

# Ute Eisinger

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

*TrajectoryARC*

Transparency

Each Other's Wound

Ultramarine

Direction, Place

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

Transparency

Each Other's Wound

Ultramarine

Direction, Place

My brother's run meets,  
where the ball hits, in pre-kick league,  
pre-sonic, a tone.  
"As turns in flight?" — stops.  
Vault betrays echo.  
Pull, drive, deep  
into the ground.

Cusp

¡Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

Transparency

Each Other's Wound

Ultramarine

Direction, Place

For a call to project its parabola  
out of the blue night olive grove,  
a rainbow,  
it takes two mountains (two mountains);  
so that, as loose wind strings quiver  
under the violin bow  
cave dwellers raise their flares.

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

Transparency

Each Other's Wound

Ultramarine

Direction, Place

“That you read me  
as I read you  
is  
a wonderful arc  
that in a wondrous way  
more and more closes with each day,  
with each end of a beautiful day.”

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

Transparency

Each Other's Wound

Ultramarine

Direction, Place



The air jangles with swallows  
Like open books  
they swim the sky blue,  
hairline crannies, ink jam  
chain in their wake  
winged twin oars  
burst open the stream.

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

Transparency

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Ultramarine

Direction, Place

(That I should read you  
as you would reach me  
would  
    be the end of an arc that  
    in an endemic way  
    more and more abrades with each day,  
with each end of a fearful day.)

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

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Ultramarine

Direction, Place

Two mountains for the blue arc!  
Out of the clear night rises, falls  
— olive gooseflesh to witness —  
the call. Wind-strung a violin bow took it up  
and ripples on the lake,  
and from the ground round the idea  
simply clears out.

Cusp

/Ay!

Each Other's Wonder

Transparency

Each Other's Wound

Ultramarine

Direction, Place

I know the reach of the arrow  
my brother shoots;  
at the place it hit I found my cue.  
Everything had its direction.  
With a fitting word I'll find the place  
that closes with my sister,  
I know the safe load of the pier row.

translated by Rosmarie Waldrop

*from LEG O BLOCKS*

*The Art of Sailing*

To anticipate static means reading the tuning knob.  
The overturns of the high flow crest  
to elude, easily slicing, rise.  
Harnessing currents — the art of sailing

*Clear, settle*

The tunes of outpour shimmer with dryness, held  
Into light: their final relief by the law of time.  
As underflowing and overbrimming  
Lament or ferment settle in wines.

Fishbones chiming. Numb lupines defying frost.  
A blinding deceit of stars exchanged  
For needle, stone, strings. The towering  
Lighthouse tensing cold sinews.

Discerning the times makes the ears ring.  
The impact of stars to be bound  
Elegantly, close their sling, to  
futural present: sore and evil.

translated by the author