Song of the Bread in the Oven

by Günter Grass

Bread,
where does the bread stop
where does the cake begin?

And that baker
who is white and dyspeptic
made us with his fingers.

And that baker
who lost his hair to the meal worm
took us on wooden paddles.

And that baker
who had made us with his fingers
stayed outside with his fingers.

And that baker
who stayed outside
had some dough under his thumbnail.

And that baker
who did not like to eat bread
thought that he was baking bread.

But we are not bread.
We are stones
which fall through you.

And that baker
whom we nourish
smiles -- Why?  

-- translated by Alexander
Taylor and Adeline Theis
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No Hole in the Sky

coming through the doorway
a lump of cancer along the inside of his left leg
he wore a green silk shirt
old-fashined black and white shoes
the hair clipped all over his head but
the face needing a shave
wrinkled yellow pants
dark shades
he gave the note to the teller