

berührte orte

anthropogenically disturbed growth area

off
and on springs from the spring: from
spring-green crocus springs
forsythia blooming into the woods. grains
in the woods, in the clearing, poised – the ferns
unfurling the strands from trees into light
the spring-floor light of mosses with
minutest blossoms the invisible
strands through the air the paths of insects
gathering to shape a hip a shoulder what
sprang here was *forsythia fringe*
chanced on in crocus-light ruderal flora
young ‘?’ dreaming herself younger

late spring
says as much as foolish
filling: a late spurt

says “?”: repetition
is grace

hyacinth colic

you slept still i sat
your breath was going day
was pushing forest fieldward
the meadow now began
to flash in shadow fed a
pair of pigeons she with claws
so hot a small fleck on his
neck. still soft their calls
as dear as childhood mornings
(all asleep but sun and
dove and quiet roof) you
went your chest was oiled
nude you went the disc had
struck his forehead cooled
and warmed and hardened.
trying is a game the guilt and
every bed on floors is hard in
its pot the hyacinth is testing
whether quite without you
i will bear its scent

synger med fuld styrke
(on Bert Brecht and Ruth Berlau)
trl. by I. Galbraith

BB:

shemozzle slyboots
august 1933
after buying the house at skovsbostrand

,tranquil' ,idyllic', how lingual
the dannebroggs fluttered in the gardens
so long the cars on *flygende*
asfalt russet yellow plums dunting
on their roofs. the rantzausmindevej
bus stop. quiet next door,
sharp the stubble in the cut
field, trod in it threw up slutch,
slung mud. someone said
grey. someone said shemozzle,
said the very colour of earth, your
grey silk shirt, bb, said you
shemozzle-slyboots, you. just
then the hills looked Bavarian
almost. sharp cut and
quiet. slyboots? another word
lingered, b and m and the first and
last of the alphabet. only, the
bus-bay was
full of nettles, light-full.

was that why the cackling
partridges sounded so unmistakably
sjov, so cocky?

bird by the sound

sans ship, sans post
twisted round a crazy taste
body bb (bumbazer bert)
instant cry

BB:

laid-in on the look-out

skovsbostrand 8, summer 1937

... wasps crawl
up the used glasses and hum
while drowning
in dregs of apple wine

elsewhere it was beer, where you
needed to swallow, heart "racing"
indoors, as the people said there
at home, as if all its dreams

--- broomed now, doors, four perhaps five
white sails crawling across
the sound, if a neck, narrow, the spars
of the roof like oars, like knives

crossed. why believe in an image, not
other things? in the pear scent
in the wasp scent, wapses, as the people
said, someplace else, stuck-at-homes

with their native proof. stock! fish!
drying here, do you remember, once
somebody threw
that missing first word, a yearning

humming to you in the grass for seconds
sweet in the dregs was the foreign "what
would it mean to stay?" and in the night
awake, not needing to say

it's thatch, just thatch
that covers you, acrawl with the danish
wind

RB:
**kopenhagen, my garden
for sale**

summer 1937

and they allotted to me
 or gifted perhaps
this board all studded with nails
its letters hanging metallic
and large, singable
the texts wind took them
 out of the sails
long ago, one of them curled up
asleep.
 then in the whirl of
propellers the water turned so black
smooth, and to bright green
particles drifting in darkness
and tripping
 behind the propeller
that foamy wave like
 a hand
curling back
 on itself
living tulle, opelia-
gear.

 so non-wormy those
letters, a curtain in the
wind
 rugs lay out
in front of the library
two girls putting
their heads together and
the word for "come" in
your language sucked
syllables in like clouds
the sky "up" "to"
and "through" wanted
to be
above us
 cold and live, that screw-
 whirling, self-failing
 frolicking foam

BB:

in the wood of tåsinge, alone/when it started to rain

november 1938

climbed the rise of ancient gleaming beeches
through the heaps of leaves the ground
so soft and steep the hill, we came here
once from islands too small you, blown in
from rabbit-land me. roosting in the trees
was this enormous flock of crows they too
great fat crows climbing in alarm i
almost slipped back down the slope. on top
then bushes and thorns a pasty pale white
field awash with mist. going down
was like skiing back ... back home ... those
shining branches in the wood to swing
from. again the field below with pheasants
sparring three. the woods seemed full
of fowl of gurgles calls and the trees
some 200 their silvery-smooth gristle
erect and taut in the mist a single being
surging on before as if i'd stepped into
a film, a slice of danish angst. it rained
and this was the border between two clouds
called exile one and exile two and i heard
plain to the invisible as rabbit-pie on these
yellow leaves snitch snatch hush the ferries flying
in the wood

RB:

svendborg song

summer 1939

little six-armed loudspeaker
hollyhock by the house ...

july's ship is passing
silently by, two sails big, three small
lifeboat gleaming white
you sway over the sound

little six-armed loudspeaker
hollyhock by the house ...

the ship has passed us by
two sails big, three small
its body black and white
the only lifeboat

hung back even
the waves broke
as if to depart

little two-armed loudspeaker
hollyhock by the house.

BB:

bus-stop twenty-fifth street santa monica

autumn 1942

what always was there is made clearer when

he stands at a bus-stop, wrapped in his inworn
cough, these foreign streetlamps sheer. how mum
with staring-in, his mother skin, his inworn muse, his mother
courage *courage brother*. an american nerve-throb (girl next door)
makes family batteries think of him. they'd fire him on
to pick up english, angle for angels (an anglo-christmas sport?)
but for the bag of "sentiment" seed that goes with him (*ach
laddie, come on now, let go!*). such are the
songs of limb and loin
yes, every gesture and every us-two (*laddie laddie*)
already in-scaffolded with a language, hers and
every reaction too. how then the diaphragm dilates
and how he thinks of waves, of leaves, soft you, unutterable
as noise. and so embracing others that itch stays
deep in his throat that hand stretching and
it's hers he sees it that tree of veins the
backflow of her blood, the b the a the ck the ow of his
furry language coat, and inside too, the spittle
bright, soft arterial pul ... your ticket please sir!
in the gloomy bus, and tinted glass, ducked down
he rummages his pockets, his hand gone old, and dangling
from above a trailing twitchy nerve, his angling mother-tongue
(with him its tiny bit of bait) from the sky of berlin.

RB:

berlin, charitéstraße 3, autumn 1973

heart-clawer

if in your wardrobe you have too much b
batik skirt and blazer even a boa
to lick of the type with a shock of
greeny fur between his ears
and eyes like stormy lamps
yes, a right dirty dog! a
multiple-plug dildoplayer
racing through the stuccoed exiles
of our helping hands (swan
adrift on the waves, they
had to be female, surely, had
to be leader) even the
crowns are expensive if there's
a b in your wardrobe you hate
the anguished heart the flapping
trousers his waxed duke: his way
of sitting there, bronze, a wrinkly
bust (the thousand and fourth - one
more than don juan) still at it
with his remote control steering
matchbox steers across the beach
for ever the coasts, coasts depart
his art!

fuck. it smelled
earthy that shirt
silver (like fame) (like
faith) the bloody slip-sliding
later in her hand

trsl. by I. Galbraith