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Original titles and publishers
Vouwplannen (Meulenhoff-Manteau)

Translation Dutch into English
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Moving On

If moving on seems impossible, then choose one single
moving on, one splendidly

stubborn deed, if need be: hearing fizzy water every midnight
exploding bubbles, a sort of star-listening
instead of star-gazing. If moving on *is* impossible,

then choose one journey backward to a moment when
all the ‘one days’ you were promised suddenly became now,
perhaps to that morning when ambition? just

growing with you like grey mould
through a loaf.

Bite

Because apples stack so nicely I'd like to
stack some under your skin. Your legs, skull, chest

full of apples, the yellow kind covered in spots and full
of lumps. Just one red, shiny

perfect one that shifts as it moves through your
body. And then trying to tell where, in which of your

limbs exactly it is hidden, and every time I guess right
to take it out, take

a bite from it, trifling, true, but times infinity makes it undeniably

desecrated.

Football

Injury time, if every so many matches one could
just weld it into an extra

day, consisting of minutes added on for fouls and
in which it's pointless from the start to strive for perfect

happiness. We'd have a date on that day. Neither of us would
turn up. There's nothing great in striving for

imperfection, while it's confused worldwide
with failure.

Staircase

Then do it for me. Suppose a blue plate
on a white table, somewhere in a house

in this town. Assume behind each house front a
well-defined object or furniture. Suspicions are

trial desires. But know precisely where to find a
spiral staircase

so you, when in dismay, can steal a step or
banister from it to

rebuild slowly in your room. Call me when it's finished.
Someone must carry you

up it, sideways.

Claim

If I were a road, I'd claim the right to strike. Occasionally not having to run dumbly
from point A to point B, but suddenly
bend to an elsewhere, unspecified, without destination, landmarks. Full of people
who from purposeful travel, all at once stray into

a quite absolute stasis. And a poet who then whispers a
direction in their ear, hints on orientation
though on condition that they recite by heart

a poem of his, for example this (Slower!
Softer! Pauses for breath!) Be warned: at each wrongly
mumbled line, the road will fork and twist
still further.

Tables

Tables, sometimes I wish
masses of them suddenly would be turned
upside down and that you, just like me, had thought of horses

fallen on their backs, a thought so identical
it was like a tiny pump beneath the skin which we

needed only to push, so much more exclusive
than a touch of fingers – I want to touch you that evening it

snowed last year: impossible
and possible are sometimes so adjacent, that it seems

merely a matter of some re-
negotiating.

Cellar

One day we'll really find it, that cellar full of meters
not of water/electric consumption,

but meters of thoughts, actions, all combinations
of reality. One day someone will read from them how many times

someone has crossed a ricefield in red shoes, how frequently
a newspaper slipped into a bath. And how often we realise that

the worst thing about vanishing is not knowing how
many counters in that cellar are

yours alone and are forever stuck
on 1.

Blanket

I'll wrap this evening in a blanket and take it to a garden.

Not to yours, Love (laziness is to a poem what
northern light is to

REM sleep). But to a garden adjacent

to yours, so tantalisingly close you can never be certain whether

I got the address wrong or delivered wrongly on purpose out of petty,

soft revenge. And why not

smuggling a dirt road – down which you never – to my

midnight. To smuggle places to moments and vice versa, for a

consciously linked now and here, self-constructed present.

Redistribution

Each citizen the keeper of a word. Instead of dictionaries, lists with next to the headwords

an address instead of entry. E.g.: chestnut: 20 Old Street, Norwich
to be able to go there and find chestnuts on

the windowsill. Or 4 East Hill
seeing a lady there at the window

screeching, eyes bloodshot,
not just as an explanation but being able

to ring the bell at something like
desperation.

Hall

To employ a man or woman
who somewhere full-time in a hall

unfolds chairs
one chair for everything I don't say to you, for every non-

touch. And then to be able to go there, you and I
each separately to sit down there just for a moment, perhaps

counting under our breath the rows of chairs already set out.
Making what didn't happen visible and

visitable.