

**studi
germanici**



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Regnestykke

Pia Tafdrup

Fra Dronningeporten 1998

Allerede før den strømmer, høres regnen
som et vandfalds fjerne ekko,
dyrene på marken bliver urolige,
så kommer dråberne.

Tæt som en hestemanke falder de,
gennemlyser det grønne,
tyndhudede blade dirrer under hårde slag,
fugleunger trykker sig dunduskede.

Af hele regnhimlen fanger jeg enkelte dråber,
multiplicerer mig derefter til resten,
ligesom ordet tabstal først bliver opfatteligt,
når en ven er mistet eller en elsket.

Frygten der et flakkende sekund
krænges over i en livslang skygge;
må hans lys skinne som ordene
i en sætning, før den løber ud.

For at fuldbyrdes
i sin egen forsvinden,
blive ét med den jordbund,
der giver sproget dets næring.

Rain Sum

Pia Tafdrup

From *Dronningeporten* 1998

Even before it flows, the rain can be heard
like the distant echo of a waterfall,
the animals in the fields become restless,
then the drops come.

Thick as a horse's mane they fall,
irradiate the greenness,
thin-skinned leaves quiver under hard blows,
young birds press together, tufted with down.

From the whole rainy sky I catch single drops,
then multiply them into the rest,
the way the word 'casualty-figures' only gains meaning
when a friend is lost or a beloved.

Fear that a flickering second
keels over into a life-long shadow;
may his light shine like the words
in a sentence before it runs out.

In order to be completed
in its own disappearance,
become one with the soil
that gives language its food.

Translation from the Danish: David McDuff