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The Goring and Death translated by David K. Loughran

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THE GORING AND DEATH

At five in the afternoon.
it was exactly five in the afternoon.
A child had fetched the stark white sheet
at five in the afternoon.
A basket of lime already at hand
at five in the afternoon
The rest was death and only death
at five in the afternoon.

The wind ran away with the cotton-gauze
and the oxide left splinters of tin and crystal
at five in the afternoon.
The leopard and the dove are struggling now
at five in the afternoon.
And a thigh with a ravaging horn
at five in the afternoon.
The resounding of the bass string began
at five in the afternoon,
and the bells of arsenic and the smoke
at five in the afternoon.
On the corners there were groups of silence
at five in the afternoon.
Horns held high, the bull alone
at five in the afternoon.
Just as the sweat of snow broke out
at five in the afternoon,
when the ring was covered with iodine
at five in the afternoon,
death laid her eggs in his wound
at five in the afternoon.
at five in the afternoon.
At five in the afternoon.
At five exactly in the afternoon.

A coffin on wheels is his bed
at five in the afternoon.
Flutes and bones sound in his ears
at five in the afternoon.
Even now the bull roars near his head
at five in the afternoon.
The chamber was pulsing with agony
at five in the afternoon.
In the distance the gangrene is coming
at five in the afternoon.
His wounds were blazing like suns
at five in the afternoon,
and the milling mass smashed the windows
at five in the afternoon.
At five in the afternoon.
Ay, how bitter the hour of five!
It was five by all men's clocks.
It was five in the shadow of the afternoon.

*translated by
David K. Loughran*