

Faldbakken

I often wonder who will be the last person to see me alive.

The Last Words on Earth

Nicole Krauss

The nature of human relationships
Is a feature
Of our imagination and understanding,
It resembles a space for public viewing
Burnt,
Burned,
An alteration,
Etched in acid, a body in an anatomical studio,
When all that is unnecessary is removed,
From under its thin skin
Even
A sign
A cast,
The voice cut in the soul.
Last year
One of the passengers probably noticed,
On the wet from the rain,
Covered with ice,
Slippery, deserted highway,
28 kilometres from Berlin,
Heading precisely in the direction of Dresden.
How an old yellow GDR-car was driven
By a man in black glasses,
Black leather gloves and black hat.
The man
Was still not too old, he listened to the radio
Playing a sensitive song, *Warum*
By a once popular group, *Tic Tac Toe*.
There was such a mist it seemed
He was looking through the spattered
Raindrops on the lenses of binoculars
Even though by the roadside a hawthorn
Glistened with frost,
It was withered and diminished
Though it had once known warmth
Enough to mature
Germinate
Sprout
Every moment it felt
As if something should happen
Then the car
Stopped suddenly, on the empty roadside,
The engine no longer drumming
And throbbing
Furiously,

The shiny hood fell limply
As the droppings of pigeons on the streets of Rome,
Raindrops.
He came out of the salon too easily,
Too easy,
Almost boyish,
The rain diminished,
Screamed,
Became brittle
Inflammatory,
Very drowsy
Behind the same, lies somewhere out there,
There,
There,
Seemed endless ploughed fields
In thick smoke fumes
Dusty brick factory chimneys,
Black,
Early winter
Cold
Bored enough
Smoky and drunken Berlin,
Thinly and brightly visible
Red stripe on the horizon
It's all so terribly, typically for
Late the November of Germany,
A mournful German allusion
To the beginning of the general freeze.
A man lit a cigarette
Near a frozen car,
Blue smoke veiled his fingers,
He stood shortly and then
Went in the direction of the field,
Leaving the door open
And the radio switched off
No longer speaking
To itself
As it had until this moment
In long letters to Frau Magda, and the odious Herr Klaus,
Narrating about the unexplored part of the country
Where, in the fields, the birds fall asleep quickly,
Exhausted by hunger and bad weather,
Huddled as far and deep as possible under dry stacks.
He told her
About that part of his tortured body
Which is in the chest
And that is too acutely aware of this separation
Even when he writes letters to her,
Magda
And confesses to the Lutheran pastor, who
When buying fish in the avant-garde storage shed
Wrote sentimental poems about his childhood,

Listened to recordings of church music
On CDs, *Eterna*
Delighted reads *Herta Müller*
Hanne-Marie Svendsen
George Klein
Pär Lagerkvist
Travelling from Berlin to Dresden
To a little secret
Sojourn in the church of the Holy Christ.
It is quiet down there,
Silent then,
Singing psalms,
Listening to an organ,
Hearing an organ cry
Or
Hearing the crying of those
Who are nearby
Or who celebrate alone, the *Oktoberfest*,
But the birds,
These creatures of God
He,
He was a man of slavery,
Conscription,
Military drill,
A once divided country,
A lost family,
Women,
A child,
Homeland,
A sector,
Wall,
A *Wall's* man
He told her as much as possible,
If he is an interested ornithologist
Rivers lay, for those the field
Was faded in time
Winds,
Tears,
Salt,
Sun,
On its winding shores
With already a good, even
Thick layer of grey ice,
Passing the border that separated the field
From the river and road
A man stopped
And
The time on his wristwatch
Had stopped
Too
Despite the precision of the Swiss.
Once I saw

A bird's eye freeze slowly,
Then
A flaming torch plucked
From the pitch darkness,
Betrayed,
Scared,
A pierced tear drop in
The eye's pupil
Sharply stretched to an incredible,
Terrible tension,
I saw Herr Klaus
Extracted from the coastal ice
That
Taut muscle of the river
From which he was created at night
A sharp ice axe gouged,
A fairly drunk fishermen
Who found the police in the nearest village,
Scoundrels who've done this there
And a hot black density
Formed underneath the water,
A sharp hook dropped a reflection of the dead,
Dull,
Wet,
Bloodless,
Sky,
And more, and even some dirty words
Such as
What the devil,
Why remove it from there,
It also has still not deviated
In all of this it makes little sense
There is one of the drunkards
Drawing from his breast pocket
A long dense hair from a horse's tail
He cleaned it himself, carefully between the teeth
Until it broke
That reptile with greasy unwashed hair
And he felt a fault
And the damp from spat out cigarette butts
Subsequently
When the wet and stiff black
Coat of Herr Klaus
Was finally
And forcibly
Stripped from the hardness of an icy captivity,
From the unyielding hands of the river
Icicles acutely, abundantly covered the fur collar
And the apple-open eyes froze and flowed away.
His face was too quiet,
The lips covered with a thin crust of ice
Fedora firmly rooted to the back of the neck,

The remnants of grey hair plucked waves
Or internal flows or haemorrhage.
The sleeves,
Collar,
Coattails,
Buttons,
Loops,
Belt,
Lining,
Frozen fabric
Pulled,
Teased and girded him several times,
He was bound
By a strong silk rope
Tightly wound
Round the throat like a guitar string
Intended to kill
The kind which still
Clings to dry underwear in the old
In old Berlin yards,
He is held on all sides pulled ashore
And skilfully pull on the stretcher the *Ambulance comes*
And the next night from the hole formed by his extraction
The deer greedily drank the fuzzy moon,
Then licked the salt of the rough ice
And the section from the trouser pocket
Which was on the man
And from what scissors had cut, harnesses,
They pulled out a small notebook
In a leather frame,
Only then did it begin to suffer from cold and moisture
It was not the least significant
That a dirty letter was attached to it
Dated 07.11.2005,
From Magdeburg,
Folded four times over and
Carefully
Wrapped
In dull kitchen foil,
Which despite significant damage
Gently waved in the light of a
Table lamp,
They were able to read and understand something,
To comprehend and clarify
Shedding a glimmer of light on
What happened that day,
Maybe even,
Maybe night
Here are some sentences
Saved from drowning,
Dear Klaus
I know that you, like many,

Must provide oneself with food,
And drink immediately, if, outside, there is a flood
In summer you let moths corrode the collar
Of your coat, a
You have not yet had a phone installed,
And shun the installation of a water supply,
Treating with caution the urban
And
Rural sewage cesspits
Flies,
Viennese coffee,
Newspapers,
Iodine,
Aspirin,
Wool pets,
Ögondroppar,
Toast,
Liquid soap.
You have long ceased to listen to
Paul Hindemith,
Franz Liszt,
Swedish Radio,
Angela Dorothea Merkel,
Smoke,
Or ride in a compartment
To the resorts,
Make new friends,
Affairs,
To learn of the women
Themselves,
Neighbours,
Souls tortured for the past
A head shaved
With a razor on *Volkstrauertag,*
Solemnly as if it should be,
And how long to apologize to anyone.
You regularly and consistently pay the utility bills
While saving on
Water consumption,
Light,
Gas
Consumption,
Air,
But you're not a meanie,
Not a glutton,
Not a grabber,
You are still slim,
Lank,
Exactly
The same as a young man
Not caring for their own weight
No fat on your stomach,

Chin,
Neck,
Or
Hips.
Time almost did not touch you,
Your body has a slight smell of decay
You continue to walk to your service
Every morning,
Weekly,
Annually,
Always
Seven days a week
In a textile spinning mill,
Which has already been converted and filled,
The new mechanics,
Worthless modern real estate,
The thought of which begins
To severely cut into your nostrils
And
There is a rampant sense of frenzied anguish,
Horror
And
Incredible fatigue.
You sit down in the tram,
Reflect on a small mirror
Which lies hidden at the bottom of your pocket
Into which you sometimes look
Mentally to stop time,
You dreaded the thought of the future,
You will never recognise life,
Death,
Ageing,
Ageing,
Death,
But on your cheekbones
And remains linked
By a yellowish piece of old newsprint
Which you stopped, usually the black blood cut
And which you do not uncouple after shaving
And
Even washed the soap suds with a flap of the left ear lobe,
You like golf,
Mountains,
The sea,
North beach,
Rügen,
Frank black and white artwork, nude women,
Which makes the controversial Frenchman, Monsieur Claude Florent
You're only in my dreams, you remember the smell of trash,
The stench of a cheap hotel
Swollen from drinking, intestines
Greedy, swallowing an omelette with celery and dill,

Grey turkey in the soldier's smelly sack,
Which cut through the hole for her red neck
To cut off
In dreams you remember the woman
The car company, *Ford*
Grey,
Blue,
Or black
Lost somewhere in numbers,
Love in the twilight
A taste of lipstick on the tongue,
His sharp Adam's apple,
Drunken dreams
On the tiled floor of a public toilet,
Once more
During the Prague Spring
Grief,
Unbearable,
Total deficit of truth,
When it seemed
That the earth would go from under your feet
Just about
As if to hold his breath
The pain in the throat
Over the coffin of a relative,
Hand in hand,
Side by side,
Timidly, timidly,
Which stands on the concrete
Painting of quarrels,
Fragments,
A poor village cemetery
Buried on borrowed money
And clothes purchased at a flea bazaar
Almost for a song,
Three young men,
Incredible
To the point of stupor, fell
In love with a young lady,
But neither of them, then
She found a happiness
I still do not know
Which of the three of you,
Who no longer belonged to myself
Then
There is,
So long ago,
Took her out of the municipal morgue,
Who
Buried in the frozen
Soviet rotten Gdynia,
Which of the three of you,

On an empty stomach,
After a painful sleepless night in the police station
Badly bruised
Beaten with a rubber rod,
Broken spiritually and physically,
With a broken rib broken nose broken ear
Returned home
Held a long, long time, his head held in washing
Under the open tap
From which pointedly
Slashing
Sadly
Flowed and flowed
Over the hands, wrists,
Face,
Neck,
Over the shirt collar,
Smelling blood
Warm, slippery, fragile as ice,
Rusty water,
Who
Listened long to
Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber von Bibern,
Passacaglia (1675)
And then
Cut off the head
Of the turkey
That
Remembered a woman
In solitude,
A woman
In which were filaments of sutured strict lips
And
Is buried under the number and without name
Which of you three was the father
Of her unborn child?
I'm sorry
Faldbakken.

ögondroppar (swed.) – eye drops

VYACHESLAV GUK