Winter 2006

translations [1], [2], [3]

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Kate Greenstreet

translations

[1]

Paintings of mine burned
when my sister's house caught fire.
Others were lost, sold for drugs, ruined
when the pipes burst at the farm
and we were all so far from home.

You're in a place that feels familiar.

The sky is so blue and they're talking so
loud on the wires out there—how can I sleep?

Sometimes after I've spent the night
explaining myself to you...

"Wow, this wire is huge."

"This is the new religion."

I believe he said: "At the end of the
tunnel, a light." I'd never heard the
expression.

What is tired will rise.

"Shit. There's a live wire in my bed."
("It won't hurt you," he says.)

I knew he was somebody
from the future. And I knew:
I was supposed to know who.
“Were you always like that?”
I say yes, but later think: who knows what I was like? (having just the usual handful of mental snapshots)

“If you bring forth what is within you, what is within you will save you.”

“radiant dust”

Steel has to be made of steel.
Next: the house

Here is my witness.

could be razed
by the time you arrive.
You could find me
sleeping on the dirt.
Underneath that blanket,

"a whole new system of faith"

protected
by the boxes I brought west.
The silverware.
The farm equipment. [rust]

to suggest that something started
and then ended

Well, the celebration got underway. We
were all sitting under a very big tree and
had a lot of picnic stuff and other stuff of
ours around. They lit the cornfield on fire
then. Part of the usual ritual. [smoke]

to suggest that something started
and then ended

So far, there are the dreams, and the
longing. I fell asleep and I was telling her:
“It’s amazing, I know, but you could have
another life.”

That time allows us to see
what we were blind to and to become
blind to what we’ve seen.
People were telling their earliest memories.

What do amnesia and building renovation have in common?

Sitting on the wall up at the school.

We were where you stop and I begin.

"Boats broken loose were trying to get in at closed windows." (You covered my eyes with your hand.)

"Standing at the screen door, looking at the sky, who did we dream we could become?"

Met a friend, a woman that I liked. Then it turned out she was the one I sometimes spoke to in the supermarket, noticing the soft spots in fruit. She gave me a key to her garage.

When you fix up an old house, you have to tear away a part of it.

Earlier I was a child, and my friend grew breasts and had to drop me. "Let's take a walk anyway," I said, "We can still have some fun."

Nice to see you again.