intoto

BAM 800

Colonne di sicurezza

70 21 1912
He lies down on the floor
so his heart will go on.
That is what all of us want, this morning:
that his heart will go on.

like the rainclouds from the West,
like the darkly unfolding
tale of the Brothers Kalashnikov,
that the jukebox will go on playing

in the little cafe with paintings of fiery deserts
on its walls, where the proprietor,
threadbare but elegant, decants a bottle of Sun Juice
of the same vintage as this building

now slated for demolition,
and those who begin their day there
with a meatball sandwich
will be transported like the Crimean Tartars.

The Salvation Army brass is warming up
while derelict wooden buildings collapse around them.
Blood and fire. Piles of two-by-fours, puddles.
In a second floor window, a glimpse of a man:

Old Father Kalashnikov.
He sits there and ponders
which one of his sons
will be the one.

Haga, Gothenburg
September 87

Translated from the Swedish
by Anselm Hollo
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