

Friederike Mayröcker

# études

*freshly fallen snow  
the bloom of winter  
singer "N" is silent oh.  
Frozen*

12.22.10

“Whiled away almost 1 entire day  
with GUY in the garden and find  
flower and blindworm ceremoniously  
in thicket and stand of thistles ... “

and everyone keeps asking, what are you reading etc., while sweet heads  
= sweet beaks on the floor mat. All sorts of tablets  
at night, etc., outside the wilted deep blue hyacinths in a glass  
..... back then '54 in Salzburg as I was leaving for London, 1 hard  
spring, we found a hotel room where we could take leave of each  
other : my memories pale, etc., I don't remember  
what happened there ..... I didn't want to, you know, I didn't  
go anywhere, I didn't want to leave you at all, but what I cried  
about was not that, when will I be like 1 swallow. Rolled into a  
bundle the dirty clothes on the piano, oh stumbling around while  
leafy fields : my eyes lost in, nothing but bricolage

1.11.11

Kiki's Lips by Man Ray

drives, rouged, seductive red in 1 glass, se-  
ductive red in 1 glass in the meadow on the dresser, bar-  
ing 1 self first the hair then the belt and then the braid-  
ed black bag I had slung across my shoulder

March 2011

throats of PRIMAVERA shafts of snowdrops, should  
we loosen the string around the neck of our snowdrop  
bouquet

I mean the nodding bouquet bundled flowers in a glass in this  
glimmering dawn as if dead blossoms = GLAS (Fr.) as if already  
strangled, these glimmering shimmering heralds of an early spring, etc., where  
grass shoots graze in a flood of tears, aurora a rose-colored veil over  
flanks/promontories of .....

March 2011

oh the swaying meadow saffron in the valley, as in their gray coats  
out of the village, strolling, past the fields past the wild  
apple trees, oh with my mother then and so little said, past  
the garden where with blue apron and garden shears. Mignonette,  
and in charge, I say, woman waving etc., oh those sweet  
talks with my mother, strenuous walks the weather mild eyes  
of  
meadow saffron, swaying of meadow saffron in the wind  
practice  
“études” ..... a few flowers from Kúrtag, on the way back, practices  
of the season I mean “études”, a mountain called piano, etc.

for Marcell Feldberg  
March 2011

early spring's columbine = gloves of our dear lady  
2 white stones and brush in a flower pot 1 bushel of moss  
white forget-me-not eye you my dear corpuscle I say  
this sml. silver tree of foil on the floor with wild unruly  
hair or head with a small blade trim stem base of the  
neck, a yellow cord encircling the root stock, glistening like  
sun – have bedded down on your pansy on  
your sweet coat : is so SWEET, I say, your branches  
trailing down to me steaming hands : gloves in the hallway the way  
Mimmo Paladino drew them (fleeting slopes) this  
rose calamity like hunting horn buried in a pillow dug into a  
bed pillow rose calamity hair ribbon silken hair I say sweet  
child fair lamb Michi M.

3.14.11

blushing blossom : my sisterly language in the morning I  
wake green lances of sky grassy shoots of spring : sweet spirits  
“green ripped with red” = Bernadette H., with sickle of the moon  
in my hand through gardens fantasy, so sweet, in your  
soft searching words while tears of rain on the window,  
this ensemble light in my eyes, this morning at 5 o’clock composed  
in the meadows of the southerly wind or streams of gold rain, has enchanted  
me ..... (this spare notebook etc.)

3.16.11

Radius, of finest beautiful language, blushing blossom up to the  
neck blossoms snowdrop blossoms in a cup in a glass I mean sweet  
heads almost suffocating sweet heads I mean in a glass in a cup  
TEEMING a sweet friend's hand reached over radius with red thread  
cord ribbon (history) from a sweet friend's hand TEEMING in a  
glass in a cup and I mean tears I mean tears of Johann Sebastian Bach's  
Invention Nr. 6 in E Minor through the airs. 1 dark grand piano, bark  
of a hornbeam along the side the street, he says, blushing blossom,  
he says, TEEMING with snowdrops might be, head upon head might be, with  
sweet whispering head might be, and the way they touch 1 another I mean  
TEEMING : hair plaiting, with white hands body upon body,  
he says, sweet thread upon sweet thread in a cup in a glass thus a sweet notebook  
with rose-colored sleeve I mean : flood of tears might be, he says, TEEMING  
might be, he says, tears teeth I mean piglet ..... Judas-  
thinker and closer notebooks of fiery rain, green lances  
of heaven's shores, heaven's grassy shoots of spring etc.  
Exhausted warming breezes, so sweet

3.17.11