

Dove

Suddenly, I clenched my right fist and slammed it very cruelly against the left. "Smack!" Ah, how abstracted and secluded the wilderness is. In the almost sick sky, a flock of doves are flying. Are they flying singly or in pairs?

I use my left hand to heavily grasp the gradually loosening right fist; the fingers slowly unfold, but they can't straighten; just can urgently turn from side to side. Ah, you worked and still work; you killed and will be killed; blameless hands! Now, you are just like a wounded bird. In the dizzy sky, a flock of doves are flying over. Are they flying singly or in pairs?

Now, I use my left hand to very softly caress the quivering red hand. My left hand is also quivering; even more like a brokenhearted bird, grieving for its wounded partner. Then, I still use my right hand to softly caress the left hand. . . . Flying in the sky, now, probably is a hawk.

In the anaemic sky, no birds at all. Ah, to rely on each other and quivering; worked and still work; killed and be killed; blameless hands! Now, I will lift you. I really wish—to liberate you just like a couple of cured birds —I will liberate you from my wrists.

Translated by the author with William Golightly

NICOLAS BORN / WEST GERMANY

Subscription

A lot happens inside these walls
I've painted over some of it.
The papers bring in heat and unrest
I crawl through the news ready to faint.

Exhausted by ways of dying
and filled with soup