

No Man's Land Night

A Crime-Poem

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Grout

Rummaging in the glow by the viaduct,
bucked beneath descending soot,
their necks shielded against ricocheting gravel,
they stoop, composting
with their wellington boots in honey tobacco nursery beds,
solid in quilted shirts, untalkative.

Administrators grow thyme and star anise,
investors cross Cox's orange pippins with Elstars,
security guards become gladiolus growers,
fallen yuppies become bee-keepers:
throwing their ties over their shoulders
they begin furiously swaying,
behind unsightly windows,
above hay wain mass graves, by pearl light.

Here, pigeon fanciers peck kisses on lost cockbirds' mouths.

Here, the tomato puree'er is shackled up
with his temper tantrums and his sieve.

Here, mists in gardening gloves reside,
fear lurches out of the undergrowth.

Straying into the elm smoke is hazardous.
Compost heaps lethargically turn in their sleep,
farting. But she doesn't see that.

Roza grows up simple and sees this:
amidst clods of earth
nightingales beam blissfully.
Only later does she become aware
of how the purple planets seep syrup
luring mammals from their lairs.
Her from her bed.

By the entrenched leaks, a petrol lamp is burning,
censing the beanpoles.
No one wonders
who put the lamp there
and stole away for good.

Welcome to Grout, vagabond

She sees families living behind rags,
hears grannies and mothers praying over the peelings
Life is the comprehensible cacophony
amidst the crackling of radio interference
and the rattle of dilapidated washing machines

See the emaciated shade in his shroud.
Slapping at the wall with the flat of his hands,
pulling old papers from beneath market stalls.
He and his companions, they set it ablaze
and crouch by the foul fire.
Sometimes they peer suspiciously
in the direction of the wall.

Orb nestles in the landscape
like an illuminating crown
an illustrious dome,
mythical realm.

They say
that, there, the people have a sheen.
That they cull the pigeons
and keep out the wind.
That there's such a thing as a guarantee.
That, there, the eye is inspected.
That ships and garlands
glide through the atmosphere.
That nano-particles of gold
sail through bloodstreams like gondolas.

The Mantle

I sit in my room
wearing the mantle of death.

It's still warm from your body.
It smells.
Of your worries.
Of your wanderings.
Of your orgasms.
Of your wanting to know.

And you're not here.

Soon,
when I'm gone, too,
it will probably smell of me.
Of my cowardice.
Of my complacency.
Of my nail varnish
and my pancakes with honey.

Ah, mantle, robe
for the recession from this breathing space,
where so much still needs finishing,
and under so many conditions.

Ah, mantle, veil
before that unprecedented space time
where the smoke spatters into untidy tulips,
where the wine courses through cellars in purple cloud formations,
where love, white as napalm, sets your loins aflame
never to die down again.

I sit between walls of concrete
that mock men
in their search for meaning

So I ask you,
bone of our skulls,
os frontale, frontal bone,
curving Jupiter brain,
to arch over us
like the roof of the Pantheon.

Transform the bug-ridden bedstead of our brain
into portals filled with pirouetting pillars and convoluted vaults
where we endlessly kiss one another on the mouth,
until it thunders in the most ancient constellation
which appears to us as a blue frog
sleeping beneath a blue mantle in a cold night.
