Fragmented Waters

SAMPLER
Books by Ron Winkler

*Morphosen: Texte* [edition sisyphos, Cologne 2002]
*vereinzelt Passanten: Gedichte* [KOOKbooks, Berlin 2004]
*Fragmentierte Gewässer: Gedichte* [Berlin Verlag, Berlin 2007]
*Frenetische Stille: Gedichte* [Berlin Verlag, Berlin 2010]
*Torp: Prosa* [Verlagshaus J. Frank, Berlin 2010]
*Prachtvolle Mitternacht: Gedichte* [Schöffling & Co., Frankfurt am Main 2013]
*Torp. Neue Wimpern: Prosa* [Verlagshaus J. Frank, Berlin 2013]

As Editor

*Schwerkraft: Junge amerikanische Lyrik* [Jung und Jung, Salzburg 2007]
*Hermetisch offen: Poetiken junger deutschsprachiger AutorInnen* [Verlagshaus J. Frank, Berlin 2008]
*Neubuch: Neue junge Lyrik* [yedermann Verlag, München 2008]
*Die Schönheit ein deutliches Rauschen: Ostseegedichte* [Connewitzer Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig 2010]
*Schneegedichte* [Schöffling & Co., Frankfurt am Main 2015]
*Thüringen im Licht: Gedichte aus fünfzig Jahren* [Wartburg Verlag, Weimar 2015]
*Venedig. Der venezianische Traum: Gedichte* [Schöffling & Co., Frankfurt am Main 2015]

Translations

*books by*
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SAMPLER
little house on the Saale

_for itself_

the sandbox was where we built our first Mount Hyperbole.
we huffed and puffed and kissed it down.
in that chalk circle’s co-kingdom, we could still stand
in Heaven and Hell at the same time.
and no one suspected the hackbird.

______
mother was the first variable constant we encountered.
her life an inequation with her husband.
we claimed the pasture as our own private lawn.
for rounds of ramstones, Batman badminton, and so on.

______
apron was a border as porous as twilight.
we could sense kisses behind it like mute crickets
though that quiet cream hardly trickled.

__________
I had evangelephant ears on a buzzard head.
maybe I really was an animal pilot.

__________
when I prayed through Jehovah’s Windows
in that unquantifiable epoch of night,
I’d form an atheist barn with my hands
complete with dream goats, that special milk.

now and then we’d settle in for a civic visit.
the near and dear relations, our aunts with their hangers-on.
teabirds, we dubbed them. beak streets.

those may have been Mercedes-flavored
afternoons of excellence, taken to heart and yet to pen.
until a hand smashed in somewhere. categorical error.
then ruckus, then Pyrrhic silence.

sometimes we’d hand in ideals like model citizens. other times
we were party poopers. played war as the bad guys.
only base stations for the sequel.
OSMOSIS SOUNDS

SAMPLER
maritime visit diagnostic

all it takes is a glimpse at the water:
either tango marino or classic marinette.
buoys mark off the iambs of the waves.

by all accounts, the colors of the sea
seem overexcitable.

yet the water strikes you as rather thin.

there’s a competition between things. two windswept pines
rivaling for aesthetic inclines.

the tide inexhaustible—you could say
it was making payments on a larger debt.

the wind stroking the sea like an enthusiastic father.
it all gives you a sustainable impression.
even the herons onshore: fishing for relevance.
by a water neither river nor pond

the wind condemns the trees to a whipping—
a penance obviously full of hot air.

for reassurance, please also note
that the flowers don’t bear pistols.

the landscape so dignified that many
a Flemish painter must have lived here.

the grasses in these parts halfway
between hill-swans and bristle-boars.

presumably the trampled greenery
is the flip side of a prudent creature

but the mandatory fauna is something else—
especially the racket friction of the frogs.

when they aren’t swimming, they’re baptizing
the neighborhood with their throats’ green notes.

the waves are unmistakable—
springforms that leap onto shore.

in the transition area, a few yards
of mud act as silt pour l’art.

the seagulls act on nothing.
their appearance much too disyllabic.
anyone who swims here is no stroke, 
but a slash in the water.
island, overgrown with wind

the sea shone nimble
hydrogen, like bee substrate,
as birds in eyeshot freegulled
on a quest for a calm catch. we noted this
promptly in the log-roll of the wind (details
to be revised later) along with that moment’s
water-stems, a handful of madness
for this island overgrown with wind. the hinterland:
a quintessential rampage zone.
as much as not.
in part about fish

as you see it, water is conspicuously correct, impossible to overtake, and proof of the liquigevity of fish—even the way they stare at us seems professionally primitive although actual enough, so we side-step them and start to slurp sibilants (or sibilantly) from clams: that flaccid gourmet between fish and gullish.

needless to say, this correspondence is a drill, and occasionally a warming Hosanna. tender as one of those gestures that hatch in the light unannounced and come between us by and large of their own free gill.
at Island 35

because of A.P.

the sea is flawlessly whipped up.
it well deserves a more riveting word.
the wind is going through a pedagogical phase.
the trees stooping down to sheer metaphors.
the wailing wall of the seagull calls implies
a whole wailing settlement behind it.
the concept of a tide is probably
particularly appealing to Adventists.
the longer you stare, the frothier.
but that’s as tricky to prove
as the kinship between sea-
anemones and animosities.