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## Interieur / Interior

Utz Rachowski

Michael Ritterson  
*Gettysburg College*

**Roles**

Author: Utz Rachowski

Translator: Michael Ritterson, Gettysburg College

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## Interieur / Interior

### **Abstract**

This poem, from a 1995 collection by a German Writer-in-Residence Utz Rachowski, appears with a facing-page translation by Ritterson in the inaugural issue of the arts review from Franklin & Marshall College.

### **Keywords**

Utz Rachowski, German, poetry

### **Disciplines**

German Language and Literature | Poetry

*Utz Rachowski*

INTERIEUR

(eine Nacht, ein Café, ein Gespräch)

Als Kind,  
sagte der erste,  
hatte ich böses Blut.  
Sie haben es getauscht.  
Seitdem schreibe ich unter falschem Namen.

Als Kind,  
sagte der zweite,  
hatte ich Löcher in der Lunge.  
Sie verwachsen mit den Jahren.  
Aber seither schreibe ich vom Tod  
der ein größer werdendes Loch ist.

Als Kind,  
dachte ich, als dritter am Tisch,  
legten sie meine Beine in Schienen.  
Schau nur, die Kinder dort spielen,  
rief meine Mutter.  
Seitdem laufe ich davon und schreibe darüber.

Aber das fiel mir erst später ein, morgens,  
als meine Freunde schon gegangen waren  
und eine weiße Taube über den nassen  
Asphalt lief.

INTERIOR

(a night, a café, a conversation)

As a child,  
said the first one,  
I had bad blood.  
So they exchanged it.  
Since then, I've been writing under an assumed  
name.

As a child,  
said the second one,  
I had holes in my lungs.  
They closed up over time.  
But since then, I've been writing about death,  
a hole that's becoming larger.

As a child,  
I thought, as the third one at the table,  
they put my legs in braces.  
Just look at the children playing there,  
called my mother.  
Since then, I've been running away and writing  
about it.

But that only occurred to me later, next  
morning, when my friends had already left  
and a white pigeon ran across the  
wet asphalt.

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