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Original titles and publishers
Boze wolven (Meulenhoff)

Translation Dutch into language
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A wolf
is like a house
with two gaps gaping:

one gap
that never knew a front door

the hollow
of the cellar's vent-hole.

Through empty windows
ivy and vine creep in,
taking over the rooms.

In cellars dwells
the invertebrate
that spins and spins
its blind circular course.

Tigers, grizzlies, lynxes do it
differently: a pike's or carp's leap on
or beside it, a deadly flash, a
murderous blow or total catastrophe.

This disoriented north is no
tiger land.
Obstinate and hopeless and chiefly tough
a pack shows up.

In turns they bite
at the nose, the neck, the shoulders.
An elk walks past with its
thighs eaten away, pink bowels
trailing over the ground
until the naked flesh
stiffens, inflames and
loss of blood pays its due.

Then they are at a feast
of blood and bone and sinew.

After which, a wolf's nap later,
the game can start anew,
in search of fresh wounds
doomed to death.

He draws a line with piss
and rubs himself on the backs
of 16 females.

Spectral meccano set assembled
taken apart
again assembled.

Call at his place: not sure
he will answer the door.
(For who'll satisfy him more?)

A cloudburst soon beats his scent
into the sippy ground,
a virus or a virulent prostrate
kills off the alpha in him.

But bitches have been had, money has
murmured past him in streams and
1000 guileless caribou been murdered

all through a line of piss.

Look at the red wolf:

ancestor or a
bastard, fluttering
with coyotes?

The jigsaw of his being
laid in DNA by niggers,
voyeurs of wolf behaviour and
intimates of bones, skulls,
backs, fleece texture and eyes.

The redhead (so it seemed) shot
in neighbour's woods, at random.

The chair! Gas him! Here with that needle!
howled the Wyoming Farmer's Union
the Ontario Circle of Hunting Friends
the Duluth, Minn., Bloc of Sheep Breeders
all of whose existence was riddled
with sense like a rack of clouds.

But then
in other words later and with others
our Red One suddenly came up
with the eldest patents of nobility,
who knows he was the first
Wolf American.
So it became fashionable
to be seen with a red wolf.

Meanwhile it now seems,
with the mesquite, gum-tree, balsam
those butterflies with their swallow's tail
all's not as well as it appears.

Adolf, lucky wolf.

Fabricated black alpha male
who throws himself on sexy hordes,
the overhealthy pack's fornicators.

Uncle wolf, jackbooted cosiness:
the black axis around which oiled
and bloodwarm our life rotates.
Worshipped grail of our uniqueness:
the eyes closed, the ears laid down,
our chest nearly touches the ground.

But that was once.
Today every wolf buys his BMW,
Defender, Porsche or Chevy Corsica
and badgers his fellow wolf.

Like looks like boldly in the face.

The battle and homeliness transferred
to the ghostly man-to-man fight
at markets, air-conditioned, roofed.

That evening there were salsa sounds
from every bar.

We ate chicken and salted potatoes
we drank beer and white rum
that tasted sweet as water

and next to us appearing from a woolly hat
a countenance more tanned than
and wrinkled as a walnut.

After, we were tired beyond compare
we spent the night in a bare convent

and suddenly it was no longer seven degrees
and she, the Malay girl, did not stop shivering.

A kettle of hot tea was brewed.
She wore your sailor-blue sweater.

The pearly white morning hasn't broken.

Cut from the dark that stands in all the doorways
she is and she is there

for him alone.

For one day dreamt away in this city she took

the long flight back from overseas and now
sits at the table here: so whole and shiny, lilac
garland on her neck and speaking

only with her face while he is talking,
which is in fact what makes them possible at all.

On such a night the rain pelts down

as if the heavens were in desperate
need of relief.

On rubber wheels the door of this
cocoon-shaped space slides shut

and then all other sound disappears.

While one gazes at the sun-bleached shoe tip
on a stainless steel latticework
on top of inches of sand

and at the three-dimensional mosaic
of tarmac-coloured polymer foam on
walls of yet more sand and MDF and glass wool

there's no noise in this sound-proof room, that
pounds like your bloodstream,

but the denial bearing it all:

a flood line that divides the thoughtless murmur

from the marram grass that always sings
with significance.

Take this flesh

and chase it

where it ceases to be flesh.

Sometimes after the glaring projection

a violent remanence occurs

sometimes at first glance there is little to see

sometimes everything cramps up

the inexplicable cramp of the

Martin MAC2000 Performance

Machine

and someone's fidgeting with it.

Take this flesh

and give it chase

until it goes beyond itself

till it bursts open fleshless as a firework

and fleshless fades again.

Skin as the thinnest palest eggshell

round-kneed slight body that still panting

closed both eyes.

In the palm of the hand the racing heart of the duckling
that later in a bowl of blue enamel
hung one leg out to float.

The chick was a red-combed white cockerel
that flew at everything that moved and suddenly
beheaded lay bleeding out in meat paper.

Below polystyrene rafters strip neon the cosmos
echoed in an old TV set.

Below the skylight deathly pale mist drifted
in from all the fields.