2010

IV from cook up something transitory for me translated by Margita Gailitis

Edvins Raups
if the end is the middle I’m here
Cook up something transitory for me
Nothing lost yet the stalactite spirits
and souls Ephemera’s flesh
All draw inward like eyes in the dark
Let it happen This she wants my eyelash
Even the greatest heights go off track
and mess up heads gone empty
peace with peace time with time of hate
with hate. Everything evens out to the measure
which existed before Grimm’s Graal and
Snow White And is this what
now you hear this returning moan
or the desire to separate yet once more fear from
Colossus’ joy To go out into the street like a jungle
and to repeat the first line Yes
as always from the top down ahoy!
brew some tea now and I’ll stop
adding you in And the world once more will walk
in pairs
everything has some meaning
my joy my sorrow
my promise
a cross on the lawn of future
a plane in the sky
a teen-age monk
a naked foot thrust out of an attic window
our time which doesn’t die
moon pigeons
a madman who shoots his third love
cows on the road
a gray haired woman on the bus
the horizon
straight without zig zags
lightning
2.

the valley
is our century
a woman in dark glasses stands on a cliff
a cat in the church
the cat crawls out on the roof
the cat is shot
now the bagpipes sound
a full moon rises
a boy and a girl escape bullets
God catches up to them
a smile blood telephone rings
a signature on old parchment
a signature and stars
angels holding hands a valley
a mature woman
also a kiss
while I contemplate the patience of life
3.

a green dictionary lemons
the queen comes out on the balcony
who will I be when I finish writing?
talking into earth’s depths
a cloister at the seashore
the boy opens the Bible without text
a green dictionary lemons
your behind is red she says
she too
Moncayo
strolls talks the queen
the queen talks strolls
feelings cut short
turtles
yes, there’s no sense in dying
we can begin the ones who are ripe
below the heavens crowded space
wandering through heart’s eternity
like God’s thumb through Gratitude
once more through gratitude
When the sea breaks open her
mollusk shells against our
existential tears

* * *

don’t cry and don’t destroy
brightness spins before my eyes
never was there a past
nor will there ever be my love

don’t cry and don’t destroy
be ready each flower
each stone each moment
be ready

I won’t repeat myself –
don’t cry and don’t destroy
beyond the space within us
heaven-mounted-like-a-headline
* * *

(now farewell sister
fare well fare well Don’t fret
if the moment is lost it’s only the moment
no more)

...suddenly I’m closed shut
by my sanity
burst of unknown feelings
Like your computer text
on a wave-shaved cliff
so recognizable in the Distance
the motion of a cypress’ Eye
sucking the water out of heaven
and in my head just a black cow in the middle of a field
like a slain version of a dream
about reality

(the heart crosses swords terrorizes time)

yes lying down
in my thoughts I contemplate the ceiling
I very much want to seem like something
but the saints continue
to forgive
forgetting her previous appearance
she sleeps in comfort
in a place
woven into lace
marvelously carved elbow joints
every woman is like a syllable she comments
and continues pasting her
golem love
love not

the magnet of immortality
draws my eyes shut
a visible light punishes all
changing to a Phoenix
to fly! Fly!

she repeats She who is
wing’s down to whom a castle from the middle ages
has gifted its Gothic trapdoor She
for whom ashes are a featherbed
while the present sours and becomes intolerable

That’s all...at least for a moment the heart beats as if eternal!

but you laugh You
stand tall in front of me
Lord and that is why
she can’t see me
reality degrading truth
a window in front of my eyes so close
it flutters like fish gills
and I see averted
dryness
agitation
stops
together with my heart
My fantasy shatters into dust
the impossible Time
waits Exaggerated
beauty of Qumran scrolls
tries to make me move
closer It is
obvious
oh downpour!
I am more frequent
than my endurance
to be
See
an overabundance of shattered hope
settle into the empty cheeks of the apple tree
and blossoms She
shows me
a singular possibility and such brilliance!
birds roost on the bridge line
formed by our noses
sand
I remember well greater floods once
and many misfortunes that remained
hidden
for life
yes a mollusk gazes from his shell
a martin catches moments in the air
her fledglings fed
see what overabundance of shattered hope
settles deep in the sharp rocky shore at river bends
and everything flows
away smoothly

Only a dark bruise at the temples!
mundane longing
for the absolute gives me a gift of a horizon scar
which you tie round
your waist and something
in you
moves
phooey! It’s a branch
in the apple tree’s crown
in search
of a moving experience

AT LAST –
O SWEET NIGHT-IN-GALE, MY LITTLE PINCH OF SALT
IN DEATH’S SOUP!