



**Friederike Mayröcker**  
**as mornings and mossgreen I.**

**Step to the window**

(Original German title: da ich morgens und moosgrün.

Ans Fenster trete)

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Sample translation by Alexander Booth

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*on the swallowlandscape for Alfred K.*, the little lamb I mean the little white lamb in the blue (sky) execution of my conscience your voice a little white lamb in the blue (sky), you know, to sit beneath the canopy = cold already. Summer abated swallows migrated they'd extolled the sky above the hospital garden they were siblings my siblings, girding their breast a delicate lead,

in Alexander Wied's *Dream Journals* I come across an image fr. J.J. Grandville *An Animal in the Moon* which makes me tremble : I find myself confronted with a MOONFACE : an illness from which the poet Christine Busta also suffered = a wealth of leaves at the image's edge plunges into a sea of clouds (above the swallowlandscape your thumbnail moon appears to be sinking .....)

ever more frequently ca. 3 or 4 in the morning have heard someone BREAKING IN. The bird is not free : free the flower ballooning sun : purple hortensia : does it hear perhaps what I am saying what you are saying, is the little hand enough? in the corner the head of the palm, between the letter's pages your letter's the racing lines. The murmur of the fountain there, back then, Bad Ischl by the current where we were overcome by tears, back then, the pianist in the restaurant's garden with the little dog on his lap I mean I had that delicate yap.

22.9.17

ach these semi-tones this little violetblue sky, after the opening-of-the-eyes this morning he spotted such a rod = such an antenna = such a glowing window = such a Mediterranean mode of thought ..... knock dish on a kitchen stool spotted, so transcendent that from the distance you. That it's a consolation that it's the whole of my happiness in the morning, that a white plastic cup *with a handle* the whole of my happiness that the world shatters into pieces, etc., I mean, in the throat *cherries* cherryred love. I buy 2 dozen of them in the junk shop press them to my heart, Chairros, the worms and I! Tuberosa tea rose (yellow), he shows me this their turn of the head to the right, that is, the whole of my happiness : white plastic cup *with a handle*, whispering palm leaf at the apartment door : pleated woman's dress in green, Mama's sleeves, crust of blood on her little mouth, she was an aesthete, was knotting a kelim, my hearing threatened to break down : at 3 in the morning I heard someone *breaking in*, my vermilion dishevelled ear, no not deaf but *dusty ear*, I've bought Edmond Jabès' *Book of Questions*, in the stairwell ran into Gottfried Haider wearing HALO, lovely angel. Blinded by his azure, namely,

these days rather miserable, remembering chatting with friend Alexander W.  
along the banks of the Traun and walking,

*hearing the Rolling Stones they were,*

I flashed him a sign : come-hither in the supermarket he

was supposed to come and look ("come and see!") I had come across a yng. potted palm and beckoned him with my finger and he hurried over and we took it and it became our paletot secret too,

how the little breeze blustered, petered out, wolfish summer (barefoot over the path through the coniferous woods),

Hurricane (Lilian) Harvey : 9.9.17, and I'm telling you in 4 months the sapling'll be back and *needling*,

ring in the ear or wildflower (howling),

23.9.17

Bertolt Brecht wrote a most beautiful most German poem about a white cloud and a seventh child over which I often wept. It had to do with a white cloud breaking apart while lying with a woman in a meadow, on the day a man stepped foot on the moon I was lying in a meadow with a man whose chest was encircled by a delicate lead, from whose mouth a thin blade of grass,

in a fevermonth 28.9.17

in the morning FOOL'S GOLD in my fists. Dear Bastian my health frail ach!, from literacy to painting you must know that I have long aspired to connect "avant-gardism" to "classicism" ..... I owe you a lot : embushed by a thirst for knowledge and intuition I can't stop portraying the world of love,

the little walnut tree in Schiller Park, you know, how long now  
aflower and fragrant. Lilac jasmine ach their blooming so short  
= youth, duck feathers' lovely colours, back then, I scream, you  
said "back when I was a boy" ..... contemplative this kelim =  
mother's handiwork on the wall in the room where I dream, etc.  
Gerhard Rühm's *teleklavier*

*these 2 weeks were disastrous, I mean, I'm speechless. I watched all the nuns watering the  
dried-out flowerbeds, in the evening,*

dear Isel, paint me a FANTASIA of Madrid that the heart in its chamber, a lot  
of windows with a view onto a couple of Alps, namely, a moribund summer, I collapsed  
3 X today, like overpainted red peonies, you know,

*tear the silk of one last morning.*

1.10.17

Ach as detached from this speech that one acquiesced to love. Really, all the way through your  
flesh your beautiful soul appears to me, can I snatch it? it the secretive clever that lovely the  
rain falls “when the eyes practice”, tear the silk of one last morning,

for a doctor by the name of B.

1.10.17

then we fell around each other's necks, namely. A small pastel of a Matisse, back then, a formation of winter birds, as one next to the other we bent out the window, a medium! what! lightblue cloudeye, you know, halved : in gusts picked flowers from the window, my snowshoes : broken shoes, ach an art-of-buds Giotto-trees a drainage-of-blooms, latest buzzword "exciting", you turn your head like a bird, namely, he turned his head like a bird, *namely, to the right* so that I asked him "like a bird?" he was, namely, a bird, it was 11 o'clock and the night sky, as one next to the other at the window, touching each other, and the night sky, namely, sank, Fauré's *Requiem* to love, as if A CAULIFLOWER wanted a SAPLING, in the vase with a glowing glance, etc., on a step I think a salamander and as it sparkled,

this lightblue heaven's eye, from winds, dishevelled,  
more-or- less, I'm attached to this *conceptualism* of Kurt  
Ryslavý's = 2 upside-down stools in a room,

had epi-attacks had gone out of myself, ach, pre-historic animals (in the Museum of Cadiz) : a red rooster with ochre-coloured tailfeathers, a snail shell, a quadruped,

LITTLE SPIRIT, that eternally there, a lock,  
a lock of your hair,

5.10.17

*Canzone in praise of love based on a photograph from Arnulf Rainer's atelier,*

in a photograph; in a photograph from Arnulf Rainer's atelier a cut-off rocking chair or white bag on black canvas or white dove on black canvas climbing white dove or a sketch with its face to the wall of Arnulf Rainer's atelier, namely, with its face to the wall : pastel-coloured painting, would have liked to be; a painter, *namely, maison*. Namely, how the moon sank into the river in a corner of the dream of Arnulf Rainer's atelier, that is, a depiction of his face, whereas I whispered embellishment to a poem "it rained into my heart," etc.,

ach I laid my head into the torn books  
on the floor,

the birds clutch at elderberries and I found a half-open nut where a branch was beginning to sprout, canzone in praise of love based on a photograph from Arnulf Rainer's atelier,

*(let's be off),*

11.10.17

tsau! I say, tsau! my snorting, garden your white skin against my swiss-chard-heart, once whirling. I'm in hospital Room 401 shimmering pigeon plumage in the hospital garden see oil and vinegar and blood, of a bitten-into plum ..... 37° gown (temperature), blindly a summer shower. My torso (ach) of fly, I'm lonely my comrade an old dog, me a debutante of death, stony my final way to where mother and father and friend etc., on these Rechnitz mountains, still sinful the world and vain, let us remain undaunted, you say, hair and teeth fallen out *earlier we were flowers*, Ovid perhaps, Naso. Well now, rabbit fur about the neck, a little brook in my room (more or less) meadow (!), father floated a little, into the open air, Arnulf Rainer's *Rückenkratzen* : oil on cardboard 73 X 102 cm = little garden aflame in red etc.,

back then, father, chatting on Kärtnerstrasse,  
when someone poked his shoulder blade, when  
father turned around, 3 weeks before his *going*,  
no one was there ..... furry leaves, I mean,  
*opaque white* of blind edelweiss,

spring-footed the sun : scurried, the sun, past :  
behind curtains past, likewise mola mola,

12.10.17

*Horde of texts or tableaux, to G.R., more or less, constructivist  
poet in Cologne on the Rhein, etc.,*

in that photo he was sitting PLAYING PIANO so far away from the instrument that upon one's tongue the word longing.

Longing for wings intoxication of a great bird, do you know what  
a rocker blotter (is), Ovid or Naso thicket of an eyelash,

I mean, tearing open one's breast like a falcon its young. Feeds. A lit. Matisse hung in the salon  
where the concert piano stood, have we betrayed the figurative?,

“I've no idea what's that supposed to mean” I saw the Rhein inside me,  
mantilla, namely, ruffles from Vienna.

17.10.17

I'd lost it in my apartment they were lost I couldn't find them again they were a piece of me but the sentences had got lost, I let my eye rest on the shapes of my room once again find the strangest objects, those I'd been looking for too, the gentian ach how it fevers against my words, one says evening red but morning redness etc., as if at every 3. line I wanted to swing around the corner, it spooned so silvery blue in the early morning, that is, in the window. A little of this puffed-up tufted-up sitting together with friends so brushed-up, like a hairdo ..... these tiny hairs on the tile floor (bathroom) the mixed portraits already fragrant, I gave him a lectern for Easter!, where he was supposed to write like a Goethe, *ach beaked snow etc.*,

the ground's already cooling down, white cloud-wigs oh cloud-beloved how your disappearance lasts, the forest of this

beloved deep shrouded sealed passed away, my hand my mouth are looking for you ..... the memory delightful, the moss with naked feet, the moss, *enraptured* this book I.

Where can I find roe deer are you roe? some poem or other lying on the floor : these words always slipping away from me, so, little tongue, I'm worried about you, as if the vanished word : the vanished words turned up again : but it was only *a wisp or wound*,

one time the friend = Leo Navratil was among the mourners while another time he was himself buried. One had a steep set of stairs, up. to climb,

all she brought from Japan was one tiny red cushion, stuck to a clothes peg painted with blossoms, *die verregneten kirschen* (Helmut Federle 2009)

this infanta of a landscape. How we played footsie, back then!,

4.11.17

*corner étude*, ach spotted 2 yng. trees, one bent with a pair of lips or *Soffa* in its midst (yew in the window!), on to the feast-for-the-eyes = in hospital the eye doctor was named Dr Freude – I said goodbye with the words “Freude schöner Götterfunken” which she took SOMEWHAT poorly etc., in response to the question how she could carry such a heavy heart the princess,

a gingko leaf sinks to the ground and Goethe, I mean, Goethe beside it, one of the nurses had a metre-long, braid. Ach did she remain overhead?

*this Küfferle, with gloomy eye, etc.,*

5.11.17

these grains of rice across the parquet, Chenal or chapeau or cheval, I mean, she was standing under the blue strapped. At the door to her shop, and was looking into the blue strapped. Perhaps a shovel of air, etc., she had dreamt of all the heavenly, I mean, idylls she was my grandmother I take after her,

there was indeed something there, a tear = in a letter a lit. horse in a letter a little horse in a letter, etc., but the little horse tore open your cheek so that your flesh (dearest!), I saw how

your flesh : little shreds of flesh ..... I'm drawing you a tear beneath your eye my tongue an autumn crocus upon your lid yes I am perhaps a muffin and consent to be being eaten (by your eye),

your eye a grey cloud grey pearl grey diamond : it can speak in soft languages, namely, a tear sinks *into a bundle of grass*, etc.,

you've knotted a kelim you've knotted a tiger that had, the face of a human,

there all aflame : Arnulf Rainer's *Rückenkratzen*

red claws.

### CROISETTE,

once said, Durs Grünbein, he wanted a reading with me on the moon, etc., *whereas I*, a little dishevelled,

*in every line whereas, a flower*, the nights uncomfortable.

7.11.17

the climbing, back then, you know, up the slope, the stunted little tree which no more fruit. Dear Siegfried the group photo with Gabriele Rothemann makes me really happy, her *Waterfall* rips open memories of childhood holidays! you look really elegant with your wavy hair! (so much going on in Meran), when Fabi in Vienna? as a yng. girl did I wear big black bows in my hair? so that I (more or less) looked like a moth ..... my sneakers how I love you, to feel my experiences or (to) *conjure*, the completely extinguished brimstone butterfly, my survival lottery, WINTER'S IMP already closer, *Evening by the River* that upon a little bench while the full moon, behind the mountains, I mean, sank I am writing by moonlight *enraptured* (in the moonlight) = noblesse of paper, etc., I can't get the roller blinds in my bedroom down so that the morning sun, my face, scratches,

are you a wind conductor this morning?

11.11.17

Ingrid Wald : screen pastel-sky before I go to sleep at night I dream of water and spray and rockets of rain, of the blurring of a poem, etc., ach, I say, a few grasshoppers between the pages of your letter. She was, when painting, within a SEPARATION = in heaven, in the evening I sit in black-yellow wallpaper (Tapete), erasing : I nodded off *as in the doorway you* and you saw that I'd nodded off, from the distance I saw a cactus in your picture, from a distance felt the sting of a cactus in your picture, *Roter Berg* : 1962-78 oil on canvas 100 X 75 cm, composition with white fleck, *I mean, the snowy air*, the blue the summer scurried past, flowerbed in red (dumbfounded futurum),

this dove pattering (namely) : nude descending a staircase, I mean, Duchamp, back then. In the vanished years did we ever pick autumn crocus on the Cobenzl when summer : when summer began to tilt, dimly, autumn's edge, etc.,

bunches blooms purple blooms, bunches tears, delicate bunches of roe deer, *icons*,

22.11.17