

F i e l d e r ' s C h o i c e .

digte af Jonathan Matthew Schwartz
palepoets publishing, 2013. Alle rettigheder, etc.

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Lines for the translator

(Copenhagen 1.10.00)

You take some words
down from the screen
and put them into your body.
How I don't know. Or
where you keep them stored.
Head, heart, belly.
Between your legs,
or inside your hands.

Then they come out
upon the screen
and they seem so different
so new. So same.
Is a birth taking place?
The voice with two tongues
inside the screen's body
you give some words.

Sketch for a Monument to the Sweatshop
in Lower Mahattan 2012

It is to be welded.
A huge iron table
With seam that will rust.

Mannikins, these of copper plate,
Are to be pinned on the table,
And scraps of material,

Some rolled, some cut seem
To fall from the shoulders.
Outdoors, outdoors, outdoors.

Kafka had a dream

Kafka had a dream

Remembered it

As comfortable

Wrote it down

In his journal dated

September Eleventh

Nineteen Twelve

Franz was sitting

On a huge block of stone

Looking over the sea

There were a few other people

And he noticed one man

With a knee in an up-raised position

The sky was gray

But uniformly clear

Warships lay at anchor

In parallel rows

Just like in reality

Where was he?

Guess, friend, guess

Where else on Nine Eleven Twelve?

New York harbor of course

With its tall towers scraping the sky

He saw the heavy traffic

Where else but Manhattan?

The block of stone

Had turned into a raft of logs

He was floating on ocean swells

Into New York New York

And he found it

More fascinating

Than the boulevards of Paris

Why is it that we always

Dream of cities

Other than those we are

Asleep in?

Letter to the Resistance

At a certain bend
in the Pine River

we tie our canoes
to overhanging boughs

and slip into clear sweet waters.
Our flesh gathers with the current.

We test our footing.
One can't stand still

In this stream. Either
you let it pull you down

or you swim against it,
and even then, one can't

expect to go far upstream.
It is enough

that with every muscle moving
in perfect time,

you keep among your friends
and the canoes.

Railway Crossing X

Driving West
Stubble Corn

X

Fields Both
Sides Of Road

X

This Is Iowa
Containers

X

With God
Knows What

X

Inside Them
Or Are They

X

Empty?
Riding

X

Piggy Back
Towards

X

The West
No Caboose

Driving to work

On the car radio,
my father driving,
smoking a cigar
he always turned
the dial away
from the stations
with accordian music,
the polkas from Pland,
or voices from the South,
Gospel singers and blues,
anything that wasn't his,
which in Detroit wasn't much.
The dial never found
what he wanted, and
all the way to work
down Third Avenue,
he smoked his cigar
and flicked
from one station
to the next.

Letter Home

Workers are unloading
music from the holds of ships
at every harbor in the world
Cranes lift high the music
and lower
wheels turning
to the docks
all that music
coming from everywhere to us
oceans and skies between us
and joining us
all that music

The Island's Natives Greet their Ethnographer

He is pale again. The city has taken his color away.
The last time he was here
he said he wanted to come again.
He has come again. He knows very much about us.
He always looks and questions. Listens to our answers.
Remembers all we say. Writes everything down. The book is
about us. But it is not finished. He has come back to learn more
about us. We are happy to see him again.
We know he listens to what we say.
Tomorrow he swims in the afternoon.
Turns all red again.