

ERIK SPINOY

Translated by Patrick McGuinness

**Three poems**

**from *Ik en andere gedichten* (I and other poems)**

Again and again  
it goes round  
on a loop:

in the claustrophobic gastric-green corridor  
where the laughter of little jewish girls echoes  
left empty by the Young Pioneers

moves  
moved

the candy-pink plasticine girl  
beside the cream dollhouse bed  
on the chequered floor  
against the pink floral wallpaper

moves  
moved

the dark bespectacled tiger  
jerking upright  
he slowly  
slowly  
comes closer and  
licks between the patient  
cheeks of her bottom

over  
and over

'Oh why do I feel the urge  
to do these things again and again?'

It happened just down the road.

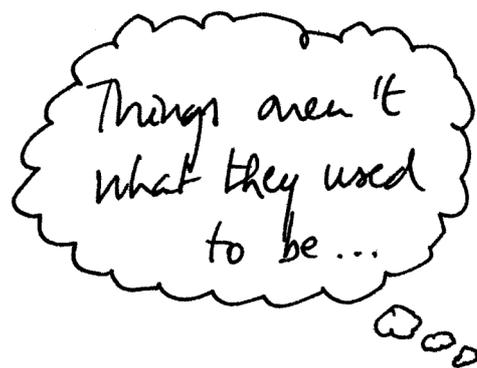


The bowler-hatted man has gone and fucked his dog again  
as, to the beat of a combo, negroes contemplate the Writing on the  
Wall



For the old woman the tea and cream cakes  
take on dangerous contours

and on the floor gents in three-piece suits  
rip each others' hair out



but see how these extravagantly bleeding corpses  
get up again quite happily  
after that hold-up which went wrong

to sing and dance  
sing and dance

Father and his two little girls are playing in the nursery.

Father is throwing them in the air, one by one, and catching them again.

Father carrying one around on his shoulders; she pulls her skirt over his eyes.

Father, the big man, is falling blinded to the floor.

Father is giving the girls a good spanking.

There's a **club** lying on the floor; the girls grab it, they are hitting him with it.

Father takes a blow to the head, starts bleeding, and his two darling girls are stamping on his body.

He is weeping bitter tears.

Father and his two little girls are playing in the nursery.

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These translations are the result of a translation workshop organised by Het beschrijf and Welsh Literature Abroad in Passa Porta, Brussels, on 15 November 2007.