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Milk turns to butter, eavesdropper on the way to the bride

Christian Ludwig Attersee

The seadog speaks.

«Humanquest and landquest are now to be twisolated. Life and work, work and verses, the orange light of childhood and the black of the dead father are to be twisolated, as do sound and silence in the stream.

Twisolate the fermenting word with language that celebrates love, you must sensebrate, not seek consensus.

Twisolate godlust and animal tenderness, as poetry and drunkenness do. Peel the leathern rosy dawn with the sword of the wall, be brider.

Let the standers, be blinded and veiled, runner to the bride be selfpaired!» The seadog says nothing. Spittle, lemon-coloured silver, puddle-small on the sea wall. The seadog was there, with salt in his hair, with hummed reason.

Farmerfrost.

Country dance on the winter field.

A farmer with chilly gestures ponders clues, freshens fleshcoloured ideas, scratches his liquorice.

«It's bloody cold», groans a fat countryman. Several farmers scratch their liquorice and groan: «The whole damn world is bloody cold».

«All black ice in tights», bawls a rustic logophile.

«I bite my own legs and decorate the toothmarks with blue foam rubber beetles», adds a crafty peasant.

After a time of silence, the sound of a carriage is heard approaching in the winter light.

«You must bean and kraut», says a voice; «You must meat and milk, curse the stars, hen and fox, eat hot dogs and warm yourselves by the way to the bride», words from the midst of the carriage.

«More moan and groan, - groans one of the countrymen, he raises his hand in a belated greeting, and: - always these insides of carriages, these insides of nuts».

They swallow winter sun, they scratch liquorice. «All black ice in tights», a repeater. Cheerfully the frost carries on, bloody cold it is.

Musterlust, a boogie tale.

A choir of tongues dances to rhythm and bridal whinny.

«Stone on stone, the sun can't shine soon», a tonguerer, then humming.

«Joiner, painter, tailor, wood and paint and clothes», a tongueress, then whispers.

«In my dream I am bridemaster, slice the bridal fat, din the bridal light, open bridal expanses, but awake I feel compulsive twigs, wind and ice», a tonguerer to the tongueress.

«Look at me, - calls a tongueress, - the sun can't shine soon», she beams.

Blond topknots in dust of dance, flashlight and bread rolls.

«Stone on stone, stone on stone», a tonguerer rhythmically.

«Rodeltodel, yodel bloodyfool, rubbishdumpling», the tongueress, mighty duet. Now a saxophone solo, now hard tonguepinching, fine bridal whinny all round the room. Flashlight and bread rolls, blond topknots all night through, musterlust.

Beast back and forth.

Before mating the bear dyes himself into a salmon, his flesh strides in the oaken tub, he looks milkmucky like unwashed dishes.

«Hallo bear, always the same picture, - calls a brider, and where's your deep shaggy brown?»

Forest air snaps into everyday, the bear snaps too.

The bear strikes up his fiddle, children clap, sweets for many.

«If only they were all like that», female to male buffet companion, tented conversations.

The bear hears, snaps back into the forest, looks milkmucky again.

«Hallo bear, always the same picture, - calls a brider, - where's your usual deep shaggy brown?»

«Well-tended bough cracks, - grunts the salmon colour in the pine-green in reply, and: - contemplation to the bride!»

In the afternoon beestinging, for the brider too.

Kisslength.

Mixed people, some sounds, city park.

«Much dust accumulates in flutes», says the expert on the scene.

«Seagoing yachts in cast-iron alleys, that's what we need», calls out one in a tyrolean hat.

«I forge oysters in aspic», softly replies she who shuns the light.

Some storm noises, the wind wears pink powder.

A browfurrer: «They stick all the holes in cardigans, only he who catches the swallow is cultivable, becomes a hero to the bride».

The wind wears pink powder, colours the embankment poetically, childflesh barks in the bright light.

Halfnaked girl cyclists roast meat in the lilac bush.

«A degree of attention, a degree of comportment, that's how to make swimming-trunks», step by step the scenewarder.

Milky poplar-tips in may, shoulders demand to get brown, first gnatbites.

A child shouts from the pink embankment: «I want to boss the movements now, I want to have my view of the world on the way to the bride!»

Silence for a kisslength, one lets children have their way, one of them catches the swallow in the pinkness.

Multipurpose.

For the master the way is the goal, that's true of the master's wife too, butter on shoes in the sunshine. That's how milk turns to seed, seed on bread to the bride.

January 1983 by the sea.