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***Vinci, later***

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## *LANDSCAPES*

To.

To walk.

To walk backwards in one's tracks.

Step: Name.

Walk: Movable names.

You asked me if I felt like going for a walk,  
and the question

branched out into the landscape.

The landscape tries out a voice on us.

it tries to pronounce

our unfamiliar names,

but we are also unable

to formulate it. What do you want to know?

It says: "Don't be afraid. Stay."

We say: "We are already here."

The apple-trees blossom self-evidently

and teach us to see with words.

The second landscape.

Again: Words are doors that are ajar.

You had a blossoming apple-branch with you for me.

At times the swallows make a  
mistake and fly around inside the house.

This bustle. Guests phone to say  
they are on their way.

We go for a walk from a swallow's eye view. In their eyes  
we are lit-up enigmas.

They make clamorous comments about us:

"Ma, come si fa?" The swallows do not walk on the ground.

They manoeuvre in the air. The mountains and trees stand still,

I move

in relation to them. A figure on a background  
with no reverse. The swallows daub my eyes

shut with wet clay  
and real images.

The guests have arrived.  
One cannot help seeing  
a demented god revealing himself  
in their looks when they knock on the door  
and talk excitedly  
with each other on their mobile phones.  
They want to be fetched at distant stations,  
but when I bring out their suitcases,  
they want nothing to do with them, and their gifts haven't  
been wrapped.

We were woken in the middle of the night  
by a cloudburst. The landscape read us  
like an open book. Afterwards everything  
smelled of warm earth and wet grass, but we were too  
shy to attribute any meaning to that.

To say: Everything. The same thing as saying: Walk.  
To say: Walk. The same thing as saying: Let  
the landscape walk through you. To say: Landscape.  
The same thing as saying: Everything. Walk backwards,  
that is the gesture of the painter, and immediately  
the landscape poses, as if it were  
about to be painted, and not the  
Mona Lisa, la Gioconda.  
The landscape tugs at us like a child that is bored,  
it is only held up by the horizon drones of the cicadas.  
Step into the house. Step in through the frame.  
The same thing as saying: Step into the landscape.  
I collect everything-I-know in small stacks  
and set them on fire.

Death writes and writes.

Today the talking olive tree came over to me and said:

“Life is a transition from nothing to  
nothing.”

But you can't say something like that  
to anybody? The landscape unfolds outwards like  
the pages of a book. Ein Nervenreiz. Un état d'âme.

We have understood nothing. And that's that.

What's between the lines of the landscape  
is impossible to read. We unfurl the full stops  
into stars, and the guests return from  
their evening walk with panic-stricken eyes and their clothes  
spattered with wine.

The landscape inside the house. It's raining.  
    But it's not raining. Most things are true.  
The guests want to have breakfast in bed.  
In the midst of the living grass.  
The ants transport  
landscapes of widely differing origins  
    round amongst themselves.  
The ants place them in a heap  
    and the landscapes become one.  
Display the utmost caution when dealing with  
landscapes. The continents migrate. We make love  
    like curious children, and the apple trees  
have lost their blossom.

Oh lay off! These stairs of flesh  
that give way at each step  
    and lead directly up into theoretical superstructures on economy  
and the sexuality of dead authors.  
The stupid analysis creaks somewhat.  
    All it amounts to is saying  
that chance is competing with death  
to arrive first at the brains of the new-born.  
I am unfinished, a crank of steel bearings  
that rattle across the marble floor, the guests' voices  
    invade me and blah blah blah



To. This: To.

One cannot say: "Turn left at the big tree",  
for the sentence does not quite reach it.

Now the guests want a late snack. They are arguing about  
who is to sleep where.

The gaze runs and runs, stretches out, dashes back  
and forth across the same incomprehensible line.

But the landscape is unreadable,  
and we cast

skeletal shadows. Come, let's go for a walk instead.

We walk through doors of a certain size.

The doors shut and open. Read: The size of the doors  
is determined by that of the humans.

In the landscape the doors are designed for gods.

13 December: St Lucia's Day.

We lead a woman into the church, she is bearing  
her eyes on a small platter.

But the age of miracles is past.  
Inside close by stands a meteorologist  
in his rubber cell of a TV studio  
promising good weather for the next couple of weeks.  
We do not interfere,

it feels simply embarrassing  
with all the stock exchange figures and computer graphics.  
Each poem lights up its piece of the world with its torch.  
It is a way of making it precise.

Dear,

We are two synchronous watches,  
going with our separate lives.  
We take turns carrying each other  
like tired children. Finally we fall into [to?] words,  
continue our separate flesh-letters to the wind.  
With my finger tips I made sure  
that you make sense even so.

Love,

I translated what you had said,  
but left out the  
most important thing.  
Come, let's change into trees!  
Grow. Put out new leaves and shoots.  
The swallows glide  
    through the garden air  
like soundless scalpels.  
The fireflies sew the sky together with shining stitches.  
The landscape put indiscreet questions.  
But we cannot utter a word, the sentences  
    grow gnarled like old trees:  
We have to keep the most important thing to ourselves.

The moon above the valley, in flight.

We do not dare sleep, it is burning so brightly.

The landscape moves in. It is looking for something edible. The guests arrive: I thought it was you.

The guests leave: It was you.

It is us, there are guests, immigrants that keep on walking. If we only got down to it a little more realistically, we would already be there.

The green lounge suit of the vines flutters on the hillsides.

Better look the other way, for the houses are out and about on the roads, they have left their foundations. Departures everywhere.

The places invade us, and defenceless we allow ourselves to be led nowhere. We could settle here. We.

One tries again with a desperate mouth,



but it cannot be done. Perhaps  
it is the words  
that say us.

Move on. The swallows chatter.

Attention caught

by what is apparently irrelevant:

Here everyone has access.

The guests merge with the view.

They screw. And the apple trees have other business.

I leave myself like a house:

The I-landscape.

Sorry. That wasn't what I meant.

It ought to have been different.

More honest. But that was impossible.

As you were!  
I'm well aware that the landscape tries to imagine  
us with the big scarecrows  
on the hilltop. The blind cat  
    stalks in the secret garden.  
Scarecrows, hills, trees, fields of sunflowers  
come up close and scrutinise our faces.  
But the landscape lies beyond every meaning.  
It thinks its own thoughts. On the other hand:  
    We are trees with legs.  
We cannot stay here. Come, let's walk.  
Let's walk the thought-plank.

Due to my poor sense of direction

I have got lost. but, all things considered,  
that's of minor importance. In a moment I will walk  
"over there". Before, I was "here". Right now I am a place  
between "there" and "here".

The ants lug off the landscape,  
grains of sugar between working mandibles,  
bit by bit. But the ants themselves are bits  
linked by an enormous association.

Don't look at me like that! I'm only trying  
to say things straight as they are. The Shouter shouts "Sirocco",  
and fine sand from the Sahara covers every surface.

Once again: That was not the way it was meant to be.  
Send me more ultramarine, for the landscape is  
congealed noise. There is so much else that has to  
be said before it is too late.

It just keeps on,  
    it grows

like grass and mould on each and every surface.

Ivy hands are handed in across a wall.

Spring's machine is self-operating.

The wind sighs in the olive trees. A noise of nothing.

Have we neglected some opportunity?

    Let's eat off the ugly white bone plates tonight.

I put out a bowl of milk for the blind cat.

The world fell apart and was put together again  
    by the intelligent child.



A wildly lit ferry out of control  
    ploughs through the landscape.  
I did not know it had been docked  
inside the house, but it is New Year's Eve,  
and the guests have cut the moorings.  
    Let go! We are refugees hanging over the railings  
on the boat of chance. Keep going,  
for there is nothing else than poems  
    and a cluttered everyday to pit against  
the evil and dizzying groove of time.  
I say: I love each deadening beat  
    of your heart. You say: It is as if I  
was you. But you are not to be afraid.  
    For you are, and the poem stands  
laughing like an old transistor  
into the chaos of twilight.

Words: Their number increases as I use them.  
The swallows fly around with them in their beaks.  
They hang in the grass, they stick to the stinging nettles.  
What we are: A grey powder mixed up with the clouds.  
What we are not: Landscape. This more: Sideways, sideways.  
It continues beyond the frame. A song  
someone keeps on humming.  
We move from right to left. Mirror-writing.  
The guests call for coffee and send e-mails.  
Their voices fill the whole house. At night  
chaos rents the sealed room.  
During the day the bat sleeps from the roof of the poem.  
I go downstairs to chop firewood. The axe is  
ready in the chopping-block.

From, the far side of the landscape a dog can be heard  
confirming uninvited that the world exists.

A motorsaw. Voices. A bell. The swallows.  
A silver spider runs back and forth,  
defining all the contours. There are nightingales  
that sing during the daytime, madly,  
because they have  
forgotten to dream. The snakes mate on  
the paths. The sun does not move.  
Perhaps it will all be over,  
shortly? We must needs be brief,  
seek to include everything.

In our absence the house opens its books  
and reads aloud to itself.  
It is really evening, and everything stands out  
individually, sacred-sobering and sacrosanct.

“The other side of the landscape”, you say.  
Would you like to go there? Is it a question of squeezing  
through, of reaching something?  
We stop here. The landscape is too  
inevitable to be on the map. We would like to  
be able to contain it, but it keeps on turning  
the most obvious side in our direction.  
The key: To keep on walking.  
The guests lock themselves in the toilet  
and use all the hot water.  
But today it doesn't matter. We needn't  
care less. We give a friendly smile and do not  
come to our senses again.

I let in the blind cat.  
It has a mole in its mouth.  
The mole also has five  
fingers on each hand, a workman with  
calluses from the underside of the landscape.  
The guests fall from the trees  
and get concussion.  
Evening comes and lies down nervously  
around us: It has caused more lights to be lit  
than it can manage to put out.  
Somewhere in the landscape it dreams  
of falling stars and earthquakes.

Backwards through trains of thought, the things light up  
like green diodes. Upwards from coffee at the bar  
the badly drawn map from the school biology book  
suddenly remembered, where the body lay spread out  
over the cerebral cortex: The big hands, the big lips,  
the tongue, the throat, the genitals, arms, eyes.  
We are deformed cyclopes, stretching out  
long-limbed towards an imaginary twin.  
Keep going. Upwards in italics.  
The landscape writes and writes.  
Now: Thoughts pumped out of the steps' rhythmic  
snoring. And afterwards: How will it all turn out?  
The money crumbles like old newspapers. Keep going.  
There lies the house on the mountain in the landscape. Etc.  
A wide-open mouth in mid-agreement.  
I walk straight in. My twin stands at the door,  
stretching out a gigantic hand.

For some reason I have come down to the seashore.  
What am I doing here? Landscape.

The guests say: The landscape is a sea.  
But it is not so. It is: Nowhere.

A storm is  
brewing. I leave the sea and the clouds as what  
they are: Sketches of a landscape.

The sea corrupts.  
The swallows crowd together. We too  
would like to be able to fly,  
wouldn't we, Leonardo?  
But the flying machines we invent keep falling down.

I am not sure about this: An old coat.  
Perhaps I've forgotten something of myself  
absent-mindedly? Something green from the landscape?  
There's a man in front of the house in an old coat,  
chopping wood. It could have been me.



Shall we begin?

Clear announcement: The words blossom.

But the landscape is shy,

it so easily sinks under the weight of all these pairs of eyes.

The guests phone and say thanks for a great evening.

We already miss their cheerful voices.

The trees at the top of the hill bear fruit.

An arm reaches me an apple. There is actually  
a hand at the end of the arm

and an apple in the hand, but the arm itself  
is attached to nothing. The hand waves.

The doors open: The swallows fly southwards.

The poem is a path through the landscape.

It turns and turns,

and it is that path I am to take.



***IN OUT-AND-OUT,  
STARK-STARING REALITY***

**EUPHORIA**

It's really summer now

    summer in the drawer with plastic animals

summer in my horizontal soul

and on the walk with open shirt

it has become summer in the self-searchings

summer where the elbow hits the doorframe

    and in the bag with rabbit feed it has become summer

in my night-time vigil and inside the washing machine

it has become summer in the lists of suicides

summer among the cold pastas in the drains

summer in the doll's pram and in the market forces

    it has become summer at my feet

and at the French border

it has become summer

at the bottom of each full stop

    summer where the cats frequent

summer on the ansaphone

    summer on the staircase leading from child to adult

from melon sap to night lap

    it is summer now in a milky impossibility

## A DOG-FIGHT

A wild-mint fragrance  
    beneath the twilight ladder  
there must be a language  
so things can be said as they are  
    neither more nor less  
there must be a hole in the lid  
    in the body so it can rain  
down into the heart  
evening of granite of nothing  
    the dogs are fighting and goodbye sugar  
sprinkles onto the fax  
there must be many houses  
so death gets lost  
everything is here for a little longer  
    and the horseradish is in flower

## DEAR MISS UNIVERSE

as the years pass I get more unsure. Cynicism and irony have long since turned into doubt and a long embarrassing silence on the phone. The books are lit like lamps on evening-warm walls, new words grow out of the old ones, a sort of pointer the day it all begins. In the over-lit evening you volunteer and let yourself be photographed from every conceivable angle. Congratulations on your victory, dear Miss Universe, it was certainly well-deserved. But forgive me for saying it: The poems you write in your swimsuit with pubescent breasts and closely cropped pubic hair are far more perverse than mine, for you truly believe that beauty lies within.

### THREE WITNESSES

At the kitchen table  
Ekelöf sits drinking snaps  
    there is  
no saying why  
but at that moment he lets his gaze  
follow the red path that leads into the forest  
just long enough to see the heap  
of dead angels be tipped  
    off the trailer  
Somewhere in that forest  
Van Gogh stands painting  
    he is painting some  
blue branches and violet roots  
crisscrossing  
    yellow earth  
he cannot get any  
further but  
forty incensed citizens  
    walk in procession through Arles  
to lock him in  
    and nail shut the windows of his house  
“Kill me or you are a murderer”  
    Kafka writes in the sanatorium  
to the doctor with the syringe of morphine  
and outside the windows only twenty years away  
    a cloud of smoke rises into the air  
from the crematoria in Dachau  
“the real prey sits concealed  
    deep inside the night in the second third  
fourth hour.”  
there he had read it all  
    tattooed on those  
who held the paraffin lamp  
    so he could see

## SAN VINCENZO

Breaking news is  
written in red across sheer  
    and utter reality  
which is so raw and filthy  
that it resembles a film  
the survivors say  
    it gets dark  
and bombs fix the mouth  
the bodies rot in piles of newspapers  
truth flutters across the screen  
    we know practically nothing  
and what we build our knowledge on  
turns out in reality to be lies  
in out-and-out stark-staring  
    reality where everything  
is made of teflon and rubber and cardboard  
and TV direct with pictures of those  
    that are dead  
in reality  
children eat pizza  
with big white eyes  
    right in the frightened light

## THE FIREFLIES

You confided to me  
that fear could live just off the interest  
of its account in the Memory,  
and that there was going to be a party  
in one of the other wards of the institution.

The dying were brought out.  
But we who had just arrived and not been invited  
had to make do with looking at the scenery  
through binoculars.

To pass the time  
you poured my thoughts into small brown bottles.

We drank them while it became spring  
in such a convincing way  
that we could not get ourselves to go to bed  
and remained sitting on the terrace  
until the fireflies came.

## SWAN MILL

Last night I got the answer to  
what goes on at Swan Mill.

There is a machine there to mechanically debone swans,  
for swan meat tastes good.

But according to a doctoral thesis  
I apparently had written about the subject  
there is not much meat on a swan.

Most of it is eustatic

I explained during my defence,  
without wondering about that word.

The meat is chopped fine with the aid of oblique  
rotating knives, the so-called *cutters*,

and the intestines are emptied in long trails of sea grass.

Afterwards, the carcass is hoisted up by its webbed feet  
and driven off for incineration.

Then the surroundings changed.

The foreman began to explain  
about the new political situation,

the rules for offside and the recipe for mock turtle.

I was to read out a poem,  
but had the feeling

that the things that took place  
were part of a socio-psychological experiment,  
and that those responsible for the experiment  
were themselves part of a socio-psychological experiment.

It is reality on all channels.

## FROM A DUCK'S CONFESSIONS

My language: Goodbye. I am a duck. Oh.

Eat lots of snails. Occasionally grab a house sparrow.

Devour their frail winter songs.

Forwards, eating my quack! Eating: Everything.

Hey, word-catcher. Your name's something else.

Quickly around. Hello, hello. Flew out of what christened me. Jabber in another one now.

Like comparing a duck pond with an ocean. Mess up the grass. Endeavour to keep up the endeavour.

I say: I am obligingness. Oh.

A feathered will. This my cackling through everything, purely and simply not to be on the safe side.



## THE LECTURE

The dreams dropped me off at  
the wrong house, and a man in a white coat  
explained to me, in a friendly and firm manner  
and in perfect German,  
about the excellent properties of the particle accelerator.

There were other onlookers present,  
but they had no eyes and seemed frightened  
of something or other I couldn't see.

The man's clothes smelled fusty  
and he stank of booze. His gaze  
did not leave mine in the painfully long  
period the lecture lasted.

Finally he asked me for my name  
and I told him, but he wrote  
POST MORTEM in the visitors' book.

## MR MILGRAM

In the rear mirror of the car I had rented there was  
a small sticker: *Objects in mirrors may be closer  
than they appear*. The sentence kept on  
churning away inside my brain, and en route

I saw people in the mirror  
turn and stare quizzically at me:

I was obviously new.

I was to meet a certain Mr Milgram,  
but when I found the hotel,  
the receptionist seemed disappointed to see me.

In the middle of the night the child-sun started to shine  
and a ray of sunshine fell onto the withdrawal unit.

where I sat stretched out between language and lust.

while a doctor explained to  
me that it was necessary for me  
to continue the experiment,  
and I felt a powerful electric shock.

So I continued the experiment  
to be socialised to my senses,  
to maintain normal relations with the others,  
not to kick the toilets to pieces,  
not to eat detergent,  
not to kill cats with a hammer,  
but to judge utterances and distances correctly.

## THE NEIGHBOURS' HOUSE

I fed the neighbour's horses  
with star-waste and lost  
a spark in the straw  
now the flames are licking out  
through the cracks  
of the neighbours' house  
now the neighbour' house will probably  
burn down to the ground  
and horses will  
keep on bolting  
through the door  
of the neighbours' house  
meanwhile the neighbours are standing  
outside the house  
clinging to each other  
like two fat children  
on TV someone shouts  
about democracy and freedom  
I am a field  
with blue cows

## INNOCENCE

The window is bleeding  
    there a man stands  
drunk and naked  
singing down  
    into the standing lamp

over by the rocking chair  
the dead are chatting  
    while they knit  
words on circular needles

there I will sleep  
    on my angst mattress  
and the dog will lick  
    my testicles

## WHAT CAN I BECOME?

There was a book  
in the school library  
published by politikens forlag

that book scared me  
for some reason or other

atomic  
physicist chemist ear & throat  
specialist educator shipping agent

as if  
it was possible  
to become someone

## ATLAS

Orange japan violet peru  
green russia yellow congo  
and an alphabet with blue and red letters  
which suddenly could be read  
and written again  
Each volume of Salmonsens's encyclopedia gave a shock  
and rivers of printer's ink  
poured out across the pages  
agave napoleon stromboli uganda  
the letter-ants lugged  
words many times larger than themselves  
I am eight or ten years old  
and time passes very slowly  
I am lying asleep on the back seat  
they say I am such an easy child  
and the trees flick past in the dark  
I am such an easy child  
I haven't the faintest where I am  
they can drive me  
wherever they want  
and they do

## FOOTWEAR

The day I learnt to walk

I was also taught how to speak  
and various types of shoes  
were place at my disposal

I soon learnt to ride a bike without stabilisers  
and winter came and spring and it turned out  
that life consisted of various positions

the body could assume  
and dogs that ran off all the time

I took the field path out  
to the beach

there my father lay in the grass with his neck  
entwined in an electric fence

His eyes gazed deep into  
the soul I until then

was unaware I was equipped with

I wanted to moved him away from that fence  
but I got a shock every time I tried

Finally someone came and kicked me  
far into language

COUNTDOWN  
for a sculpture by Michelangelo  
*(Pietà di Rondanini in Milan)*

and within the block of marble the sculpture lies waiting  
and within it another  
    and another  
and where am I to stop  
for only the doubt remains  
the words lie  
    in my pen  
it feels good  
to perish  
    in this sea of words

but you whisper to me  
that no one manages to complete  
    what has been commenced  
and that love is one single  
unfinished wish to go on  
    you lift me up  
you let me fall  
perhaps it is death itself  
    you are trying to get to walk

perhaps what I seek is there  
    within the white marble monolith  
which hovers like a fright frozen  
during a suicide leap  
    sighingly silent now  
suddenly nothing  
my arm asleep  
    outside my body

perhaps like rolled-up darkness  
    under a street lamp  
or something else  
and far more complex  
    my father, for example, in an epileptic fit  
what is it his eyes see  
when they roll white

I try to raise him again  
    entangled in the darkness



so heavy a body can be  
    when it transforms itself  
into a strange  
    soft stone

or is it  
    my little white mother  
who has come  
    to strangle me  
there is almost nothing left

a double-headed angel  
that melts everything  
    with it  
introverted look

two people  
    in a peculiar  
union

a mountain  
    attempting

to walk

## SELF-PORTRAIT ERUPTING

At the foot of Sundoro the farmers are planting rice,  
and the sun is rising behind Asama-Yama.

Water buffaloes are bathing in the mud of the rivers  
on the plain below Galunggung, and the clouds  
are reflected in the water-filled crater of Keli Mutus.

Oyoye reports yet another peaceful night  
and a flight of starlings lands on Oshima.

Nevado Ojos del Salado continues  
to stare up at a cloudless sky  
and Loloru is quiet.

It is snowing on Fujijama,  
inside Soretimate a poem is melting.

A female researcher gazes lovelornly  
up at Monte Pelee, which in 1903 killed  
29,580 people in a few seconds.

It is gleaming beneath the ice-cap of Karymsky,  
and from Longonot a column of steam is rising,  
migrating swans can be seen across the contour of Kuttyaro.

A flock of sheep sweeps down over Ararat,  
and Pliny the Younger relates that people in Pompeii  
bound cushions around their heads when fleeing from Vesuvius.

La Palma is whispering about Cerro Azul,  
And Ischia raving about Batur.

In 1450 BC Thera (Santorin) exploded  
and the Minoian kingdom was wiped out, now only  
the sea-filled caldera remains, where the tourists bathe.

Chimborazo stands proudly in the early sun, and a fisherman  
pulls his boat up onto the beach at Tambora.

An agave begins to blossom on Ruminahui,  
and hoopoes screech in the flowering broom  
on Monte Somma.

Pinatubo counts its eruptions,  
and South Sisters is calling to Hekla.

Lightning is flashing in Monte Pelato's obsidian,  
and the snow is melting along the crater edge of Kilimanjaro  
5,895 metres above sea level.

It is amazingly quiet on Jebel Marra.  
Uzon and Voon speak their names.

Karthala is meditating on its volume.

Something has unsettled the animals on mount Camerun,  
and Pematant Bata is singing for Meru.

Citaltépetl is writing silicon letters to Ziminia,  
and while El Misti is slowly counting down,  
eight mountaineers are setting off  
for the summit of Tangkuban Perahu.

Kuntomintar does not reply.

Activity in the arctic volcano Mount Erebus  
is linked to the earthquakes  
that have just hit Kilauea,  
6.6 on the upwardly open Richter scale.

Rudanov still looks like a sleeping Cyclops,  
and the three who were killed on Tungurahua  
are commemorated at a church service in Quito.

While a glacier torrent prepares itself over Grímsvötn,  
Dieng tries to make contact with Gunung Api.

Mauna Loa begins to moan.

A stray dog howls at the foot of Guntur, and even  
though Gelai's eruption is harmless, it has attracted  
scientists from all over the globe.

Four million years ago three prehistoric  
people passed by Mount Sadiman,  
one can still see their tracks in the ashes.

The tremors from Semisopchnoi can be felt by everyone

within a radius of 15 kilometres, and a helicopter  
is circling Mount Isabella.

Tiatia is full, and Toba is becoming increasingly restless,  
during the catastrophe of 1783  
Laki killed a fifth of Iceland's population.

Usangu Basin continues to babble about Dukono.

Beneath Mauna Kea a herd of horses is beginning to run,  
and tired men are crawling up from Kawah Idjen  
with pieces of sulphur on their shoulders.

Usu is calling to Tarumai.  
Bogoslof is calling to Akutan.

On Klyucevskoi a rift has opened up,  
and the snow-clad trees are beginning to burn.

Makawu can go off at any moment,  
and magma is shooting up under Cereme.

A gleaming cloud is forming in Komaga-Take,  
and who knows what Ngauruhoe has really thought of doing.

Pincate phones Krafla, and the animals know  
that Nyamlagira is about to erupt.

The situation is critical on La Soufrière,  
and Popocatepetl is feeling far from good.

Stromboli no longer understands the word "I",  
and a state of emergency has been declared on St. Helena.

Mashu loves Lolo.

Herdubreiden is mainly formed of glass,  
and at night Karangetang lights up the clouds.

Pichincha is writing chemical e-mails to Yali.

While silica tears are falling from Halemaumau,  
Shishaldan is dreaming of phosphorus.

There is no telling how long it will take  
before the cone on Osorno collapses.

Seen from space Izalco resembles an angel  
with enormous petrified wings.

In 1883 Krakatau killed 36,400 people,  
and the blast wave went three times round the planet.

Glowing ash rises over Piton de la Founaise,  
and Ixtaccihuatl is in a state of shock,  
Kohala is fantasising about liquid quartz.

Katla has a subglacial eruption underway  
and cascades of lava are being hurled up over Surtsey.

Santa Maria to Gaua.  
Adagdak to Nisyros.

Lengai has given up its perfect symmetry,  
and Colima seems to have woken up,  
while the rocks are melting on Piton del Teide.

El Chicón is about to say something, and new material  
is pouring into Opala.

Baitoushan yearns for Usu,  
and Lewotolo is beginning to dance.

Lokon is turning in its sleep.

Now Srednii has started, now Mount Terror has,  
and percolating ground water in Aoba  
causes the pressure to rise in the liquid silica.

Steller is calling to Goodenough.

Now Guagya Pichinch is on the point of raving.

Now Ili Boleng has changed colour from yellow to red,  
and a column of fire is rising two kilometres above Rajabasa.

A lavine of ash is rolling down from Agung at 300 kilometres an hour,  
and rivers of mud are flowing out beneath Kialagvik.

Now Llaima has covered itself in ash.

An earthquake on Paricutin causes the earth's crust  
to crack and even major buildings collapse  
on Tibesti.

Redoubt says that the world is still only just beginning.

Boiling mud crashes down along Nevado de Ruíz,  
and Mahukona is raging now.

On the south side of Nyiragongo a rift opens up  
and peasants flee while their banana pals  
burn.

Fuego is thinking of dissolving in its own name,  
and now San Miguel is saying goodbye.

From Kelut a lavine of floating stones is rolling  
down over densely populated valleys  
while Momotombo calls and calls out for Puracé.

Now Askja, no Kavachi, now Shiveluch,  
now Motir, now Tenerife are erupting.

Now Koko is copulating with Maui.

Now Merapi is sending a pyroclastic cloud  
down over a sleeping village,  
and murky clouds of pulverised rock  
are being pumped up over Sakurajimas.

Now there is not much left of Katmai.  
Now Unzen is not itself any longer.

Now Galeras, now Smirnov,  
now Tristan da Cunha are erupting.

Etna has not decided yet,  
but Mayon is exploding.

*THE SMALLEST WORDS*

House. Sun.  
Tree. Smile.  
Chair.  
Your long hair,  
    the wild fear.  
Your ten thousand volts  
from the tongue's  
electrode.  
Your hand, your  
    warm breasts.  
A lightness  
that must  
have astronomical  
    consequences.  
Be careful, you  
can cause  
cities to float,  
and galaxies  
to collide  
with that smile of yours.  
    I notice  
the air's lack of  
resistance,  
and even so  
    I am expected  
to master  
even the  
smallest words:  
    House. Sun.  
Tree. Smile.  
Chair.



You are an ear

that keeps on  
listening  
to the  
ramified future.

I am a door  
that opens out onto  
the surrounding society.

Or wherever we  
happen to be.

Suddenly  
everything goes quiet.  
Quite inconceivably  
quiet.

And a wedge of flash-like  
oblique light  
forces a path  
between all the  
bodies  
that would like  
more.

Where has the  
world got to  
a day like in you  
with us lying  
in the grass in the  
already mentioned oblique light.

This sound of flesh  
against flesh.

Go on,  
you say,  
and I go on,  
left a  
hatched world,  
a blade  
through the bull's heart.

We'll have to  
be able to count  
on each other.



It doesn't  
actually have  
to be so complicated.

It doesn't  
have to be lying  
in those cases,  
boxes and tins.  
Or to put it  
another way:

The world  
can be told  
as it is,  
as a key-ring  
nails and subwoofer.

The nuts  
are burning  
off magnesium  
under the trees.

I only need  
to feed  
the small word-animals  
that live  
down there in my  
keyboard.

Kama kama geti,  
kama kama geti,  
amaka  
amaka.

Take a step  
and one more.  
Hope  
that the  
stubborn grass  
    even so  
will give you a good foothold.  
Continue  
along the path where  
the deepest blow  
    of happiness  
comes from.  
Where the poems  
that have not  
yet been written  
    stretch out their warm  
probing fingers  
out into the white.  
    It is  
the same  
twenty odd signs,  
    that's all  
that's needed.  
Continue  
towards the only just sensed  
that becomes clearer  
    in its over again,  
over again, over again.  
So as there  
perhaps to reach  
a small bare spot  
where the poem  
    is told  
tellingly

I go for a walk  
in the forest.  
Each fern,  
each tree  
considers me.

The path  
I walk along  
is strewn  
with yellow  
leaves and  
sunspots.

Blue and  
zinc-white  
flowers  
line the route.

A snake  
lies in an S  
on a warm stone.

The chaffinches  
assure me  
that  
ittwittwitiwillchirrupasoftasyoulike.  
What  
a triumphal procession.

Blue. Red.  
Green. Up. Down.  
Top. Bottom.

Charm.  
Strange.

I stuck my  
ballpoint up  
between dreams'  
violet

          buttocks of nonsense.  
Perhaps  
I ought  
not to be alone  
about this at all.

          Perhaps measures  
should have been taken  
from the public  
authorities  
          long ago.

But now it is  
too late  
          to intervene.

With  
dream's  
last  
warning words  
    on my lips  
I walk on  
past  
the railings  
of the sentences  
    with a wind-swept line  
in my head,  
and at any price  
have to borrow a  
ballpoint,  
    so I can  
write it  
down on a serviette.  
    Oh no!  
Now I've forgotten  
what it was  
    that was so important,  
even though the line  
    in precisely those  
seconds  
meant life or death.  
    But as  
everybody knows  
poems have  
    nothing to do  
with life or death.  
It is far  
more important  
    things that  
are at stake.

More  
and more comes  
along.

Perhaps  
it is a city  
that is happening  
in front of me?

A city full of  
people  
walking in and out  
of themselves.

There is  
no making out  
who is who,  
and who has  
the power,

for power  
is so banal  
and needs  
many rooms.  
Perhaps I am not  
allowed at all  
to be here,  
wherever  
I am.

Like  
understanding  
    that nothing  
returns,  
someone fills in  
a form  
    at a post office,  
children run in towards school,  
    a woman seeks  
shelter under a pent roof  
because it is starting  
    to rain,  
a man is pouring  
milk into his coffee in a bar,  
a couple are making love  
in a flat,  
cars are driving slowly  
    through  
a set of traffic lights,  
a woman is singing  
in her kitchen  
    while ironing,  
each second  
the world begins  
    over again  
on the picture  
    of itself.

The city was  
built  
by people  
long before my time.  
Perhaps an  
    emperor decided  
to found  
it here.

    And a staff  
of the country's  
best architects  
have designed it,  
    and someone  
has stacked all  
the bricks  
    on top of each other.  
Such and such a number  
    of people died.

Every single  
building stood here,  
long before I  
    came on the scene.

The language  
spoken  
has been spoken  
    for generations.

The city has lain here  
as long as anyone  
can remember.

    My guilt feelings  
about not  
having  
built it  
    are more recent.



Jet planes tattoo  
the pornographic  
sky,  
    bare Venus  
with dildo  
rotating behind  
the cloud-film of the satellites.

    I am sitting on my chair  
in the room at the table.  
There are the table  
    and the chair  
and the block with words.  
    The chopping block.

These pages  
with sugar and blood.  
A female researcher  
    says on TV  
that she has just  
injected herself with  
    testosterone,  
and that in twenty minutes  
she will be  
    quite  
insanely horny.

It is the same  
as the time

    I really  
did not know  
that I  
could fly.

    But then  
I was already  
    way up in the air.

On my way home  
I stop  
to have a piss,  
noisily and happily.  
My urine  
smells spicy  
because I have just eaten  
asparagus.  
On my way home  
through the  
early morning light,  
where everything can happen  
the night-owl lands  
on the path  
on wild  
wings.  
How  
does it manage  
to fold them round  
such a tiny body?  
It looks  
right  
into me.  
I have  
never before  
been looked at  
like that  
by an animal.  
And now  
it has  
eaten me.

Just think,  
I did not know  
that lips  
    could be  
so soft.  
Your kisses can  
    halt wars,  
and I know  
that water envies  
your eyes.  
Nothing can  
    surely  
be that clear.  
Unless it should  
be the word  
    'blue'  
when it tries  
to cover  
the early morning light.  
    There we  
will lurch further  
    into poetry's  
ding-donging  
    euphoria.

The cherry tree  
behind the house  
has begun to blossom.  
No one saw it  
but now

it has happened.  
I find myself  
thinking  
of the black cherries  
we ate  
from that tree  
last year.

And they make me  
wish

that time  
went faster,  
so the cherries  
would soon be ripe.

At the same time  
I also wish  
that it would  
stand still,  
so I can  
keep on  
looking  
at the cherry blossom.

But the cherry tree  
does not worry  
about such things.

It just stands  
still  
like a happy  
child

that has  
just said  
its first  
word:

Cherry.

## *FLOW*



- Have I forgotten anything?  
The pomegranates open, intimate, lustful.  
You throw a handful of pomegranates  
onto a table with a sovereign gesture.  
What we found here? Chaos. A promise by tomatoes...

A tomato says: I exist as will,  
as warm fruit flesh covered by a membrane.  
Elevated to words. We must hope  
for the best. There's a gleam in the air  
above your lips, juice and light.  
Onwards in a dark ecstasy. Like the black  
wind-whispering pomegranate from the grave of the  
Egyptian scribe. The skin is wet and warm.

Here reality is a finely vibrating veil.  
Intimate words from the lowest sky.

- Come.  
Sometimes we say: Come chaos.

And chaos comes with its razor blades  
and happy light smiles. I held a hand  
up towards the sun. Waved. Here the bodies  
unite, penetrate membranes,  
red membranes, leather, skin.  
Did we shoot something from us? Time passes.  
Nevertheless the days lie on their backs like  
dead bluebottles. Their metallic colours:

Black, violet, blue.  
We continue: tomato-like,  
a sentence that starts afresh.  
Afresh?

It cannot be done. Do it even so!  
To be continued.

- Have you packed your luggage?  
We haven't got any luggage. Or: We are the luggage,  
a suitcase, real and of leather

with small handwritten labels stuck on:  
Anon, Grand Hotel Chaos.  
Everyone is looking for their suitcases.  
But the suitcases never reach their destination.  
Because we left them unattended,  
they were destroyed  
for security reasons.  
Where are we? The words are small membranes  
round the things we nibble at.  
They taste good.  
Here we are visible to chance's sniper.  
Weird waves of weird sound.  
Take off your clothes... Afterwards we think to ourselves:  
To be a suitcase?  
To Be. Continued.  
But one doesn't like saying: The mountains are turning blue?  
In the mountains the old people live.  
There a man is sitting against a pomegranate tree:  
- Buona Sera.  
- Buona Sera. What is 'beautiful' in German?  
- Schön.  
He tastes the word:  
- Si...'Schön, si, spent three years in Dachau.  
Knew that I could not get through another winter. I  
hid my watch when they beat the living daylights out of me.  
Only survived by playing dead and rolling down into  
a stream. Exchanged the watch for a loaf and a tomato.  
Got through the winter because of the loaf and the  
tomato. Schön.  
Grins with his toothless mouth. In the mountains  
the survivors live. A sitting thought.  
The survivors sit with their dogs  
and watch the sun set.  
Can I exist in this red fall?  
There is a chair in the river at the iron mine.  
Who can take a seat there?  
Do you want to?  
You ask: Is chaos a possibility?  
We take a seat in the red river. We like to go  
down there. The tomato river.  
While we occupied ourselves with these things,  
an assassination attempt took place. About so many.  
About so much. Here and there.  
They're broadcasting live. There and here.  
The old ones chew their gums.  
- What's this country called?

It's called: Nowhere.

Will I survive? Will I one day  
stand there propping up tomatoes  
and letting chaos grow? Schön.

To pour liquid bronze into the alphabet,  
to hew into the moment's marble...

We are live, enveloped by the random.

My words, your quivering eye movements:  
Exercises in forgetting. But the language has meaning  
and it tastes good.

The words work and carry things to where they should go.  
We collect ourselves to language on the threads of sentences:

Pearls. Swallows. All of it can disappear  
as easily as anything. To be a tomato...

To be that which slips into place.

The pomegranates open, split with  
sweet scents, they expose their  
steaming brains. Just think to  
find order where we did not expect any...

Afterwards something untranslatable is left  
in the tin of peeled tomatoes. Something  
that breaks loose and streams out over the city:

A woman waters flowers on a balcony.

A sovereign gesture!

Continue this wet effort...

- Why continue?

- Live is strange, and I am very interested in living it.

Write it. Write it down. The words are planes  
landing on a red field. Come in.

Someone says: Already.

That word exists. A very good thing we remembered  
to include it! Already we have arrived.

Already we can begin. It is odd but everything else  
won't give any meaning. Therefore we can say:

Already.