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In a Village in Bosnia...

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In a village in Bosnia . . .

Ant-bear, marten, lynx, three shots.
Larch and casuarina woods dark.
Rapid twilight, white signal
from the steam whistle. Radeóns Meeting:
mallet, horse blanket on a table,
on the wall pictures of the Albanian king,
Georges Sorel, Pasteur and Rosa
Luxemburg. At the center of the circle
Bertolt Brecht, quite young,
with poems of forest, of childhood,
and of a horse. Bulgarian salad (cut),
banteng ground beef. She
with her hand on his knee,

rain of sparks when a wheel-hub cracks
and the cart jerks the horse backwards
mrinka dialect, fuss, and two or three
low lanterns. He with his hand
quiescent on her belly, reading
Stanley’s Works. Flint-glass windows,
low lamps. Scant 3.50 Dinars per day,
silver loads. Soil improvement propaganda,
recruiting for the Pontine Marshes, penal
servitude, or necessity, or illiterate’s contract.
Round about, in darkness, lies Asovina.

Torn clouds, lantern light. Old man with urine bucket
by saltpeter compost. The Duke, Aosta,
negotiating with Krupp for Taffel Mountains,
especially the rich strata of trap.
Jagner’s nickel iron accumulator recently
erected by 14 men from Karstadt AG.
Brass-angles, limed twigs, wobbly soldier.
Dregs of wine in the glass: ‘Accepté’
and the parties come to details.
Established phthisis is objection, but
otherwise every grown-up man is employed
in abrasion, chalk or limestone pits.
Squirrels, burunducs, ‘Hindenburg’
in overflight to measure load capacity
and gas displacement in mountain air.
Night. Hideaway bed, he with his hand
quiescent on her belly. She
with her hand on his knee. Round about,
in darkness, lie dampness indicators,
wind relays, acoustic morphemographs,
movement oscillographs, suspiciousness
and scrap iron from Europe, eavesdropping,
spying upon, behind scanty margins, tolerances,
contracts, promises, threats. Starving dog
from Baskerville. Far out, black Atlantic,
cluster of new continents,
dawn-green oceans, date borderlines.
Morning. The same hideaway bed, he with his hand
quiescent on her belly, she, in Bosnia,
with her hand on his knee. Round about,
in morning light, lies Yenan. Breakfast,
Northatlantic herring, Bulgarian yoghurt,
Canadian chive, fish pie Mariana Trench,
vanilla Brazil and grape fruit S Rhod Frae,
'Hindenburg' flying backwards north.
Choir of factory whistles conducted
by Cherokee in red Uzbek boots
waving flags of warning from a roof.
Railroad blasted and telegraph closed.
Giant panda false behind paper mulberry tree.
Fiji carpets, cardboard-packed silk (28 x 4 yards)
and Gobelin tapestry for unloading: harbor strike.
Eritrea's Mountain Squad, listed missing,
marching down from plateau to towns in Kars.
Saltpeter from Norway runs off the track,
Chilean saltpeter is thrown overboard.
South Mega Pass—plaited mountain,
lava ground—strengthened by simple
corduroy. Mass-landing of Marienwerder Jugend
at Nouvelle Kouang Tchéou. Grimsby Rangers
abandon shoe wax, soap and razors. Joseph Arch
and Sun Yat-sen against Immelmann's Squadron.
Central-American super quick, Arabs slow
northwards, inwards, westwards. And Madame von Chotsk
murdered. Roughs, Transvaal Defenders: R. F. Montreal,
Cirenaica Fasces, Liberta del MTQ and Bathurst
up for airspace, out for seaways and trans-
continental ex———ploooodeing.

On an islet in Pacific Ocean,
smallest island with vegetation:
a juniper bush and a mallow.
A few thin voles. Australian
ostrich, one. One Vertol helicopter
and a river-boat, puntede
from former French Dahomey.
He with his hand still quiescent
on her belly, she all the while
with her hand on his knee.
Corned Beef from Argentina,
Vodka-Wyborowa. Attaché,
pride of peasants from rice village,
spectacular supernumeraries,
soaked in oil, from a Persian
film. Some mothers. One Bolivian.
Cannabis and lingonberry, rape, ricin.
Round about, in darkness,
Aland's Baltic cliffs.

Translated by the author with Elliott Anderson

SUTARDJI CALZOUM BACHRI / INDONESIA

A Package of Love to an Indonesian Lady in Jakarta
from an Indonesian Gentleman in Iowa City USA

some people send a package of flowers for love
some people send a package of blood for love
some people send a package of tears for love
and I send my penis to my love

so let my penis grow longer and longer
so it can reach thirteen thousands miles
between you and me without any help from the postal system
since the United States Mail doesn't carry any packages more than three and
half feet in length