

# **POEMAS**

**Paul Celan**

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## SINOPSE DE POEMAS

Poemas é uma coleção de poemas de Paul Celan, o poeta de língua alemã nascido na Romênia. A seleção abrange as obras do trágico autor desde seu início, em 1920, até seu suicídio, em 1970. Eles representam o estilo sombrio do autor, amplamente apreciado por seus textos sinceros e autênticos sobre o sofrimento dos judeus sob o domínio nazista.

O autor é valorizado por encarnar através de seus escritos as vicissitudes e agonia de meio século na Europa, com um foco particular no Holocausto. Através de sua obra, Celan procurou expandir a influência do alemão pelo mundo, e seu poema mais conhecido, Todesfuge, abriu as portas para uma renovação linguística da língua.

Se você quiser ler mais sobre este livro, você pode visitar o seguinte link [Poemas por Paul Celan](https://www.infolivros.org/poemas-por-paul-celan) em InfoLivros.org

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## AFTERNOON OF CIRCUS AND CITADEL

In Brest, before the Fire-Hoops burning, In the Tent, where Tigers  
sprang,

there I heard you, Finite, singing, there I saw you, Mandelstam.

The Sky hung over the Roadstead, the Gull, hung over the Crane.

The Finite sang there, the Constant –

you, the Gunboat, Baobab.

I hailed the Tricolor with a Russian Word – the Lost was Un-Lost,

the Heart Anchored there. Paul Celan

## ALCHEMICAL

Silence, like Gold cooked in charred  
Hands.

Vast, grey,  
near as all that is Lost  
Sisterly-Shape:

All the Names, all the with- Burnt up  
Names. So much  
Ash to be blessed. So much  
Land gained above  
the light, so light  
Soul- Rings.

Vast. Grey. Clinker- less.

You, then.

You with the pale bitten-out bud,

You in the Wine-Flood.

(Did it not discharge us too, this Hour? Good,

Good, that your Word died away here.)

Silence, like Gold cooked, in charred, charred

Hands.

Fingers, smoke-thin. Like Crowns, Air-Crowns around – –

Vast. Grey. Track- less.

Queen- like.

Paul Celan

## ASPEN TREE

Aspen Tree, your leaves glance white into the dark. My mother's hair was never white.

Dandelion, so green is the Ukraine.

My yellow-haired mother did not come home.

Rain cloud, above the well do you hover? My quiet mother weeps for everyone.

Round star, you wind the golden loop. My mother's heart was ripped by lead.

Oaken door, who lifted you off your hinges? My gentle mother cannot return.

## CORONA

Autumn eats its leaf out of my hand: we are friends. From the nuts  
we shell time and we teach it to walk: then time returns to the shell.

In the mirror it's Sunday,  
in dream there is room for sleeping, our mouths speak the truth.

My eye moves down to the sex of my loved one:  
we look at each other,  
we exchange dark words,  
we love each other like poppy and recollection, we sleep like wine  
in the conches,  
like the sea in the moon's blood ray.

We stand by the window embracing, and people look up from the street:

it is time they knew!

It is time the stone made an effort to flower, time unrest had a beating heart.

It is time it were time. It is time.

Translated by Michael Hamburger

Paul Celan

## COUNT THE ALMONDS

Count the Almonds,

count, what was bitter, watched for you, count me in:

I sought your Eye, as it opened and no one announced you,

I spun that hidden Thread,

on which the Dew, of your thought, slid down to the Pitchers,

that a Speech, which no one's Heart found, guarded.

Only there did you enter wholly the Name, that is yours, stepping  
sure-footedly into yourself,

the Hammers swung free in the Bell-Cradle of Silences, yours,

the Listened-For reached you,

the Dead put its arm round you too,

and the three of you walked through the Evening.

Make me bitter.

Count me among the Almonds. Paul Celan

## CRYSTAL

not on my lips look for your mouth,

not in front of the gate for the stranger, not in the eye for the tear.

seven nights higher red makes for red,

seven hearts deeper the hand knocks on the gate, seven roses

later plashes the fountain.

Paul Celan

## DEATH FUGUE

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at sundown

we drink it at noon in the morning we drink it at night we drink it  
and drink it

we dig a grave in the breezes there one lies unconfined

A man lives in the house he plays with the serpents he writes

he writes when dusk falls to Germany your golden hair Margarete

he writes it and steps out of doors and the stars are flashing he  
whistles his pack out

he whistles his Jews out in earth has them dig for a grave

he commands us strike up for the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night

we drink you in the morning at noon we drink you at sundown

we drink and we drink you

A man lives in the house he plays with the serpents he writes

he writes when dusk falls to Germany your golden hair

Margarete

your ashen hair Sulamith we dig a grave in the breezes there one  
lies unconfined

He calls out jab deeper into the earth you lot you others sing now  
and play

he grabs at the iron in his belt he waves it his eyes are blue

jab deper you lot with your spades you others play on for the  
dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night

we drink you at at noon in the morning we drink you at sundown

we drink and we drink you

a man lives in the house your golden hair Margarete your ashen  
hair Sulamith he plays with the serpents

He calls out more sweetly play death death is a master

from Germany

he calls out more darkly now stroke your strings then as smoke you  
will rise into air

then a grave you will have in the clouds there one lies unconfined

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night

we drink you at noon death is a master from Germany we drink  
you at sundown and in the morning we drink

and we drink you

death is a master from Germany his eyes are blue he strikes you  
with leaden bullets his aim is true

a man lives in the house your golden hair Margarete he sets his  
pack on to us he grants us a grave in

the air

He plays with the serpents and daydreams death is a master from  
Germany

your golden hair Margarete your ashen hair Shulamith

Translated by Michael Hamburger

Paul Celan

## F L O W E R

The stone.

The stone in the air, which I followed. Your eye, as blind as the  
stone.

We were hands,

we baled the darkness empty, we found the word that ascended  
summer:

flower.

Flower - a blind man's word. Your eye and mine:

they see to water.

Growth.

Heart wall upon heart wall adds petals to it.

One more word like this word, and the hammers will swing over  
open ground.

Paul Celan

## FUGUE OF DEATH

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at nightfall

we drink it at noon in the morning we drink it at night we drink it  
and drink it

we are digging a grave in the sky it is ample to lie there A man in  
the house he plays with the serpents he writes he writes when the  
night falls to Germany your golden

hair Margarete

he writes it and walks from the house the stars glitter he

whistles his dogs up

he whistles his Jews out and orders a grave to be dug in

the earth

he commands us strike up for the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night

we drink you in the morning at noon we drink you at

nightfall

drink you and drink you

A man in the house he plays with the serpents he writes he writes  
when the night falls to Germany your golden

hair Margarete

Your ashen hair Shulamith we are digging a grave in the

sky it is

ample to lie there

He shouts stab deeper in earth you there and you others

you sing and you play

he grabs at the iron in his belt and swings it and blue are

his eyes

stab deeper your spades you there and you others play on

for the dancing

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at nightfall

we drink you at noon in the mornings we drink you at

nightfall

drink you and drink you

a man in the house your golden hair Margarete

your ashen hair Shulamith he plays with the serpents

He shouts play sweeter death's music death comes as a

master from Germany

he shouts stroke darker the strings and as smoke you

shall climb to the sky

then you'll have a grave in the clouds it is ample to lie

there

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night

we drink you at noon death comes as a master from

Germany

we drink you at nightfall and morning we drink you and

drink you

a master from Germany death comes with eyes that are

blue

with a bullet of lead he will hit in the mark he will hit

you

a man in the house your golden hair Margarete

he hunts us down with his dogs in the sky he gives us a

grave

he plays with the serpents and dreams death comes as a

master from Germany

your golden hair Margarete your ashen hair Shulamith.

Paul Celan

## HOMECOMING

Snowfall, denser and denser, dove-coloured as yesterday,  
snowfall, as if even now you were sleeping.

White, stacked into distance. Above it, endless,  
the sleigh track of the lost.

Below, hidden, presses up  
what so hurts the eyes, hill upon hill,  
invisible.

On each,  
fetched home into its today,  
an I slipped away into dumbness:  
wooden, a post.

There: a feeling,

blown across by the ice wind attaching its dove- its snow- coloured  
cloth as a flag.

Paul Celan

## I CAN STILL SEE YOU

I can still see you: an Echo, to be touched with Feeler- Words, on  
the Parting- Ridge.

Your face softly shies away, when all at once there is lamp-like  
brightness

in me, at the Point,

where most painfully one says Never. Paul Celan

## I H E A R

I hear, the Axe has flowered,

I hear, the Place is un-nameable,

I hear, the Bread, that looks on him, heals the Hanged-Man,

the Bread, his Wife baked for him,

I hear, they name Life our sole Refuge.

Paul Celan

## ICE, EDEN

There is a Land that's Lost, Moon waxes in its Reeds, and all that's  
turned to frost  
with us, burns there and sees.

It sees, for it has Eyes, Earths they are, and bright. Night, Night,  
Alkalis.

It sees, this Child of Sight.

It sees, it sees, we see, I see you, you too see. Ice will rise again  
before

This Hour shall cease to be. Paul Celan

## ILLEGIBILITY

Illegibility of this

World. All twice-over.

Robust Clocks

agree the Cracked-Hour, hoarsely.

You, clamped in your Depths, climb out of yourself

for ever. Paul Celan

## IN FRONT OF A CANDLE

I formed the holder of gold, as you told me to mother, gold, out of  
which She comes, a shade, to me, in the middle of fracturing  
hours,

your

being-dead's daughter.

Slender in shape,

a thin, almond-eyed shadow, her mouth and her sex

danced round by creatures from sleep, out of the cave of the gold,

she rises up,

to the summit of Now.

With night-dark-shrouded lips,

I speak the Prayer:

In the name of the Three  
who fight with each other, until  
heaven reaches down into the graveyard of feeling, in the name of  
the Three, whose rings  
gleam on my finger, whenever  
I loose the hair of the trees into the abyss,  
so that the richer floods rush down through the deeps-

in the name of the first of the Three who shrieked,  
when he was called on to live, where his word went before him,  
in the name of the second, who watched it and wept, in the name  
of the third, who piles  
white stones in the middle – I say you are free

of the amen that overpowers us,  
of the ice-filled light at its rim,  
there, where tower-high it enters the sea, there, where the grey  
one, the dove  
picks at the names  
this side and that side of dying: You still, you still, you still,  
a dead woman's child,  
sealed to the No of my yearning, wedded to a cleft in time  
to which the mother-word led me, so that a single spasm  
would pass through the hand  
that now, and now, grasps at my heart! Paul Celan

## LANDSCAPE

tall poplars -- human beings of this earth!

black pounds of happiness -- you mirror them to death! I saw you,  
sister, stand in that effulgence.

Paul Celan

## LITTLE NIGHT

Little Night: when you take me within, within, up there,  
three Pain-Inches above the Floor:

all the Shroud-Coats of Sand, all the Help-Nots,

all, that still laughs

with the Tongue - Paul Celan

## MANDORLA

In the Almond – what dwells in the Almond? Nothing.

Nothing dwells in the Almond. There it dwells and dwells.

In Nothing – what dwells there? The King. There dwells the King,  
the King.

There he dwells and dwells.

Jews'-Hair, you'll not grow grey.

And your Eye – where does your Eye dwell? Your Eye dwells on the  
Almond.

Your Eye, on Nothing it dwells. It dwells on the King.

So it dwells and dwells.

Human-Hair, you'll not grow grey. Empty Almond, regally-blue.

Paul Celan

## NIGHT RAY

Most brightly of all burned the hair of my evening loved one:  
to her I send the coffin of lightest wood.

Waves billow round it as round the bed of our dream in Rome;  
it wears a white wig as I do and speaks hoarsely:  
it talks as I do when I grant admittance to hearts.

It knows a French song about love, I sang it in autumn  
when I stopped as a tourist in Lateland and wrote my letters to  
morning.

A fine boat is that coffin carved in the coppice of feelings.

I too drift in it downbloodstream, younger still than your eye. Now  
you are young as a bird dropped dead in March snow, now it  
comes to you, sings you its love song from France.

You are light: you will sleep through my spring till it's over. I am  
lighter:

in front of strangers I sing. Paul Celan

O LITTLE ROOT OF A DREAM

O little root of a dream you hold me here undermined by blood,  
no longer visible to anyone, property of death.

Curve a face  
that there may be speech, of earth, of ardor, of  
things with eyes, even  
here, where you read me blind,

even here, where you refute me,  
to the letter.

translated by Heather McHugh and Nikolai Popov

Paul Celan

O LITTLE ROOT

On my Right – who? The Death-Woman. And you, on my Left, you?

The Wandering-Sickles in extra- heavenly Place  
mime themselves grey-white Moon-Swallows, together, Star-Swifts,

I plunge there  
and pour an Urnful down onto you,  
in you. Paul Celan

## ONLY WHEN

Only when

as a Shade I touch you, will you believe my Mouth,

that climbs with Late- Minded things up there around the  
Time-Courts,

you come to the Host

of the Twice-Using among the Angels,

Silence-Enraged

Stars.

Paul Celan

## P S A L M

No-man kneads us again out of Earth and Loam, no-man spirits  
our Dust.

No-man.

Praise to you, No-man. For love of you  
we will flower. Moving towards you.

A Nothing

we were, we are, we shall be still, flowering:

the Nothing-, the

No-man's-rose.

With

our Pistil soul-bright,

our Stamen heaven-torn, our Corolla red  
with the Violet-Word that we sang over, O over  
the thorn. Paul Celan

## STUTTERED-OVER-AGAIN WORLD

Stuttered-over-again World, where I shall have been  
a Guest, a Name,  
sweated down from the Wall, that a Wound licks up.

Paul Celan

## TALLOW LAMP

The monks with hairy fingers opened the book: September. Now  
Jason pelts with snow the newly sprouting grain.

The forest gave you a necklace of hands. So dead you walk the  
rope. To your hair a darker blue is imparted; I speak of love.

Shells I speak and light clouds, and a boat buds in the rain. A little  
stallion gallops across the leafing fingers--

Black the gate leaps open, I sing: How did we live here?

(from Mohn und Gedachtnis by Paul Celan, trans. by Michael  
Hamburger) Paul Celan

## T E N E B R A E

We are near, Lord, near and at hand.

Handled already, Lord,

clawed and clawing as though the body of each of us were your  
body, Lord.

Pray, Lord, pray to us, we are near.

Wind-awry we went there, went there to bend

over hollow and ditch.

To be watered we went there, Lord. It was blood, it was  
what you shed, Lord. It gleamed.

It cast your image into our eyes, Lord.

Our eyes and our mouths are open and empty, Lord.

We have drunk, Lord.

The blood and the image that was in the blood, Lord.

Pray, Lord. We are near.

Paul Celan

## THE POLES

The Poles

are within us, insurmountable while Awake,  
we sleep across, to the Gate of Mercy,

I lose you to you, that is my Snow-Comfort,  
say, that Jerusalem is, say, as if I were this  
your Whiteness,  
as if you were mine,

as if without us we could be we, I open your leaves, forever,  
you bless, you bed us free.

Paul Celan

## THE STRAITENING

\*

Driven into the terrain  
with the unmistakable track:

grass, written asunder. The stones, white, with the shadows of  
grassblades:

Do not read any more - look! Do not look any more - go!

Go, your hour  
has no sisters, you are -  
are at home. A wheel, slow, rolls out of itself, the spokes climb,  
climb on a blackish field, the night needs no stars, nowhere  
does anyone ask after you.

\*

Nowhere

does anyone ask after you -

The place where they lay, it has a name - it has  
none. They did not lie there. Something lay between them. They  
did not see through it.

Did not see, no, spoke of  
words. None awoke,  
sleep  
came over them.

\*

Came, came. Nowhere  
anyone asks -

It is I, I,

I lay between you, I was open, was

audible, ticked at you, your breathing obeyed, it is

I still, but then

you are asleep.

\*

It is I still -

years,

years, years, a finger feels down and up, feels around:

seams, palpable, here

it is split wide open, here

it grew together again - who covered it up?

\*

Covered it

up - who?

Came, came.

Came a word, came, came through the night,

wanted to shine, wanted to shine.

Ash.

Ash, ash. Night.

Night-and-night. - Go

to the eye, the moist one.

\*

Go

to the eye,

the moist one -

Gales.

Gales, from the beginning of time, whirl of particles, the other,

you

know it, though, we read it in the book, was opinion.

Was, was opinion. How did we touch

each other - each other with these

hands?

There was written too, that. Where? We

put a silence over it, stilled with poison, great, a

green

silence, a sepal, an

idea of vegetation attached to it - green, yes,

attached, yes, under a crafty sky.

Of, yes, vegetation.

Yes.

Gales, whirl of part- icles, there was

time left, time

to try it out with the stone - it was hospitable, it

did not cut in. How lucky we were:

Grainy,

grainy and stringy. Stalky,

dense:

grapy and radiant; kidneyish, flattish and

lumpy; loose, tang- led -; he, it

did not cut in, it spoke,

willingly spoke to dry eyes, before closing them.

Spoke, spoke. Was, was.

We

would not let go, stood in the midst, a  
porous edifice, and it came.

Came at us, came through us, patched invisibly, patched  
away at the last membrane and  
the world, a millicrystal,  
shot up, shot up.

\*

Shot up, shot up.

Then -

Nights, demixed. Circles, green or blue, scarlet squares: the  
world puts its inmost reserves into the game with the new hours. -

Circles,

red or black, bright squares, no

flight shadow, no

measuring table, no

smoke soul ascends or joins in.

\*

Ascends and joins in -

At owl's flight, near the petrified scabs, near  
our fled hands, in the latest rejection, above  
the rifle-range near the buried wall:

visible, once more: the grooves, the

choirs, at that time, the psalms. Ho, ho-  
sannah.

So

there are temples yet. A

star

probably still has light. Nothing,

nothing is lost.

Ho- sannah.

At owl's flight, here,

the conversations, day-grey, of the water-level traces.

\*

(--day-grey, of

Driven into the terrain

the water-level traces -

with

the unmistakable track:

Grass, grass,

written asunder.) Paul Celan

The Trumpet-Part

The Trumpet-Part deep in the glowing Text-Void

at Torch-Height, in the Time-Hole:

listen in

with your Mouth. Paul Celan

There Was Earth

There was Earth in them, and they dug.

They dug and they dug, and so

their Day went by, and their Night. And they did not praise God,  
who, so they heard, wanted all this,

who, so they heard, knew of all this.

They dug and they heard nothing more; did not grow wise,  
invented no Song, thought up for themselves no Language. They  
dug.

There came a Silence, there came a Storm, There came every  
Ocean.

I dig, you dig, and it digs, the Worm, and the Singing, there, says:  
They dig.

O someone, o none, o no one, o you:

Where did it lead to, that nowhere-leading? O you dig and I dig,  
and I dig towards you, and on our finger awakens the Ring.

Paul Celan

## THIS EVENING ALSO

more fully,

since snow fell even on this

sun-drifted, sun-drenched sea, blossoms the ice in those baskets  
you carry into town.

sand

you demand in return, for the last

rose back at home

this evening also wants to be fed out of the trickling hour.

Paul Celan

## TO STAND IN THE SHADOW

To stand in the Shadow  
of the Wound's-Mark in the Air.

For no-one and nothing to Stand. Unknown,  
for you alone.

With all, that within finds Room, even without  
Speech. Paul Celan

## T W E L V E   Y E A R S

The line

that remained, that became true: . . . your house in Paris -- become  
the alterpiece of your hands.

Breathed through thrice, shone through thrice.

.....

It's turning dumb, turning deaf behind our eyes.

I see the poison flower

in all manner of words and shapes.

Go. Come.

Love blots out its name: to you it ascribes itself.

## VINEGROWERS

Vinegrowers dig up dig

under the darkhoured watch, depth for depth,

you read, the invisible

one commands the wind to stay in bounds,

you read,

the Open Ones carry

the stone behind the eye, it recognizes you,

on a Sabbath.

## WHEN YOU LIE

When you lie

in the Bed of lost Flag-Cloth,

with blue-black Syllables, in Snow-Eyelash-Shadow, the Crane  
through Thought-

showers,

comes gliding, steely- you open for him.

His beak ticks the Hour for you at every Mouth – at every

bell-stroke, with red-hot Rope, a Silent- Millennium,

Un-Pulse and Pulse

mint each other to death, the Dollars, the Cents,

rain hard through your Pores, in

Second-Shapes

you fly there and bar

the Doors Yesterday and Tomorrow – phosphorescent, Forever-  
Teeth,

buds the one, and buds the other breast,  
towards the Grasping, under the Thrusts -: so thick,  
so deeply strewn  
the starry Crane- Seed.

Paul Celan

## WHORISH OTHER-WHEN

Whorish other-when. And Eternity blood-black en-babelled.

Mud-drowned

with your loamy Locks my Faith.

Two Fingers, hand-far, row towards a swampy Vow.

Paul Celan

## WITH EVERY THOUGHT

With every Thought I went  
out of the World: there you were,  
you my Gentle One, you my Open One, and –  
you received us.

Who

says that for us everything died, that for us there the Eye broke?  
Everything woke, all things began.

Vast, a Sun came swimming by, bright a Soul and a Soul engaged,  
clear, masterfully made a silence for it  
a path ahead.

Lightly

you opened your Lap, quiet rose a Breath in the Aether,  
and what became cloud, was it not, was it not Form, and for us  
then, was it not  
as good as a Name? Paul Celan

## WITH THE VOICE

With the voice of the Field-mouse

You squeak up,

a sharp

Clamp,

you bite through my Shirt into the Skin,

a Cloth,

you slither over my Mouth, in the midst of my,

to you, Shadow, burdensome, Speech.

Paul Celan

Your Hand

Your hand full of hours, you came to me – and I said:

‘Your hair is not brown.’ You lifted it, lightly,

on to the balance of grief, it was heavier than I.

They come to you on their ships, and make it their load, then put it  
on sale in the markets of lust.

You smile at me from the deep.

I weep at you from the scale that’s still light. I weep: Your hair is  
not brown.

They offer salt-waves of the sea, and you give them spume.

You whisper: ‘They’re filling the world with me now, and for you I’m  
still a hollow way in the heart!

You say: ‘Lay the leaf-work of years by you, it’s time, that you  
came here and kissed me.

The leaf-work of years is brown, your hair is not brown. Paul Celan

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