



**Oswald Egger**

**Heard Herds**

Poem

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Sample translation by Brian Alkire

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*On the preliminary phases of shapes melding serially  
in drift before the resting eye.*

Every night, when I tread to sleepfall (and my heart  
wakes), a picture taps on my cower, where, at woodward,  
an expanse appeared, and I come up at cases, states where  
I, in other words, can be. What shall I do? I am caught in  
the mere idea, this-the thorough-Things the seven-Sieve  
sifting, to startle words out, maybe, in one of these

airtremes, circumstakes and easend 'circusstances,' drowse-  
baring wallser but hearty hugged

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THE TALK TURNS ("athread a memory") to their ends, it's  
time to shape the scoring up the year, to fence our  
thoughts, thickspun, a whippet of incipient wickthickets  
holding thresh on the sellar hoax, torque-corsion tallow  
paraffine for the fuse-to light (the secret rangers of the  
range) – to herdhard hearthy work and *lock-the-stock*. In the  
light of a candle surpassing time, stanzas of discrete  
consistency, thigh at thirty climal past, but rather day-fold  
(thousandforth) – what the talk's about.

or the sweighing touch of a cheek in the hollow of my hand. I am I, and sleep, maybe just half. Walltense, I sense my skin, soft and seamly barked between the beechwide branches, “not to even truncheon,” on the word, the talk’s interior, “on the year,” to a warm rock in woodshade of maybe mere incision; carpet tree of bookshrubs and oaken-holy hedgeways, waalwater and redberries smudge of hawthorne,

windbushes and pitch-cricket like goldgrass mellow and nodlit, down woodways of wistworms on the saline panglades of paths to bore a pathaway. Even early-apples which fell the flying summer long along, with skystings of swaggers of weaves, the wither-fresh haywheel the pale inward of dreamfaces that called me into life, words that know, and seabright buds of sunmilk in glowing speckle on the once of ungrappled axles, ~caving

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Words, like paws (which are quiet), a panther jawlbrush (and I stepped outside). Out through all the fanning-splays and, like vapourborn, mist-crumpled hillocks rose adroft, steam, falter, and, smoke from the wet, fog with hours day-envelopment. Morningwake, they disperse acurse again in dawdle-contra at evening. The young Etsch carries loamgray waters, the big, the shoreplants’ platifrom leaves are husks-like hours-round filled with dropbright lenses.

I hug you, satellitine, can breathe the sketch of your breasts, which are like swallows like sparrows are woodneckers, and snuffle along the sandspits, devoured by seas, to biting ear Flora, grazing (“Pasithea”), and time passes – *expansively*, after presences flowed-the tidal coated and – *loafingly* – from shoreroar *litorally* beached in a commerce of pigments world-concealed, the a-thread of memory seized aft-articulate in slumberine and thoughts, devote).

Names, which dally, roared respectably of every woods ~worlds, sore spots and, the bottles’ barks, with the trusses of wicker and beardgreen mazels, the speckstrungs, errances pigment-spruces, pine and stonepine Edgewood, eyes which are not memos of views yet consolidate *contour*, report seams, caress, fernful, I’m tasting for the word, still, for word. Sawn from luminosity, how zincblank the alum is-are, after fuses the satellitine, months from year.

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And the five-heaving senses everywhere, summer-strings, the gulchscape of story, I’d like to yaw fieldward now, rue flightwire the crocheted trellises, circum-shoulder, evening cool, the deckmesh of yarnshawl and, *remember to*, deciding the talk of conversation, the measure and the oars of memory-true, the mothergrain of parley, the moiré of swalewater hushlakes shears-the lac-swallows, on-go on – fathoms.

I for one was already boy, girl, plant, bird, and flood-  
undiving fish. I was sublime like a cedar talked and like a  
cypress tooth-towering on avenues, blazing of ivy and  
phlox. I was as a palm-haggled hand, and as a rose was  
oleander, the olive tree in the field, village green and lilies,  
that silver are dragonflies. I exuded the bitter oak's aroma,  
maple and elder, shrub-cinnamon and mint of asphalt,  
plane tree, myrices the-

the tamarinds of halfwooden, rhododendrons the resin-  
nardin and vinepipe asters the pokeweeds oak-apples and  
wasps to caprifize, Seckel-clover and blessed thistle  
grovebook, limes, poplars, needle-bloom jade and leaflace,  
mistletoe-i-fold, to "one day, maybe very soon even"  
visibly narrowly *to be* (in everything we call dead nature)  
this land-in-itself. Byword that I means words, "like  
flowers," tallow and know what they, secunding growths,  
mean on their own?

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I washed the hollow of their shore and, to free, glints that  
glowed, feld into white as waned worlds falls apart a  
proximity? The color of water, honeycombs, hemin'd in  
layers, coherence with grass and omnishrub, a pile of  
freshwood of fellen birch trunks, ahigh-where of eyes, reed  
and cob, fleet-top mosses of cushions, watersheets of flash-  
venom, swamp-eyes to be got around blades of facets  
nimble, and more overless considered ranging tendrils.

*By the birch* an eyeslice shoves a branch a picture into doeshriveled leaf left unbellowed, there it may un-cause itself away until the singe comes. The burly curlew warns by horseflying here and there in a fly, as long as people are; he outshines the half hour almost. And I saw colors, land-slaps in a reachline scatter over the walls, and now saw the darkyards of the elmbuds and wrecks, neck-stiff rootlind sparring of halfine picture.

Eyes of acorn are in me, and the hazel's earwillow, the sweetness of eldermoon are-is in my mouth. And even the hush of the prickly furze, night of white poplar, secret night of the yew. Under the leafroof of a blackthorn an alderbush sits and sings.

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