

FRIEDERIKE MAYRÖCKER
Translated by Donna Stonecipher

from ÉTUDES

have driven death from the bushes at night namely the siskin in a trice &c., and heavily from sleep = ripped from sleep by imagination at midnight, gave Father a kiss gave Mother a kiss roamed through woods drank rain from my hands = from a bowl, squirrel at the spring, so the two sm. shakos fashioned from newspaper I mean motionless by Theophil Spoerri's side while motionless Phoebus penetrates my eyes namely blinds them while these little grasses you know these mats of daisies poured out milk of April in strangers' gardens did you see them poured-out breasts and heavily from sleep, muerte : death, death from the bushes ++++++ shepherd's bagpipe later then dewing dancing tender breeze that puffs away the must like the spit from me and seeping "beautiful, sobbing, high-g geared.." (Richard Brautigan)—where meadows with daisies draped all over them, and strewn where these meadows with white flowers and tears = metaphors in the river's wetlands the song of the nightingale namely at midnight and morning rain, Joan Miró, o like thistles and rose blossoms the throat of the privet = bitter sip and seeming-bite (violins from your hands your chest your tongue, and kissing me with your eyes open, like so, siskin in the boughs) in a trice, &c.

4/10/11

in the lane lies the Passion lies the passionflower lies the grove
windflower lies the lady's-smock is near death in the lane is withered
the passionflower is withered the liverwort is withered the little white
violet is near death is destined for death I walk into and out of the
meadows did I pick you up out of the dust ++++++ in a trice
the cello address this child of rosy dawns like my pleas bills and coos
rosy-red my goldfinch
Passion paschal pinx.

4/14/11

on 1 voice : on 1 mignonette green this branchlet this blossom this instant of a teardrop in your eye this raining in your voice swept forth by spring this scent of white tears this scent of whiteness this white of spring of voice this little white bell of April (= Fratres) this whiteness of little bells = Fratres this whisper of voice this whisper from the vineyard ("April") these twigs little bells of April swept away trembling delphinium cress lungwort Bach's chorales of the Virgin &c. disheveled little bird April violin handbooklet April naked this soul weighted with sleep (= "Fratres") oh your voice ++++++++ white from spring white from April spring's twigs opened and blossom-amble where the plumed

4/14/11

you my French pretender early spring's hippie in the glass "Abend-empfindung an Laura" twiggy branchlet in the glass or 2nd blossom-amble, I saw in the fruit bowl this tiny spider that spooked me SCURRYING AWAY however she vanished I mean maybe she hid without ++++++ I mean she kept appearing anew in my goddess = memory namely heavy with sleep the plumed and chirped almost inaudibly in the early morning, so that I pressed my ear to the window, one wanted, peculiar, to think of a fruit bowl the deep grotto or goddess of the green crepe paper, in my tears underbrush : zoomed in like a heavy hand over breast rotted dreams 5 o'clock in the morning and that it glowed at all (pinxit and thrush) the little leaf eyeing in the glass in the brackish water sawn nocturne by Gabriel Fauré &c. (mignonette, and the cuckoo skits long-running in the ash trees)

4/17/11

wishing that someone perhaps a white raven
would bring breakfast to me in bed I mean Rilke's verses the bare
shoulder of the verses white and tripped with a tray to my
bed while the golden fan of dawn sun as in
Barcelona the boyfriend *my beloved Cupido's* ++++++++
the branchlets in the moon grown wild tussled branchlet riverlet
of the beyond bitter flavor of the privet and so
the siskin flies about twitters and builds its nest deep
grotto of the green hillside like siskin in meadows and bushes and brooks
dewdrops beauty sawn leaflet namely shooing
greenery &c.
and suddenly one recognized the boyfriend's alphabet

4/19/11

fly or flee (I) 3 wild roses in deep
grotto I plunge into purple lilacs and shimmering tears
fly or flee (I) Fauré's études in deep
grotto green shimmering crepe paper namely portrait
of rustling mead fly or flee (I) branchlet
grown wild in spring moon &c., fly or flee (I)
deep grotto green shimmering lake's fly or flee (I)
Fauré's rose petals (études) fly or flee (I) rose
petals disclosing I kiss and snitch in deep
Fauré or gorse while 1 bolt of sunbeam mornings 1
beam of bolt from sky to earth that 1 deep grotto I
mean the portrait of emerald-colored escape namely in a trice
(whimpering servitude) Thursday of Mysteries namely Fauré's
13 nocturnes : studies (études) in a deep grotto in tears ++++++++
in deep waters the plumed the Easterly lam-
entations (even like strands of hair into my face) or chic &c.
am thunderstruck 1 goldfinch stammering

4/21/11

1 rose-whiff : classical verse :
 and bedded down on green stones the green branchlets tender broken
 we bedded down on green branches on that Mayday on
 the branches it was in those fields woods the little birds
 in the woods sang you were wearing the Scottish
 (cravat) it was 1 green day we bedded down on green
 branches the little birds in the treetops sang and bedded down on
 the antipodes and bedded down on green stone the green grottos in
 the deep woods the 1st violets were our bed the white
 violets our bed it was in a green woods the 1st violets our
 bed the little birds sang in the branches
 ++++++
 the wild long bygone years you rest now under a cold
 stone the little birds sing over your grave it is May 1 and
 white violets the white violets blossom to your
 feet you are 1 dead man the little birds in the treetops
 sing on my heart lies 1 stone the cold stone I
 sleep on the little birds sing in the woods

4/22/11

closed-up lilies like water snakes in water fountains May
bells namely = lilies of the valley (Engl.) exhale their
heart little notebook with blue cover : forget-me-not flowers
of the heavens slumber held me long today in its thrall the thistle
and rosehead in my dreams wafted tenderly your
shadow, we float through the lianas = BATHHOUSES of D.
our friend as with locks shaking his locks leads us into unknown
(branchlet) of tones ++++++++
in a trice &c.
old tram ticket on parquet floor so siskin in thicket

4/23/11