



as far
as i can

Dietmar
Tauchner

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A Soffietto Book



as far as i can



again the hunt

first fine day
i start again
the hunt for love

scented breeze
the inevitable glance
at a passing girl

lilac scent
all the secrets
we share

at the abyss
lilac scent
at the abyss

my key
turns in the lock
lilac scent

raven's cry
all the partings
still to come

sudden hope
as i leave the house
magnolia



as far as i can

spring longing
i follow animal tracks
as far as i can

a snail
thrusts out its horns
soft rain

cherry blossoms
my life
my death

nothing written
on the trailhead sign
spring hike

gender god gone deep in the woods

abandoned station
the secret schedule
of insects

no more words
rain
over the sea



lurid light

written summer 2003 after visiting
Mauthausen, the largest former concen-
tration camp in Austria, now a memorial

dark summer sun
dark summer sun
in the shacks

gas chamber
a man lifts up
his child

the child's eyes green beyond barbed wire

summer air
a farmer dungs his field
beside the camp

lurid light
the snow-white tiles
of the gas chamber

someone laughs on the way to the quarry

Mauthausen
on the banks of the Danube
two lovers



door to the stars

9/II

too warm in the sun

too cool in the shade

morning fog
passengers lost
in newspapers

country road
i cycle into
cricket sounds

harvest moon
out of the kitchen
mother's cough

fading photograph
great-grandpa's eyes invisible
under the hat's brim

strange voices
i open the door
to the stars

deep inside you no more war



the boy i was

blaming . . .
at some point the rain
became snow

on a slip of paper
a number without a name
autumn drizzle

autumn dusk
i wave to a girl
waving to someone else

effortless along the icy path a leaf

empty playground
i retrieve the boy
i was

expanding universe
the homeless man looks
for a place to sleep

escalator
out of the subway . . .
snowfall



empty fields

snow on the bench where i kissed her

winter dusk
my shadow enters
the mirror

sick in bed
my cast-off clothes
in moonlight

just before dawn
the snowplow clears
my nightmare

winter night
my car follows
its own light

on the plane
the empty fields
of the crosswords

a new year
the footprints
between graves

About the Author

DIETMAR TAUCHNER, born in 1972 in Austria, lives & works in Puchberg & Vienna, as a social worker, author and passionate traveler and trekker. His work has been published worldwide and has received awards such as First Prize at the International Haiku Contest Ludbreg (Croatia, 2004), Third Prize at the Kusamakura International Haiku Competition (Japan, 2005 & 2009), the Naji Naaman “Creativity Prize” (Lebanon 2009), twice the “Scorpion Prize” for best haiku published in the journal *Roadrunner*, and First Prize of the Haiku International Association (Japan, 2008). He attended the First and Second European Haiku Conferences, Haiku North America (2005), and the World Haiku Association Conference (Lithuania, 2009), where he lectured and read. He has co-directed 4 short Haiku Films, and serves as Editor of the Austrian-based international Haiku Webmagazine “Chrysanthemum”: <www.chrysanthemum-haiku.net>.

“What can you say when the poem enters you as much as you enter the poem? When the “experience of being” is contained in most any of the poems? Nothing. In just this way the reader of Tauchner’s poetry is silenced.”

—Max Verhart
Assistant Editor, *Modern Haiku*

“Tauchner’s work establishes strong connections between travelling and not. Looking both inward and outward, his poetry explores the real significance of the human condition. *as far as I can* is a treasure. and one of my favorite haiku collections.”

—Andrea Cecon

“Lean and quiet, the haiku in this excellent collection convey deeply felt connections with nature, other people, and the inner self. They dignify the commonplace and affirm the unknown and mysterious within the familiar.”

—Peggy Willis Lyles
Editor, *The Heron’s Nest*