

in tye van ineenstorting
Antjie Krog, 2020

geliefde van die helder hang en trieste tong
ek trek jou nader deur kwaadaardige
struikgewas

in die lighoofdigheid van dig
ruik jy na spruitwater en wilgerhout

ons voel hoe bosvirus en mensehaat
ons armhare skroei

jy is op dié oomblik so na
ek voel jou hemsak teen my wang
en hoe rampe in ons aarwande oorhel

*

as ek van jou omdraai
word jy die held teen ons daaglikse dood

op ouderdom draai jy die rug
teen rewolusie en klimaatsangs gooi jy wal
uitoorlê skuldgevoel
vee vermeende uitbuiters van die tafel
en verskans ons kanse op oorlewing

jou oë word daar gedugtig van
jou tande smelt saam in verbeterheid
jou hande louter van grendels skuif

jy sal ons inmekaar in inkneus
vir die reg op 'n einde wat *ons* maaksel is

(die stad dryf om my heen in virus en
glorie
voor ek die voordeursleutel draai
hoor ek êrens, soos 'n sak gebreekte glas,
jou hoes)

*

bevange word die diepte van my slukderm
wanneer soveel omwenteling
in virulente vonke teen ons opsnak

ek bemin jou met kennis

in times of disintegration
trans. Antjie Krog

beloved of the clear slope and blue words
I pull you closer through malignant scrubs

in the lightheadedness of poemmaking
you have the fragrance of brookewater and
willowwood

we feel how bushvirus and humanhate
scorch the hair on our arms

at this moment you are so near
I feel your shirtpocket against my cheek
and how calamities tilt over against our artery walls

*

as I turn away from you
you change into the champion of our daily bread

on old age you turn your back
against revolution and climate-fear you countervail
you outfox feelings of guilt
you brush prospective exploiters from the table
and bulwark our chances on survival

your eyes have become formidable of it
your teeth melted together in fierceness
your hands purified from bolting

you will bruise us into each other
for the right to an ending that has been made by us

(the city drifts around me in virus and splendour
before I turn the front door key
I hear you somewhere, like a sack of broken glass,
coughing)

*

overcome is the depth of my oesophagus
when so much turmoil
in virulent sparks gasp up at us

I love you with knowledge

met leeflange kartering meet ons ons
liggame
die oudword van ons liggame
die volhou van ons liggame
die onthou êrens van hoe 'daar' hoe 'waar'
ons eenmaal was

sterre staar nou die stiptes blind
waar ons onself wanhopig liefdevol bly
volhou

*

ek versin wat jy eenmaal was
so meer as sinsnedes, o
beminner van my wese

hoe het die aardswette ons
skielik so eensaam gelaat, so bar bokkig
kom, gly in my in vanuit jou abdomen

*

hoe is dit moontlik dat ons liggame
- soos wat dit so eenmalig saamgestel is
-
net 1x lewe en nou ook in hope tot niet
gaan?

hierdie lyf is ons enige, ons sag-Geërfde,
ons Oppigste Moment
ons eenmalige Snik van Suurstof en
Siddering

kermend skuifel ek teen my verslete self
aan –
my eenmalige Eenling, my lieflik-Gelatene

ag, word weer die koelbloedige woestaard
tussen al die vernietigers en ontelbare
internet-verseildes

*

ek myn die glans van jou oë
o my oopgesig Geliefde
my mond sneuwel in joue, my Enkeltere

with lifelong charting we measure our bodies
the ageing of our bodies
the sustaining of our bodies
the remembering somewhere of how “there” how
“aware”
we once were

stars stare now the prompt-nesses blind
where we desperately lovingly try to sustain
ourselves

*

I invent what you once have been
so more than clauses, oh
adorer of my countenance

how had the earth's laws left
us suddenly so lonely, so bare blundering
come, glide into me from your abdomen

*

how is it possible that our bodies
- as it was so irreplaceably compiled -
only lives once and are now decomposing in heaps?

this body is our Solely, our soft-Inherited, our
Uppest Moment
our inimitable Sob of Oxygen and Tremor

moaning I shuffle close against my threadbare self –
my irreplaceable Oneling, my lovely-Acquiescence

oh, become again the coldblooded brute
among all the slayers and countless internet-
entangleds

*

I mine the luminosity of your eyes
oh my openfaced Beloved
my mouth is killed in action by yours, my Sole-

om ons bibber bloedskandig die granate
laat jou werwels vibreer
smak jou hakke
die vulva is soos bier lag Baubo
sy lig haar rok op: kom ploeg my
maai die hoogmoedige garsvelde af
die bylmerk wat jy sien is bevry en van
vaam
kyk: al wat oorbly is ons weerstandige
gegier

*
die winde smeul die berge beweeg aan
die wolke bleik die reën is 'n vloed
maar die vagina waarop die lewe kan
vertrou
is die vagina van die Gevarin
die Gulle Houerin – sy is selfstandig
kreatief
- hierdie vagina van die jambes

dis waarom die opening 'n versreël moet
word
sê Baubo aan die dood met die roede van 'n
raaf
ons liggame grondves ons
ons staar uit ons tiete
ons skreeu uit ons poes
vervloek is tog die Beëlsebul wat so prys
aan sy eie Stengel

wildheid wildheid o here
my hart is soos 'n wolf
ons ondergang brokkel soos skulpe onder
my pote
ek slurp sy harsings
maal sy skarniere
verslind hom met 'n harige greppel
open sy oë in 'n kletteroord van urine
'n mond van stoelgang
tot ons nuut uitbreek uit ons beswete
kwarantyn
en herrys, roep Baubo tereg
herrys nié soos wilde maanhare
eselhingste boer- of skafbokke nie
maar dat ons ons te buite gaan op die

Tenderling
the pomegranates shiver around us incestuously
let your vertebra shimmer
smack your heels
the vulva is like beer laughs Baubo
she lifts her dress: come plough me
reap the arrogant barley fields
the axemark you see is freethinking and of fame
see: all that has been left is our resistant screaming
with laughter

*
the winds glower the mountains move on
the clouds bleach the rain is in flood
but the vagina on which life can trust
is the vagina of the Dangeress
the Genial Holderess – she is independently creative
- this vagina of the iambs

this is why this opening should become a line of verse
says Baubo to death with the rod of a raven
our bodies lay our foundation
we stare from out breasts
we scream from our cunts
cursed is the Beelzebub who so praises his own Stem

wildness wildness o god
my heart is like a wolf
our ruin crumbles like shells under my paws
I slurp his brains
grind his hinges
gobble him with a hairy ditch
open his eyes in a pattering resort of urine
a mouth of stool
until we break out new from our sweaty quarantine
and raise again, Baubo calls rightly
raise again and not like wild mane
ass stallions boer- or coggoats
but let us overstep ourselves on the glimmering
bodywheel
so that every bone of ours break into life
and we explode inward like stars without bethinking

glansende liggaamswiel
dat elke been van ons tot die lewe toe in.
breek.
en ons soos sterre sonder besinning
binnetoe plof

*

die geluid van 'n graaf oor klipperige grond
'n duif se klank teer gesitueer in blou
roerloos rand die herfs haar eikeblare
met 'n bos radyse in jou hand kyk jy deur
die venster
ons huis 'n liriek in die oggendson
die mond smeul teen die onpraatbare dood
die tong soek 'n deurtog in taal wat op
sterwe lê
met die drienoethunkering van die
waterfiskaal
- alles om jou vir altyd te siene te kry

so verskerp ons skerwende liggame ons
nog-longvolle lied

in dié leë vreemde dae
leer mens die liefde wat oor is, tel

*

te midde van tale ylend in isolasie en vuur
probeer my oë heg aan hierdie
herfsfilament
want die huis is vol gal jou uitgegraafde
woede hang rond soos 'n rou wond

soos vegvalke lig ons ons vlerke
nou en dan val ons bloed stil
ons koop brood ons asem vermy mekaar
ons word gaande gehou in verwyte
die verminking van jou dapper lyf is ek
die verenging van my treë is jy
bitterheid grint onder jou ooglede
wanhoop wentel langs my ruggraat af
nie die geborgenheid van berge
of die teer geduld van 'n roerdomp
sal ooit hieraan verander nie

soggens as jy uit die stort kom

*

the sound of a shovel over stony ground
a dove's hum tenderly situated in blue
motionless the autumn edges her oakleaves
with a bundle of radishes in your hand you look
through the window
our house a lyric in the morning sun
the mouth smoulders against the nonspeakable death
the tongue searches for a thoroughfare in language
lying on its deathbed
with the threenoteyarning of the bushshrike
- all to get to see you for ever

in this way our sharding bodies sharpen our still-
lungfull song

in these empty strange days
one learns to count the love that is left

*

in the midst of languages delirious in isolation and fire
my eyes try to attach to this autumn filament
as the house is filled with gall your duggedout
anger hangs around like a raw wound

like fighting falcons we lift our wings
now and then our blood falls still
we buy bread our breaths avoid each other
we are being kept going in reproach
the mutilation of your brave body is I
the narrowing of my steps is you
bitterness grits under your eyelids
despair spins down my spine
not the safety of mountains
nor the tender patience of a bittern
will ever change anything about this

in the mornings when you step out of the shower
light falls shivering around your ankles

val die lig rillend om jou enkels
as dit goed gaan groei ons in mekaar se
versinsels in
is ons by ons nasate vir wie ons lief is
is ons die hele dag gelate - lewend in
afgemete tyd

dis nie nou die tyd vir wraak nie
alles sterf besoedeld aan sigself

ag, is dit die graf van die stomme aarde wat
so huil?

*

al hoe giftiger dweil verskillende soorte
eindes
om die wande van ons vrese
my neksenings trek die strop stywer
my oë smelt in knoopsgate van vel

my voorkop dommel in vlekke
my elmboë het vratte
reuke ontsnap uit my lyfsak

vertel my tog, my Onontkombare
onbepaald, nouverward
wie was dié liggaam eens
met die lewe as geliefde?

gee my jou milde mond, o Lyfbeminde
hoe sierlik kon ek eens loop op my kaal
voete

hoe skrylings gespan jou dapper hals

om ons hompel die einde met haar
dodelike tang
ek veg ek veg ek is bang en ek veg ek veg
vir ons een gesamentlike liggaam

omring deur die bakteriese sproei van
sterweling
bly ons dit sien:

o dood met die lang toue

if everything is well we grow into each other's
figments
are we with our descendants whom we love
we are resigned the whole day – living in measured
time

now is not the time for revenge
everything is dying polluted from itself

oh, is it the grave of the poor earth that is crying so?

*

more and more poisonous different endings swab
along the sides of our fears
my throat sinews pull the strop tighter
my eyes melt in the buttonholes of skin

my forehead drowse in stains
my elbows suck warts
smell escape from my lifesack

please tell me then, my Unescapeable
unfamous, allconfused
who was this body once
with life as its beloved?

give me your mild mouth, oh Bodybeloved
how graceful I once could walk on bare feet
how stridently stretched you brave neck

around us the end hops with her deadly pliers
I fight I fight I am scared and I fight I fight
for our one joint body

surrounded by the bacterial spray of mortals
we keep on seeing it:

oh death with the long ropes