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Spring's Fruits of Love
Litany of longing

Translated by Trevor Scarse



Bussum

Gooibergpers

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PREFACE

Originally SPRING'S FRUIT OF LOVE consisted of over 63000 words. Afterwards I excised all references to true events from this litany of longing. This I did because I'm sure readers can draw from their own experiences of rapture and disillusionment.

At the advice of Anton Oskamp, editor of scores of books and founder of the writer's school Script+, more than 50000 words have been dropped. Thus, only the feelings remain without recounting the whole backstory on which it is based.

However, you can still find it implicitly in the telling: through a path of love the reader is sucked into a black hole towards an unfinished-for end.

Anton Oskamp, lover and collector of this special niche in the world of writers, read the original text 'with furtive fun' and gave critical guidance, but is unable to experience the finished product. He passed away in 2019.

SPRING'S FRUIT OF LOVE originated in almost 300 postcards that I wrote (and got returned). During the course of a year I sent one daily to a loved one who was physically difficult to approach. These postcards became my source of inspiration.

The texts were written in spontaneous outbursts of longing for love without any literary pretensions and were not meant for publication (what Anton Oskamp recommended).

Trevor Scarse, writer and translator for the Poet Collective Rixt amongst others, translated the text into English. This translation is not based on the latest, printed Dutch version and therefore not an exact translation, as it is longer.

The English version is included as a reverse print of the Dutch text.

Amsterdam, November 2020

*My darling dearest!
Where are you?
No sign, no sound,
I miss you!*

*Bursting at the seams with longing,
I'm unwell.*

*I crave for your presence,
the warmth of your kiss.*

*I hear but don't see you,
feel but can't breathe you.
Where, oh, where are you?*



Spring's Fruits of Love

Litany of longing

My darling dearest!
Where are you?
No sign, no sound, I miss you!
Bursting at the seams with longing, I'm unwell.
I crave for your presence, the warmth of your kiss.
I hear but don't see you, feel but can't breathe you.
Where, oh, where are you?
Your smile, the twinkle in your eyes.
My scamp! I've lost my cool, lost you?
My body smarts, my nerves weaken,
my sides are stinging, my stomach churns.
My eyes are bloodshot, my tongue speechless,
my life without purpose.
Embrace and entwine me, bring me home.
Where are you?
I call for you, cry out: I love you!

Darling, spring's fruit! We mirror each other.
Unconditionally, without knowing who we are.
Intense. You live, we live: free!
My desire flutters in virtual dances.
Am I living my dream in real life?
Love is in the air!
I run around restlessly, cannot wait any longer.
Time ticks by so slowly, time... and again you pop up:
as I'm writing, cooking, sprucing up the garden,
in company and during my dreamy catnap...
I feel you all the time, want your whispering, hear!
Music sings all around me, but you're not playing.
The anguish.
I'll go and mow the lawn, spud out weeds, cut down
trees, whatever my delirious mind concocts to calm
me down: hide myself in the basement, croak on top
of the roof, chirp, hang out my flag.
I want to eat your words, hear your bodies voice.
Create paradise.
Let me read you, bare your boldest. Catch me!

Darling dearest, I cherish you feverishly.
Your young laugh shines brightly,
your hair a halo around your head.
Mischievously you dance to your essence.
Your slowed-down pace, your glance, your look
your skin your voice, your musings as you play.
Daisies in your hands...
I miss you so, from my inside out.
My joy and desire, I miss you in every fibre.
We drink from our skin, besprinkle each other.
How we want, so we are.
Tears from heaven, breaking water... rebirth.
Secure in cover.
Ladybird, colourful happiness, do not hide.
I want to carry you, feel yourself one in my shell.
I'm like a reed, pick my stem in your water.
Catch me in your net, trawl me until I'm no more.
My sweet love, where would I be without you?

Our world shines madly when I don't see you.
We know each other in one glance, one gesture.
We love and come to our senses.
Even if your face draws year rings: our game bears new
life, time wavers on, spins your images in my heart.
Even if you dawn from soil of centuries past:
wish that I were able to touch you with gesture or smell,
see you for just a shy moment...
Your absence creeps up on me like a slug,
I slip on your sticky trail.
Your voices rush like before.
The wind blows your words from puffed up cheeks.
My world blows away, I don't exist anymore.
My dear free spirit, my omelette, I lay you flat,
suck and nibble you, taste you on and off,
from inside and outside.
I lick you lifelong and everywhere.
Your thighs sigh high fry vie; I dance you thin.

Anticipating desire produces fertile ground,
what we harvest withers not nor crumbles to dust.
It accumulates, joyful private idiosyncrasy
only we know in detail: sprinkle, sparkle has entered
our souls, inaccessible for the unauthorised,
even loved ones. Before long we'll be one!
I yearn for the twinkle in your eyes, your hands
on my skin, your fingers like butterflies...
Don't lose me in your flight.
Your venting is dear to me.
Yes, I love you, my woman, my human.
We glisten, noses kiss, lips smile,
eyes dissolve into each other.
Your sounds warble within me.
Sing, sing, my soprano, sing!
I hear you, listen. Take. Retire. Show. Roar!
Take me, darling, tempt me, enslave me.
Come for our eternity.

Could you be happy without hurting someone else?
Whoever plays a sport and wins,
lets another one bite the dust.
Which feathers did you lose on your parade?
Does your bliss not lie in the receiving?
Your happiness feeds mine
with an opulence of enchantment.
If another is dear to you, he'll wish you happiness.
When he turns away from you: is he still the other?
We are happy together
because we see each other happy.
Promises seem haughty and supernatural,
is it not the gods' gift to foresee time?
Happiness thrives like love, it blooms and makes
us face the challenge of the seasons.
In our web you are not the spider that wanders lonely
across her silk, nor I, together we swing through the
wind, drink dew as our love potion, gorge on it.