

Inventory

This is my cap,
this is my coat
here, my shaving kit
in a linen bag.

Tin can:
My plate, my cup,
in the tin plate
I've carved the name.

Carved here with this
precious nail,
which I hide
from coveting eyes.

In the bread bag are
a pair of woolen socks
and other things, that I
will not share with anyone,

Thus, it serves as a pillow
for my head at night.
The cardboard here lays
between me and the dirt.

The pencil lead
is what I love the most:
By day it writes me verses,
that by night I conceived.

This is my notebook,
this is my tarp,
this is my towel,
this is my twine.

Günter Eich
1947