

**ÉIREANN LORSUNG**

**Century lesson**

*If Bohemia still lies by the sea, I'll believe in the sea again.  
And believing in the sea, thus I can hope for land.*  
—Ingeborg Bachmann

Remember in 1919 when Bohemia disappeared.  
Remember, Jiří, we were running together.  
Remember the walk along the canal in February,  
                  when the world was beginning to get lighter.  
And it got darker, Jiří.

Do you know the names you wrote on that paper.  
Did you touch the old boundaries.

I pick up a twig covered in yellow lichen. You're walking ahead of me now.  
In the evening we'll see an animal among the trees.

Only a brief map.  
Only the blue color you put above our heads.

I have taken all the papers with me to our new countries.  
According to legend the sea is still out there somewhere.  
Jirka, what is the canal called? Are there still traces  
of our steps in the branches? Do animals cross the lines we made?

I was waiting a long time for the story I thought you would tell me.  
You were waiting in the future. I didn't hear you come in.