NOISE OF OUR ORIGIN
RAUSCHEN UNSERES URSPRUNGS

Dietmar Tauchner
to my parents

Elisabeth & Leander Tauchner

and my awesome alienteacher Alex
When I first encountered Dietmar

I felt something new and difficult to describe; a distinctive new voice. In a world crowded with voices, media circuses proclaiming screeds of the day—suddenly there was space, and within, a relaxation within an invitation, tinged with the tragic, yet noble. These days, many haiku offer the reader codes—use language in a coded way from which we decipher the imaginative image which coheres entirely outside the text. This method is one approach to challenging literal realism, and creating dimension. Dietmar’s work reveals his own unique sensibility, in which galactic time, space and cosmos seem to touch us as tenderly as a lover, with the care of an animate world which expresses its own-“as-if”—its own metaphor of being, within things themselves. That is, with a man; and with a man, a poet; along very simply: not two, not one, with understatement.

It doesn’t matter which poem I choose—each expresses a world. Some are uber-futuristic, striking a luscious chord in every cyberpunk-geek-bone of my body:
boarding
a neutrino arrives
in my future

and it seems more delicately humorous in German,

Boarding
ein Neutrino kommt an
in meiner Zukunft

with the ‘k’ and ‘Z’ internal rhyme of “kommt” and “Zukunft.” It’s good to start with the future, with Dietmar. Sometimes I think he may be visiting from various “elsewheres.” Yet always landing right here,

leonids
my mind back at the source
of words

Within, there is a translation of Goethe’s “The Holy Longing,” which ends:

Distance does not make you falter.  
Now, arriving in magic, flying,  
and finally, insane for the light,  
you are the butterfly and you are gone.  
And so long as you haven’t experienced this: to die and so to grow,  
you are only a troubled guest on the dark earth.

The poems in this first bilingual collection of Dietmar Tauchner explore this very question of being a “troubled guest”—the trouble is in what way do we connect, these days, with our local universe, with our cosmos, with our solitude, with our time — within an era, or in eras of seconds and minutes? In much of Dietmar’s work I sense an evolution, aptly expressed in Goethe’s phrase above, “to die and so to grow.” With each poem is sensed some leftover trace of big bang radiation, now cooled to the merest background nuance, yet utterly pervasive: quiet explosions, remarkably enfolded consciousness transformations.

In the 80s and early 90s I spent some time in Germany, and in Berlin, West and East, on
an occasion. Ancient history now perhaps, as everything seems to be, pre-Internet. One of the conversations I had at that time with an artist-friend remains unforgettable. I was opining as to how the American myth of the “cowboy,” what William Cronon his landmark essay “The Trouble with Wilderness” refers to as the “mythic frontier individualist” had created a delusive fantasy of false patriotism. My friend looked me in the eye, and replied: “In Germany, we have no heroes.”

tattooed man
in his eyes
the true story

Goethe’s poem offers a glimpse of a different kind of hero. Not “hero” as that tired, stereotypical macho myth. Reading Dietmar’s poetry, it is impossible not to recall the historical context of world wars, of totalitarian fools harboring world-conquering visions. And now, from a quiet star off the beaten track of the local galaxy, from

the house
of my heritage
orion
comes a deep yet propulsive sense of joy. In comradeship—possessing poetic luminosity and depth. I sense, if not a hero (that is your call), the heroic

new radio
noise
of our origin

and grow, less troubled.

Richard Gilbert
4 July 2013
Kumamoto University, Japan
Other Haiku Books and Media
by Dietmar Tauchner

as far as i can (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, Winchester, 2010)

Schnee (St. Veit, Austria: Moksha Music, 2011)

Steg zu den Sternen (Schweinfurt, Germany: Wiesenburg Verlag, 2012)
NOISE OF OUR ORIGIN
RAUSCHEN UNSERES URSPRUNGS
FACING THE SECRET

DEM GEHEIMNIS ZUGEWANDT
winter morning
the glittering rail
towards the moon

Wintermorgen
das glitzernde Gleis
in Richtung Mond
thaw
i listen to
the sun

Tauwetter
ich lausche
der Sonne
big dipper
the factory releases
its shiftworkers

Großer Wagen
die Fabrik entlässt
ihre Schichtarbeiter
closing time
i walk home across
the milky way

Feierabend
ich gehe heim entlang
der Milchstraße
alone in the bedroom window venus

allein im schlafzimmerfenster venus
in love
the stars
chirping

verliebt
die Sterne
zirpen
dark matter
my girlfriend reveals
her dreams

Dunkle Materie
meine Freundin eröffnet mir
ihre Träume
dark energy
father leaves
the earth

Dunkle Energie
Vater verlässt
die Erde
deep field
sunflowers facing
the secret

Tiefes Feld
Sonnenblumen wenden sich
dem Geheimnis zu
stella maris
myriads of lives
in my mind

Stella Maris
Myriaden Leben
im Geist
last light
I change
my self

letztes Licht
ich wechsle
das Ich
TWILIGHT OF TIME

ZWIELICHT DER ZEIT
mountain trek
on a tin trailhead sign
evening sun

Bergwanderung
auf dem Wegweiser aus Blech
Abendsonne
night sky
the long look at
the past

Nachthimmel
der lange Blick
in das was war
Sternschnuppe
ein Teil von mir trifft
sein Antiteilchen

shooting star
a part of me meets
its antiparticle
indigoblue time
thoughts in interplay
with tachyons

indigoblaue Zeit
Gedanken in Wechselwirkung
mit Tachyonen
boarding
a neutrino arrives
in my future

Boarding
ein Neutrino kommt an
in meiner Zukunft
equinox
the town in the twilight of time

Tagnachtgleiche
die Stadt im Zwielicht
der Zeit
evolution a red supergiant’s bardo

Evolution eines Roten Überriesen Bardo
between dream and reality

zwischen Traum und Wirklichkeit
deep space ∞
the vast waste
of time

Weltraum ∞
der riesige Ausschuss
von Zeit

a black hole

ein schwarzes Loch
september light in every face time

Septemberlicht in jedem Gesicht Zeit
crowdedSubway10DimensionsSolitude
volleUbahn10DimensionenEinsamkeit
countless atoms captured for a while

unzählige Atome verbunden für eine Zeit

morning after

Morgen danach
to be me

um ich zu sein

the uncertainty of quanta

die Unschärfe der Quanten
second hand bookshop
i release
the smell of time

Buchantiquariat
ich entlasse
den Duft der Zeit
sleepless
the moon’s
tick

schlaflos
das Ticken
des Mondes
nightwind
fear derives
from the future

Nachtwind
Furcht hergeleitet
aus der Zukunft
letztes Lied
hinter den Augenlidern
blaue Pferde

last tune
behind my eyelids
blue horses
harvest moon
when will the stray dog
find its home?

Erntemond
wann wird der streunende Hund
sein Heim finden?
first warm day
the toy cup fills
with sunlight

erster warmer Tag
die Spielzeugtasse füllt sich
mit Sonnenlicht
winter morning
i wake up in the future
of my dream

Wintermorgen
ich erwache in der Zukunft
meines Traums
where the weather ends,
light on its way
to the edge of time

wo das Wetter endet,
Licht auf dem Weg
zum Rand der Zeit
THE SCENT OF STARS

DER DUFT DER STERNE
decayed house
the bathroom open
to the sky

verfallenes Haus
das Badezimmer frei
für den Himmel
summer’s end
the hill behind the house
path to the stars

Sommerende
der Hügel hinter dem Haus
Steg zu den Sternen
night wind
the rhythm of
the universe

Nachtwind
der Rhythmus
des Weltalls
i dreamt
i don’t dream
full moon

ich träumte
ich träume nicht
Vollmond
mars moons
the longing for
different lives

Marsmonde
die Sehnsucht nach
deren Leben
day’s end
an old woman looks for
venus

Tagesende
eine alte Frau sucht nach
der Venus
rush hour
the big ease
of the milky way

Stoßzeit
die Gelassenheit
der Milchstraße
lilac scent of stars

Flieder Duft der Sterne
our talk
about things to come
sirius

unser Gespräch
über das was kommt
Sirius
5% cosmos
the anonymity
all around

5% Kosmos
die Anonymität
ringsum

beyond my window

hinter meinem Fenster
a window to the unknown

ein Fenster ins Unbekannte
where no man
has gone before
metal scarp

wo kein Mensch
je zuvor war
Metallschrott
Sedna
die kalte Ellipse
der Einsamkeit

sedna
the cold ellipse
of solitude
Sonnenuntergang
in den Bergen näher
Andromeda

sun set
in the mountains closer
andromeda
Nemesis
die geheimen Bahnen
der Gedanken

nemesis
the secret course of
thoughts
mind & matter

geist & materie

Olympus Mons das Auf & Ab

Mount Olympus men’s
a supernova’s mimicry of god

einer supernova mimikry von gott

der Menschen

up & down
winter dusk
the fly in my glass
explores the emptiness

Winterabend
die Fliege in meinem Glas
erforscht die Leere
midnight in snow secret galaxies

Mitternacht im Schnee geheime Galaxien
walked all day
face to face now
with the sun

den ganzen Tag gegangen
in Augenhöhe nun
mit der Sonne
NOISE OF OUR ORIGIN

RAUSCHEN UNSERES URSPRUNGS
opening buds
the tender odor
of beginning

öffnende Knospen
der zarte Duft
des Anfangs
Kirschblüten
die geheimen Wünsche
meiner Eltern

cherry blossoms
the secret wishes
of my parents
orange clouds
above the roadhouse
the long way home

orange Wolken
über der Raststätte
der lange Weg heim
apple wormhole to the core

Apfel Wurmloch zum Kern
leonids
my mind back at the source
of words

Leoniden
das Denken zurück an der Quelle
der Worte
a quasar plays god where my thought

ein Quasar spielt Gott wo meine Gedanken
start a war

einen Krieg beginnen

night rain
our chromosomes’
silent saga

Nachtreigen
unserer Farbkörper
stille Saga
touching each other
remnants of a star
become one

einander berühren
Reste eines Sterns
werden eins
evening star
the lucid language
of our bodies

Abendstern
die luzide Sprache
unserer Körper
biobricks
the odd face
of my lover

Lebensbausteine
das fremde Gesicht
meiner Frau
galaxy clusters
of gas and dust
my birthday

Galaxiehaufen
aus Gas und Staub
mein Geburtstag
i blow out the candles
on my birthday cake
white dwarfs

ich blase die Kerzen
der Geburtstagstorte aus
weiße Zwerge
about 100 billion galaxies i’m about nothing

c.a. 100 Milliarden Galaxien ich bin ca. nichts
columns of creation
dreams back
to the first man

Säulen der Schöpfung
Träume zurück
bis zum ersten Menschen
what i did and what i didn’t
reflections on the lake

Was ich getan habe und was nicht
Spiegelungen auf dem See
tattooed man
in his eyes
the true story
tätowierter Mann
in seinen Augen
die wahre Geschichte
first flakes
 discovering my childhood
 in a box

erste Flocken
 entdecke meine Kindheit
 in einer Schachtel
the house
of my heritage
orion
das Haus
meiner Herkunft
Orion
beer tasting 4000 years of history

Bier koste 4000 Jahre Geschichte
my future beyond the fence sheep bells

meine Zukunft jenseits des Zauns Schafglocken
autumn stars
a moth navigates through
my memories

Herbststerne
ein Falter navigiert durch
meine Erinnerungen
about 600 light years to Kepler 22b . . .
how many light years to my dead parents?

c.a. 600 Lichtjahre zu Kepler 22b . . .
wie viele Lichtjahre zu den toten Eltern?
new radio
noise
of our origin

neues Radio
Rauschen
unseres Ursprungs
Dietmar Tauchner, born in 1972 in Austria, lives & works in Puchberg and Vienna as a social-worker/counselor, author and lover. His work has been published in various magazines and anthologies worldwide. He has received various awards, and has attended the First and the Second European Haiku Conferences, The Haiku North America Conference in 2005, and the World Haiku Association Conference 2009 in Lithuania, where he gave lectures and readings.

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