



Kätlin Kaldmaa

between

we do not have each other languages
we do not know
what we have is something in-between
somewhere between the continent and the ocean

between us

beware

for stronger the between is oft than
link between

as i stare at someone talking to you in your language
you stare at someone talking to me in mine
and what we are in is loss

battle, sadly, lost in past

tristesse in bone, tristesse in flesh

tears out what's left of heart

(not yours as you ain't got one)

what's left of one we've got between us

and we share it, we marvel at it, we try to cling to it,

this one little bundle,

heavy as lead

falling away between our fingers

as little streams of quicksilver would

this one little bundle

we have,

we know

this diamond of a while

Darkness of love

I

Between light and light
the atoms of darkness split,
taking over
ångström after ångström.

If you make holes into darkness, will the light protrude?
Is darkness the sieve of light? Does it purify the light?
Of darkness? Or light?

You say words in the dark become scarce.
Darkness, the great consumer, will ingest all sounds,
and keep to itself every wee little squeak. Therefore no sounds.
If you need to speak, come out. Come out and say it. Say it. Come out.
Come into the light and be brave. Into the broad daylight.
In the dark there are just dark soft touches,
hand by cheek by neck by calf by back by shoulder by blade
by the unimaginable by the untouchable, by body, by.

Can we take the sun back tomorrow?
Can we?

II

Mother Earth keeps light in her womb,
letting it out every now and then,
every Eyjafjallajökull and every St Agnes
is the perfect evidence of her intentions,
her power. She is the allmighty and undying.
We are temps,
we are temporary warriors of darkness and light,
meant to conciliate the two.
I'll wait for darkness,
for bleed, for blade, for bone.
For bleed, for blade, for bone.

I am light.
I am light.
And I will go to the great darkness.

III

We choose the kingdom,
we choose the day,
we choose the dark.
We enter the no man's land
where anything can happen.
Anything. Shame will leave.
Everything. What will come?

Give me the darkness under your fingers.

IV

The stream of dreams, one after the other.
Big ships, dead and free.
The darkness, the wind, the sea,
no you, no me.

We are nothing, and we are everything.

Death

When you die
I'll plant a tree
I'll plant a tree in front of your feet
I'll plant a tree in between your fingers,
the four-branched apple tree,
and the four-branched pear tree
between the fingers of your other hand
I'll plant a red maple tree above your head
And when I'm sad,
and yearning,
I'll lay down on you,
red maple tree above my head
four-branched fruit trees
between my fingers
I'll listen to earth and sky and I am the tree

And I'll wait until
the tree softly sheds its leaves on me
as you, now and then
and the second and the third tree
drop pears and apples on me
as you, now and then
and I am and I'll wait for you
as you never

And look,
then I'll look at the almost-naked trees
and weep,
a little

geography of love

i have loved you in the palaces of Buda
and hamams of Pest,
i have loved you in wine cellars of Tokaj,
almost
getting married
to an uighur in Tállya

i have loved you head over heels in Keflavík
and in the bookshops of Reykjavík,
i have loved you under the cries of krías
and in the early morning herring smell of Sigló.
i have loved you when dumpsters were flying like seagulls
and men played football in 8-knot-wind

i have loved you in a country, green and abundant,
perfectly fit for dinosaurs,
i have loved you in Tokyo.
there is no Tokyo

for a very short day,
i have loved you in Helsinki.
that one was rather a fling

i have loved you in z,
the world capital of arab poetry and sleeplessness

i have loved you in Berlin,
o, i have loved you in Berlin,
for the world to come i have lit the now,
the fire turned red the whole district

briefly and fleetingly,
i have loved you in Stockholm, twice,
in between those two times,
i have loved you in Visby.
that was the sweet love of small town bourgeois,
full of forget-me-nots, to the point of amnesia

rich, full of scampi, gelato and wine,
was the love i had for you in Bologna.
i nearly forgot you.

that's Italy

for the week
that was shorter than seven days,
i have loved you in London.
the baby volcano was almost erupting.
we really wished that it would

passionately but not for the last time
I have loved you in Paris,
in the windy rooms
above the boulangerie & patisserie.
there i had to share you
with incredibly jealous and vicious
bedbugs

but most of all,
yes, most of all i have loved you in this town
wherefrom snow ever leaves,
whereto sun ever comes,
and where longing
is the most common feeling

The declaration of longing

How to recognize this longing?

It starts as a soft ticking in the left side of your chest,
then starts moving around your body as a wasp,
buzzing around in the lungs,
humming in your ears, flying in front of the eyes,
sending butterflies round and round your stomach,
until you're dizzy and pale.

How to live with this longing?

You make your brain remember every instant,
you make your eyes take pictures every blink,
you make your ears record each tiny sound,
you make your hands feel every touch anew,
you make your feet
walk every street & stone & road,
you take the longing,
send it wirelessly into the space,
and pray, it won't return.

How to express this longing?

Out of the million words of one language,
out of the billions, trillions, quadrillions words
of all the other languages,
it can only be said:

i you

Murder

Read my poems
rip them naked
with your big clumsy fingers
pluck away the pappus and poplar cotton,
stuck in thorns

tear them to pieces
so that the blood of my heart would seep
and leak through the thin walls
of my veins

hurt me
so that, grinding the teeth,
I should regrow my bones
and recreate my dermis, and sinews,
and the heart

kill me
that I could
be born again

in a word,
and rest
on the seventh day

the river of love

i wish i could stand at the beginning of the river with you
as i have once been standing
up, high, on the mountain,
by the blue water,
slowly trickling out of the translucent ice,
clean white snow,
and drink it,
cold as eternity

no youth to be gained,
only

patience,
worthy of
gods

and drink it,
old as eternity

no youth to be gained,
only

patience,
worthy of
gods

Sonnet

Crammed into seconds, minutes and etcetera
these counted moments, worthy of all diamonds
(will somebody believe me if I say
to have remembered and dreamed
each one of them
before they chose to happen),
you take me off the coast, off all the Rivas,
and offer queendom (not the one of bees)
of your inherent grounds.

I have not begged for thee (and yet I take you
as my own, an apple and a tree,
a garden plot,
the new reform of ways of old, infirmity), nor any key
out of these rooms. There are no eloquent
ways to explain the inner rhythm or gear
that hasten change. Behold! Reminds of quite

not of what your mother told of breaking
out of boundaries (or father, sister, brother,
anything is out of range
of this 'quite not')
of burning flesh.

It is with hands and fingers of your rings,
new territ'ries will be rebuilt afresh,

before the time of temporary bliss
blends into terra cotta walls, amiss.

the ♥ of love

I

In my dream,
I wanted to come to you
but could not.
There were no flights,
no trains,
no ferries
to my ♥.
Finally,
doors closed.

No way to my ♥.

II

what is a morning without you?
world stripped to bare bones.
trains taking you further,
second after second
filled with airtight bubbles of absence.
acardia is the name of my illness.

there, at the ♥ of your ♥,
it lies,
the little red lump,
is it still beating?