

# Translation

By Friederike Eberhard

I came down from the sky one day  
An April day not long ago  
Hovered over Brisbane's ocean shores  
And descended slowly into the realm of lost expressions.

With the searing Australian heat  
My former definitions vanished into thin air  
As if they were only a dream that a little child may dream  
Of a lost heaven where it was completely understood.

I knew that somehow the metaphors of my old life were still there  
But hidden and meaningless for the Now  
Everything lost its tag  
And the new tag lay invisible behind  
the veiled faces of the passers-by.

Without the attached labels  
Was I vanishing?  
Dissolving with the descriptions?  
Black emptiness creeping in from below  
The grey roads lined with blossoming Jacaranda trees.

But slowly with the loss came a new awakening  
A childlike appreciation of being  
Everything was still there  
The sun, the moon, the air.

Everything is real and everything exists  
Even without and just because  
The leaden strings of Materialism –words-  
Have vanished.

A journey begins  
Of inquiry into the unknown  
Of complete dissolution into life  
That defies translation  
Phoenix from the ashes.

Beams of sunlight shine through the yellow ping-pong balls  
of the wattle tree.....