

BLACK SONNETS

A POEM BY KLAUS HØECK

Our poems
have no colour,
taste or sound
if they bear no lanterns
from house to house.

Mahmoud Darwish

7

Black September, a black mourning band from
Hell fluttered from the top of your standards
along with the national flags of all
these other countries on the day when the

white Olympic flag of fraternisa
tion and innocence was also run up
above Munich stadium. And while vic
tory ceremonies and the anthem

are played on military silver trump
ets you were all busy preparing the
dark deeds of defeat and desperation.

I think that I understand you when you
let fly with the star bazooka against
power and iniquitous collusion.

8

Yasir Arafat, back then when they bombed
Dresden and Köthen-Anhalt (the domi-
cile of Bach, where he probably composed
a golden fugue) and babes-in-arms and moth-

er's milk were mixed with ashes or were crushed
to pieces against bordeaux-coloured walls
(and I know this, my father was present)
back then people leapt up from blue settees

*aaaaa eeeeeeee fff gggg .jjjj is
lll nnnnnn rrrrrrrrrrrrrr ne
sssssssss s s s s yy øø ååå a*

and shouted triumphantly at the white
phosphorus. It's not just the methods that
must be attacked but the hypocrisy.

9

Yasir Arafat, a people in need
that's oppressed is always, always right.
The people of Israel were right, as
you are in your prison camps at the

Palestine that resembles the petal
of a poppy or a butterfly's torn-
off wing. Here you lived under shame's arc.
But one long-lasting exile cannot be

*cc ddddd eeeeeeeeeee ff gggggg al
gggggg .jjjj nnnnnnnnnn ppp rrr eth
rrrrrrrrrr ss ttt yyy øøø ååå all*

cancelled out by another. Therefore you
are also to return to Nazareth
and to the fatherland's violet salt.

10

Yasir Arafat, it is my mother's
birthday in September, so to me it
does not seem to be dark, but full of red
lighting and of gladioli. Mighty

field fires are hanging on the horizons
with messages to God. And down with you
tall columns of smoke were rising into
the sky from the bonfires of September.

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaa cc eeeeeeeeeeee rs
gggggggg iiiii llllll nnnnnnnnnnnn of
ooooooooo pppp rrrrrr sssssttttyzeast*

And you were sacrificed and killed by your
brothers as also happened thousands of
years earlier out there towards the east.

11

Yasir Arafat, in Lawrence of A
rabia's book 'The Seven Columns of
Wisdom' I once read about a large male
camel that got so angry and peevish

at an unjust blow that it lay down right
there on the road and died out of sheer fu
ry and stubbornness. So it really ought
to be your symbol and actually

*aaaaaaa eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee ffffff and
iiiiii jj kk ll mmmm nnnnnnnnnn age
ooooooooo pp rrrrrrrrrr sssss tttt the*

is as well: stubborn and strange when it cross
es the mirage of impossibili
ty, as when you continue the struggle.

12

Black September, the archangel Gabriel did not descend from his seventh heaven in order to assist you with the Pan American jet passenger ma

chine, so you personally had to land it there on the periphery of the unsullied conscience of this World. What great sorrow has not nurtured your completely

wild act when you dared to take upon your selves everyone's hatred and wrath's burning bushes of thorns. Now however there sits

at least one judge who is shaking in his shoes for fear of reprisals. Possibly next time he will pass a decent judgment.

13

Yasir Arafat, I will place a submachine gun and a white plaster-cast hand on my writing desk tonight, along with a dark blue orchid in honour of truth.

After that I will arrange half a calf's heart wrapped in a page from the Book of Job or in myrtle leaves. Don't talk to me about terror and the mafia while a whole

the submachine guns but these to these to which seventh third second and then to which fifth fourth third and to which second and the

people is being exterminated. I will cover all this with black gauze and then I will light a candle for justice.

14

Yasir Arafat, I will place a hand
grenade and a whole red glass of petrol
on my writing desk tonight, a bouquet
of arum lilies in honour of truth

fulness. Then I will arrange a pig's head
on a page from the Book of Daniel
stretch button thread between guilt and inno-
cence, allow death to come into my heart.

*the hand grenades the hand grenades madness
perhaps one two three four five six and then
one two three four five six seven eight the*

Finally I will cast my rose of mad-
ness in onto the black satin cloth and
then I will light a candle for justice

15

Yasir Arafat, what is the sense of
keeping sport and politics separate
when a whole people is dying, is bleed-
ing to death in Beirut, is helpless prey

between the lines of beaters from Syri-
a and their Christian landsmen. And what in
Hell is the sense in claiming that poli-
tics and poetry have nothing at all

*the line of beaters line of beaters the
in this way in this way in this way re-
glittering glittering glittering that*

to do with each other in the light of
this crossfire and the brightly glittering
diamonds of this double treachery?

16

Yasir Arafat, the contour of your
land now looks precisely like a flint axe.
So strike a blow with it, chop through all the
oil pipelines, these pipelines that empty your

subconscious. Chop through the arteries that
connect to Western industrial so
cities. Those who make capital out
of your degradation, who live under

*sick and black heart sick and black heart sick sick
one one one one one one one and and lock
and one two three four five six seven your*

shameful conditions. Stop the sick and black
heart. Stop it paradoxically e
nough with revenge's nitroglycerine.

17

Black September, I do not hate Saturn
nor any other of Israel's stars.
I am on the sword side of the fami
ly of partially Jewish descent which

can be traced right back to Mendelssohn
Bartholdy's ivy-garlanded icon.
But is one to answer exile with gifts
of cloves and to answer suppression with

swallows? It is nothing but good that you
have placed your stigmas in the newspapers
of the World and the annals of the courts

of justice, nothing but good you have left
behind a black fingerprint in our hearts
and on UN's blue promiscuity.

18

Yasir Arafat, I believe my heart
has been split as by electrolysis
my emotions have been cleft by a land
slide of emeralds down in my soul. A

mind that's been divided by electro
shock between Palestine and Israel.
I can't see any natural enemies
in this case only a land map which is

Israel Israel Israel there
Israel Israel Israel path
Israel Israel Palestine top

red between what are black and green colours.
So one day I guess this political
schizophrenia will come to an end.

19

Yasir Arafat, I love Israel
and the Jews, make no mistake about that.
And not for nothing do I have a por
trait of Gustav Mahler hanging among

the pictures I have above my writing
desk framed in gold and with all the trimmings
(just above Paul la Cour and Dürer's: Mel
ancholia) as a kind of invocation

poetry poetry poetry as
nightingale among of of of not not
your cause your cause your cause your cause your cause

of the black nightingale of my poe
try, but my love does not blind me in a
ny way to your absolutely just cause.

20

Yasir Arafat, you have never seen
the Jews with six-pointed stars on their coats
or heard King Christian's speech, but that we will
never ever forget, neither will we

the black smoke from the crematoriums
that has polluted the earth here and al
so people's lungs just a little bit when
there was a stiff wind from the east back then

Christian Christian Celan fugue fugue
Christian Christian Celan fugue fugue
Christian Christian Celan demands

and rain. Black milk of the early morn, as
Paul Celan calls it in his Fugue of Death.
Despite this I understand your demands.

21

Yasir Arafat, you are all the black
conscience of the Western world. You are all
its blind, black spot which will first become vi
sible at the expiry of the sa

ros series, when even the dwarf roses
change colour. You are all the death's head hawk
moth, the one that every pilot is scared
stiff that you are going to transform their

change colour change colour change colour to
change colour change colour change colour of
jet-black jet-black jet-black jet-black black smoke

Caravelle jet machines into. You are
the very sunset itself, black with grass
hoppers, mosquitoes and paraffin smoke.

22

Black September, I have decided to
put on my blue and white-striped shirt in hon
our of you all on this day that the Tel
al-Zataar camp falls after a courage

ous defence. And I intend to polish
my copper arm bracelet, so it shines like
belladonna. For the defeat of a
single camp seems as tragic as that of

a whole people, one cannot maximise
either pain or death, cannot minimise
suffering and sorrow away. The end

of a single person is equally
important as the death of hundreds. Death
always brings out what is of the essence.

23

Yasir Arafat, it is not always
equally pleasant to be a guest in
a foreign land to stand with a food bowl
somewhere in Jordan and beg for flour and

all kinds of vegetables from diverse
help organisations. It is not al
ways equally pleasant to have to ask
UNRWA for a very last clean white shirt.

*nation mendicants them one this you all
organisation bitter bitter a
nation mendicants mendicants beggars*

It is not always equally pleasant
to stand in the long queues of debasement.
A nation of mendicants and beggars.

24

Yasir Arafat, if your deadline (like
a fuse that has been lit) is about to
expire, you ought to be getting out as
fast as you can without leaving many

traces behind in February's pea
cock-coloured snow, the day in nineteen hun
dred and seventy-two, when you blew up
Revenstein's natural gas factories.

the factory factory oil and oil
February february west west
blew up blew up blew up blew up cables

Later in the same month it was the turn
of the oil pipelines between the Nether
lands and West Germany, dream's long cables.

25

Yasir Arafat, now the mourning o
range trees are in blossom in your own
home country, and it is now probably
high time for you to return once more from

this second exodus, which all began
as a flight across the Allenby Bridge.
Soon time once more to leave behind your green
tents, your corrugated iron shacks and hov

els of asbestos and masonite. Prob
ably time to return home once more at
any rate to the West Bank and Gaza.

26

Yasir Arafat, the pistol bullets
and bombs cannot transform a mind but only
a body into a mangled corpse.
They are always a makeshift solution.

They are only valid when everything
else fails. It is words and poetry that
alter a soul and a consciousness, or
as Moshe Dayan remarked yesterday

*consciousness consciousness consciousness a
poetry poetry poetry worth
and soldiers and soldiers and soldiers and*

when he had read a Palestinian
revolutionary poem: 'this is equal to
twenty commandos at the least!'

27

Black September, the Burj Barajneh camp
lies like a chemical emerald in
the sun. Here is the Satanic square, it
is said and the root of all evil. But

I'm not really sure about this, for when
I look at photographs from there of Um
Hussein with children and grandchildren in
the room with the totally white walls and

chequered carpets, everyday life there does
not seem to be any more devilish than
it is with us back home. Perhaps there are

just a few more portraits decorated
with black ribbons and silk bows, but they seem
more to represent the gates of heaven.

28

Yasir Arafat, I will place a stick
of dynamite and a helmet topped with
a plum-coloured plume on my writing desk
and three cartridges in honour of truth.

After that I will draw a black penta
gram with lipstick or charcoal on a page
from the Book of Micah or perhaps a
copper engraving of Jerusalem.

*me me light a black flag light a black flag
and like a green red white and black flag a
is is light as in honour of justice*

With Palestine's green, red, white and black flag
I will cover all of this and will then
light a candle in honour of justice.

29

Yasir Arafat, I will place a ba
zooka as well as a surgical glove
on my writing desk tonight, with one two
three sprigs of holly in honour of truth.

After that I will paint a black hexa
gram with a speedmarker on a page from
Lamentations or Mahmoud Darwish's
horoscope. Finally I will cover

*me a black hexagram hexagram and
tableau tableau tableau tableau and a
as just as justice as just as justice*

all of this tableau with the blue and white
flag of the Israelis and then I will
light a candle in honour of justice.

30

Yasir Arafat, your courage and number (and there are only few of you) are inversely proportional to each other. Or to put it slightly differently:

if your enemies increase in number, the worse it will be for them. As is now the case in Trieste where you blew up an entire refinery, there in the

*your courage your courage your courage look
your enemies as the harbour's harbour's
of halogen lamps of halogen lamps*

black and secret quadrature that is lit up by the moons of Jupiter and the harbour's gleaming and white halogen lamps.

31

Yasir Arafat, I myself am a afraid of death, and on some days I wait for it at almost every single moment where I get the feeling that it is look

ing straight at me from light-blue hyacinths and from the marble gravestones of the firms of undertakers, in which I mirror myself. But to live with death every sing

*to live to live to live to live to live
I to live to live to live guerrilla
and and and with the valiant feyadeen*

le day apart from one's own skeleton really calls for its partisan, its guerrilla, calls for its valiant feyadeen.

Black September, the souls desert the sinking body before it is time here in the Ain al Helwa camp in the southern corner of Lebanon, from where

ii of death and mutilation reach out towards a smoke-filled periphery. Once you had a house, a garden with fruit trees' harvest, you had land and your own land.

Now you have simply nothing. There often live ten people in a room that is no more than nine square metres. You can also

now obtain some flour and some sugar, five hundred grammes of mutton per person and almost clean water that smells of chlorine.

Black September, black hydra with its nine heads that it raised up in Munich (one in particular is recalled now, covered with a knitted balaclava) a ter

rifying *Caput Mortuum*, a black Medusa, the very emblem of terror, a death's head, a skull behind a gauze veil and blue machine-gun fire of revenge.

terrifying Caput Mortuum raid
terrifying Caput Mortuum all
terrifying Caput Mortuum board

But for you it was a commando raid because your war is waged everywhere up on the ivory chessboard of this World.

34

Black September, the Western world sweeps the
black shards of pottery in under the
map of Palestine and asks you to un-
derstand the situation. So the wind must

spread the ashes and the dust from your camps.
And all the while the Syrians attack
you from the rear with Russian tanks while the
Christian Lebanese (who are frequently

*the Western world sweeps the coloured shards of
pottery in under Palestine but
now you have still not capitulated*

covered behind the zigzag-coloured masks
of leather) come at you from the front and
yet you have still not capitulated.

35

Black September, suppression does have its
good sides (as beneath mercury that has
been cooled down). What I'm trying to say is
that if one does not perish completely

then what is known as the sediment or
residuum (also known as Caput
Mortuum) in one's heart is absolute-
ly invincible, just like the spirit

*you will you will you will you will you will
from from from its blue ceramic urns
you will be victorious you will be*

that rises from its blue ceramic urns.
That's why I am sure that you will be vic-
torious, along with the Israelis.

36

Black September, two thousand years is a long time to have a fatherland and an even longer time not to have one. For that reason a repetition and a

continuation ought not to take place the other way round either. Two thousand winters without Palestine's almost black sun, two thousand winters without Isra

there are four there are four there are four let almost two thousand vernal equinox take place there is only one lunar node

el's titanium-white sky. Let the almost two thousand vernal equinoxes take place beneath a common lunar node.

37

Black September, was it perhaps the evil spirit that prompted you to land these two BOAC jet planes in the Revolutionary Airport in the de

sert north of Amman, this place without water, and afterwards blow them up? – Forty million dollars that went up in smoke. Or was it rather a kind of exorci

sm of an evil spirit as in the Gospel of St. Luke? The evil spirit of self-sufficiency and self-just

ification. And the spirit of the Western world's clear conscience, the seven unclean spirits in their embellished houses?

38

Black September, you did not ever exist as a people according to Golda Meir. You must have been completely invisible there in your black Pales

tine. The moon has shone in vain over the Sea of Galilee, and Nablus has been a city of shadows and of phantoms. But people alive today do not care

that the moon has shone in vain that the moon has shone in vain that the moon has shone in vain that the moon has shone in vain that the

very much about anything that is transparent. That is the reason you now have materialised your sufferings.

39

Black September, after you had broken the seventh seal in Munich, the angels came forth and they blew upon their seven trumpets and blood, hail and smoke were the re

sult. In the tower of horrors a German policeman fell to the ground. Five Arabs died down on the asphalt and nine Israelis were killed in the helicopter.

*in the tower of horrors a German fell
in the tower of horrors a German seen
in the tower of horrors a German five*

To say nothing of all the hearts that were consumed by flames in their golden vessels of incense back home in Jerusalem.

40

Black September, black mirror in which the
Western world and that of industry
claim that they are quite unable to re-
cognise themselves and their own works. Sooted

kaleidoscope which only represents
a people's dark dreams. God you are going
to slaughter me like a mangy dog, it
will become a necessity if this

*that the Palestinian people is
that the Palestinian people seen
the Palestinian people poem*

wild rabies is to be halted: I be-
lieve that the Palestinian people
has been treated completely unjustly.

41

Black September, which has grown out of Al
Fatah, a bitter-sweet nighttime shadow,
Allah's revenge, or a poisonous in-
sect whose sting is deadly. Prime Minister

Wasfi Tal had to recognise this fact
when he was executed in Cairo
during the night of the twenty-eighth of
November without his last cigarette.

*murder and fanaticism the press
call this act to you it is a question
of justice it is it is it is west*

Murder and fanaticism the press
call this act to you it is a question
of justice being fully carried **out**.

42

Black September, this traumatic sky has
a dark gleam to it almost like a red
filter cyan printer negative
film, as the Boeing machine circles with

its cargo of utterly dismayed pass
engers over Haifa, and dark's beauti
ful angel, Laila Khaled, says: 'The Che
Guevara Commando Unit of the

Popular Front for the Liberation
of Palestine has taken over com
mand of this TWA flight. Skyjacking is now

like everything else becoming a rou
tine for the Palestinian nation,
but hardly of course for the passengers.

43

Yasir Arafat, I will place a re
volver next to a bust of the murdered
author Ghassan Kanafani on my
writing desk tonight in honour of truth.

After that I will arrange bread, salt and
wine on a loose page from The Book of Psalms
as well as a lamb's kidney and will say
a prayer, celebrate a black mass. But

*As bread and salt and wine and as I
as a ruby ruby and dark velvet
and bread and salt and wine and and and it*

death seldom comes single-handed, so I
cast a ruby onto the dark velvet,
and then I light a candle for justice.

44

Yasir Arafat, I will place a Ka
lashnikov as well as a death mask of
Zubran on my writing desk tonight, and
will ignite some pine in honour of truth.

After that I will paint a black heptagon
on a page from the Book of Revela
tion or on a map of the Dead Sea. After
which I will pour over it a well-shak

*I pour over it and and and and eth
er I pour over it and and and a
like a black heptagon like it it it*

en highly combustible mixture of
kerosene, ether and paraffin and
then I will light a candle for justice.

45

Yasir Arafat, I have a large grey
tomcat, of which I am very fond. And
when he is out on one of his cruises
it feels like a commando raid, and I

never know for sure if he will come home
again. People will say that a compar
ison is not possible, that I am
wasting my love on a cat, because there

are not any people or fedyadeens
that are involved. Right! – I say – and that has
completely put paid to my emotions.

46

Yasir Arafat, one step from the fore
courts of Hell, where the asphodels are re-
flecting themselves to death in each other.
One single step from inhumanity.

Both on the one hand and on the other
hand, there in the refugee camp of your
humiliation, here on the mighty
ivory balconies of terror and

*like ivory like ivory things jell
the things in the camp the camp even though
they appear to be mirror images*

of desperation. That's how things in fact
often jell, even though from time to time
they appear to be mirror images.

47

Black September, I can still remember
how horror-stricken and how indignant
I felt at the first hi-jacking. There seemed
to be a dark halo crowning Cairo

that afternoon as I recollect it.
It really was a black September back
then, but as time has passed I have come to
see things in the clear-cut and biting light

of other halogens. For you had to
speak to a hostile world in the language
it itself had created. The rifle

the machine gun and plastic explosives
are immediately understanda-
ble statements, even though they too were bluff.

48

Yasir Arafat, I would be as pale
as an arum lily in the midst of
border clashes and tank battles and per-
haps not tough at all in a duel of

bayonets. And I would be shaken to
my very foundation at the grenades
that were exploding among the angels
standing on their head of a pin. But that

*which what shooting shooting shooting out out
exploded exploded and gain I fire
exploded exploded you shooting ter*

shall not deter me from carrying out
partisan warfare. Once again I fire
another salvo from my typewriter.

49

Yasir Arafat, I am quite sure that
would completely shit my pants out of fear
during an action or maybe at the
sight of blood and bodies puke my guts out

all over my army uniform and
new white-chequered keffia, if I had
signed up for al Fatah or your movement.
But one must fight one's own fight rather than

*their their their their their their their and there
have been have been have been have been have words
the submachine guns machine guns silver*

others', and do so in one's own way. There
fore I fight a guerrilla war with words
black sonnets and collections of poems.

Yasir Arafat, I remember a
 day at the shooting range in Jægerspris
 when my Husqvarna submachine gun re-
 fused to fire, and I thought in a war si-

tuition you would have been a goner
 at this point. It is a good thing that the
 target there encircled by its golden
 corona is not a living person.

the submachine guns all your young tongued
the submachine guns you you one really
the submachine guns machine guns silver

It was not till later that the two-tongued
 ness of the inner monologue really
 got through to me, speech's double silver.

Yasir Arafat, what is one to make
 of the scorpion that bites itself to
 death in the black parallelogram of
 its utter fury, while the suicides

of terror end up perishing in Fürst
 enfeldbruck military air base along
 with their hostages? – I do not know
 and I cannot find anyone guilty.

The parallelograms hostages cau
the parallelograms hostages knots
the parallelograms hostages dy

Only a long series of tragic cau-
 ses (rather like a string of granny knots)
 that have in time led to this tragedy.

52

Black September, black Thursday when the brothers of the Serapion Order came in their Centurion and Patton tanks their black scorpions along the street, when

the commando groups have offices to advance towards the heart of the city. Maxime Circle resembles a mass of blown-up fragments of onyx from the muz

zle flare of the cannons. Comrade A fires the RBJ bazooka in a sea of hydrogen and stars. And comrade Q is ter

rified, while comrade Z bitterly swears and curses at King Hussein's double treachery and starts writing his epitaph.

53

Yasir Arafat, forgive us our teas, scones, our silverware and our washing machines. Forgive us our many Volkswagens and all our swimming pools, forgive us our

barbecues and golf courses. Forgive us our utterly vile food habits with such delicacies as lark's tongue pâté. Forgive us our quite astounding gluttony

with the rainbow-glistening alchemy of paraffin and petrol. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive yours.

54

Yasir Arafat, how have you come to
end up in this black labyrinth without
mirrors, the passages of which lead
to this smoking centre, where a well-known

medical clinic stands painted with tar.
The passages of which lead in to a
pain, a refugee camp with multicol
oured washing fluttering in the sunshine.

*which which labyrinth labyrinth camp wards
labyrinth labyrinth labyrinth of
miliation and Schneller Schneller camps*

The exits of which only lead inwards
to centres of degradation and of
humiliation, to new Schneller camps.

55

Yasir Arafat, when I heard yester
day evening that your PLO's leader Yasir
Arafat broke down on receiving news
of your faithful friend's death, I thought of A

gamemnon, calmly downed a glass of wine
I was sitting with and said to myself:
'Such men end up victorious.' There are
enough tin soldiers, enough galloons, e

*nightingale hearts nightingale hearts verses
Arafat friend friend and and with
nightingale hearts nightingale hearts hearts hearts*

paulets, enough medals with reverses
like the moon's. What are lacking are men with
hearts of oranges and of nightingales.

56

Yasir Arafat, to resolve the Pa
lastinian question without the Pa
lestinians would almost correspond
to trying to share a fictive apple

or to work out the quadrature of a
circle, no matter if the conference
table is square, in the form of a horse
shoe or circular, and no matter if

*to the ground to the ground to the ground ground
the ground fighters with with with with or
fighter fighter fighter fighter fighter*

the Wahadat camp is razed to the ground
by Jordanian armoured forces or
by Israeli Mirage jet fighters.

57

Black September, black Thursday the seven
teenth of September, when the bombardments
of the Jabel Hussein camp get under
way like Roman candles, a huge firework

show and end up with napalm and shell ex
plosions among completely helpless wo
men, old people and children. That night the
Jordanians went beyond the green line

that lies between Earth and Hell and every
thing merged into one: the bullets and a
glass of water, death and sleep, a piece of

bread and love, things that no one had ever
believed it possible to compare, such
as a human being and a trumpet.

58

Yasir Arafat, I will place a mortar and a picture of you Arafat on my oakwood writing desk tonight, along with some lilac in honour of truth.

After that I will cover a page from the Book of Joel with horse's blood or the entire Balfour Declaration on yellowed paper with bismuth nitrate. Af

Balfour Balfour Balfour Balfour two will honour honour honour Balfour one one Balfour Balfour Balfour justice justice

ter which I will decorate the arrangement with a black widow's veil will then light a candle in honour of justice.

59

Yasir Arafat, I will place a rifle and a photograph of Laila Khled on my writing desk, a camel and a shark's tooth in honour of truth.

After that I will pour ram's blood over a page from the Book of Ezekiel or the McDonald Memorandum, The White Paper. Then I will drape some black lace

honour honour honour honour it it it it it four four four three three a a memorandum memorandum justice

over this entire still life, over this nature morte, after which I will light a candle in honour of justice.

60

Yasir Arafat, here the month of Sept
ember is metaphysical, high, clear
and full of swarming peacock butterflies
so I must force myself towards evening

when the day is murdered by the church bells
and the sobbing of the ambulances
back to my Torpedo typewriter so
as to continue the partisan war

*the stone the stone the stone the stone meta
phors and and and and and one to three stone
one two three four five six seven silver*

with double sonnets and with metaphors
that are as obscure as the kamacite
stone in my ring made of sterling silver.

61

Yasir Arafat, it is white March here
with a sky just like enamel, but I
have not therefore changed my point of view. In
my heart it is quite dark with electri

city and short-circuiting. I still be
lieve that you are right although the roses
are not in blossom, and the thrush is some
where else in its bright circle of song. I

still believe deep down that a people with
out a country are a thousand times worse
off than a country without a people.

62

Black September, black Thursday when the tank
battles are raging around Ramtha and
Irbid: an attack of diarrhoea in long
underpants, a little Armagheddon

in which the seven bowls of God's wrath are
poured out. Here death is raging in its eighth
house, here where the paraffin lamp has been
overturned and smoke and fire are spreading

to the rest of the Middle East just as
rapidly as only an aurora
butterfly is consumed in the double

fire of its wings. At Wadi Swallah tanks
have driven through a sea of petrol, a
treachery of ignited barrel bands.

63

Yasir Arafat, it is art that chang
es the world and vice versa. We will
never break that vicious circle. So we
must enter the circles of poetry.

And hit the heart with something else than sub
machine gun bullets, write poetry which
has to do with something else than with the
aesthetical, theological ca

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa bbbbb fffffff all
ggggggggllllnnnnnnnnn trans
ssssssssssssss uuuuuu z oooooo one*

tegories, where the butterflies are all
sitting daintily on their pins. And trans
form the circle into a good circle.

64

Yasir Arafat, therefore I now throw
my petrol sonnets and my Molotov
poems into the game of the struggle.
May they ignite many a heart, fire it

with earnestness and inflame many a
mind to act. This does not mean I am re-
jecting beauty. It is omnipresent
and since this is so it is a thread

*aaaaaaaaaaaa bbbb ffffff gggggg ing
llll oooo pp rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr and
sssssssssssstttuuuuuuuvvvvvvvvøøø fle*

of the cutting, crushing and polishing
screws and diamond drills of my poems and
likewise in the barrel of their rifle.

65

Yasir Arafat, I am sending you
all this dark telegram which is framed by
its black border. This engraving of zinc
in its bath of acid. I am sending

this x-ray photograph, sending this black
encephalogram, sending this blackbird's
wing, sending this dark cardiogram, send-
ing this jet-black orchid petal of shame.

*aaaaa bbbbbb ddddd gggg hhhhhhhh ven
iiiiii llllllll nnnnnnnnnnnnnn suf
rrrr sss uuuuuuuuu vvvvvvvv øøø one*

I am sending you this black letter e
ven though I know full well it is insuf-
ficient and is sure never to arrive.

