

*Fragmented
Waters*

SAMPLER

BOOKS BY RON WINKLER

- Morphosen: Texte* [edition sisyphos, Cologne 2002]
vereinzelt Passanten: Gedichte [KOOKbooks, Berlin 2004]
Fragmentierte Gewässer: Gedichte [Berlin Verlag, Berlin 2007]
Frenetische Stille: Gedichte [Berlin Verlag, Berlin 2010]
Torp: Prosa [Verlagshaus J. Frank, Berlin 2010]
Prachtvolle Mitternacht: Gedichte [Schöffling & Co., Frankfurt am Main 2013]
Torp. Neue Wimpern: Prosa [Verlagshaus J. Frank, Berlin 2013]

AS EDITOR

- Schwerkraft: Junge amerikanische Lyrik* [Jung und Jung, Salzburg 2007]
Hermetisch offen: Poetiken junger deutschsprachiger AutorInnen
[Verlagshaus J. Frank, Berlin 2008]
Neubuch: Neue junge Lyrik [yederstann Verlag, München 2008]
Die Schönheit ein deutliches Paradies: Ostseegedichte
[Connewitzer Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig 2010]
Schneegedichte [Schöffling & Co., Frankfurt am Main 2015]
Thüringen im Licht: Gedichte aus fünfzig Jahren
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books by

Sandra Beasley, Billy Collins, Denise Duhamel,
Johannes Frank, Forrest Gander, Arielle Greenberg,
David Lerner, Sarah Manguso, Jeffrey McDaniel,
Matthew Zapruder

Ron Winkler

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SAMPLE

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Jake Schneider*

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little house on the Saale

for itself

the sandbox was where we built our first Mount Hyperbole.

we huffed and puffed and kissed it down.

in that chalk circle's co-kingdom, we could still stand

in Heaven and Hell at the same time.

and no one suspected the hackbird.

mother was the first variable constant we encountered.

her life an inequation with her husband.

we claimed the pasture as our own private lawn.

for rounds of ramstones, Batman badminton, and so on.

apron was a border as porous as twilight.

we could sense kisses behind it like mute crickets

though that quiet cream hardly trickled.

I had evangelephant ears on a buzzard head.

maybe I really was an animal pilot.

when I prayed through Jehovah's Windows
in that unquantifiable epoch of night,
I'd form an atheist barn with my hands
complete with dream goats, that special milk.

now and then we'd settle in for a civic visit.
the *near and dear* relations, our aunts with their hangers-on.
teabirds, we dubbed them. beak streets.

those may have been Mercedes-flavored
afternoons of excellence, taken to heart and yet to pen.
until a hand smashed in somewhere. categorical error.
then ruckus, then Pyrrhic silence.

sometimes we'd hand in ideals like model citizens. other times
we were party poopers. played war as the bad guys.
only base stations for the sequel.

OSMOSIS SOUNDS

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maritime visit diagnostic

all it takes is a glimpse at the water:
either *tango marino* or classic *marinette*.
buoys mark off the iambs of the waves.

~

by all accounts, the colors of the sea
seem overexcitable.

~

yet the water strikes you as rather thin.

~

there's a competition between things. two windswept pines
rivaling for aesthetic inclines.

~

the tide inexhaustible—you could say
it was making payments on a larger debt.

~

the wind stroking the sea like an enthusiastic father.

~

it all gives you a sustainable impression.
even the herons onshore: fishing for relevance.

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by a water neither river nor pond

the wind condemns the trees to a whipping—
a penance obviously full of hot air.

for reassurance, please also note
that the flowers don't bear pistols.

the landscape so dignified that many
a Flemish painter must have lived here.

the grasses in these parts halfway
between hill-swans and bristle-boards

presumably the trampled greenery
is the flip side of a prudent creature

but the mandatory fauna is something else—
especially the racket of the frogs.

when they aren't swimming, they're baptizing
the neighborhood with their throats' green notes.

the waves are unmistakable—
springforms that leap onto shore.

in the *transition area*, a few yards
of mud act as *silt pour l'art*.

the seagulls act on nothing.
their appearance much too disyllabic.

anyone who swims here is no stroke,
but a slash in the water.

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island, overgrown with wind

the sea shone nimble
hydrogen, like bee substrate,
as birds in eyeshot freegulled
on a quest for a calm catch. we noted this
promptly in the log-roll of the wind (details
to be revised later) along with that moment's
water-stems, a handful of madness
for this island overgrown with wind. the hinterland:
a quintessential rampage zone.
as much as not.

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in part about fish

as you see it, water is conspicuously
correct, impossible to overtake, and proof
of the liquigeivity of fish—
even the way they stare at us
seems professionally primitive although
actual enough, so we side-step them
and start to slurp sibilants (or *sibilantly*)
from clams: that flaccid gourmet
between fish and *gullish*.
needless to say, this correspondence
is a drill, and occasionally a warming
Hosanna. tender as one of those gestures
that hatch in the light unannounced
and come between us by and
large of their own free gill.

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at Island 35

because of A.P.

the sea is flawlessly whipped up.
it well deserves a more riveting word.
the wind is going through a pedagogical phase.
the trees stooping down to sheer metaphors.
the wailing wall of the seagull calls implies
a whole wailing settlement behind it.
the concept of a *tide* is probably
particularly appealing to Adventists.
the longer you stare, the frothier.
but that's as tricky to prove
as the kinship between sea-
anemones and animosities.

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