

Celan first poem

Now there's no way out  
the longing shadows swarm like bees  
without togetherness  
what blessed times were those  
when all our coins of happiness were free,  
but that black milk of which I spoke  
rises in my throat before our master  
death from Germany.  
why did the young, the working class  
look for that something  
a god in tweeds!  
o repulsive being  
that any man of taste could see  
(god bless the aristocracy)  
mistake that smell for perfume?  
trust your nose  
not bleating intellect,  
and now your leafless forest  
full of hobgoblin memories  
raise strange statues in your mind  
until a sign from Holderlin  
companion of our dreams  
grant you peace and absolution,  
we meet in a forest clearing  
the poem of past and future  
grows beside us  
the secret word among the people grows  
distilled by me O Germany  
a language saved by secrets spread  
a poetry as Mandelstam said  
to keep them awake forever.