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Two Poems translated by Stuart Friebert

Karl Krolov

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WE WERE YOUNG

We were young and the summer outside town like hay high as a house. Nights we heard people breathing through the wall. Each day was the beginning of a story. We sailed along on the soles of old shoes. I knew nothing of 'melancholy-factors' and that proofs make sentences behave. There was no date on a street scene. There really was wind when the trees rustled. Someone fed me a piece of cold chicken while I couldn't get out of watching some love-making. Later the friendliness was huge. In the hall a grown woman put her huge breast in my hand. I shoved my tongue in her mouth. I'd grown older.

translated by stuart friebert
THE EFFECT OF CHEMISTRY

The effect of chemistry—a moment of sadness appears. It's raining outside.
You have to watch the coated pills in this dampness.
Each body is sad in its own way.
Desire grows for someone who's not there.
It's as if a certain bird began to sing.
No, you're not happy going through daydreams with people who speak a different language.
It rains in our eyes.
Misunderstandings grow if the door is open.
Just where is it we're supposed to spend some time?
Dreamy democrats stare after us.
They think we have to love each other.

translated by stuart friebert

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