

An Orphan Laughs

Translated by Andrew Firestone (2014)

An orphan in torn clothing laughs
Running in fear down streets and lanes.

He stole something.
They are chasing him.
He skips across a fence and looks around:
A barn, a calf. A calf with two eyes
That seem to say the cow is gone,
Big brown mother is gone.
A kennel. A dog. A dog with two eyes
That seem to call out "They beat us
God, how they beat us!"

The small boy trembles
And opens the wallet. Out come
A mirror, glasses, a copper coin.

Wooh ooh ooh ooh!
Fly-y-y-y!

The little thief plays with the wind and the clouds
Throws them mirror and glasses and coin

And he laughs and laughs
Stands still and laughs.

They catch up to him there.
Over the fence and off he runs
The orphan in torn clothes
Through the day and the night and the world.

Ringen, 1921.