

# Berlin Hölderlin Sessions (Excerpts) Karl Larsson

For the prince (die Krippe)

I  
let me remain  
in truth

never in misfortune which  
speaks

a father's blessing, still building  
accommodation for children sing

their heavenly housing, their kind conversation  
brimful of secrets  
holy school, where they constructed temples  
and tripods and altars  
but

down from the peaks since  
distrust of the sun

from their native land  
deathgods foreign to this one

and no love for the murmur

II

list, listen to  
pavement breaking like twigs  
Berlin mega-trap

and berhyme the heroes

what can be thought of princes  
when supper  
is shown so little appreciation  
our sins  
will be put to blame  
for five or seven years

a citizen has

almost had

the day, profoundly feared

for the prince  
(for the princess)

Wassermelone,

Samstag

and if any a holy

future night remembers and bears grief  
for the careless sleepers  
blossoming children  
will you come smiling, wondering what is to fear  
then you are queen

*Wassermelone,*

be hard on her  
be fair, be hard  
and Samstag Sonntag

*Wassermelone!*

7 curses, Viktoriapark

they called yesterday, they  
didn't call back today

protect them therefore  
you heavenly  
young plants  
and when the north wind comes or poisonous dew blows or  
drought never cease  
and when they, lush and blossoming,  
fall by the scythe, all too sharp,  
bring back growth  
and never let the force  
through varied ways, through frail branches

tempt me  
to scatter the young kin, but to be able  
to choose from the many the very best

Late study

queen and/or vessel of light  
drop of  
                                pearl  
milk  
concrete floor  
and for der Fürst, yet to be born,  
a name was whispered, then forgotten

empire of art  
                                neglect  
                the most beautiful wonder  
strange now  
                                with diamonds  
                faithful champions

I know what we shouldn't

I  
the vegetable garden  
drunk on fruit  
off and on the U-bahn

                                this is how the prayer beads  
have done me good

II  
do you see  
a growing hunger  
  
and hostility  
when  
they are not treated  
seriously  
  
down at the last  
nightshop  
Germanien