

FRIEDERIKE MAYRÖCKER

FROM FLEURS

TRANSLATED BY JONATHAN LARSON

»the fairy-spook, thus JD, to just sit somewhere I mean bucolically. To sit somewhere and laugh, I mean on 1 bench, on this bench in front of the shoe-store, il giardino in your eyes. I felt as if I'd wanted to spell MUSICS these unrecognizable figures that pass through my dreams, where do they come from how do they get together I've never seen them, felt them, since it's raining scabiosas, etc., Pierrot, you whispered, as you turned over the page, the sentence not going on, broken off right in the middle the text as in GLAS by JD, proverbs I don't like, you know, in this wheat field we stood with the friends from America who suddenly appeared but I was unhitched and I was tired of having to stand and listen for so long namely snorting. So I let myself fall into the wheat field, I say. Sterile is like SAINT = St. = I remember this word thus more exactly, the physiotherapist laid her hand on my HEAD that it should grow warm and the pain vanish. How inmost her inner warmth must be, that she should be able to hand over so much to me for days on end not having pulled the curtains aside not opening the window, I've sealed myself off from the world, ach in tears the leaves of the olive tree in the dream the Carnic alps. Perhaps I'm crazy, my mother said 1 couple of years before her death, which I tried to talk her out of. Have lost 1 couple of limbs that's how you've left me without arms and legs I miss you dearly, the following day this swarm o.tears where are you? Wind working on clouds, lace-blossoms in the window = (the secrets of conscience),«

12.10.14

»when I sit I sit (kitchen) leaning forwards and silver-fir plunges out of my eye:
out of my memory, namely, then scrap the rest of the wood-honey from the
plate isn't it so wild duck, rank growth yellow pearl mimosa 1 tiny piece of
banana strawberry grape what color! Dominos you know, think of Roberta that
she her mother's fur coat (which was driven over by 1 car) gifted to 1 friend
: 1 shock 1 tear 1 drop of blood in the fur etc. quietly quietly the curls grow
along the brow the scissors of the tambourine and you kneel in front of the
frogs there in the puddle the branchlets, isn't it so and cry out »BRANCHLET!,
BRANCHLET!«- and you start laughing and with your foot you fling 1 of
the branchlets I mean fate's conducting (I'm burning. Am your kitty or doll il
giardino in your eyes ach in the cloth hall of my mania etc.) well yes like S'NOW
and the like I also stopped and stood there and we looked at each other:
such 1 Ischl! thereon this genre painting near the end of summer, or whichever.

1 heavenly hint or just the new donning o.cap, sewing the interior and cleaning. I also
took my pleasure in it: in this gala : that her = Angelika Kaufmann trembling like Cy
Twombly beyond the margins of the page, which charmed me

I mean 's the memory-ear
falling asleep, slumbering,
»between«««

Juliana Kaminskaja approached
me and said, you look like your
poems,

23.10.14

»in 1 cup cornelian cherry or rose hip red headlet, and fold hands then the crows staged their beautiful play on the sky etc., I felt as if I wanted to spell the music meanwhile, it rained scabiosas, since it rained scabiosas, you know. The physiotherapist laid her hand on my head that it should grow warm and the pain vanish: how mighty must the warmth of her body have been that she could give off so much of it to me sleepy head you!, finally swallowed 1 host, JD, naked wet foot wears headscarf, someone says to me in 1 dream that he has bathed 153 times in his life so far then he peeped through the door-gap or the judas-hole, which alarmed me, how often the sun on your head shimmering: reveling, WRINKLE OF THE EYELID, as Marcell Feldberg. As I my finger. Me in the finger. I mean slaughtered raising the wounded hand to the stiff eye and cried out »no! no!« because it was the red poppies (the Trabi that time), etc.

for Susanne Neumann: I mean act of love since you repaired the typing machine for me, what were you doing flossing around in my mouth oral cavity, il giardino in your eyes ach heavenlet (valley of tears) it's unbelievable!, I had taken this PRETTY AS PICTURE evening to bed. Ach the boys! : the paramedics took my blood pressure, the vows of the paramedics, the water service of the Sicilian water houndlet, 1 mezzosoprano on the meadow, I say, we rushed along we : cracked open late-summer's eye on the horizon have been listening to Fauré today, have the clear tear / ach so what! that at 1 great distance I only 1 couple of words on the phone, flashes o.silver longing, you know, I mean 's the memory-ear, 9 o'clock in the evening falling asleep, slumbering, am

out of my mind,«

27.10.14

»I mean it astounds me for about 6 ½ years now I've been reading from Jacques Derrida's GLAS. The book has been read apart its seam or seal has dissolved itself it's as sensitive as glass: 1 favorite color (it was THE POSTCARD by Jacques Derrida wherein I read daily before) Because I kept misplacing it, I've had to repurchase it 3X etc.) But back to GLAS which means death knell. I experience miracles with GLAS as far as my writing is concerned: I open the book e.g. to page 142 and catch sight of 3 columns of enigmatic text. At left the effort o.Hegel, in the middle the citation of 1 Jean Genet text (»like 1 thief's diary, so that 1 will have to run through it in every which way, in order to cut or collect all the flowers there«) and at the right, in cursive print, kidneywards, 1 X more 1 citation of Jean Genet's. Well yes, GLAS is my morning prayer: 1 word makes 1 word sequence, that I begin writing into my sketchbook: I let myself become infected with this language I throw up I throw up mind and mood in utmost arousal etc. On page 289 the book ends in the midst of things with the wordlet »from«: 1 heart- rending goodbye. I begin reading the book again, at night it lies on my pillow and I love it yes yes this drive home: soft as when 1 sled over snow frozen solid. It's the honey-licking it's the consecrated it's the scent of this book it's 1 tumble of language. To my feet the little roses it was 5 and I wanted to finish sleeping to continue writing,«

30.10.14

»at my morning window«

»swallow the host ach clear-cut blond wood, over the dinner table the lower lip (DALÍ). I style myself, my haircut, I puzzle over what day of the week, look back on my dream as I awake as if I were looking over 1 landscape that I had raced through, I ask myself, that time when I was writing this poem, how it changed. I mean expulsion of words: even in those times I let the doves flutter, I fantasized »1 morning window«: »my morning window« – that was not etc. The sentiment too flat: had I been listening to myself?: no depth : presumably 1 bad poem. VIGNETTES : I wrote vignettes the moon as 1 »jubilant guest« : 1 may not write like that : that just rattles, no flesh (of the poem) even though, 1 real (even if unexact) shadow namely the survived war (»shattered helmet of my church tower«), written on August 18, 1946, I was 22 then, had 1 long way before me, etc., was romantic was solitary. Well yes, I waved around for the longest time with Eros, flower and reverie, evermore these PRETTY AS PICTURE marginalia, at the feet (red poppy, delirium), wrinkle of the island (eyelid), »for every date 1 drop of blood«, JD.

In the present time to be cared for (»I'm cared for«). Meanwhile, he photographed her: that time with my first book between her bared breasts. I'd enjoyed it: this GALA : Angelika K. how she trembled beyond the page margin, while the cones I mean the sparse wood etc. and we felt around for the new virtues,

(I thought of Cy Twombly),«

1.11.14

»agnus dei the TINY FEET bound together, 1 tuftlet of white flowers in the mouth (to wipe the eyes with the back of the hand, I awake with a smile meanwhile my foot over stony preterite etc., the little plastic-lamb in its stable stands between rotten raspberries and nappy samani woe is me I watched how the green bud of the amaryllis began to unfold itself there I held my breath, the laying out of 1 dead bee in 1 hand towel that's unbelievable, bucolic namely am torn to pieces. 2 diminutives after another that won't work. The bud of the amaryllis has brought forth 1 red blossom overnight that's unbelievable ½ public Valkyrie ran 1 kilometer around my apartment today,) woe is me the multiplication of the lilac-peltlet on my skin etc.

left fingerlet fallen asleep meanwhile, it thundered, spooned 1 meal, meanwhile the red mallow in the red dawn. 1 dog's barking woke me up, but there was no dog, the townlet's houses diced down above it »the great alpine chain« = Goethe. I sit there every morning in fact in my kitchen that wears 1 gloriole etc., already 's the birdie warbling the dirge, you know. Woe is me I'm 1 torn human, woe is me, I'm treated like 1 child, woe is me nearness of death, I mean it was 1 Kahnweiler day. Horrified they glanced at me I mean as I wanted to part with the words »these little roses belong to me«: someone had given me this bouquetlet in the course of the evening and put it in 1 glass of water etc. the trees with rings around the eyes 1 hyacinth bent toward me,

I mean the St. Nicholas in
Bari you know«

for Nikolaus Brinskele
6.11.14

»this our roped party, I say from
my sleep, the plastic-lambkin like
plunder the tousled red-cheeked
apple in the stable Franz Liszt tears
apart my veins. What concerns the
art of this yg. Russian poet I didn't
admire her language so much as her
intimate = hidden imagination, but
this wasn't grasped

woe is me what I feel but can't describe (Beethoven), the pain walks back-and-forth
in my body and sometimes he squats in this sometimes in that corner there where the
föhn-clouds blossom in the westerly sky and change color, after the big storm in the
night the yg. trees felled in the street, isn't it so, I say »but see the branchlets« whereupon
you glance at me namely in tears it thunders in my chest and it lightning flashes in
my skull and I scratch up my face with my black nails, or the woven fabric e.g., as little
grapes I mean the fluttering smoke of my since we with the car: past the DOG-AREA
»I met him in Barcelona etc.« Woe is me what I looking back (in little jabs) my 1st
French book in grade school with pleasant every day sketches: the butcher, the dog, the
vehicle, the cyclist, the lantern: »dans la rue« ach how charming this was! – After 1 half
page am I DOPEY = after I'd written half 1 page this breakdown you know, 1 open
tavern, as Ely with wet garb: he was to be no longer able to hold back the urge, my God
/ when I read in GLAS, I receive 1 text that I myself would have liked to have written,
I'm touched because the shadow of JD's writing falls upon me = upon my mind etc. I'm
charmed and enflamed while airplanes and gusts of wind, I say, namely so blows the wind
in my innards

(because he looked to mirror me so, I found it hard to bear him) with 1
raw tongue I lick the crumbs from the table, ach as single berries of 1 grape
bunch and bundle in the depths of my throat and I struggle for air I mean,

TONSURE,«

7.11.14

»I promptly turned 13, 's the fistlet pressed up against th'mawlet : no! 2 diminutives
1 after the other: that won't work, play dead, close the eyes »AS ERROR« on the blood
pressure measuring-device (was I confused, etc.), ach spring-tenderly billy goatlet in my
dream while opening eyes pastose dark-red of my sailor-dress was 1 fighter pilot
in the 1st World War, the sun's fawn in the condition of the forest etc., hamster wheel
TIME, the moon as vignette, you know, and planted hydrangeas in front of your bag, well
yes 1 twilight-sleep : 1 Samaritan with 1 cravat in the »little café«, night-lip red (torn) by
Bernadette Haller, Jean Genet in the vase I remember, garden-make-up in dainty air etc.,
this tear-literature, heartfelt greetings with larkspur I mean LUNA!, the cold points on
your body your open arms when we see each other again!,

listen here! it was somewhat like I read from the presence of your face:
the reeled out flowers namely that it startled me and I jumped away. The
landscape I've watched incessantly: mountains valleys and pastures meads
miracle of the stars (domin0) gesture of glory the beloved mangy
Christmas tree from the year before on the tablet you know, your musing,

I'm cracked up and crazed,«

9.11.14

»I dreamt I SANK in your pair of eyes that looked like this



in each of your pretty large eyes floated
1 rectangle in which fairytale characters
romped about then you ran away with
the words »must go to the theatre to sing
XERXES«. Woe is me I bar-belled over the
ocean and listened to the opera to Xerxes
o.Georg Friedrich Händel's (she asked, do
you still think of Georg H. sometimes)

nothing but little Honeggers, »it's too early to regard etamine«, JD, Mom sewed me tiny
dresses out of etamine slept long today and dreamt 1 lot: if you hadn't woken me up
I would have slept over into the drunklet = into eternity etc. We phoned in the morning
mostly (but with hands full of flowers, JD), I always want to learn something from you
but you say, I can't talk about anything in the morning I haven't experienced anything yet!

this alpine glow slipped from my
hand, this moss in erring at the
sill of the house in D.

Soletti on the kitchen floor 1 cat plate, when
you're on 1 TRIP when you hearten me
that I nearly lose my mind, the reeled-out
flowers and 1 rain in the window. Listen
here it may have been like that, like 1 viola-
rain, fleur in the shower. That time in the
50s when we read the writings of Konrad
Bayer for the 1st time, you said »I don't understand 1
word, etc.«

the swallow turns southward the bushes wilt but I'd waved to the beloved mountains
every morning from the window, the dew in the gardenlet, resounding of impressions I
mean most agreeable LUNA and branchlet the thin thread of your voice from far away.
In the morning »effusion of the holy spirit« b.Arnulf Rainer 1952 watercolor on paper,
etc.«

14.11.14