

Hinemoana  
By Ulrike Almut Sandig

Translated by Thomas Marshall

My dear

The word is on the grapevine,  
The word speaks of all that is here, of its opposite.

It was only yesterday I saw a second Ulrike  
Caught laughing down the camera lens, though she seemed

Not at all alike, I barely knew her.  
My dear, you and I and all that is:

We could be our opposites too. I could  
Well have another name. What about Hinemoana?

Look, here: even when I put in roots at this very spot  
The globe still keeps turning

In endless circles. Who can truly say  
That the Antarctic lies constantly

Down under? I never said it.  
It was not Hinemoana - and you?

No, it was not you either. Far off, vulnerable,  
The Antarctic surges upwards

Up, up, towards Bautzener Strasse  
And now I must wrap this up, remaining

*Your* Hinemoana

PS. The grapevine alone finds no opposite  
The grapevine is always the grapevine

Even here

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*Hinemoana* by Ulrike Almut Sandig

Translated by Amy Rose O'Hanlon

My love,

It's the word on everyone's lips here too  
that everything has its opposite.

Only yesterday I saw a second Ulrike  
laughing into the camera, but she didn't look

like me at all, I barely recognised her,  
my love, you and I and everything in between

we could all be our opposites too. I could  
have a whole new name. What do you think of Hinemoana?

Look: even if I stay still  
the globe is still spin-

-ing around. And who on earth said  
Antarctica is always down

below? It wasn't me  
it wasn't Hinemoana and it wasn't

you either. Vast and fragile  
Antarctica is edging up

towards Bautzener Street  
and I must sign off now and will remain

your Hinemoana.

P.S. Only lips don't have an opposite.  
Lips are always lips

even here.

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