place that had  
been scraped in us  
smoked yolk-coloured ash  
that rustled in our lungs  
like poison or a solution some  
aglow with it took  
the records of the jumps others  
pricked their mouths on spruces  
and dipped in clay to cool  
but I glad to have been  
at the back saw  
half-awake that all was sham  
the blast staged  
someone at a distant button  
had let off

but still I had to pay  
it probably will have been later  
the ceding of my small organs  
and only a slight translation  
of the blue on the slope  
which i encountered  
too greenly

*too* begin with

*trsl. by I. Galbraith*

## bluish sphinx

### *song in the belly*

pain: scraped walls  
in the belly  
                  —emptied out, nursed dry,  
in every muscle fiber, in every fiber  
the child is missing—  
                  in the belly. in effect, laws  
of reproduction, they make noise, the  
curets, they attach themselves  
in the bud, in december  
                  —in the belly. tray tables  
snap down, white and planed,  
laws of hygiene greedy  
the plug sits in the back of the hand  
                  —red  
plastic, and drinks. but what's it mean  
"cloud")  
                  little root, you.  
in the corridor, singing,  
scrubbing.  
                  branches scrub the window,  
the night. a step this way, to the tub,  
to hot water  
                  —in the person.  
who cries, finds, in every fiber,  
her size (in the eye, in the heart)  
alone in the night,  
                  pines  
for the little coves, the child.  
                  bent fingers  
raised to throat as  
if to sing  
                  there, on the wall  
(a cloud first) bluish sphinx,  
questions—  
                  in every fiber (all  
languages—they snap  
down, they snap  
up)  
                  with the mirror  
with the wall scraped clean (branches  
at the window) unnursed.  
                  fibers. set for nursing.  
yet hungry, yet sticking  
out of the hand is the plug,  
red, a mouth emptied out  
                  —not to be nursed, in the person.

*take*

(missed abortion, tissue extracted, 80 g)

exit entrance effort  
steady sucking  
                  in of used-up air  
effort at first breathe in  
                  out  
through swimming  
balls through plastic  
tube stapled to  
arm apparition  
trembling that  
lies in hand  
with cramped fingers  
in front of face, half hidden  
pupils surrounded by  
dark green like lakes cells  
signed on for the  
night sing after you.  
but no god enters  
only this electric  
shock on the door opened  
downward in thigh, drying  
nubs, flicker, flicker,  
in suction wind  
two little arms  
on a basin  
                  full of sleep.

*op*

(narcosis)

morphine bees  
their yellow-black stripes  
a slimy blob  
injected into the artery—  
a hairy leg already lifts  
sinks seeks (so very hairy)  
(but without down) a second  
(as if pollinated)  
that encloses the tailbone  
the head shooting out,  
morphine bees,  
little narcotic sponges  
dipping us in.

they rinse you  
out of me between  
my legs, child, little bloom,  
"bare beach", depending,  
it comes undone,  
in us, where "you", strand  
fiber rip, as "purple light",  
perhaps, "one day",  
sit on a hill,  
"in these spheres"

pronounless  
a couple, below, on the beach  
that conceives you again  
while you  
roll balls of honey,  
or electricity, or thoughts,  
in the bee, in the spider,  
in the lightless lake.

*(in the seventh night)*

in dream the hills go  
away from me. they are  
my breasts. in dream  
I lose what I value  
slips from my grasp  
the candle, the pink stocking,  
key and shoe. I become  
mushroom hunter. I go  
into the field, with a basket. before me  
a black dog burrows. secretly  
bent over the edge  
of a hill, I see him, he digs  
up truffles, the terrain is dark  
and raw. the loose mesh of my  
red sweater hangs over my  
belly. a warm hand covers  
my ear. my body comes  
back to me. zippers  
on me snap open and shut.

*you*

(three months later)

can you see the clouds up high, above the blackbird, the suckling  
sun, on it? hear the tufts of trees, the mistletoe twigs,  
see the nests in empty branches? all around, time goes. here  
and there it snows us. onto the earth, as small soul, in the skirt  
of body, and glad. between the leaves, see,  
it hops in snow, blinks at you. a cyberjewel, on  
the blackbird's feathers. crystal, lighter than snow.  
the sun licks it. it hums. it buzzes. it is  
fiberglass, like underground, red, like in a wall,  
mother, in you. how you sit there and think: you.  
turn around, turn away, look, for the branch. it pokes  
you in the hip, under your jeans. song buzzing there. i  
am so light, as a little one, gone away, from you.

you bought it. two goldfish swim in it. green  
the algae's arms wave behind. always in the same direction,  
the fish swim in glass, circle. their black eyes  
are like the moon. it too has a side that's invisible. the  
glass stands in your belly. you see with the vein between hip  
and pubis. i snow as winter into the room. you smile.  
the moon, unutterable, in the room, too. little orange stars  
the fish swim around us.

trsl. by A. Shields