

ERIK SPINOY

Translated by Patrick McGuinness

Three poems

from *Ik en andere gedichten* (I and other poems)

Again and again
it goes round
on a loop:

in the claustrophobic gastric-green corridor
where the laughter of little jewish girls echoes
left empty by the Young Pioneers

moves
moved

the candy-pink plasticine girl
beside the cream dollhouse bed
on the chequered floor
against the pink floral wallpaper

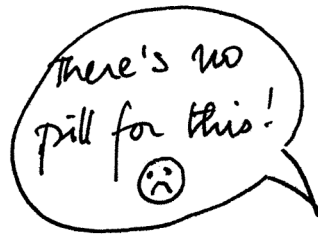
moves
moved

the dark bespectacled tiger
jerking upright
he slowly
slowly
comes closer and
licks between the patient
cheeks of her bottom

over
and over

'Oh why do I feel the urge
to do these things again and again?'

It happened just down the road.

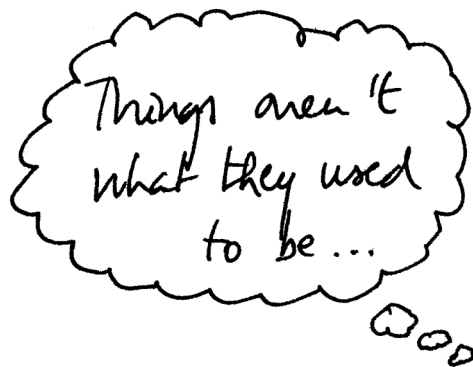


The bowler-hatted man has gone and fucked his dog again
as, to the beat of a combo, negroes contemplate the Writing on the
Wall



For the old woman the tea and cream cakes
take on dangerous contours

and on the floor gents in three-piece suits
rip each others' hair out



but see how these extravagantly bleeding corpses
get up again quite happily
after that hold-up which went wrong

to sing and dance
sing and dance

Father and his two little girls are playing in the nursery.

Father is throwing them in the air, one by one, and catching them again.

Father carrying one around on his shoulders; she pulls her skirt over his eyes.

Father, the big man, is falling blinded to the floor.

Father is giving the girls a good spanking.

There's a **club** lying on the floor; the girls grab it, they are hitting him with it.

Father takes a blow to the head, starts bleeding, and his two darling girls are stamping on his body.

He is weeping bitter tears.

Father and his two little girls are playing in the nursery.

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These translations are the result of a translation workshop organised by Het beschrijf and Welsh Literature Abroad in Passa Porta, Brussels, on 15 November 2007.