

1970

# Mannahatta

Yvan Goll

Galway Kinnell

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Who dwelt in access to that which other men  
Have burnt all their lives to get near, who heard  
The high wind, in gusts, seething  
From far off, headed through the trees exactly  
To this place where it must happen, who spent  
Your life on the point of giving away your heart  
To the dark trees, the dissolving woods,  
Into which you go at last, heart in hand, deep in . . .

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Two poems by Yvan Goll, translated by Galway Kinnell

### Mannahatta

Ton soleil tombe à la mer  
Une rose d'atomes un faisan touché par la balle  
Faisan de feu faisan de soufre faisan de la mort liquide

Tombe tombe le dollar d'or  
Entre les tours de Birs-Nimrod et de Woolworth  
Tombe l'indien au plumage cuivre  
Rouge abcès rédempteur  
Jeune abcès fixateur de tous les sangs pollués  
Crachat de cire verte  
Au bas du dernier acte d'injustice

Ah toutes ces tours qui chantent la nuit  
Ces Tours Penchées sur le rocher ramolissant  
Ces Memnons que l'aurore fait trembler comme des joncs  
La mort joue de cette syrinx de ciment  
Sur le rythme rageur des Remington

Et Leilah la dactylo danse de ses deux mains  
Deux boules de neiges deux chrysanthèmes d'hiver  
Deux mains de miel deux crabes qui respirent  
Au fond spongieux de la pierre  
Leilah l'intouchable danse  
Dans les rochers perforés de lumière.

## Mannahatta

Your sun falls into the sea  
A rose of atoms a pheasant winged in flight  
Flame-pheasant pheasant of sulphur pheasant of the liquid death

The golden dollar falls falls  
Between the towers of Birs-Nimrod and Woolworth's  
The Indian in copper headdress falls  
Red abscess and redeemer  
Young abscess coagulant for fouled bloods  
Spittle of green wax  
To seal the latest act of injustice

And at night all these towers singing  
These Leaning Towers on the softening rock  
These Memnons shaken by the dawn like rushes  
Death plays on these cement pan-pipes  
To the wild rattle of Remingtons

And Leilah the typist dances with her hands  
Two snowballs two winter chrysanthemums  
Two honey hands two crabs breathing  
In the spongy depths of the stone  
Leilah the untouchable dances  
Inside the cliffs riddled with light.