

Black jet: poems

Aliens

We came

Out of nowhere

And reached

For the Stars.

Imitated

The local dialect

Nodded like sheepfarmers

And burnt our

Fingers.

With every word

Pint, handshake

And with every year

We grew stranger

In the new home.

We came

From nowhere

Got pale and left

Nothing behind but

Fleeting lines.

Apple Tart

We have it all known before

Yet the golden tart is still

Gleaming under the kitchen

Table apple skins curling

Up & final thoughts

Where things come

Into their own the apple

Peeler fitting neatly

Into grannys hand the

Slices laid in circles

The kitchen turns around us

We, who already know it all

Don't read the paper because

It only prints what we fear:

There is no real apple peeler

Left in front of the sticky egg

Eyes and nostalgic pastry

A present sorted out as it had

Been before we remember wrongly

Or not at all.

Black Jet

The eyes are gorging

On your face

Protect the shadow

Sleeping sequence made of wings

Ravens you call they fly away

The lost paradise hangs on a

Black feather.

Confidence

The sawdust trickles softly

Onto the fresh laundry and

The shelves in the wardrobe

Smell of apples

I hear the irish woodworms

Eat slowly

In one human life

They wont even manage

The pine dresser in our kitchen

And the brittle beams

Will surely carry our old roof

For another hundred years.

Grandfathers eyes

The light of the moon

Wakes me up at half six

In the morning. I sneak

Out of bed like a thief.

My husband turns around

In his sleep and

The tomcat also stirs.

On the balcony I hold

Out in the icy wind

Keep my chin up while

Waiting for inspiration.

An airplane on its way

To the States flickers

Past the celestial bodies.

Are its passengers still

Asleep or can they already

See the sun rise?

Does my

Bright window light up

Into their darkness?

Grandfather's eyes two

Stars, as they wink at me

I think I can recognise

His, my long nose in a

Distant Zodiac.

Brew some coffee wrap up

In wool and steal

A few hours work from

Daybreak, immersed into the illusion of dawn.

I write under the protection

Of granfathers nightlamp

Its bulb flickers in the wind

That blows through the cracks

Of my garret, and wonder if

The old light is visible from

10 000 meters high.

Two hermits

We carry the

Arctic void on our

Shoulders hold out

Together

In the silence
Hoping to find
At last a couple of
Perfect words.

Hieroglyphs

I have taken three letters from the bundle
Have torn them up and thrown the scraps away
To find out if this will ease the
Burden of our friendship
The mail links me to my old home country
Like an umbilical cord and my answers
Might, as bottle post from the rainy exile
Wake the wanderlust of those who stayed
With jealousy I have treasured the yearning
Lines that you have written so carelessly
Over the years, as if the language had
Not been my ignition spark
I pretend that myself, in any case, have
Rarely written for pleasure, and scratch an
Exclamation mark deep into the sheet, have we
Not shared our dark sides on paper?!

With a handwriting, whose hieroglyphs
Nobody but my best friend can decipher
Any more I try to give the words back
Their fleetingness.

No age

Deep silence of the roses on
The roof my lilac tree I'm asking you
When does the fog give way to
Enigmas lingering in the dust
Thinking of snow I've got a feather
In my stomach the wind knows
No age days are coming and going
With smoke and weather the tree blowing
In the wind who knows what we are
Now that the roses are drying
Under the gable my lilac tree will you
Tell me when does the fog go away.

Roofer

We stand at the edge of the hurricane
The homogenous forest uprooted each
Tree standing upside down its huge
Plate of soil looming into the air
A keeled over fir hovers above the
Neighbours roof like damokles' sword
We need two helmets for our heads
Rocks under the feet and firm ground
To take root and grow together
Like two old oaks on barren ground
The bangor slates soaring down
Like ravens on a gust of wind
Our new wooden floor trembling
The walls breathing and groaning
A great many bathtowels soaking
Up the water on the windowsills
Bowls and basins on the bedroom
Carpet the curtains slamming sails
In the wind until good man Jimmy
Brings two rotten bits of a ladder
And a rope to mend the holes before

The next gale starts blowing.

Sheephead

Under the green blanket a car is rusting
Away without radio, doors or numberplate
Moss covering the fallen trees, washing
Machines, coke cans and chipboard planks
Hiding the broken ceramic glass of a hob
In the fairies forest the rubbish piles up
They must've rolled out a carpet of oblivion
Smelling of toadstool mould and moss thawing
Under the white stripes of morning sun
Nettles and brambles still powdered by frost
A naked sheepskull glowing by the wayside
White and pure and as silent as a grave
First came the crows and ate its eyes
Foxes then pulling the intestines out
Of the body, later on ants and worms
Would have done with the carnal remains
Haze and fumes are rising from the ground

Where even the track and I are dissolved
From human view and any minute now might
I hear the Banshee wail.

Sparrows

Rolled to me on my windowsill
A feathered bubble trampled on
Crazed voice whispering brainwaves
Scatter crumbs for the full moon
Sleep I say sleep the sparrows
Bring you along in my dream.