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Val di Non

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Sample translation by Jonathan Larson

pp. 11 – 16



*Singlier-stemmed
alders, which
withered while
standing, there.*

*Cattle
bells chime
and melt,
and they whine.*

*Heat-reek
itself pattering
tuft of
thread twisted.*

A river plunges into the void and is terraced over the graded slope covered in scree, the sea of stone. The foam of its whirls cooks and seethes beneath the gusts, the echo amplified the noise to roaring, in-singly-grasping thunder (also damps). And it darkled over reliefs of the peaks; clouds flowed boiling over still into the formation of rock (whey-knot with gravel), their domes (gleaming-granite-reefs between thistles of flysch and dolomite-shivering sinter) were to become more visibly gypsum: pebbled, spindrift and clearer, then at the sheet-flow, as if the light were itself breaking bare of snow in long, weighless ~schlieren now, rhomboidal angle grinders falling apart: hoarfrost, that covered both as if with enamel. — Eleven-and-eleventy rocklet, that glinted already without sun in threadlings, milk-flickering, leaden fog from the gulch, the canyon, its shimm'ring, and a noise like the one steamed over with all nails sip-shadow spooking mirror, thus the net made only from seams and patches perforated by heavy rain—as a swollen stream sounds welded over forged tin plates.

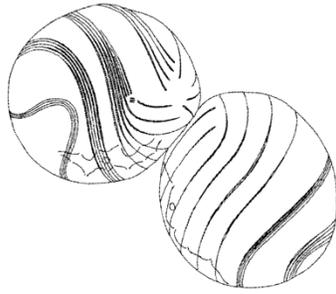
Paudel-box,
with maslin
thudding
knitch-struts.

A
black bearling
petered into
into the valley.

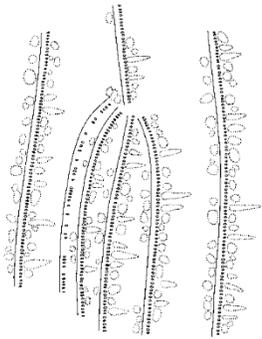
I sleep
in mint
and dream
corals.



Bees, which blur in the snow. —Like glassworm-larvae drip down in thick, bright swarms, bloody and mouth-red swamp-blackberry, in the form of flimm-rings and fingers. I also scrape off thorn from the wall side of the wire-splint-fence—I scattered it. How bristly the barbels fathom-long threads from the alder in the awl-leaf pearlwort, that coming from gusts and countervailing stumps, rotten through, tongue-dumb, dried-up, fungally embrittled, whether the glimb'ring tinder will glow, as stalk-shape, which loll their naked and bony arms in nothing but air, loose-limbed and thymosely spectral: and one stone, that enters the water, is what I want to be, no one? —And how in the cattle dung crouchedest wood-stalk-stumps, with firmly lodged funicle: I was one as one in winter white and in autumn black tree trunk. Whole handed, fur pelted skins unsoaked-through by moisture, endlessly often sad hills with meagerly petrified and gristled, then stiffened puckerbrush: only dimples suffused with ember, driest quaking grass (flashes away therein).



*How a stallion
that has devoured
a magpie-heart
terrifies me!*



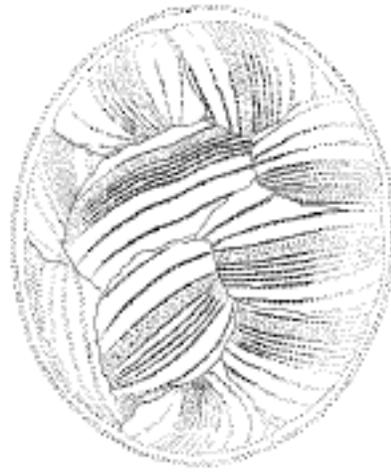
*The
cow horn
glints
through the parlor window.*

*Streak,
plank,
greyness
in the stone greet.*

In like pebbled marble: veining, and an enclift toward the hollow, tub-flat, stumps-over stripped off, a pall'id fract-skull of a grimace nearly that of a rictus, spit-ready, with ampler tumps and floor-basins of moor mounding valleys laid to lip: the snow game I played, the water game I did not, the most entangled birches: there was rime there in icy gulches, opalescing eyelets and pathless grounds, with stars that pebbled a sieve, perforated or the like, by which cold flows into the world, which fills itself with shadows, and freezes therefrom. Three of the animals' steps I jump, four steps of the cattle I hop, I crawl, and so that the night breaks open with the ungleaming of their englowment, and the coruscations of strip storms and spear grass. That and how something moves me away into the area. The empty space in between depressed me already objectless; the feeling, that as my head flies off, that I'm in danger of stepping on it: air was there, the air between the unobjects on the range, unlimited, interlocked, resembling—me.



I will
heat the room
with alderwood
billets.



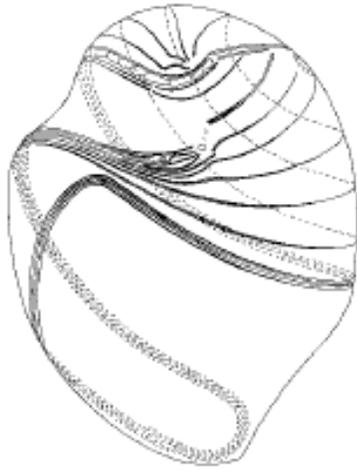
Around the stone pine
a snake has
wound itself
and rinds it.



I myself will
burn the larch
wood boards
I sawed up, myself.

And the ember? Grows more glowingly, embrose and knotty, often as lifeless lively mirrorlets ripened spots, that burn, as around glim-points flaming earlets and awns, that glided: ever yet windfall and gluphs, the awn-hair was long and flamed, hoar-eared, now. Long, slender, in whose puffery I will see into, whose pointed-tip seems a long way away, sometimes, as if in the shingle shining glintblobs snicker, then? —If a blue dabbed shade falls into the snow, a clump? Pressed ring-pointed, wholly sprouted open, the germing needles of the pinewood-plumage: cormorant furs, peel flecks and throat lines around a glim- and midpoint, irregularly egg shaped in form and orbit, in two such herds gliding and spitprattle

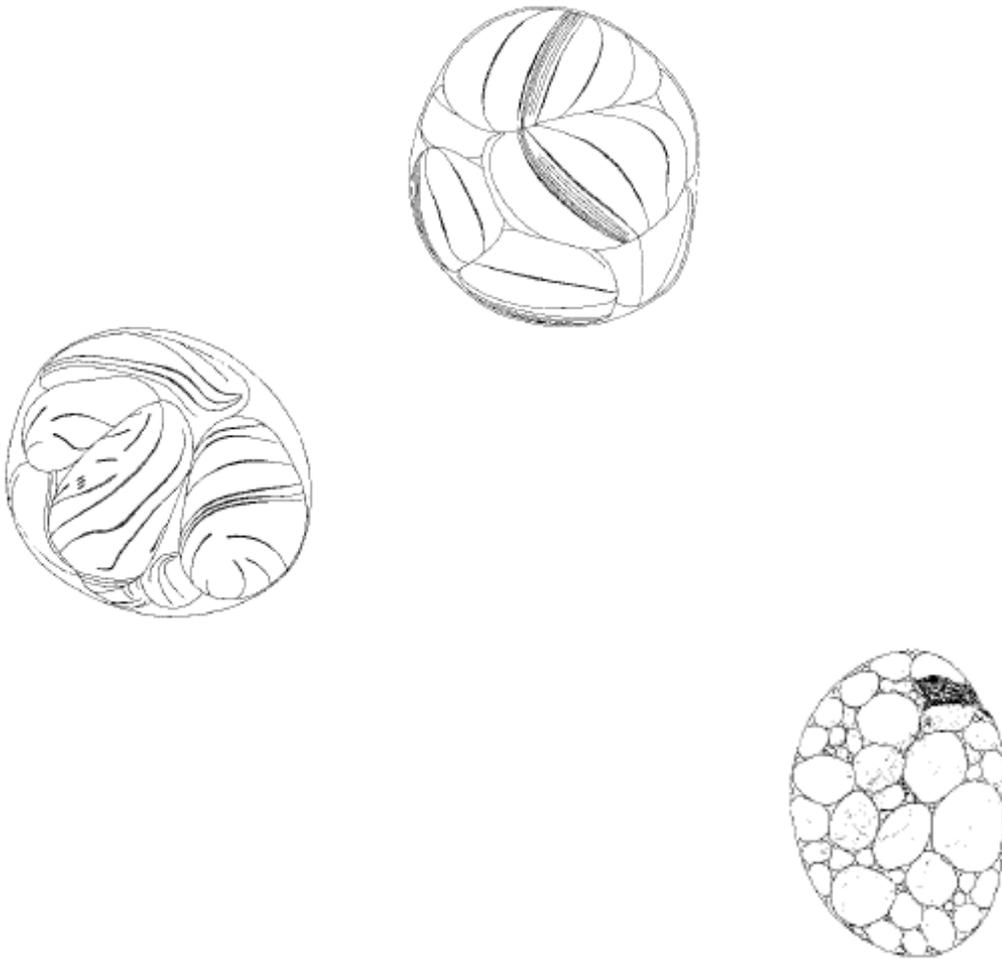
around each other. What a terribly vehement rummaging therefrom: the cold, dead ash of the quern pebbllet I touch, named the harder path with no name. A sounding scream comes from the call-field this way of the rim. Winter's day silence crumbles its serest branches, and all is moss.



*That bees, which
the frost often let
drop down,
are drones, right?*

*Like a coat
of buttons, that
is neither folded
nor worn.*

I have tried to skip over a number of blinking spots of light: now and again on the snow a flakelet of greyer lichen. With masy movement these-the bulge and bristles gloom yet more shagged and denser together between the dots: a couple flakes of wool, not in the least washed-out! Here also nothing but jumping helps, I grasped and thought a jumping motion achieved to the inward. I set myself up for the jumping motion, spread apart like the struts of a sled, athwart. By myself, I can't make the leg motion. I pour water over the runners and rim, so that on both of these, glaze and ice crusts form, and the pivot joints indeed achieved nothing else. Long slenderly craters rarely form independently, groundlessly, apart from the rest, into whose puffery I see into, whose pointed tips snicker far away (as if), shining glintblobs in the scree. The mountaintops became fogged, whenever as the breadshovel falls, from the kiln. I enter a path through the beds in the snow of barred gardens.



*These here twice
with and once
against the sun
blessed surrounding.*

The mountain shapes here are sheer; and swung wavy with singular larger knolls—even in the reliefs brash of rock wildly lying every which way boulders stand to the light in the main chimney more rarely, granite and cleft-through slate, but also limestones of old age are folded in here. But the cragged raw kilns with their hollow shaped mountains have something dead about them nonetheless. —But quickly after another at different fixed places of the field of vision sudden-shining undots sprung up, that as for a while seemed to stand still next to each other then went out toward each other. No arolla stands hunched crookedly on the slope, and merely as sheep small white dots strayed away slope and pasture, schistose, pebbled, and yet the crags sag steep and blazing into the gulch. Their shape is: without rule; the leafskin twaddled its overneeded plateau, now even the marble

hurries itself and descended into a plane of hail and hide, that shoot into one another for keeps, as footdabbles prinkling in the winter, if that's a sheaf itself injured, now braiding dyed, duller.