



8-30-2013

## *To Say Dark Things* by Ingeborg Bachmann

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### Recommended Citation

Wilson, Rebekah (2013) "*To Say Dark Things* by Ingeborg Bachmann," *Transference*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 19.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/transference/vol1/iss1/19>

Rebekah Wilson  
To Say Dark Things

Ingeborg Bachmann  
Dunkles zu sagen

Like Orpheus, I play  
death on the strings of life,  
and in the beauty of the earth  
and your eyes, which govern the heavens,  
I can only say dark things.

Don't forget how, all of a sudden,  
on that morning when your camp  
was still wet with dew and the carnation  
lay asleep on your heart,  
you too saw the dark river  
flowing by.

The string of silence  
pulled taut on the wave of blood,  
I grasped your sounding heart.  
Your curls were turned  
into the night's hair of shadows,  
black flakes of darkness  
fell on your face.

And I don't belong to you.  
We lament both now.

But like Orpheus I know  
life strung on the side of death  
and your eyes, closed forever,  
are blue to me.