

we must kill our beloved.
This is the only way to resurrect the dead,
the way we must take.

World Without Words

- 1 The world without words is a sphere at noon
I am vertical
The world without words is poetry at noon
I cannot stay horizontal

- 2 I will discover the world without words
with words I will discover
a sphere at noon, poetry at noon
I am vertical
I cannot stay horizontal

- 3 June midday
The sun was above my head
I was among many rocks
Then
the rocks were a corpse:
the lava corpse of
the energy of
volcanic explosion
Why at this moment
are all forms a corpse of energy?
Why at this moment
are all colors and rhythms the corpse of energy?
A bird,
for instance, an eagle
in its slow spiral
observes but does not criticize
Why at this moment does it simply observe the forms of energy?
Why at this moment
does it not criticize every color and rhythm?
The rocks were a corpse
I drank milk and
tore at bread like a grenadier

- 4 Oh
the incandescent flow that rejects fluidity
the ice cold flame
that was not formed by love and fear
the forms of dead energy
- 5 The bird's eyes are evil itself
He observes but does not criticize
The bird's tongue is evil itself
He swallows, but does not criticize
- 6 Look at the sharply split tongue of a crow
Look at the woodpecker's tongue: a heathen god's spear
Look at the snipe, a tongue like a graver
Look at the thrush's tongue, a flexible weapon
- He observes, never criticizes
He swallows, never criticizes
- 7 I went down a path as cold as Pluto
I walked 13 kilometers to the shack
along the flow of lava
down the path of death and reproduction
the path of the longest ebbing tide I've ever seen
I am a grenadier
Or
I am a shipwrecked sailor
Or
I am a bird's eye
I am an owl's tongue
- 8 I observe with blind eyes
I fall with my sightless eyes open
I destroy the bark stretching out my tongue
I stick out my tongue, but not to caress love or justice
Burs growing on my tongue are not for curing fear and hunger
- 9 The path of death and reproduction
is the path of small animals and insects:
bees swarm up with a rallying cry,
a thousand and ten thousand needles lie in wait;
the path with no criticism or anticriticism,
no meaning of meanings,

no criticism of criticisms;
the path without vain construction or petty hope;
the path where metaphors, symbols,
imagination are nothing
Here is destruction and multiplication
Here are re-creation and fragments
There are fragments and fragments in fragments
There are pieces and pieces within pieces
There is the base pattern inside the enormous base
The path of simile in a chilly June
Air sacs branch from red lungs
The air sac like an icebag fills with air
to the core of the bone and
the bird flies
The bird flies inside the bird

- 10 The bird's eyes are evil itself
The bird's tongue is evil itself
He destroys but never constructs
He reproduces, but does not create
He is a fragment, a fragment in a fragment
He has an air sac but no empty heart
His eyes and tongue are wholly evil
But he is not evil
Burn bird
Burn bird all you birds
Burn bird little animals all you little animals
Burn death and reproduction
Burn

- 11 Down
a June as cold as Pluto
the path as cold as Pluto
the path of death and reproduction
I run
I drift
I fly

I am a grenadier,
but also the brave enemy
I am a wrecked sailor,
but also the ebbing tide
I am a bird

and also the blind hunter
I am the hunter
I am the enemy
I am the brave enemy

12 I will
struggle to a shack at sunset
Stunted, scrawny shrubs will become a big forest;
my small dream will shut out the lava,
the sun and the ebbing tide
I will drink a glass of bitter water
slowly as if it were poison
I will close my eyes, and will open them again
I will cut my whiskey with water.

13 I will not return to the shack
I could not dilute the words with meanings
like whiskey with water

Translated by Takako Uchino Lento

PAOL KEINEG / BRITTANY

from *The Poem of the Country Which Hungers*

Good day to you
people of these houses
good day good day
and let me please
remove my hat
and set it with my wooden shoes
and since I happen to be here then
good day to the tripod good day to the sugar bowl
good day to the chest-like bench
brimming with draughts flpsides of playing cards and with backstages
good day to my soul's cupboard where bright roosters are adorned
with rose and heather in a scent of holly