

The background of the cover is a complex, abstract composition of overlapping, semi-transparent geometric shapes and lines. These elements create a sense of depth and movement, resembling a digital or architectural structure. The colors are muted, primarily consisting of greys, whites, and light blues, which gives the overall appearance a clean, modern, and somewhat ethereal feel. The text is overlaid on this background, with the title in a large, bold, black font and the author's name in a smaller, grey font.

**NOISE
OF OUR
ORIGIN
RAUSCHEN
UNSERES
URSPRUNGS**

DIETMAR
TAUCHNER

noise of our origin / rauschen unseres ursprungs

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to my parents

Elisabeth & Leander Tauchner

and my awesome alienteacher Alex

WHEN I FIRST ENCOUNTERED DIETMAR

When I first encountered Dietmar's poetry 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

with an exploration of language: of words and
their paradoxically infinite/finite power. Some
time ago, the poet Robert Bly published a notable
book containing translations, “News of the
Universe: Poems of Twofold Consciousness.”

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)

The background is a complex, abstract composition of overlapping, semi-transparent geometric shapes and lines. It features a grid-like structure with various rectangular and square elements, some of which are slightly offset or rotated, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall color palette is monochromatic, consisting of shades of gray and white, which gives it a clean, technical, and futuristic appearance. The text is centered and rendered in a bold, sans-serif font, with the English words in black and the German words in a lighter gray.

**NOISE
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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 wechsele
das Ich

An aerial, high-angle photograph of a city street grid, tilted at approximately a 45-degree angle. The streets form a complex pattern of intersecting lines, creating a sense of depth and perspective. The lighting is soft, suggesting a twilight or dawn setting. The overall color palette is muted, with various shades of gray, beige, and light brown.

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 Zwielight
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
anderen 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

beyond

nach

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

The background is a complex, abstract composition of overlapping, semi-transparent lines and circles. The lines are mostly horizontal and diagonal, creating a sense of depth and movement. The circles vary in size and are scattered throughout the scene, some appearing as bright highlights. The overall color palette is monochromatic, consisting of various shades of gray and white, which gives the image a clean, technical, and somewhat ethereal feel.

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

Nachtregen
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

ca. 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?

ca. 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.

Acknowledgments

Most poems in the book previously appeared (sometimes in a slightly revised form) in the following publications: *Presence*, *Mayfly*, *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, *Mainichi Shimbun*, *Scifaikuest*, *Star*Line*, HIA Contest, *Heron's Nest*, *Bones*, *Notes from the Gean*, *Roadrunner*, *Mu*, *Daily Haiku*, *Acorn*, *Paper Wasp*, *Bottle Rockets*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Tinywords*, *Shamrock*, and The Kusamakura Haiku Competition.