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**Progress I**  
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## **Rose Ausländer**

### **PROGRESS I**

I live on the first floor of the first house in the first street of this place. This place is an island. It has only one street. The street has only one house. The house has only one floor. I am the only tenant. I live on fruit and fish. On salty sea air, on sun and rain. On thoughts and dreams. My friends are scattered throughout the world. We write to each other by the bottle-post. I don't know the name of my island. Now and then, a bottle is washed onto the beach. That's how I learn about what's going on in the world, about the great progress being made in all professions. Wars and murders multiply tenfold. Everyone is proud of their war, of their victory, yes, even of their defeat.

Translated from the German by **Gary Sea**