

gedächtnisschleifen

your coming was in parts
 that soon tipped the balance, a leaving,
 because this coming, yours, was only
 a part of itself, of its meaning,
 which was, from the beginning, a coming
 in parts, though this was not transparent,
 not to begin with, not to me,

but what came, when you came, was only
 a part of yourself, because that, from the beginning,
 had been part of the meaning of your coming
 which is to say that this
 coming in part of parts was part
 of the meaning of
 your coming and leaving,
 because the meaning of your coming
 was, from the beginning, all but a partial meaning,
 namely this, your going, in parts.

White Horse

White Horse done in rock,
 the eye constructing what it sees
 only from afar,
 the English contre-jour
 slitting our pupils
 as we, the surge from a bus, head
 for the image, the chalk, my fading
 face, with my nail
 I hatch (such as fingers can)
 the long mouth, the nostrils, soft,
 all conjured up in stone, the rock
 always muter than you think, the eye
 in close seeing no lines at all,
 only this blanched body, here
 nothing more will grow, here
 no one take root, ever, lines, scratches
 while you were here: *w/r*, I saw
 nothing, into my gradually sliced
 body the memory flamed
 scratching they are, my skin, deep-scratching
 scratches

down in the pub THEY'RE
CHALKING UP THE DEBTS, this ever open
mazy chalk screeching into the slate
something that I – sucked through nostrils in
a cantering, long-necked rock – know
from where? from possible closeness,
from layers of it.

trsl. by I. Galbraith