

Protokoll (Gedicht)

nr. 01 - nr. 11

(Excerpt)

2004/2005

(english translation by Ann Nelson)

[...]

nr. 02

*connecting to the day is easy,  
which won't fall, but will sooner be lifted from the foot and shoved to the scalp.*  
after this I am suddenly reminded of an image and it follows that:

(the rock massif wears blue shadows, there, where the cracks deepen, they grow darker.  
beyond, a sky... into brightness,  
beyond, with pale and narrow clouds, it stretches itself to its full length  
and it seems that the autumnal is laying itself down just about everywhere, also on the foliage.  
that which wilts multicolored and falls singly to the bottom.  
the field tips into yellow, a furrowd path breaks through and divides in two.  
now and again a tree trows its thin blue shadow onto the infertile soil.)

nr. 03

and it follows  
that the tree-budding becomes wilder.  
that the birds become wilder,  
*that the grass grows forcefully up against the trunk.*  
everything personal stalks in the air, falls forcefully into rampant growing grass.

(through the windowpanes of a streetcar one can by chance raise one's eyes, at the next stop.  
I can see a man in a suit, swaying on the glass canopy of a house,  
how he, sweating and tired, repeatedly sets out to leap up the wall to the chalky window sill,  
and heavy, how he falls back heavy like cloth.)

*and the yellow blaze of the bushes chases the glance.*

nr. 04

overcast, the sky still presses into the morning. below, on the lawn, a small dog.  
below, on the lawn, lie empty plastic bags since yesterday.  
the dog runs somewhat jagged and pees against the red bag. I watch and have to think of something I  
dreamed:  
I TURNED INTO DUST AND DUG MYSELF INTO THE EARTH.

I could have gotten up again, risen again.

*all of nature giggles and howls*

*making me an ingrowth of the house.*

how I woke up sticky all over,  
the mildness from outside, the window had been left open this night, everything softly swept.  
in the kitchen everything swept soft and broodie, strangely I assumed that you may have made  
an incautious exit, a fall into the courtyard,  
like single hairs fall, one shakes one's head hesitatingly while watching how the sparrows nest,  
I searched for your outline,  
below, on the stones,  
your dressing gown or its colour, orange.

on the other side of the street a pale-colored cat, the reddish spots on white on its ear,  
hung on the long belly,  
like furry lineage  
she is standing in front of two cardboard boxes and looks at me, a long time  
still,  
today I think of the trains, the written signs, today I think of an open window,  
the luminous compartments, streaking by like a sea of metal,  
*that it passes.*

nr. 05

I slept long. I find it unsettling.  
*the immediate coolness and the whole landscape  
on the tongue.*  
sometimes I think of an exhaustion of thoughts  
or (productive) the fleecing of remembrance.  
décolleté  
spring,  
beneath the intimate tripling of the rain, smellable, still stuck or unmanageable  
this walk,  
waterflood and people who kept calmly to the shore.  
sometimes someone who beneath the shadow-works abandoned himself to the twilight.

as though it would break, all the fragile things tidied away, you said  
the walls are distended and thin, so cool dampness crawls in cracks,

finally the exhaling of a last syllable, it leaps into the crouching muteness.  
one step before the others she throws shadows. which burrow themselves into  
the corners, into the ear shells.  
and lay down, pointed, next to my ankles.

[...]