

Paul Celan Poems

Sand out of the Urns

The home of forgetting grows green as mold.
Before uneasy gates, your player, beheaded, goes blue.
He strikes his mossy, pubic hair drum.
His bad toe traces your brow in the sand.
You fill the urns and feed your heart.

Remembering France

Remember the Paris skies, the huge crocuses?
We bought souls from the flower girl,
very blue, opening in water.
It began to rain in our room.
Our gaunt neighbor, Monsieur Dream, visited us.
When we gambled with him, I lost the color of my eyes.
I lost the long hair you lent me, and he threw us down.
The rain followed him out the door.
Dead, we might breathe.

EMPTIED HERE. But in the wind's
hold, a hollow lung expands.
Handfuls of sleep
fall from the honest mouth,
far from
what the snow said.

Into the Foghorn

Mouth in concealed mirror,
knee before the pillar of pride,
hand holding cage bars:

Give us the dark,
name my name
lead me to him.

Out of the blueness that hasn't found its eye, I am the first to drink.
And from your footprints. Look!
Rolling between my fingers, you grow like a pearl,
like all those forgotten.
You roll: woe's black hailstone
falls in the handkerchief, quite white from waving goodbye.

Confidence

Another eye,
bizarre, closes, closes
silently a lid of stone.

Drill in.

The eyelash
inside the rock,
tearless
and sharp, turns inward.

Would it be yours.