

Summer for Canada

*by Johannes Göransson
translated by Eric Charlebois*

Je ne peux t'entendre
les lilas sont en éclosion et le monde souterrain
est lent J'écoute lentement des filles
qui chantent au sujet de la cohue qui ponctue syrénerna
elles sont à ma porte la cohue
pöbeln les filles sont dans les lilas syrénerna
je ne peux les entendre
un numéro de téléphone
est tatoué sur mon épaule et les paroles
de la chanson qui joue à la radio
elles semblent être à la porte pöbeln
elles sont à la porte drömmen ce n'est pas
un rêve l'été est sans fin
la monnaie a perdu la langue
langue intérieur lilas périlleux
langue syrénerna pour filles
comme moi pour moi les lilas éclosent
comme de petites empreintes digitales des centaines
de petites empreintes digitales sanglantes je ne peux
t'entendre j'écoute la radio mon épouse
me nourrit de pépins de grenade
elle me nourrit avec des doigts sanglants
c'est l'été c'est l'été je ne peux
t'entendre det är sommar

I can't hear you la la la
jag håller på med dödsgrejen
dikter om döttrar
som inte är döda I'm busy
with underjorden
where my hands are almost as white
du är nästan lika vit
som havet in a war song
i krigssången I can't see you
i havssången you have such a pretty
gauze in front of my eyes I can't see
the children their songs is
crawling like summer sommar
they are still alive I'm still
stained on the lilacs
which are syrener
one thing is another inflation
art is like silver like bodies with silver
on them like summer with silver
in daughters döttrar mercury silver
quick like silver summer
crawls I can't hear you

Two girls are seated in a painting
from 1923 it's summer
in the painting it's suicide
to be home while the rabble
is at the door with books and photographs
from war the cold war is almost
over and I'm almost
eight years old and I almost
have a necklace made from fox bones
a necklace made for summer
ett halsband for ending the future
en hals for summer a summer throat
summer music it's sung by the ocean
havet I wonder if I can hear havet
now or if I'm listening to the rabble
pöbeln is at the door
with a hundred bloodied fingerprints
lilac hands in the leaves
made for skin and silver
images of the underworld
which I'm stealing from war poetry
even though my daughters
mina döttrar are still alive
is the name of another painting
a figure is stabbing my bed
I'm not there you can't
hear me the rabble is too loud
singing my ocean song pöbeln
with pomegranate seeds in
their mouths and on my body
is a messy photograph of my body
being subjected to
a treatment against inflation
which I now will call Poetry
I will finish the treatment
but not yet not until I learn
how to fire the Revolver

(after Mats Söderlund)

How can you think I'm listening
to the rabble I'm marrying
the venom from my lips
to the summer outside
my window with its treason
language of lilacs and
how that language dreams
about me how I must be
finished with flowers no
I'm finished with the treatment
you see in the photograph
of the mutilated fox
the caption reads barndom
as I thread amber on a string
the treatment string
I haven't cut it yet
I'm going to cut it I'm going to
cut every string of every
necklace because I have to
go further go further
into den ruttna sommaren
if I'm going to end skulden
I want to be oskulden but
the poem are never summer
they want to be written
about the cold crackling
in my spine
as I search for the insectine
language I speak when
I'm not ever writing again

(after Ann Jäderlund)