

## Endangered Landscape · *Rainer Brambach*

When the dove bore the olive branch  
the fissure in the mountain was trivial  
and the waters pure.

Apple tree in spring,  
apple tree in fall,  
you were perfect  
like your ancestors in Paradise.

Fire in the deserted quarry:  
the gypsy was making things glitter.  
But no one could find out  
what he was really doing.

Poppy, glowing eye of the cornfield—  
it was enough for you to know  
how an ear looks.

*translated by Stuart Frieber*