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Translated by John Irons

The dryness of a summer afternoon. Dry the  
sand that  
flies up when struck with the palm of the hand. Dry  
the grass. Dry all thoughts. Children are listlessly lying with  
flushed faces up against mothers, glasses with straws  
within reach,  
from time to time there's a gurgling noise. The mothers are sunbathing.  
For a moment  
one starts at a bird that stumbles.

## ON THE SPOT

Laconically sit down on the old, moss-covered tree-stump  
from which, yet more laconically, the mouldered bark crumbles,  
by which,  
suddenly, so directly, such a profusion of small  
animal suffering  
becomes visible that on the spot you decide just one thing:  
clear off without compassion.

## COMPLETED FRAGMENTS

Expertly determine wind direction, then

so gently  
close your eyes and lie down – location  
beside the  
point

–

Blowing, blowing  
your nose. Fetch out  
something from under

the leaves  
of bushes that perhaps will drift along later –  
for sure

–

Observe that lone ducks are also

moving southwards, in diverging seasons;  
their wings beating

a bit more slowly

*a leaf,*

fallen (at first it still swayed, veined with nerves, so really  
what you call a leaf),

trampled on (and how), dead  
(first shrivelled, now wetly decomposing), really

dead (as brown as brown and with holes

in it,  
not from a caterpillar  
shuffled by).

On a tree a leaf rustles quite soon, lying on the ground quite  
soon no longer;

on a tree a leaf is still what you really call a leaf,  
lying on the ground quite  
soon no longer,

but that's not so bad.

*Those evenings,*

with pet animals,  
with

children too,  
initially, sitting in back gardens, chatting  
a bit, stroking a bit, drinking of course, and sighing,  
now and then,

with those midges,

until one goes to bed without really having  
decided to do so –  
those evenings

when – strangely satisfied – in whatsoever way  
one truly knows what summer is.

*Congregating on squares*

is a great pleasure for humans, apparently,  
on days off in summery weather –  
close to pigeons;

the circumstances are then propitious, admittedly –  
for smiling and

for  
– eating or not eating an ice cream and sweating –  
apologising in the most informal way and  
with that slightly

weary but unmistakably happy feeling  
when making for home

at  
a perfect stroll.

## STANDING AT THE BREAKERS

1

A small tent by the sea, single-roof,  
gives rise to powerful questions,

as regards content, especially,  
present or not, with a certain kind of cloud

(this kind of cloud) and further circumstances (precisely these),  
an unparalleled despair of conscious life causes the

small species of fish leap-, leaping?

2

Is, when a ship,  
subsequently, just manages to reach your ear,

while drops of rain suddenly so demonstrably fall  
on the mutilated sea-creature that has  
already held the downward-looking gaze

for some time, a cry for help inevitably in the offing?

(and of what, of whom if so?)

3

Coming from depths, having abandoned its intimate world  
of water, does a crab let itself just like that,

backwards, be thrown onto the  
shell-covered ridge so as, without resistance,

to perish in the most powerful bird's beak, though because of this  
its armoured shell (as the most durable part) has a good chance of

being cherished in the

sea-treasure collection of a child?

## PSALM 42

Each time a mother, distracted for a moment by a bargain among bargains,  
loses sight of her children in the

immensity of the shopping centre  
the imploring of her eyes,

during the uttering of children's names and squeals,  
will correspond to: 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks,'

only out of family concern present on the surface further than the  
eye can see, will, corresponding to the animal quivering, the anguish

have to be so heart-rending,  
that forgiveness, in such weather, is bound to come, for it gives rise to

nothing but aversion among the most kind-hearted.