

Els Moors

Original titles and publishers

Er hangt een hoge lucht boven ons (Nieuw Amsterdam)

Translation Dutch into English

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The white shagging rabbits

the white shagging rabbits shag
and they raise the roof shagging together
and no remote control
echo echo morning has broken!
morning has broken in this wet land
this toothpaste and chocolate spread land
this wet and worn out field

there are three camping caravans with
orange curtains a wisp of fog having appeared
of its own accord passes sideways before my eyes

*

strange things happen in this house
where the walls don't want to be straightened out
– don't want to be straight –
man are sleeping in the bed
usually the door swings to by itself

*

in this footlight I search for the white shagging
rabbits emptiness stands up bier
one two three march let us move
together and not needlessly crack vertebrae
lay both hands around this brain and love it
we are homewards bound
to the white shagging rabbit

*

the old white shagging rabbit never did anything else but shag
it shagged and then it shagged and then it shagged some more
exactly so – it doesn't cast a horny glance at this black-and-white
striped summer dress – the old white shagging rabbit blindly shags
an offspring ahead

*

the stork brings the child and sings
cheerful trees spin through the grass
this new life is a shag-rabbit
it shags and shags and shags

*

the white shagging rabbit shags jump-falling
while oysters are breaking on the scarlet bed
this is where I could be sticking my tongue in
fiery water or let it slip across the full surface
of his soles and store the better feeling

a body till it fits me

*

the white shagging rabbits live
below rusty church towers close to the place
'do not dump waste' they are sliding in and out of
one another especially there where nobody suspects them
they enclose the soft white pelt with their paws

*

one morning when I wake up
now beside the white shagging rabbits in the grass
the extended fields are barren still – bare –
is morning through the window

I am the gardener with an alibi
and a purple ski suit
I am maintaining the premises
on which the golf balls are hit
and at the far end
where the ball drops
the body usually lies

in a glass ticket booth I am selling ice-cream
to the visitors
until I am a tree
struck by lightning
and have gathered a field around myself

mornings I go into the street with cold feet
in my hand an orange plastic basket
with which the milk is brought in

I am not walking on thin ice

when I am spreading my legs
I pretend they are wings

on the roof of the house with the wind vane
a heron takes off on a steep incline
all the guests walk slowly to
the pond that is filled to the brim

this is an afternoon and it's raining
windows become doors to step through
a dog chases after a child on the lawn
voices stay behind above the grass

the sound is muffled by the sound of the motorway

the man who went upstairs without asking is asleep
with his head deep in the pillows
at the party someone is being sick
at the party there's always someone with a noose around his neck

the bin liner hangs from the door handle
a knife is stuck into the cake

the sky is an arch within which
the city pigeon limps through
the litter in the street
the grey trees stand at the window
a chair stands in front of it
a sill on which he sits

he uses a corner of the table
to remove the feathers
and only yellow skin remains
quite willingly
I am dragged into the bedroom

the wine is a purple line around the lips
about the mouth when the phone rings

not unsuspecting I hang onto his neck

the water floating by is the water

I can see

the boat in which I lie rocks

with my legs over the side

I almost sail into a bank

there is a tree on a plain behind me

there is a tall sky above us

with my head stretched back

I wait for an echo

from the walls of the houses

I pass by

where they will all gaze through the windows

where red and green fireworks are

dragged upwards one by one

then I came home
I threw my heavy bag
off of me in the corridor
you stood waiting for me

those were steps
I made beside you on the ground
one by one
someone bombed the station

a Rumanian shot
another Rumanian with a gun
last year a man lay in this street
blood stayed behind on the pavement

before you leave I gaze after a tram driving away

without us nothing could begin
without us everything's been done