

LEANING FORWARD

Made of dry wood
A crumb of world
-Resting on the root of the unknown

Now the night jumps the hedge and pushes forward its bird roots
- Resting on the dry wood
Growing sand that weeps in balance around the shadow

Arrow from no bow but flying straight through its own eclipse
The stranded star stretches at the bottom of its seashore wardrobe
Crumb leaning forward to see better
- Even if its eyes are not yet in place

This wobbles and clings to its sleep
And so this shifts and breathes
- But here is the vibration that changes a corner into a fingernail
A fingernail into a claw
The claw into an anchor that grabs at the edge of night

Partly of cork and partly of ebony
This gets bogged down but is already sparkling for this is its
own light
Even if its eyes have not yet reigned on any bank

Fragment
If I was there I could bear witness that this is born
- But there is no one there yet
(At the angle between sand and night it is raining ropes
But no one had braided them)

The star that rests on the bank
Becomes a bird also a pebble also some seaweed also a shell
A shell that is waiting

- But this remains
And will have wings

Translated by MICHAEL BULLOCK