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**Privacy** 

Rose Ausländer

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**PRIVACY** 

Sometimes I wish to be left alone and undisturbed. But that's impossible: street noise and the voices of neighbors live in my room. If I open the window, gnats, flies, moths, sparrows fly in, sometimes even an elf or an angel. Each wants something from me: a little blood, the scent of my skin, a morsel of food, a malicious prank, a soft-spoken hallelujah. You'd like to give each their due, but you have to give yourself your due as well, hear your own voice, leave off the pious prayers, be able to curse everything. This happiness is seldom given.

Translated from the German by Gary Sea