

EAR SHELL

*Bernke Klein Zandvoort**Translated by Rosalind Buck*

on a bench in a park with my back against a brass plaque

the view that our M.

loved so much (1947-2015)

I listen to aeroplanes

almost incessantly, the sound draws the sky shut

like a thick theatre curtain

astronomers, I heard recently, listen more than they watch

in a star lives the sound recording of a life that no longer exists

when two stars pass one another you can hear a wood

through which the wind is blowing

sometimes I'm scared that metaphors are diluting reality

worse still, I'm scared that all that exists

is the same things expressed in one another

to find answers, we point great ear shells

at space we break open stones burrow into barrows

throw off the earth like a coverlet

calling that dis-discovery

I think because, really early on

we, ourselves, got shut in

under the shifting plates of our cranial cupola

has anyone ever gazed through a baby's head at the universe?