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Small Theology / You Here

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New German Literature in English Translation

Small Theology You Here

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Small Theology III

Everybody wants three things: Love,
love, love. The fourth is
rather more difficult, an hour
rest in the afternoon.

A

fly lands again and again
on the back of the hands'
sensitive skin, on cheek
and neck, a power surge,
very light, bsss, it wants something
from you, you shall feel, it
is and you are, it caresses
you at the verge of a
dream.

You could die

for a minute sleep, but
you are not even injured.
No scratch, no tear and
no doubt – you have rested.
If you get up now and
slay it, the hour is
over. One, two, three...

From *Der Pilot in der Libelle*. Gedichte. © Wallstein Verlag, Göttingen 2010.

You here

After felt eternities we meet again,
between us assorted children, three of which live,

a cat from the shelter, on withdrawal of love,
four economic crises like a long, quiet afternoon

in bed, a whispered “that hurts me,”
the desire for scratching, joke and edge.

Countless angels it took, to acknowledge: Even I,
I would not be familiar with me in nobody’s stead.

From *Das Liebesleben der Stimmen*. Gedichte. © Wallstein Verlag, Göttingen 2016.