

THE
SPOON
RIVER Poetry Review

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The Young Green of the Eyes But a Dark Promise

the master (the falconer) on the high slender chimney :
the fireplaces with a human draught : the backyards of Paris Barcelona
only
his left shoulder wears the blood-red cycling jacket, the cap and
the table napkin,
next to the television antenna high above on the cockscomb-
shaped ridge
as I awoke on this first day of May something flits in the sky
perhaps
the first swallow *then it sends forth the sickle*
the rosy evening, the white curling of the bunting fluttering across
the blank
sky the fire-break the trail in the air sensing a giddiness
that seizes me *I have had property with trees* writes Eduard Mach he has
the Habsburger lower jaw, just like the sphinxes (the evening
peacock butterfly)
we blow through the forests we swarm the fields SEVEN
THIRTY when
I go through the heath in a poncho a loose dark violet
brassiere the long-past Easterfest, I say, the first
swallow in the
sky in a state of sleepwalking like the duty of pansies
the giddy chirping from
morning until evening, I say, the frightful dreams hunt me through
long
corridors and alleys and dungeons and I hear voices of death : quiet graceful
and fluent
like in the old days but with the constant anxiety of your heart's
past frailty while the garden....
three kestrels circle around my window on the chimney
my
master (the falconer) shifts from one chimney to another chimney
he sits motionless
while the powerful wings appear in the waxen

light
of daybreak, I say, that is a vibration of the manes the light green
trembling of the nest's foliage, the coating of the young leaves
through the southern breeze and so on the affirmative nods the wind's-
eyes in the ear
the cavity in the body, or how death whispers to me as its hide
is dissolved and it perishes touching finality, the tapping of the
decaying

chest wall is an obscurity under the stones, over there the
weeping
birch grove the grief and the grave, or from a violent shuddering of the
entire
body a deeply stirred driftwood is
in the head the sclerotic head and the body that doesn't change
anymore, says
my master (the falconer), Lenin's brain was like reporting it will
eventually
be perfectly hardened the true skin the sclera of the eye I
suffer from imagination sickness, I say, also memory-
leakage I
have occasionally lost understanding, bring, says my
master
a fist a gift a piece of sulphur in an expansive unfermented wine
so that in the vicinity of the moon's spectrum and everything
dreadful
begins to shine an anomaly in the law of warmth and so on, the
misery
of our world, I say, inevitably led to spirals
again and again thoughts led back to an identical
point, they were steering
for the middle again moving to the edge touching it and
coming back again, no thought-life no structure: then you
agitate again, says the master, then speak into the distance, nothing
discursive in the course of your writing the course of your life your system of
waves, says
my master, you wind up my head rotate my head around,
engrave
the round cap, see the neck's bulge in motion
the dents
in the formal reports *then he sends the sickle right away*, I say
he is my stand-by we want to lie the pocket knife ready, I
say,
the synthetic in art advances so I could
paint
the sun, I say, I had these blood-red carnations in my eyes
all the time
in my hearts torn to pieces and that's how it is : I am blotting paper
aging unusually, someone will love you, the falconer
(the master)
says, and then he can not love again, as one strains to listen to a language
that is foreign, the naked plane of mammoth trees, a long
agonizing
tone the cello tone of a door slowly closing, the napkin
of the soul the white cleaning apron, I say, it flows from between the
teeth
from under incisors between the lips it cried it clouded up it
bulged while the birdsong was melting, a linguistic
defect, my
master says, that one labels both as life our life
and that life
of the vegetative nature, the naked plane of mammoth trees will
outlive
us, I have happily spoken, as the domestic bird sits on his
hand
the small cap of the falcon above the small skull follows blindly

so the toppled-over flower so the color of the toppled-over flower
so the color red toppled over into the green of the meadow into the garden-
wilderness a calyx blots out the red and bloodies the grass

so

the blossoming branches can be put to bed