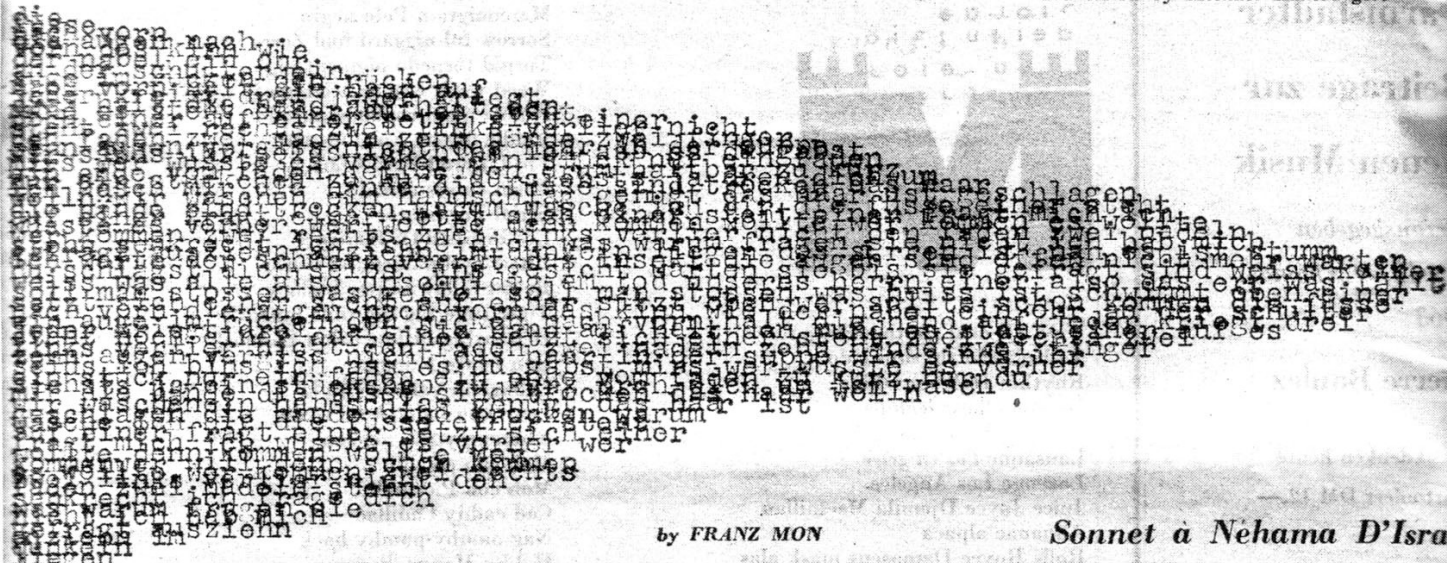


Text  
picture

sighing  
stabbing left, stabbing right,  
**ARMANDO**  
Translated from the Dutch by Morton Seif.

because I'm asking myself  
whether I was wrong,  
Ezra Pound,  
in the millipede's enclosure,  
in the shell of his trial, impugment.

**WOLFGANG WEYRAUCH**  
Translated by Michael Hamburger.



**A Life**

But when Grandpa, the miner, came back from the States  
Spouting tales wild and woolly, his teeth  
Slanting backwards, his pockets empty  
And said, Now darling, how about building that house  
Grandma picked up her scissors and struck him through the heart

**PENTTI SAARIKOSKI**  
Translated from the Finnish by Anselm Hollo.

**Transit Landing**

woe the earth is tiny in the brochures  
to the snackbar waddle development experts  
enveloped in travel cheques  
the quarantine flag has been hoisted

*will herr albert schweitzer*  
please go to transit information

booked out book-keepers paddle  
through glass-lined corridors  
to the last judgment  
last call for nagasaki

*will herr adolf eichmann*  
please go to transit information

on account of fog the world is closed  
on pedal trolleys brides arrive  
in shrouds that trail in the wind  
the plane is ready to take off

*will monsieur godot*  
please go to transit information

exit b position thirty-two  
the nylon voice cries woe upon us  
funeral processions flood the runways  
sirens blaze in the dark

**HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER**  
Translated by Michael Hamburger.

by **FRANZ MON**

**Sonnet à Nehama D'Israël**

Lakhziv alagachèr néhama néhama  
Chévachôlèim slihhèkolam tarèkô  
Sdamsfod noHamé nôHâmé dadurikô  
Tadò tadò kan kanatadô démona  
Kbotz, arapolim polima machôvama  
Chlam olèkh, tirfa chdad, sgèv yémin arokh  
An dvèr karètzin kharitzon haHomékô  
Havar havara Hahèèvara sama

Gèmil khoritzon tédépola polémim  
NaHamèma smakh sémèkhama ogamim  
Gof! gmèdrèv gmodèrèv nayabèt anaHam

Orzin arzonilim apornizoòlod  
Zamakh balosmichaim koroma èrdod  
Ogalina oòHam oòHamaHa

**MAURICE LEMÂITRE**

**Interview**

What do you consider your purpose in life?  
I am an absolutely useless person.  
What are your political convictions?  
What we have now is fine. The opposition  
against what we have now is fine. One should  
be able to imagine a third—but what?  
Your religious belief, if you have any?  
The same as my belief about music: that only  
the totally unmusical can be musical.  
What do you look for in people? My relationships  
are unfortunately of little or no depth.  
What do you look for in books? Philosophic profundity?  
Breadth or height? Epic? Lyric?  
I look for the perfect circle-form.  
What is the most beautiful thing you know of?  
Birds in cemeteries, butterflies on battlefields,  
something in between, I don't know.  
Your favourite hobby? I have no hobbies.  
Your favourite sin? Onanism.  
And to conclude (as briefly as possible):  
Why do you write?  
I have no job. Vade retro.  
You make puns, also.  
Yes!—I make puns, also.

**GUNNAR EKELÖF**  
Translated from the Swedish by Robert Bly.