

**studi
germanici**



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Vi er her

Niels Hav

Jeg gik vild og kom ind i en fremmed bydel.
Alle gader førte stejlt opad, rapfodede folk
løb forbi mig, de var klædt i lyst tøj
og så ud til at bære lette ting i deres tasker.
Jeg standsede én for at spørge om vej,
og straks stod jeg midt i en klynge
venlige ansigter. - Hvor vil du hen?
Jeg tog fat på min forklaring. De lyttede
smilende, som om de for første gang
hørte et menneske anvende en uddød dialekt.
Så begyndte de at tale i munden på hinanden
og pege i alle retninger.
Jeg fandt mit kort frem. Ivrigt blev det åbnet
og studeret med interesse. - Hvor er vi?
spurgte jeg med en finger på kortet.
De så på mig og gentog spørgsmålet i kor.
Så brast alle i en hjertelig latter,
jeg lo med, vi var vidner til den højeste
komik. - Her, sagde en af dem og pegede
på jorden, der hvor vi stod. - Vi er her!

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We Are Here

Niels Hav

I got lost in a strange part of town.
All streets ran steeply upward, quick-footed people
ran by me dressed in light-coloured clothes
and looking as though they were carrying light things in their bags.
I stopped someone for directions
and immediately I stood in the middle of a clump
of friendly faces. - Where do you want to go?
I began explaining. They listened,
smiling, as if for the first time
they were hearing a dead dialect.
Then they began speaking one on top of another
and pointing in all directions.
I pulled out my map. Eagerly it was opened
and studied with interest. - Where are we?
I asked with a finger on the map.
They looked at me and as a chorus repeated my question.
Then they all broke into hearty laughter,
I laughed too, we were witnessing high
comedy. - Here, said one of them and pointed
to the ground where we stood. - We are here!

Translation from the Danish: P. K. Brask & Patrick Friesen

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