
cold mine

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Poet

Translated from Dutch by Astrid Alben

in the abundance of appliances she is like nature and we can live with her decay

cold mine

that important layer, the bottom,
its remains

between pipelines, seabed telescopes, rocketwaste
outside, nearby

between the crust and the core
vibrations, not the right word

languidly
and calmly passing through

my bedding, cold mine
between pale fish, alien anglers, new

forms of life, a wealth of life around oilrigs
a stroke of luck for the sciences

back on time, between the location
of the sea-pirate and primitive refinement

coastal dialects
that shore up the predominant language

and later
in the new emission markets

a thorough supply
of cosmic energy

we are good at relocation and substitution
there is motion between the crust and the core

instead of poisonous fish a sea reservation
instead of the ozone hole, wormholes

vibrations and rocks
then rocks again

to be engulfed, answers
between optical mist

and mystic media
we find the lost lake

just in time in the glacier
quicksilver silt and tin ore

ensure us
of a goldmine, a threat

our own physical reserves
that we can use later on

more fear of emptiness
than occupation

everything blends together
at a very dull pace

in the meantime, life continues
with ships and instruments and weapons

with job division, organization and slaves
we send pioneers to the new resource territories ahead of

marine biologists, waste specialists, geneticists,
mammoth tankers and the extraordinary renditions

during longer lasting missions
the vanguard may be harder to find

voluntarily dedicating a part of life
to the cause

as with a winter sleep
rocks will just as easily cross the border

low-tech double slip song

a temporary return, never satisfied
we feed the important layer

the carefree men, wild miners
serve to advance the border

you will come across stones
from the longest ago in every layer

risk capital, arms dealers
occupy without care, unceremonial

army - pushed forward, private
companies, corseting the war

a body disorganized

layer is not the right word
phase would be more accurate

a nice little infection built in
intimately knowing they will explode

intimately enfolded in separate chambers
the mine is a mine in the time

seventy percent of the clusters remains
unexploded

life continues
we control at a distance and time

the scattered body

the mine is always already open
the possibility of the mine is already a mine

agricultural satellites, shuttles, double slip cubicles
specimen testing and delay of executions

push the edges of the realm
insatiately, in a different phase

remains of a routine launch
vibrate comfortably through

the empty space keeps the motion steady
unbroken with hunger porous