

# from *études* by Friederike Mayröcker

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY JD LARSON

most loved this tiny  
mousetail from behind  
the cupboard coming out  
without stirring ... »to a  
mouse« by Robert  
Burns ..... I can  
imagine what you meant  
but it was 1 twine cord  
string ..... (veiled early  
spring ach the tulips this  
enormous garde)

Evening-Impression to Laura the beams of the moon have  
vanished withered violets 1 white raven wants to bring me  
to eat and cried a lot I slept long the yellow constellations  
have lifted themselves out of the clouds no one has spoken  
to me I slept long there is 1 strange world but straying in a  
strange world like sweeps the loose leaves my beloved I  
have not seen for a long time for a long time I have not  
given him my hand for a long time we have not kissed what  
has happened 1 broken light the withered violas the lost  
language the loose leaves in a loose world the mild  
LESSNESS the pearlstrings of tears I want to see Giorgione  
the ringlet is broken Innsbruck on the mountains of  
Innsbruck there the moon went under and we went over  
the mountains there the stars came up and shone into the  
window ach the raspberry leaves in the garden floor »then  
without sound or word I'm aside« .....

6.11.11

the meantime garden-plateau namely from face to face,  
that time namely BEFORE THE FOREST he me the clothing  
from my body before the forest we stopped before the  
forest and he tore the clothing from my body etc. and  
shouting for all it's worth ..... the dark gorge of the forest  
opening itself, I shed the tears, the dress the clothes the  
covering rose tearing, this deceit with which I come to my  
fellow human beings day by day (withered white  
Lisyanthus and nocturnes), we look in over at »*miles*  
*smiles*« etc., and Mother signed me with the cross before I  
set out on a journey and I feeling myself protected and I  
returning and she expected that I reported what happened  
on the trip but I not having anything to report because the  
contexts - and evenings she sprinkled salt on my head to  
banish the evil eye, Jacques Derrida, this eternal bleeding  
wound this woundmark in the heart that the grown son no  
longer the tiny boy whom I once hugged and kissed :  
longingly -

(that I was fanned was flooded ach how beautiful, were the  
mountains)

28.11.11

the repetition, and sub-ject of a blue landscape, in 1 dream,  
Jacque Derrida's long passages in latinate language .....  
planted 5 kisses on my blue winter coat, when I hear his  
voice in the morning, the Anemones bloom (le kitsch), our  
winter quarters!, he declared, as we stepped inside the  
Sperl, as we left the Sperl, while Valérie B. whirring toward  
us, the silver eyes of the winterbirds on the planetree in  
front of her window had grafted themselves into its face,  
etc., then suddenly she had this empathy in her features  
which led me to pause, etc., bare winterbranchlets, I  
already sense your early spring, arms around the neck of  
the humanworld .....  
the sun smokes, she's 1 winterfire, the sun smokes she  
swims in the cloudsea

24.11.11

ach I bar my face with my hands while deeply grotto,  
thought one thought the whole day namely basket of kisses.  
Snow and cherry blossom as if I were in a Japanese early  
spring, tufted affects, we already have many shared  
memories, I say, heavy with sleep my goddess memory, I  
say, Elke Erb calls in the early morning and reads me her  
youngest poem, while in the street friends call to one  
another in the darkness, I pay attention to the path so I  
don't trip, etc., fleeting dreams in the café 1 cigarsmoking  
man, plaintive weather while the friend on the bike through  
the city - unforgetableness of Ann Cotton's ex-blossom, the  
décolleté of the daisies ..... »in a certain manner they  
were quite cynical«, I mean that we alone, leaning against  
the window, my voice kinked etc. because the friend's  
closeness fresh-bleeding the wafting branchlets namely  
loose leaves in a loose world or 1 flowerbudwalk :  
clownishly heavy from sleep in my goddess memory the fir  
tree on the bed sheet

(or is there still something in the bush, he asked, 1 quilt =  
1 glorie) was so dreamy in my morning dream that upon  
awaking I could not recognize the reality, still saw the last  
dream image before me namely Father with blindfold and  
MOUTHLET : high pretty well dressed (ach silkscraplet of  
dreams) ..... all that was 1 Bricolage

26.11.11

Reseda verses also the ruches in the hinterland hold my  
hand to my face but the thousand years of tears slowly my  
steps in the paradises of dreams branchlets and wind  
rustling the dream blossoms ex-blossoms Ann Cotton but  
the wild feelings find no words ..... while the finches in  
rosé most loved you know in bushes with torn blossoms in  
D., etc., the mallow flower wanders on knees ..... one  
morning fell out of bed from all the dreams when the cars  
still had 1 footboard that I could sit on. 1 photograph of  
my mother in which she with crossed legs wearing her  
checkered dress on the footboard of the Talbot (footnote)  
setting my brunette hairdo (I write Proëms), I mean  
NOSTALGIA with rolled-up sleeves December 2011,  
unfolding its swings, ach veiled moon in postsurrealism,  
after deeply sleep what mute world : no letter from friends,  
wonder of the holy thorn etc. while the song of the bird  
in 1 distant spring which may no longer exist, am HALIFAX  
am cadaver of my language buried in 1 grassbush

while  
the finches in the bushes most LOVED  
(Scratchfoot : 1 kink 1 little - storm gasping in your parlor)

for Daniel Spoerri  
8.12.11

on all corners and cul-de-sacs I am sick on all corners and  
cul-de-sacs I am miserable the darting movies in my head :  
Boston e.g. '72 when we walked down the avenue to  
breakfast swarms of jackdaws winter '72 winter my lovely,  
suddenly, on barstools that time '72 in Boston, suddenly,  
to breakfast, on the avenue suddenly swarms of jackdaws -  
- then back to the hotel in the coatpockets the coins so  
that I said after him what he had proclaimed »the most  
European of all cities« (the glittering movies in my head =  
reminding me of this and that) »*winter my lovely*«, walked  
down the avenue to breakfast in the SALOON, that time in  
Boston, then retelling at home »most European of all cities«  
isn't it so ..... music-notebooklet with rose colored sleeve  
complained with Cretan stone, which she licked. These  
tears in the morning so much memory you know you  
approaching winter swarms of jackdaws, of hearts, kissed  
the top of my head took me into his lap (Job I believe)  
while outside the swarming jackdaws, the branchlets in  
which once again the red juices Pascal's »thoughts« wonder  
of the holy thorns etc., I covered my face with my hands  
that I almost gave up the ghost : at the Wienzeile the  
garbage the tears : my entire writing 1 BRICOLAGE, the  
sinkingevening the ski breast ..... while in the snow the  
sunken flowers the finches in the bushes most loved while  
I am playful : play with deathlet

4.12.11

these empire cats : gentian grasses (moon is no one) : now  
every evening I go ach late evenings go by the light and see  
it out of the corner of my eye go past the light in the  
souterrain while the nocturnes on the grammo .....  
CAHIER. Or in the garden of the lovesleep : from a sputum  
I came to be those were my hands my feet the flowers of  
my eyes the mirror of my brain grassbushes my ears I  
remember Grandmother in Rubenspark lifted myself up  
onto 1 bench and gushed my hand to her cheek (like 1  
waltz) while Grandfather took me into his lap and played  
on his button accordion that's how I grew up. Don't  
enquire after haziness siblings of a flame fragmented life-  
abstracts had little consciousness the tender flowers in the  
garden (sol) consumed me, renounced the worldlife  
recalled (finally) my youth etc., my lovefoot. While the  
Anemones in Mother's arms, it depends on the  
prepositions while I with the hen with dove with sparrow  
on my head ..... ach steaming swallow while the  
nocturnes in the flaming privet-hedge lipstick on your  
cheek dear prof. Beck : 1 unexact appearance you were, 1  
kind of breast-image = filmstill varied me hadn't  
recognized you without white coat with tall hat, your voice  
from far away, you on the other hand instantly recognized  
me how I CRAWLING over the steep stairways ..... with  
alderleaflets in her arms the mother, maybe 1 curlicue I am  
rotted I am and ridiculous ach ENBUSHED 1 tumble in your  
eyes

I cry :: that's as flashing as firlets glittering in the  
starrysky, okay

12.12.11

very violet colors on my bed see violabouquets  
on my bed maybe thrush or dossier in the for-  
getfulness of the snow ..... your smart eye and viola-  
bouquet in December your smart eye and blond hair I  
crying  
at the sea that time at the green sea of speech and topos =  
virtue  
(for Michi M.)

19./20.12.11

»inwander« and to wander and wandering with naked  
knees and grass and springmeadow and spring and  
grasshoppers and March but today firlet, packed up,  
carried home draped with southwind and luck and locket  
and suddenly have blond hair ach my birdlet let me  
embrace you so the SEASONS move past and on (in the  
woolstore where there is also honey you my beekeeping  
and saw her left cheek crinkled while the eveningstar  
etc. .... 1 prepared star 1 prepared soul, 1 Faust  
liverflorete then that time up the hill the 1<sup>st</sup> viola dug into  
my brain into the ground soil and white viola while the  
swaddling the swathing of death I mean the one with the  
blond braidlet in the acre of the dead with irony teeth  
while at the bus stop with wavy white hair but he didn't see  
me even though I called his name, I mean in the splendid  
clover : is it I eagle so bleeds the deer, love rhubarb  
swaddling ..... Cahiers, or in the garden of love's sleep  
after Adolf Wölfli while the GALA ANGEL  
without hope this tiny (I mean haughtiness) this tiny all too  
short life so it dripped out of your blue eyes out of your  
amethysts, passionate lexicon namely fern over the stair-  
steps wordtrain that time as he kissed me in oblivion snow,  
twelfth night and wilting white Rose. I mean the duplicity  
of smells .....  
(now she goes and hides the family's happiness, etc.)

20.12.11

»when early into the garden I  
go in my green hat,  
my 1<sup>st</sup> thought is, what is my  
lover  
doing now ..... « Robert  
Schumann

Lametta your hair ach your silver hair went t'sleep in your  
heart, lark on a tree across holy lark which swings itself  
level for level in the air in the snowmorning did you see did  
see me engulfed me BE=DAZZLED engulfed firlet or was  
BE=WITCHED little SIGNAL or »sentiment« in your eyes :  
little unconsoling like Lametta your hair scurrying in twigs  
little wool scurrying in cloud that time at the Opernring  
etc., nights, such tearpub in the clouds then in the window  
the moon, then thinking »float up to him in last hour« :  
darkened death flaneur of tears : house for hull and skullet  
beaklet lipstick after Walter Pichler ..... I began, sputum,  
the heartiest tears, namely quinceheart most loved rhubarb  
forest thicket, in the Christmas storming, then tears  
clouded the glance (melancholic, CAHIER, or in the garden  
of the lovesleep, Adolf Wölfli, in the blackthorn) : slinging,  
psychotic soughing at Wienzeile where we in green bushes  
I mean in the lungwort = UNPAIN, all the acquisitions  
through reading, namely »Flädrmaus« or »it birds itself on  
the underbelly« (Adolf Wölfli) ..... I saw the lilyfields, in  
the summer, there they stood : 1 inexact portrait in the  
violafoliage while on the bedsheet 1 Cy Twombly tableau.  
And bidding goodbye over the phone said, »Wei-wei«  
instead of »bye-bye«

(this insufficiency)

for Alexandra Strohmaier und  
Christof Degen  
22.12.11

a little damp and today, 28.12.2011 feeling inhibitions to  
do a final rinse, I say, exposed nightbib's shoulder,  
constant horror-sensations about my age, I say, Daytrip,  
that time into the *Wienerwald*, hills upwardly climbed steep  
feelings for KK at the time, of light food (had she =  
reëncountered Silvie Fasching after a longer period of time,  
whispered own lifeyears to her, she hers to me, her  
reddish shimmering hair etc., through the big  
coffeehousewindow at which we sat : WINTERLY, for  
instance violafragrance or the like, you are object-related,  
she says, pleasure-alienated, she said.) Exercise in  
notebooks, Cahiers, heartchamber : hiding me in  
heartchamber, feeling myself secure there (around the Ice  
Age), want to experience sweet April 1x more, I say,  
breathing blossomswarm budding chestnut = dejection,  
fleeing flora flitting fauna : violet birdlet in gardens .....  
it's not this hereafter that interests me that e.g. Christa  
Wolf in the moment of her death before her fiery eyes I  
mean namely that Schlingensiefel namely said, the hereafter  
can't be that wonderful that I, etc. You carry on with me I  
say, considerably, HEAVENLY, I say, that I make 1  
instrument out of my I, and the like, so I whisk alongside  
my feelings as if snowflakes isn't it so and along these  
movies in my head : DISASTERS - (while the song of the  
bird after a distant spring which may not exist any more,  
while the finches most loved, you know in bushes with torn  
leaf veins and malva kisses in rosé etc.) meantime he had  
translated »unlit« wrongly ..... am sick or at the least  
rundown so that I (wretched) on the Franziskaner place in  
the shade of the Franziskaner church ..... tattered sleep  
the heater broke down, GRAMMO plays »Evening-  
Impression to Laura« she really studied something, in  
the Wiental, was so flabbergasted I say, while you, all  
aflutter over the Stubenring

28.12.11

ach my quinceheart,  
did you see small swallows on the last day of the year did  
you hear the song of the bird on the last day of the year  
namely the GRAMMO played the song of the bird for  
instance small swallow as we in the cornflowerblue  
sky ..... NOTEBOOK = CAHIER the tears streams in the  
fiery garden namely the song of the bird in 1 distant spring  
which may not exist any more etc., deeply in the  
eveningred LAPIN = RABBIT these in the wind trembling  
verses that my foot's withering in 1 grassbush wet  
birdfields namely on the last day of the year, time and time  
again

31.12.11

Friederike Mayröcker's work has been to live and to write, continually and daringly  
exploding the limitations of language. Her collection *études*, published in 2013 by  
Suhrkamp, is a poem arranged by date, spanning 14.3.11 (or 3/14/11) to 16.12.12 (or  
12/16/12). It begins as an invocation of bricolage: agglomerate epigraphs, motifs,  
typographical motifs (»guillemets« ; ++++++++ ; underlines ; ALL CAPS ; ..... ;  
drawings ; etc.), quotations, gossip, seasonal changes, weeping, dreams, memories,  
song lyrics, moods, lilacs and mimosa trees, anecdotes branch and twine so that the  
poem = the poet's life. Images, motifs, and rhythms interweave the ongoing poem,  
and in this selection, 'tears' cascade from poem to the next, among others. The mate-  
rial of life produces the subject of the poem; Mayröcker's singular project has been  
the making of literature. From *fembio.org*: "So she lives as she writes: with growing  
courage, to distance oneself from the normative syntax, to play with it and to make  
new creative classifications and arrangements."

JD LARSON is a poet and translator living in Brooklyn. His published and ongoing translations are  
principally of the Austrian writer Friederike Mayrocker, author of *études*. Selections have appeared in  
*Asymptote Journal*, *iO: A Journal of New American Poetry*, and *Kadar Koli*. He teaches in the German  
Department at NYU.

FRIEDERIKE MAYRÖCKER was born in Vienna in 1924. She began publishing in 1945, with her  
first significant work *Tod durch Muse*n (Death by Muses) appearing in 1966. She has written over  
eighty books and has been awarded numerous titles, including the Georg Büchner Prize in 2001. Her  
daring and inventive work is widely regarded as regenerating German language poetry over the last  
seven decades.