

Translated excerpt

Nadia Budde
Vor meiner Tür auf einer Matte

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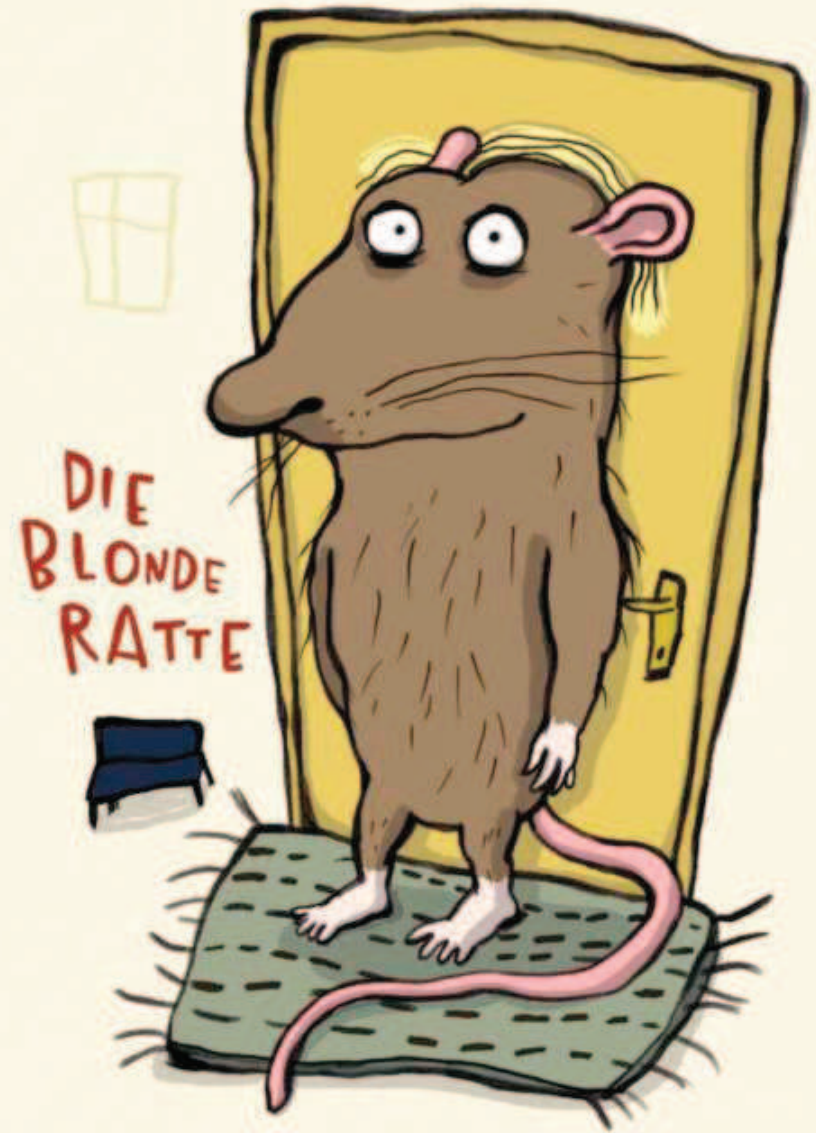
pp. 4-17

Nadia Budde
Before my door upon a mat

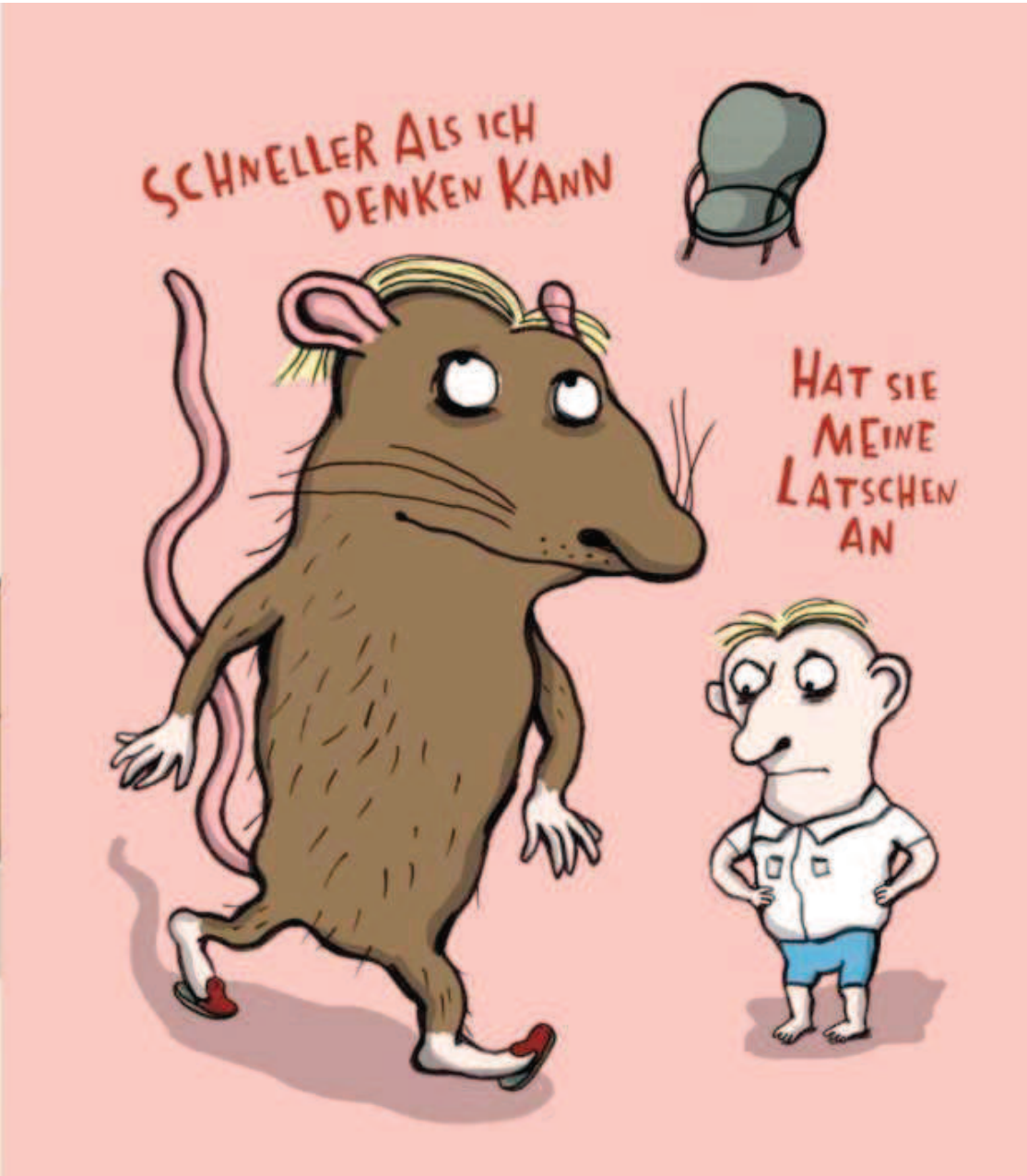
Translated by John Reddick



VOR MEINER TÜR AUF EINER MATTE
STEHT JEDEN TAG



Before my door upon a mat
There stands each day a blonde-haired rat



‘Do come in!’ I rarely say
– she mostly slips in anyway

Before I can say ‘Jack Robinson’
She’s putting my favourite slippers on



I take to my chair for a restful snore
And quickly feel her icy claw

If to the sofa I repair
I find that she's already there



Whenever I turn my radio on
She whistles and whistles loud and long

If a pot of tea I make
My sitting room is soon a lake

Before I can even hit a key
The rat is right there next to me



I look to see what food I've got
The creature's been and gulped the lot

A nice warm bath I try to run
But it's the rat that has the fun



WILL ICH
IN DER SONNE
SITZEN

FÄNGT SIE SCHRECKLICH
AN ZU SCHWITZEN



SUCHE ICH DAS
TELEFON

DISKUTIERT
DIE RATTE
SCHON

BINDE ICH MIR DIE KRAWATTE
STEHT IM SPIEGEL



DIESE
RATTE

A suntan I would like to get
But all she does is sweat and sweat

I try to use the telephone
– the rat regards it as her own

I choose a tie from my collection
And there's that pesky rat's reflection



UND ZUM PICKNICK
AN DER KLIPPE

BRINGT SIE GLEICH
DIE GANZE SIPPE

We go for a picnic by the sea
And she and her clan wolf all the tea