

Witch Island

We took a room on Witch Island
In the house of a family with
A barbecue, onions drying on the ground
And cats and dogs spotted with flees

In the first night
My friend dreamed that
He and his mother witnessed
A car accident

The impact tore
The drivers head off
In two parts

Echoing noise
Splintering glass
And in the aftermath of silence
My friends mother turned to him
And said
Maybe he deserved it

In the second night
I woke up around 3 AM
And walked towards the beach
Dogs barking at me
Every couple of metres

I saw a cat
In the middle of the road
Sitting upright
It didn't move
When I approached it
I saw that
its head was trapped
In a tin can

I gripped it at the neck
It screamed like a seagull

When I tried to loosen the can

On the 3rd evening
The mist came
It rolled up from the sea
Covering it fleetingly

My friend and I walked next to each other at first
The suitcases sunk into the carpet
Sticking to it, as to roadkill

But then
My contact lens got flushed away
With trembling fingers
I retraced it's
Every possible position
By palpation
But No

In the end
I spent what felt fifteen minutes
Walking away from the spoon drift
Holding one squinting eyeball down
Towards the lunar landscape under my feet
And the other one
In front of my chest
Scanning the white-out
For something like
A horizon

Céline Struger

At the End of the Day

At the end of the day, the Saint-Lawrence River is rising and falling, rubbing at the rocky coastline of the village Saint-Jean-Port-Joli. It divides the rangelands with its shores and grinds smooth rock formations back to cubical.

Along with the high tide, twenty-billion hectolitres of clay, feldspar and free Atlantic floaters are washed ashore. The driftwood is bleached by UV light, and just like the skin of the sturgeons, the magenta disappears first.

If the river would stand still for a second, you might see the back curve of a Beluga, maybe, say the villagers. Penguins are also flying right above the water surface, behind them in the distance lay ski resorts. “Indian Summer”, they say and think about maple syrup, but the true red someone can find solely in the mud.

In the streets skunks are running next to the road. White-striped and in a gallop, they form their own bicycle lane parallel to the asphalt. “Streets are the best of sculptures, as they are too flat to cast a shadow”. This or something similar is said to have been said by Carl Andre right before he threw his wife out of a window.

At the beach I take my coat off and I throw it over leafless shrubs. Somehow it stays put in there and I exclaim: “Oh... Sculpture!” My friend plops pebbles into the water and I poke around with a stick in the snow and write a letter to my mother.

I write about the church bells of my childhood and how we were jumping over tufts of grass a long time ago. Facing the water, I write and jump at the same time and I think about the mountain that I grew up next to, and the presence and the absence of its shadow.

Céline Struger

The German Forest

The German forest is built like an onion
In its centre Martin Heidegger is seated on a bench in front of his hut
Gripping his walking cane tightly

The inner-most onion shell is vibrating from the
Cosmic pulse emitted by the oak trees
They are connected by a fine root network
Communicating with electromagnetic signals and pheromones

The second outer layer seems semi-opaque
The recordings of the camera trap show the coyotes raising their children and burying their dead in
Black and white and in stop-motion.

Their camp is surrounded by the monumental parallelism of
Tree trunks, which anticipate
The architectural manifestations of humans

The third forest layer is framed in rectangle fields
Hard Edge, Colour Field, The Main Thing Wrong About Painting
At its borders the fields are slightly bending upwards
Following the natural curve of the onion

Within the fourth layer the neon bike helmets are speeding around
Flattened beer cans are cutting warm and humid snouts
and blue beetles are crawling over an old fireplace in pairs
Violets and cigarette buds are varying according to an unfamiliar equation
The sum of all concerned bees complies with
the multiplication coefficient of the bacterium *Escherichia Coli*
in this layer

The coyotes sniff
the track of the wanderer and ignore it
They convey the knowledge of
the inherent mathematics by licking each other