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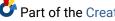
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Camera Obscura translated by Nicholas Kolumban

Hans Magnus Enzensberger

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CAMERA OBSCURA

Within my impermanent four walls of spruce wood in my small room ten by thirteen I am alone

Alone with my baking apple with dusk the sixty-watt light bulb the National Guards in the company of an owl alone

with old Belsebub the path to the fishpond (district of Swabia) with my spleen alone

with good Rabmuller gassed twenty years ago alone with my red phone and with much I care to notice

Alone with every Tom, Dick and Harry Bouvard and Pecuchet with bag and baggage Pontius and Pilate

In my endless room ten by thirteen in the solitude of a galaxy of pictures

of pictures of pictures

of pictures of pictures of pictures encyclopedic and vacant

alone with my emphemeral brain where I rediscover the baking apple the dusk, good Rabmuller and much I mean to forget

Translated by Nicholas Kolumban