

Tomislav Raum

The Play of Mourning

Translation:

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E-Book

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*"Immer
dort wo Kinder sterben
werden die leisesten Dinge heimatlos."*

Nelly Sachs

I.

Nothing happens
deeper than the tears.

By the play of mourning
I look for my origin,
my shirt
peach coloured,
tender and significant.

The angels of sacrificial word
spread off ashes
by whirring wings
from dark feast.

The image retreated:
hybrid
faun
into the darkness.
As a symbol of defeat,
confirmed by photographs
from family album.

II.

The leaves are so still.
Mourning sails
on invisible waves.

On the palm the red trace.

The world disappears,
drains into immobility of the sky.

Yesterday is without answer –
swamps into the sand,
reminds of guiltiness.

In the cellars of the heart
hidden defamations;
in mourning of my image
I can not reach
the one who is waning.

III.

The angels turned to black
as crows
peck
the edges
and dry crusts.
Shrivelled
remnants of hope
in the trace
of lizard on the sand.

The tired one is condemned
by his
forgotten dream.

It is nailing him on the wall of the sky.

Being short-handed,
he can't reach
the golden frame of bliss.

IV.

The stars covered by cerecloth
timidly twinkle in the glass ball of the cosmos.
The shell damaged by sorenesses
vaporizes by irresistible lands.

I lay down sick of
building plans,
of grammar forms
and abstract notions,
left to black magic of fantasy,
to the dark disharmony of intractable madness.

Childish sorrows, surprisingly powerful,
like geometers measure
cosmic annoyance.
Glittering knives feverishly glister.
By the hand reached metamorphoses of the world are
the dust which is travelling
towards the market.

V.

The one who splatters by the sand of love
weary legs,
limns over his time
by lying tales about descendants.
The clocks are quietly tick tacking for him
along narcissistically curved mirrors.
As a wizard he lifts
one and the other hand.
He mows his perspectives by bliss of epileptic.

In drunkenness,
in the womb of the ship,
he doesn't notice truthlessness of travelling.
He is watching with thrill the harbour
which is waning in the starry night,
when the dark clouds are curtaining the moon
and the distant trumpet is circling and pulsing.

VI.

Right behind the corner
a bitter cognition
comes toward you
with a breath of mortal,
with shudder of human weakness.

In autumn garden it is irrelevant
in which way you choose the words.
Destroying wasn't chosen by you.
Somebody else buries you.
He freezes your tears by the composition of magic and atrocity,
by the sweet poison of substanceless music,
takes himself to adventure on swing of extasis.

You start to turn around as a celestial body
around the starting point of sick illusion
and you are only a man having death in front of himself
as a last thought.

VII.

In front of pull out doors of dream
I sit by the window and I nail up the thorn
as a whistler into my mouth
and I whistle,
my head turned backside:
I whistle in front of pit of heaven!

I whistle the wordless pain –
ashes in mouth
of carbonized story:
That there was a little nest on the branch,
firm and deep as a pocket!
That it never becomes empty!
That the prayer book
with inflamed letters is to be look for!
That the wedding attire
and the wedding ring...

VIII.

On the shore of mourning conscience
the whacks of wind waver my hair,
and the cuttings of words overshadow
what is to be lost of sight:
That which floats without rudder
on immeasurable waves.

This paved face doesn't belong to you any more,
neither my fingers which are sinking into sand.
Both of them are mourning:
As well your forever praying hands,
as my shadow on mournful land.

IX.

Stars are trembling
and bitterness is disciplining memory.

On the endless track
I don't recognize even my own words.
They come and go.
Under their nails
the time turns black as a tar.

I am forgetting to dream.
Neither the lamp nor the sleeper.

The bitter drink makes me talking more and more quietly,
and the steps to the mourning place:
all the same
obtuse
swaying
as an unfinished ceremony
worryingly walk up the opaque stream.

X.

The smile
of a dead child
in horror of twilight
with still unknown
consequences
in twilight thrill
of slow doing
in opaque waters
in huge sorrow
pulses rhythmically.

In gilded frame:
Faith
with wild eyes
with slobbery muzzle
sniffs bloody, meaty flower
in the cage of ribs.

XI.

Nobody can see
clearly the blade of the
changeable natured knife.

Unexpectedly it sticks
into tender tissue of a sleeper.

Sharp shriek
of gruesome night bird
in the most shocking attack
is the only form
of life.

XII.

Mosaic,
hardly to look over.
Enigmatically prepensed
ornamentation
of dispersonated heart.

In the mystic bow
the only thing you can see,
look over and comprehense
are just debris.

Small ruins.

In the pupils
glorious picture
of a torture chamber.

XIII.

The echo
of lacerated
angel wings
in barbed-wire of curtain
has put down

granite stones
on the dreams.

From the icy cellars
the swallows are flying out.
From the mould of fear.
Eaten by worms.
From putrid fingers
of children.

I am sitting
by the window and looking
into invisible.
And I am waiting.

XIV.

That impossible,
like a gun bullet
in stomach:
Wine sediment
of misunderstood epiphany
in urn
in icy smell
of mould.

That somnambul shadows
scourge lucidity.

XV.

Disturbing transformations
unhealed wounds
beneath changed
smell of the tree.
Thunderbolts of sorrow
are lightning.

Insomnia multiplies things.
Their meanings
shake eyelids.

Exhausting hallucinations
sediment in the blood
in thick and curved
wrinkles of chaos.

XVI.

Upon structure of the world
the sick eye takes a look
by white-eye of salamander.

Beneath the thoughtful roses there is
a child corpse.
And can't be reached.
Forever clay.
And it can't be called.

There is ice in the breath of the wind.
Shooting by saturnine bullet.

The light of the stars streams in wain,
as if they have lived.

XVII.

The metaphors are blossoming over
in delicate spaces.

By magic deeds of a dream
the obsession is being nurtured,
disharmoniously setting up
cortex
into the melancholic shell,
and the landscape of the soul
is trembling ,
violently lighted up,
over radiated,
glittering
by mirror-like husks of madness.

XVIII.

As if it would be daylight.
The window is lightened up by the snow
cut out of the white paper
by scissors of childhood.

White fluffs
I can't keep
on my palm.

When I shut my eyes,
the white sparks scintillate
through the bloody boughs.

I bring the death of my child
as a hieroglyph
and I measure up the world
as a waste town.
And I hurry up.

XIX.

A deathlike reality
is skidding as a snake
over the humid sylvan soil
of god's dream,
desiring of residence,
imaginary as a home land.

In the cage without exit door,
in incertitude of cosmos spiral,
discreditable presence
of artistic urge unbosoms itself.

XX.

The sorrow is erring above the happening.
It is writing down unexplainable signs.

The acid of occasion
has congealed the blood
into sorrow and hopelessness
into tepidity and mistrustfulness
into the feeling of distrust and abandonment.

In the muddy-coloured sky
the astral visions are going off.

XXI.

Star widths
in the silence of space.
Uncried sorrow
in infinitude of poison.

They walk along the streets
and things still exist,
and love is in lookout
for eternal homeland.

A moment,
let to blind will,
develops into the human movement.

The sponge soggy by vinegar
makes head kick back.

Invisible crown
made of seconds minutes hours days months
years centuries aeons
in the one-way street
is on the head of the one who hopelessly loves.

XXII.

The fruits of sorrow are in the treetops
of sunny day.
It is getting pale by lukewarm growth
towards whispering in the eve.

Trunkful of dead preemie,
hung on the stars,
is the heart of landscape.
The curs in the centre of pain.
Sediment of fear.

XXIII.

Between sunset and the midnight,
midnight and sunrise,
between sunset and sunrise,
somewhere in between,
it goes on and goes on
as night humidity
swollen memory.
Nowhere else more than in it
and only in it,
that knowledge which is not knowledge,
more the strange mixture,
bitter and unburnt trace
in remembrance.
Only short
and plain sentences,
common as coins.
Hard as bones.
As if they haven't been said.

XXIV.

Who will enter
into the landscapes framed by the lightning?

Deep chasm gapes
as a black scar
on the forehead of suicide.
It increases by the size of myth.

Reality is cruelly preponderant
over every story.
And you can not dig yourself into the landscape.
And you don't have wings of rich suspicion.
And nothing is offered under unbuttoned shirt.

Only hieroglyphs of messed up Hermetic.
Unspeakable layer
on endless iris of eye.

XXV.

You are what you see
and you are badly prepared for happiness.
Both the heaven and the body
are permanent obsession,
delusion of heart and delusion of sense.

What with to cloak loneliness of infested heart?
The sorrow of mortal who in the dark splendour
buries the sleepless thought?

Only tick tacking of the heart
mark the time,
changes and emerging.
Touched by sickness
as if you are not present any more.
You are neither object nor reason.

As if you are not made of one piece
while you suffer beneath the Sun
in vibrating chaos,
waiting for the dawn of Last Judgement.

XXVI.

Everything is liquid
and can't be neither griped by mattock
nor put into the plough.
Everything is waterlogged by the colour of wine
and it is splashing over by the waves.
They heap up to the sky,
up to evil sunset,
pageant as rich supper
and pompous as wedding.

But death has a wish
to dunk its finger into the water,
into invisible traces of tears.

Soil is slowly absorbing them.

XXVII.

The history of the soul
disturbs by the pictures.

In skittish depth of pupils
in feverish twinkle
in heart of deep night
I hear whisper of dead leaves,
I waste my time.

I can distinguish a leaf from leaf.
Twitching of hands and fingers
I feel by every thought
in the centre of my body
as a bunch of dark roots.

XXVIII.

Nothing can be recognized in illness
except the sin of heaven
which took itself to poetry.

In dark Sunday of afternoon delight
poison perfume lays in the heavy shadow of the tree
in fruits of sorrow which can't be denied
in silk breadths.

Surreal and phantomic
are vaporizing into the sunset.

From the wounds of infinity
the pale blood of Apocalypse is leaking.

In tears of redundancy
the dreams are cracking
as the bones in trunkfuls.

XXIX.

The maps are enkindling
in reprieves of desire.
The cage of body is getting ossified.

Invisibly is circling
water drop of creation
through lairs made of sand.
It is giving leaf to the dreams.

By seer's finger
it is reaching my life line on my palm
and it is moistening it by tears and wakefulness.

Everything experienced,
wrapped into the cloth of wind,
is dreaming its heavenly-minded novel.

XXX.

The lost my own trace
in the way of memories,
hidden in mourning shadow
of mirror lake,
curved into definitiveness,
limited by the lines of dreams and reality,
spirally filled by sand motes.

The week star is sparkling in the brain
by unreadable letters in eve.

Muddy silts are floating eyelids.

In the end of rotten forest the forlorn float
is floating through hazy spaces
of unexpected metamorphoses.

The particles are being spread
towards horizon of sunset.
They are absurdly wriggling.

XXXI.

Down the street
beneath shaded stars
firmly tight hand
gets black into incertitude,
into grey-violent sorrow.

Veins densed by melancholy.

Not far away,
hardly hearable
flow of black water.

As above morasses
comes out, sometimes, a shriek,
a hoot of flying bird,
splash and slap,
as if you slap
by the palm
upon the water of lake.

XXXII.

Secret yeast shoves us into the life
into unconditional obidity
into misery
into the chain of unavoidable defeats.

The nights are so warm
as the light days of euphory
and it is impossible to sleep.

In the dark gulf the sea is smooth and black.
I saw through the little window
pregnant woman as an iceberg,
exceedingly tall, unstoppable and white and smooth.
I saw her glittering
and trembling of tiredness and humidity.

And as if I wanted to know
who was constantly ringing
the bell for drowned man.

XXXIII.

You shut your left eye in vain,
largeness of the wall speaks loudly.
And the other,
sad eye,
is in the fetch of God's hand
already in the womb of mother,
already in the Saturday evening.

On the other side of window
the pain is just a thing among other things
and it is too early as the oldness.

Eternity is a brain tumour
and it is impending
as a tear on eyelid of memory.

XXXIV.

Strawberries in the wood in the dew under the tree.
And it is so good that my heart is still
pulsing, as when I seep
next to her, weak and denude,
covered by scars of love and children.

I am standing by the window and chilling the sorrow in my eyes.
Somewhere far away a train is thudding.
And as if I should make some decision,
to choose something, to move something,
to remember something, to believe something.

Greyness of ashes is in the net of eyelash.
In the mirror the water of fatamorgana.
The struck down nest on the stones.
Crystal concepts and human clay.

In distant seclusion beneath the waste sky
the dry cloud is covering with a shade of childhood the sun dial.
Too heavy pigeons can not fly off.

XXXV.

Silverish shimmer in the eve,
sinking contours.
Everything is as flushing of oily waters:
heaviness and gravitation and coalescing of roots.

I hear my own heart as echo
and as if everything comes back around
what could come toward,
what is sneaking through the grass
under round clouds,
in dissipating quantity of something elusive.

It is still laying here,
beside you,
in the edge of pupil-
the mote which makes the eye tears.

And when the road
crumbles,
where to it takes you?

XXXVI.

Unpredictability of wake
and the bird and the clock and the campanile
and unpredictable parallelism
and as if there would be a child at the window.

Span of darkness, the pace of impossibility,
eternal wall between two words.
But in tiny, colourless waves
morning is going away and afternoon and evening and night.

And changed rhythm is moving the edge
not to live us to what contains us
and can't be touched by the hand:
The blood of anemones and the gold of saffron.
Extraneous signal torches.
The steps nobbled by mud of dream.
Lethal whirl of y-particles.

XXXVII.

Hallucinations
are palpating the width of the heart.

That what seeks my heart
wants to spend it
in incandescent stove.

It is shimmering as sorrow
and is circling around the world.
And is coming back as echo
which has departed heart.

Maybe a drop oozes out.
The word is erected into hill
into meaningful toft.

In the treetop
when it's darks
even the birds
shut up for a moment.

XXXVIII.

On the margins of read books
I am drawing new plans, I am persuading
my heart to new feelings.

The future always comes
to everyone in his dream,
in parables, in fairy tales,
in vague symbols.

In the middle of empty parks and birch-trees,
as the taste of kisses, as the composition of atmosphere,
as everything worth of drama
and generational noise:
Structures and Quiddities are changing.

XXXIX.

In meninx of non-sleeper
wafterlike star with curved orbit
in soul is digging a well
of strong irritation.

In bitter stretch
as a snake in crack
it is confusing by vehement acceleration.

Deep scar of insomnia
reflects impressed symbol:
In brain tissue
withered metaphors.

XL.

In the blue air the dark blood is dripping,
clepsydra of fear unsealed sorrow.
The angel is picking up the apples into baskets.
The glance of the dead child is crumbing destroyed walls.

No any sanative herb can be planted
neither flowers of consolation
nor new seed for tomorrow.

In non-parting sorrow
children's posthumous linen is being washed and ironed,
sweat and blood from children's shirt is rinsed,
hidden starry spots
and the kiss of dying echo.

The roots are pull out and strewed by salt.

And when a salt lake dries up,
only desert is left,
blinding of skulls and bones,
He will mop the glassware of his glasses
because everything was in vain,
and the children's game
and you sleep sweet afterwards.