An 8 mm Movie From 1979

Clemens Setz

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Clemens Setz

Translated from the German by Peter Constantine

AN 8 MM MOVIE FROM 1979

I am not yet in sight. My father, so young,
his sunglasses hardly believable,
his tight striped shirt, swimming trunks, bathing cap.
In the bright flicker of the filmed summer
the young men fling sand at one another,
and in the jumpy frame run through the low tide,
careful not to get the camera wet.
Later they’re joined
by a dog, who jumps up on my father,
again and again, tireless, just as he is,
my father, by the sea in the blazing sun
in shirt and sandals,

playing in the sand, looking
out to sea, his clothes bright, like the white
flickering air and the heat,
and the women and the days and the cars of summer.
Every Frisbee comes flying back to him.
Every dog jumps up on him. He shows off
a handstand before the running camera,
accompanied by silent applause.