Classic Poetry Series

Christine Busta - poems -

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Christine Busta(23 April 1915 - 3 December 1987)

Christine Busta (born April 23, 1915, in Vienna, Austria - December 3, 1987, in Vienna) was an Austrian poet. She received several awards, e.g. the Georg-Trakl-Preis (Georg-Trakl-Award) in 1954. In her work she stood for an undogmatic Catholicism. lives it in the middle in the emergencies of the First World War born as an illegitimate child of a young unmarried nut/mother without learned occupation. It made the experiences of a hard struggle for existence and the lonely unity in the meagre dwelling early. Franz Peter Künzel, who was close to it personally, reports: "Your memory of childhood and youth is memory of peinigende, embarrassing meagreness. "These experiences are reflected in the harsh basic clay/tone of their lyric poetry, in addition, in their sympathy for the needy ones, beat and excluding. Peter Scheiner reports us of two green blankets, which Busta in its childhood loved and which as replacement for the meadows served its fantasy, which it could not enter. The magic green of these covers appears nevertheless in their lyric poetry as an untiring against fear, force and destruction. 1929, in their 14. Lebensjahr, became their nut/mother unemployed. She had to earn of now to living costs in all kinds of kinds themselves. 1933 maturierte it and occupied at the Viennese university some terms Anglistik and Germanistik. A Nervenzusammenbruch forced they to break the study off. 1940 married it the musician Maximilian Dimt, the 1942 to engage had and since 1944 missed actual painful end of Bustas of only marriage. After the war she worked as woman interpreter and a chief of a hotel for English crew members.

Finally, starting from 1950, it found vocational homeland as a librarian of the Viennese urban libraries. In the same year appeared their first poem volumes year by year ". Shortly thereafter (1953) she became acquainted with Franz Peter Künzel, the man, who worked as translators and to who she dedicated later than " other Hieronymus "her dear poems "in the midst of all Vergänglichkeit ". It supplied further its nut/mother, to these to 23. March 1974 died (see. the poem "my nut/mother "in the volume "salt gardens ").1983 went to Busta into pension. Developed last poems, which in the volume the sky is collected in the Kastanienbaum ".It died at the 3. December 1987 in Vienna.

two quotations

may clarify artistic work the two most standing out characteristics of the lyric poetry Christine Bustas, which others, commentating, their poem volumes to have added. Franz Peter Künzel: Central word for lives and work was it love. The love absolutely. Few poets did and with such metaphor wealth decorated it with such facet wealth like the author of the following sides. " Ignaz Zangerle: You is moved of the Sakralität, which are already inherent in the existence as such.

Christine Busta remains mütterlich down-bent, feels kindertraulich in-gotten into the world of the children, the mothers and the small people, into the world of the animals, plants and stones, the clouds, hoist and water. "It places itself into the long tradition of Christian excessive quantity, professes themselves incessantly to it, refers topics and pictures from the gospel. There she finds that, which knows a suffering of all beat, because it carried her: Christ, the Gekreuzigten. In its prayers, from which their complete work does not contain few, it calls God, it as graceful Beschützer and Tröster, in addition, when and legislators inexorable judge, when puzzlingly and darkly experiences. Besides it projects also into the heidnische "world of the Greek myths, is written poems over Orpheus, Odysseus, Elektra and Antigone. In a letter to its publisher it means: "around the truth sake I must confess the fact that I would not only like to be a real Christian but with a part of my nature always also pious heath remained ."Which poets particularly affected it? Shapes from the dramas Shakespeares are in their poems, for example to Cordelia out king Lear". In a poem before its death it admits itself briefly to Rainer Maria Rilke. The poem gives further information on its literary models over an Atlas, in that it and. A. also George Trakl mentions. Who regards the development of its lyric style chronologically, Reim discovers a continued change of melodiösem clay/tone and Metrum to freer, aphoristischeren forms. All topics of their work are nevertheless already in the volume the rain tree "contained, just like many of the recurring pictures, which pull themselves by their whole work: Bees, snow, poppy, trees, the dog flax, bread, the stars, the sunflower and much different one. Critics accused it during lifetimes, them talk to one "heal world" the word. This judgement can only fall, who knows its work only very superficially. Instead of disproving it pedantically, the sky is rather referred in the Kastanienbaum "to a poem from the volume in which it answers to it.

the rain tree,
1951
lamp and dolphin
1955 the other

sheep, 1959 on the way to older fires, 1965 salt gardens 1975 if you the coat of arms of the love,

1981 paint honors and honours 1950 promotion price for literature in the midst of all Vergänglichkeit, 1985 the sky in the Kastanienbaum, 1989 (postum hrsg. v. Franz Peter Künzel) the breath of the word, 1995 (postum hrsg. v. Anton Gruber) Einsilbig is the language of the night (selected poems with CD), 2000 (postum hrsg. v. Anton Gruber)

Awards

1950 Förderungspreis für Literatur

1954 Georg-Trakl-Preis

1961 Förderungspreis für Literatur

1963 Droste-Preis

1964 Literaturpreis der Stadt Wien

1969 Großer Österreichischer Staatspreis für Literatur

1975 Anton-Wildgans-Preis

1980 Ehrenmedaille der Bundeshauptstadt Wien in Gold

1981 Österreichisches Ehrenzeichen für Wissenschaft und Kunst

1981 Theodor-Körner-Preis

Against So-Called Reason

The purest form of human intelligence is goodness.

To your very end you'll need all your foolishness and resistance against so-called reason.

Baptism Or Water And Sand

Those baptised with water will have it lighter than those baptised with sand.

For me, God mixed the sand with spit.

Biblische Kindheit

Convalescence

With the last of my strength I throw myself into a sleep; only the breath of the eternal Creator can wake me again.

Das Erbe

Deine Hand

Die Schale Mit Primeln

Lampe Und Delphin

Neue Busta

Taking Up

I have inherited my mother's walking stick.
Her life was harder than mine, and yet she needed it much later than I.

Now, when I support myself with it, I grip once more the hand that my stubborness so often resisted and hear her quiet voice:

'I have always known that you'll never take good care of yourself. You are too much my daughter. Come! Stand up straight! '