Camera Obscura translated by Nicholas Kolumban

Hans Magnus Enzensberger
CAMERA OBSCURA

Within my impermanent four walls
of spruce wood
in my small room
ten by thirteen
I am alone

Alone with my baking apple
with dusk
the sixty-watt light bulb
the National Guards
in the company of an owl
alone

with old Belsebub
the path to the fishpond
(district of Swabia)
with my spleen alone

with good Rabmuller
gassed twenty years ago
alone with my red phone
and with much
I care to notice

Alone with every Tom, Dick and Harry
Bouvard and Pecuchet
with bag and baggage
Pontius and Pilate

In my endless room
ten by thirteen
in the solitude of a galaxy
of pictures

of pictures of pictures
Hans Magnus Enzenberger

of pictures of pictures of pictures
encyclopedic and vacant

alone with my ephemeral brain
where I rediscover the baking apple
the dusk, good Rabmuller
and much I mean to forget

Translated by
Nicholas Kolumban