



Christian Lehnert

Cherubic Dust

Poems

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From a Dictionary of Natural Phenomena

October 2015, Breitenau, Eastern Ore Mountains

Rime, on black glass at evening, a child's breath redounds.
And so the swan is named: the silence without bounds.

October 24, 2015, Breitenau

The last outthrust of limbs, the hair, the root-word.
The juniper is called: my place that breath bestirred.

Late October, Oehlsengrund, Eastern Ore Mountains

In late autumn, fireslope, the sun can't warm at all.
That's how we name the oakleaves: The heavy lids must fall.

January 2016, Achterwasser, Usedom

Noiseless dissolve, into the water the snow goes free.
Sleep, then, is called: the uninvestigated sea.

January 2016, Usedom

Tides are sounding forth, in the ice they knock, you hear.
And so the frost is called: the thornback skate's deep fear.

February 13, 2016, Breitenau

A humming, deep in the wood, into syllables proceeds.
Embers, then, are named: the stuff on which names feed.

February 14, 2016, Breitenau

The lucid water freezes from the margin to the spring.
The midday frost is called: our patient threshold-loitering.

Easter 2016, Hennersbach, Eastern Ore Mountains

The starlings cluster in the withered leaves of the blackthorn.
So signifies the mountain path: From dust you'll be reborn.

May 15, 2016, at the Upper Course of the Seidewitz, Eastern Ore Mountains

At night the pebbles whisper back the shifting names of clouds.
So signifies the river-rock: The hours lie unplowed.

Late May 2016, Glebe Wood in Breitenau

In underbrush, through fern my senses, overgrown, are twinning.
The spruceling, then, will answer to: the marveling beginning.

Mid-May 2016, at the Edge of a Field in Breitenau

You track the swallows with your eyes, the shadows' swish receding.
The first verse, then, is called: the noise of one's own heeding.

Late May 2016, Marshlands at the Sattelberg, Eastern Ore Mountains

The full-leaved sundew sparkles for the flies, convincing.
All that sweetness signifies: An echo means to mince me.

June 18, 2016, Before the Decorative Patterns Made with a Roller, Breitenau

The tendrils on the wall, self-seeking and -resembling, loom.
By day we call the future: the unconcluded room.

June 18, 2016, in the East Wind Across the Heights

A gale goes round the house, noise from every side.
By night we call the future: the mountain liquefied.

June 19, 2016, Schlottwitz Fault in the Müglitz Valley

A nodding off, a fissure rends the weathered rock.
So signifies the amethyst: The sediment, too, feels shock.

Late June 2016, Dunes in the Darss

Rippled ground, a gale slurs the shallow land.
Then my firm step is called: the wispy cirrus-sand.

July 3, 2016, at the Skylight, Breitenau

The morning's luck, a kite, sweeps upward with the wind aligned.
So signifies the early day: We are intertwined.

July 5, 2016, Mountain Meadow by Gottgetreu, Eastern Ore Mountains

A flicker, but nothing burns, in bog and meadow-damp.
The black stork is called: the inward-shining lamp.

July 8, 2016, Mouth of the Peene

Upon a mirror the water strider flicks about.
The daylit sea is called: the mind turned inside out.

July 10, 2016, Dahmen Canal

In the peat the source knows no desire with clear perception.
The black of the eye is called: the radiant reception.

Early September 2016, in Lanternlight, Breitenau

In a whoosh it's gone—a cry? A buzz or whimpering?
That's what we call the bat: delayed remembering.

September 2016, Mist on the Upper Meadows of the Sattelberg

Nothing now lends order to the sight, the mirrored glimmer.
And so we name the mid-moor crag: a feathery shimmer.

October 2016, Gottleuba Valley, Eastern Ore Mountains

Lost like the leaves are the names that we bore.
We call the beechy red: shadows the summer wore.

Late October 2016, at the Sattelberg

The moss grows unperturbed, as if it knew to where.
The dead wood answers to: the lost one's answered prayer.

November 2016, Larch Clearing, Breitenau

Chaos and later growth, the forest's edge self-fêting.
The lichen's grey is called: the velvety forgetting.

First Sunday of Advent, 2016, Highway Before Breitenau

A clutch of feathers floats, of the way it's lost all notion.
The misty path is called: tides without an ocean.

November 29, 2016, Breitenau

A wind without cease stirs the spider's woven lair.
The first snow means this: Whatever was, must waft in air.

Second Sunday of Advent, 2016, Breitenau

The words stay silent, fixed in their conception.
Weariness is called: the tight-lipped inception.

December 11, 2016, Leipzig

The crows sway in the snow as their mad shrieks abound.
The last leaf is called: the sentence in the tangled sound.

[...]

Bohemian Wind Over the Highway, Breitenau

Hydraulic, slide thrust, shrill – the frost-withered night quakes,
time bursts a seam, and stars blow out in flakes.

Epiphany

The swan and the sea at the very spot converge
where light is comprehended, swell without surge.

From Afar

The mountain newt lives on, remembered in a pool,
the ruddy crest that shimmers only for the aimless fool.

Death's Head Hawk Moth, Acherontia atropos

At once, the way is strange. Is it something a moth dreams?
That perches on a fence at night, hemming all life's seams?

There

The rails are straight, without a word they shine and smolder.
The place where you are going is a name's placeholder.