

Friederike Mayröcker

études

*freshly fallen snow
the bloom of winter
singer "N" is silent oh.
Frozen*

12.22.10

“Whiled away almost 1 entire day
with GUY in the garden and find
flower and blindworm ceremoniously
in thicket and stand of thistles ... “

and everyone keeps asking, what are you reading etc., while sweet heads
= sweet beaks on the floor mat. All sorts of tablets
at night, etc., outside the wilted deep blue hyacinths in a glass
..... back then ‘54 in Salzburg as I was leaving for London, 1 hard
spring, we found a hotel room where we could take leave of each
other : my memories pale, etc., I don’t remember
what happened there I didn’t want to, you know, I didn’t
go anywhere, I didn’t want to leave you at all, but what I cried
about was not that, when will I be like 1 swallow. Rolled into a
bundle the dirty clothes on the piano, oh stumbling around while
leafy fields : my eyes lost in, nothing but bricolage

1.11.11

Kiki's Lips by Man Ray

drives, rouged, seductive red in 1 glass, seductive red in 1 glass in the meadow on the dresser, baring 1 self first the hair then the belt and then the braided black bag I had slung across my shoulder

March 2011

throats of PRIMAVERA shafts of snowdrops, should
we loosen the string around the neck of our snowdrop
bouquet

I mean the nodding bouquet bundled flowers in a glass in this
glimmering dawn as if dead blossoms = GLAS (Fr.) as if already
strangled, these glimmering shimmering heralds of an early spring, etc., where
grass shoots graze in a flood of tears, aurora a rose-colored veil over
flanks/promontories of

March 2011

oh the swaying meadow saffron in the valley, as in their gray coats
out of the village, strolling, past the fields past the wild
apple trees, oh with my mother then and so little said, past
the garden where with blue apron and garden shears. Mignonette,
and in charge, I say, woman waving etc., oh those sweet
talks with my mother, strenuous walks the weather mild eyes
of
meadow saffron, swaying of meadow saffron in the wind
practice
“études” a few flowers from Kúrtag, on the way back, practices
of the season I mean “études”, a mountain called piano, etc.

for Marcell Feldberg
March 2011

early spring's columbine = gloves of our dear lady
2 white stones and brush in a flower pot 1 bushel of moss
white forget-me-not eye you my dear corpuscle I say
this sml. silver tree of foil on the floor with wild unruly
hair or head with a small blade trim stem base of the
neck, a yellow cord encircling the root stock, glistening like
sun – have bedded down on your pansy on
your sweet coat : is so SWEET, I say, your branches
trailing down to me steaming hands : gloves in the hallway the way
Mimmo Paladino drew them (fleeting slopes) this
rose calamity like hunting horn buried in a pillow dug into a
bed pillow rose calamity hair ribbon silken hair I say sweet
child fair lamb Michi M.

3.14.11

blushing blossom : my sisterly language in the morning I
wake green lances of sky grassy shoots of spring : sweet spirits
“green ripped with red” = Bernadette H., with sickle of the moon
in my hand through gardens fantasy, so sweet, in your
soft searching words while tears of rain on the window,
this ensemble light in my eyes, this morning at 5 o’clock composed
in the meadows of the southerly wind or streams of gold rain, has enchanted
me (this spare notebook etc.)

3.16.11

Radius, of finest beautiful language, blushing blossom up to the
neck blossoms snowdrop blossoms in a cup in a glass I mean sweet
heads almost suffocating sweet heads I mean in a glass in a cup
TEEMING a sweet friend's hand reached over radius with red thread
cord ribbon (history) from a sweet friend's hand TEEMING in a
glass in a cup and I mean tears I mean tears of Johann Sebastian Bach's
Invention Nr. 6 in E Minor through the airs. 1 dark grand piano, bark
of a hornbeam along the side the street, he says, blushing blossom,
he says, TEEMING with snowdrops might be, head upon head might be, with
sweet whispering head might be, and the way they touch 1 another I mean
TEEMING : hair plaiting, with white hands body upon body,
he says, sweet thread upon sweet thread in a cup in a glass thus a sweet notebook
with rose-colored sleeve I mean : flood of tears might be, he says, TEEMING
might be, he says, tears teeth I mean piglet Judas-
thinker and closer notebooks of fiery rain, green lances
of heaven's shores, heaven's grassy shoots of spring etc.
Exhausted warming breezes, so sweet

3.17.11