

I get ready for the evening edition.
 Blackened and sore from reading and leafing pages
I haven't gained much
from buying the world's lies
every day for pennies.
 I have a subscription
to piles of misfortune and revolution
reports of garden shows shake me up.

Inheritance

From one side of the family one thing
from the other another.
There's no end to the losses.
So far I keep going:
 I wash my shirts
 I wash my socks
 I wash my arms my legs.
Whichever way I turn
whether I lie down crooked
or stand—I look like myself.
I devote hours to myself
days to the furniture
I eat fruit and stay healthy.
I make love seldom, seldom
steal in the discount store,
I save one shave a week
with Gillette Blue Blades.
I'm no good by myself
the number of chairs here proves it
and the household keeps growing.
The need for acquisitions
grows on its own.
From one side of the family one thing
the rest from the other.
I've added nothing.

Translated by Erik Torgersen