

WINTERREISE

POEMS BY KLAUS HØECK

Double sonnet cycle

Fluch dem Kapitalismus

Auch deine Fahne gefällt mir nicht mehr,
Die altdeutschen Narren verdarben
Mir schon in der Burschenschaft die Lust
An den schwarzrotgoldnen Farben.

Heine

CAPUT I

9

Frankfurt, butterfly of glass, concrete, stone
to play *terre* with or simply people's homes
shaken and rolled out just like dice over
the floors of German valleys that cover

strata of jura or cambrium, one
huge sandwich, naturally my thoughts run
to sausages and searing beer that tests
my stomach ulcer, here nevertheless

*aaaaaaaaabbbcddeeeeffffggggggggggjj
kkkkllllnnnnnnnnnnnoooooooooooooo
pprrrrsssssssstttxxææøøøåå*

it was here that shots were exchanged between
the RAF and the police, beneath
neon of course and Shell's great scallop shell.

10

Neon of course and Shell's great scallop shell,
BP's insignia or Mobil's Pe
gasmus en route towards his heaven. The
following decades' powerful heral

dry. Helmut Schmidt asks the terrorists to
stop their acts of madness, and they ask to
have eleven prisoners released from jail.
The square I'm standing on looks like a pale

*aaaaaaaaabbeeeeeeffffffff
ggggggggggjjkkkkkkkkkkllllllllllll
llloooooooooossssuuyyyyyyzzøøøøø*

Schwitters, the perspectives that intersect
each other, violin wood, the letters,
beer halls as they were back in the old days.

11

Beer halls as they were back in the old days
with political undertones. The haz
y banks of cloud above Mendelssohn street
resemble organ pipes. In the side streets

there is a claire obscure. Man musste
die Terroristen im Gefängnis er
schiessen. And the one who dares must run the
risk of being a dragon then and there.

a a a a a a a is soon
a a a a a a a is is
BP BP BP BP BP BP of so oval

Autumn. Consciousness soon starts to border
on its own darkness. Advertisements. The
car headlamps with their galactic oval.

12

Car headlamps with their galactic oval
like explosions of magnesium in
the mind. Secret gardens existing in
my memory are stroked by light's opal.

0.3% of the population own over
90% of all the stocks and shares and papers,
Hoechst, Bayer, Henkel, Thyssen, Salzgitter.
There's a large stain on the floor carpet here

is is is is is is is is is shape
is is is is is is is is is wallpaper
it it it it l l l l l for

in my hotel room. Shaped just like the
Fehmern. Green and violet wallpaper.
I do not know what I have come here for.

13

I do not know what I have come here for
to this waterless place where the last few
remains of the Holy Spirit hang skew
ered to the power pylons and transfor

mer stations' chromium-plated towers.
Cables which divide up space in a di
abolical geometry. But no
worse that in so many other places.

*pain pain pain pain pain's
pain pain pain pain's worth worth
and and house house of of is is forgetting*

It was here Faust entered the world in pain's
and midnight's blue-turning house. It is worth
remembering or perhaps forgetting.

14

Remembering or perhaps forgetting
this city that God has abandoned, it
is not easy. When the gods abandon
the temple, the demons arrive. That is

the way my friend Christian has expressed it.
I have never seen so much abundance
nor have I ever seen so many shoe
shops, so many savings banks, and so much wast

*friend friend friend friend women women women
leather leather leather leather and stand
and and friend friend friend friend leather atone for*

age of leather and plastic and women.
And I slowly begin to understand
what guilt or punishment I'm to atone for.

15

What guilt or punishment I'm to atone for
is really of little consequence, if
the state is always right. For example
a leading politician still believes

that the death penalty ought to be re
introduced for acts of terrorism,
all forms of criticism be suppressed.
And up above the Taunus complex the

*atone atone atone I I demned as
demned right right right right right right urn
right right right right right right right right earth*

moon gleams pale and transparent, quite somnam
bulistic in his urn of white alabaster.
I feel myself condemned upon this earth.

16

I feel myself condemned upon this earth,
under the chemical daybreak. A sym
pathiser only able to reel off
business concerns or poems satires a

bout the electrical industry, but
scarcely heed surplus value or the gross
domestic product. A pallied and pure
romantic, who has lost his way on the

*demned demned demned garlanded I see see see
I I saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw ther
saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw*

chessboard of fate among the ivy-decked
towers and grey equestrian statues,
hopelessly in love with a new lost cause.

17

Hopelessly in love with a new lost cause:
the armed struggle in Western Europe. On
my way between the main railway station
of dreams and everyday reality

whose smoke-filled mirrors blot out the hor-
izon. Hoesch. Bayer, AEG Telefunken.
70% of Western German production is
controlled by 1.5% of the population.

blot out the horizon blot out as veil
Idsteinerstrasse's peeling facades
everyday everyday everyday everyday

I've ended up at the shunting tracks be-
hind Idsteinerstrasse's peeling facades.
Algol's gleaming through its gossamer veil.

18

Algol's gleaming through its gossamer veil.
The black medusa lifts its head above
the centre of heavy industry. It's
possible that the Evil One's wing grazed

me, brushed across my forehead green with phos-
phorus from the gleaming crematori-
a of Kaufhof, Kaufhalle and Kaufpalast.
It's possible I bear the Evil One's

and and and the anterior frontal lobe
the black plague black playe the black plague
oil and sulphur dioxide and petrol

sign under my anterior frontal
lobe. But this city's stricken with a plague
of oil, sulphur dioxide and petrol.

19

Of oil, sulphur dioxide and petrol
the Main's coloured, full of faeces and piss.
Cranes like lizards with psoriasis.
Suddenly though there's through some bright portal

a glimpse of a distant past: a cathe-
dral rising through pink clouds into the sky,
as Friedrich has painted it, rowan berries
and leaves that are falling the other way.

*you can see this view just before the Ei-
sener Steg down on the lowest Main quay
where Oetker the guerrilla fights and dies*

You can see this view just before the Ei-
sener Steg down on the lowest Main quay
while the urban guerrilla fights and dies.

20

While the urban guerrilla fights and dies
a new car exhibition, largest size
ever, gets underway. There's a new plague
of frogs entering the city of hate.

Mehr als eine Million Besucher
kamen zur IAA, it says in Frankfurter
Rundschau. And people act as if time
hadn't almost expired. And now the moon

*shines from a canvas of canvas of
and that you are that you are that you are
that you are the moon the moon is ruby*

shines this time from a canvas that is by
Carus, among lavender-blue shadows
the metropolis sinks like a ruby.

21

The metropolis sinks like a ruby
or is it merely reflections in glass,
prestressed polyester and alumin
ium that create that illusion? The gas

ometers lie with mighty halos on the
floor of the Inferno, with thrones
of evil in their brain, the convolutions
of which are full of lie's mountings. Ne

*aaaaaeEEEEEEEEEEEEfffffgggggggjj
kkkkkkkkkllllllllllmmmmmmnnnnsssss
ssssssssttttttttttyyyyøøøøååå*

ropolis. Aphaville. Gomorrah. I
walk on and on without looking back
down to night and fury's sarcophagus.

22

Down to night and fury's sarcophagus,
down to the first ring of Hell by the Main
which bubbles under the rain pouring down
with a colour like dragon's blood. And behind

the sky ovens of Gutleutstrasse the
RAF once more open fire, Frankfurter All
gemeine writes. But Evil is to be
opposed with evil I add on my own

*eeeeeggggghhkkkkkkkllllllllllll
llmmnnnoooooooooorrrrr
sssssssssssvvvyyyyyøøøøåååå*

account. Grafitti on the wall. Financed
by Osram. The Chile junta massacred.
Frankfurt, butterfly of glass, concrete, stone.

23

Frankfurt, butterfly of glass, concrete, stone.
Neon of course and Shell's great scallop shell.
Beer halls as they were back in the old days,
Car headlamps with their galactic oval.

I do not know what I have come here for,
remembering or perhaps forgetting,
what guilt or punishment I'm to atone for.
I feel myself condemned upon this earth

hopelessly in love with a new lost cause.
Algol's gleaming through its gossamer veil
of oil, sulphur dioxide and petrol.

While the urban guerrilla fights and dies
the metropolis sinks like a ruby,
down to night and fury's sarcophagus.

24

Down to night and fury's sarcophagus
I sink through grill bars and through porno clubs,
down among enormous stacks of porce
lain, among mugs, among greasy layers

of french fries and chickens with angel's wings.
Sham versions of towers and reconstructions.
Goethe's house made of papier mâché.
The only thing that is quite real is a

*aaaaaaaaaaddffffffgggggiiikkkk
llllllllmmmmmooooosssssssssss
sssuuuvvvvyyøøøøøøøååååå*

puppet theatre stage on the fourth stor
ey. Through this which is his mind's projection
the metropolis sinks like a ruby.

25

The metropolis sinks like a ruby
or is it perhaps the aeroplanes that
are rising just like grasshoppers, the fifth
plague, out behind the river in a fine

petroleum smoke, as when I invoke
the Evil One, and it comes to me in
a sweet smell of leather and methyl al
cohol or stares intensely at me from

*aaaaaaaaaabbbbddddeeeffffgggggggggg
iiijkkkkkkkkkkllllllllmmnnnnnnnnnn
ooooooooorrrssssssssttttttyoooo*

everything that is of glass, windows, fa
cades, whole as well as splintered mirrors,
while the urban guerrilla fights and dies.

26

While the urban guerrilla fights and dies
I manage to reach the second ring of
Hell, the autostrada that curves before
Niederrad in through the hypophysis

of my brain. Where the hell are you all off
to at such a speed, with such hassle and
all that noise. Volkswagen, Mercedes Benz
and Porsche. My head is full of lead and

*no no no no no no no no no the
are are are are are are are are are
they not not not not not not not not in*

carburettors, fully synchronised gear
boxes, full of massacred pheasants,
of oil, sulphur dioxide and petrol.

27

Of oil, sulphur dioxide and petrol
the Earth is tired. An stark befahrenen
Strassen viel Blei in die Pflanzen,
the newspaper writes. Tired of the human

mind that plans devastations on such a
extensive scale, that burns off enormous
bonfires of waste matter and energy
instead of using the mind and the brain

*a a a a a a a a to
burning burning burning veil
a a a a a through through from*

as nourishment for the spirit's flame, to
the glory of God, not the sky from which
Algol's gleaming through its gossamer veil.

28

Algol's gleaming through its gossamer veil
like a fever raging in my dreams. In
search of lost spirit, among blue-coloured
pharmacies, automobiles, shops, exten

sive cemeteries that are closed for the
night. Not pure spirit, but the very es
sence of humanity, guarded by four stone
cherubs. In pursuit of something of our

*blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue only un
der steel panorama glass perspective
is is where where from from from from only cause*

shared humanity and allness here un
der steel panorama, glass perspective
hopelessly in love with a new lost cause.

29

Hopelessly in love with a new lost cause
the roots of which I am exploring. Apoca-
lyptical discharges of volts and e-
lectric lightning over the U train

network is not all that promising, while
I in an infinitude descend and
then ascend with steel escalators
probing downward towards the roots of Rom

*cause cause cause cause cause cause cause cause cause not
cause cause cause cause cause cause can can can can can
can from from and and and and BP BP BP earth*

anticism, down to the carnation
root of Evil, if one can call it such.
I feel myself condemned upon this earth.

30

I feel myself condemned upon this earth
which is red or grey with porous concrete
and greased with cheeseburgers and with mayon-
naisse. Even so I find myself being

seduced, just as all luxury seduces.
I am almost forgetting what it costs
both literally and metaphorical-
ly. Then I go down to the Goethe house

*soldiers the war the war negative
house house house house house house house house voice
police the war police zone*

and the silhouetted rocks' negative
of a bel-esprit, not forgetting
what guilt or punishment I'm to atone for.

31

What guilt or punishment I'm to atone for
it is not for me to decide. I have
enough to do as it is keeping my fate
as one does keeping one's word. The sun

breaks through the masses of cloud that hang
above Moselstrasse and through these al-
most compulsive thoughts which lie like fine-
grained patterns of ash after the fire

thaw thaw thaw thaw thaw thaw thaw thaw thaw thaw
forgot forgot thaw thaw thaw thaw forgot
horoscope horoscope horoscope word

of the soul: blueprints of houses of where
poets were born, horoscopes I would be
remembering or perhaps forgetting.

32

Remembering or perhaps forgetting
are almost equally difficult or de-
sirable. The random banner headlines:
Dann lasst uns Juden verbrennen. - Bundesre-

gierung für Neutronenbomben, under
line this fact, Thursday the twenty-seventh
of September, anno domini nine
teen hundred and seventy-seven, where

chestnuts chestnuts chestnuts
fall fall fall in sonnets
in sonnet in sonnet in sun in north

autumn throws down the first chestnuts into
the Main as well as into these sonnets.
I do not know what I have come here for.

33

I do not know what I have come here for
although all of them are here: Goethe on
his cement plinth, Schopenhauer tin-pla-
ted on a plaque, or as a grey bust.

Schumann, Brahms, transitory spirits here
in the cloven heart of Europe itself.
It is not the past I am in pursuit
of (for that is much worse) nor is it

*bundesgrenzschutz wanted to kill once more
bundesgrenzschutz wanted to kill once more
in lamplight in the car headlamps' oval*

the future or present but this single
moment whenever and wherever in
car headlamps with their galactic oval.

34

Car headlamps with their galactic oval
are mirrored on the ceiling of my ho-
tel room: a strange astronomy. Do not
speak to me about terrorists or a

bout the RAF while unscrupulous crim-
inals in the economic and le-
gal sector go free every single day,
while Ferdinandus rides to victory

*they're protected by angels and eagles
they're protected by angels and eagles
they're protected to victory to victory the victory*

protected by angels and eagles in
reproductions that hang in all of the
beer halls as they were back in the old days.

35

Beer halls as they were back in the old days
Dampfkessel, Münchener Eck, Rosa Rouge.
I cannot just banish what is Evil
from me, or completely suppress it, but

must invoke it to be able to fight
against it, creep into its skin so as
to vanquish it. It is that danger and
that risk which everyone must take so as

*they will conquer those who will conquer one day
who will definitely conquer one day
like Mobil BP and Shell's great scallop shell*

to become a human being and not
just a coward. Parkcafé am Nizza,
neon of course and Shell's great scallop shell.

36

Neon of course and Shell's great scallop shell
that causes the full moon to grow even
paler above Hauptbahnhof's portal.
Burger-King has opened and the whore has

adorned her ovarium with neon
signs. The rich man drives home with new profits
in the bag. A weekend feeling over
the city like a rose of coal, oil and

*aaaaaeEEEEEEEEggggggggggjjjjjjj
llllllllllllnnnnnoooooooo
ssssssssssttttzzzzzzzz*

sweat. When God has not created justice,
man will have to create justice instead.
Frankfurt, butterfly of glass, concrete, stone.

Frankfurt, butterfly of glass, concrete, stone
 on your plinth of ebony. Red medal
 ribbons, in your outstretched wings the night is
 mirroring itself. The imitation stone

that is glittering with electric ho
 rizons and merciless glass showcases,
 where fear and the dark flowers of sex grow.
 Hundreds of large fortunes control 50%

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaeeeeeeeeeeffggggg
 ggggkkkkkkkkllllllllllll
 llllmmmmmmmoouuvvzzøøø*

of the turnover here. A steel metro
 polis. A fort of cast iron on its way
 down to night and fury's sarcophagus.

CAPUT II

41

Stuttgart, caput mortuum, engraving
etched in acid and tetrachloride
vapours from the chemical moon's lamp
that is burning high up above these walls.

The demons derive from our own hearts. This
is why we ourselves also die if we
should come to kill them. And that is why the
only alternative to shipwreck is

*aaaaadddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
ggggggggghhhhhhhiiiijjjjkkk
kkklmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnnuuuuøøø*

a transformation of our inside. A
bove Schillerstrasse the pain that towers up
in zinc or steel: massive cloud formations.

42

In zinc or steel: massive cloud formations
like the smoke of heretics on the Day
of Wrath. Perhaps I have sold my soul way
too cheaply, and my body far too ex

pensively. Perhaps there's no longer a
ny relation between the spirit's pure
effort and matter's fatal result. Baa
der and Ensslin and Jan Carl Raspe's vio

*ddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
gghhhhhhhiiiijjmmmmmmmm
nnnnnoooooooooorrruuuuuuvvvv*

lent death only makes the chair of the Ba
den Württemberg justice minister rock.
And behind them light that forms radii.

43

And behind them light that forms radii
behind the photographs of those outcasts,
those who are hunted that are handed out
to me in small cafeterias in

banks and in libraries everywhere in
the city, light's x-rays that penetrate
the depths of my conscience because a great
while ago I have broken taboos

it it it doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
not not not not not not ring out
only only only only not not

in these industrial societies
whose doomsday trumpets of gold resound
out to all the four corners of the world.

44

Out to all the four corners of the world
the flames reach (like a map to which you have
set fire, and it carbonises from Mar
bach, the realm of the spirit, which only

exists as ashes and letters now) into
my mind when I finally see Stammheim
prison in natura there in the sha
dow and the negation of metaphy

cherry apples already when
cherry apples cherry are landing
cherry apples already earth

sics, here at the terminus of line five,
where the cherry apples are landing
in the earth of I do not know which dreams.

45

In the earth of I do not know which dreams
Germany's dark inheritance of beauty
and freedom blooms in which blue and nocturnal
park hope's solanum dulce mara

is consumed by its own bitterness. I
do not know on which transcendent or imaginary
new poet's dwelling the pain is just being lit, or on which road

*garten Akademie Garten garten
garten garten garten garten grow grows
its its its its its its its and and grows grows*

but not here in Akademiegarten
at Konrad Adenauer-strasse where
anger's malva or wickedness grow.

46

Anger's malva or wickedness grow
as well as along the main road and the
cemeteries in people's own minds, where
it puts down its roots in irrational

rubbish tips with conches and conifers,
linguistic detritus and droppings (gilt
letters of the alphabet, latrine-colored
metaphors) rococo castles.

*pass only only only and and and and and ty's
we we we we we we we we we ar
grows grows grows grows glass glass*

which far surpass the mirror images
of reality of Solitude near Neckar
here grows the glass of realities.

47

Here grows the glass of realities
the rough plate of the banks and collecting
halls covered with rime along winter's bor-
ders. I have travelled towards the snow, the

first snow whiter than codeine when
it gently falls over alumini-
um and cast iron, the sutures of the points
on the lines and the jubilee column's

*who who who who who are raised are raised from
are landing are landing are landing in in
palace palace stone palace and stone palace*

mighty bronze angels, who here from the height
of their pedestals can almost gaze down
in the vast stone palace of emptiness.

48

In the vast stone palace of emptiness
new suicides are being considered
and more crimes. Baader, Ensslin and Raspe
haben früh kollektiven selbstmord er

wogen, Stuttgarter Zeitung writes between
the first and second Sunday in advent,
while a sun that resembles bauxite or
even more the planet Jupiter is

*which which which which be that that that out there
Stammheim the fields and luminates Stammheim
Stammheim it illuminates and posthumous*

bathed in frost and thorny branches out there
across the ploughed fields that lie near Stammheim.
I must already have become posthumous.

49

I must already have become posthumous
compared to my poems which whirl in flight
like large leaves from plane trees in the light
down along Theodor Heuss Strasse. The

room in which I am writing is white with
the winter sun that is reflected in
the national Berufsamt's windows, white with
arsenic and some sort of plastic cur

*and transparently gleaming white ll
and transparently gleaming white nd
and transparently gleaming white*

tains. Only when I'm dead as a poet will
they live here in my second fatherland,
(since I almost feel that I'm at home here).

50

Since I almost feel that I'm at home here
on the stones of the Schillerplatz, from where
a blue kingdom stretches out to sensi
tivity's farthest corners, it's because

it was here that immortality be
gan, and here that it will end in christmas
markets with their artificial stars and
tombolas, from here where a white law was

*arent arent arent me completely chalk-white itself
as on the stones of the Schillerplatz from where wit
as on the stones of the Schillerplatz from where wit*

once administered with transparent
paragraphs of spirit and of wit
here beneath this moon of yellow carbide.

51

Here beneath this moon of yellow carbide
at the continental climate's cold centre
the budget of the Bundesgrenzschutz rose
by 563 mill. D-marks in ten years. Fur

thermore it now consists of 25,000 soldiers.
These are cool figures in a cool month. I'm
journeying on the edge of december,
along the rim of winter and of per

*and almost outside christmas and and
that christianity means benedictions
and that I have no future have no time*

dition almost outside christmas and
christianity's mild benedictions.
I am someone with no future, no past.

52

I am someone with no future, no past
because I'm no longer controlled by that
dimension, but conversely time is filled
up from the inside, from its blue essence.

At this point (like the intersection of
diagonals in a square where a bust
of Schiller for example could stand) we
are connected with eternity. Ex

*existence has acquired meaning its ult
imate significance there is nothing
one is to remember or to forget*

istence has aquired its meaning, its ult
timate significance. There is simply
nothing more to remember or forget.

53

Nothing more to remember or forget
here in your grave, Gudrun Ensslin, who is
only disclosed by the inscriptions on
the wreaths' red ribbons. Jeanne d'Arc, Jung

frau der Freiheit. I bury the only
thing I happen to have on me besides
money: a heart of jade to my wife.
The wood stands black and frozen as in a

*aaaadddddeeeeeeeeeeggghiiii
llllllllllmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
rrrrrrrrtttvvvzzææææ*

string quartet by Schumann. And there is no
thing else that remains except beauty,
only reality's naked centre.

54

Only reality's naked centre:
this literal grave with the ivy of
metaphors growing over the silent
ruins. This memorial which never

theless rises up like Birkenkopf a
bove the swirling of its silence. The ra
dio and TV mast (217m high) is not
more eloquent, does not reach any high

*aaaaaadddddeeeeeeeeeee
ggggghhhhhiiiiijjjllllllll
mmmmmmmmnnnnnnrrrrrssssssssåå*

er than this cone of darkness does. Stutt
gart, partner for the world is your motto.
Stuttgart, caput mortuum, engraving.

55

Stuttgart, caput mortuum, engraving
in zinc or steel: massive cloud formations,
and behind them light that forms radii
out to all the four corners of the world.

In the earth of I do not know which dreams
anger's malva or wickedness grow.
Here grows the glass of realities
in the vast stone palace of emptiness.

I must already have become posthumous
since I almost feel that I'm at home here,
here beneath this moon of yellow carbide.

I am someone with no future, no past
nothing more to remember or forget,
only reality's naked centre.

56

Only reality's naked centre
and that is death if you choose real
ity and its consequence of ala
baster and cast-iron monuments

illuminated by Rigel, which blink
violet like electric welding, but
also life (as the word implies)
or the spirit, which in some way or

*aaaaaaadddeeeeeeeegggggggg
hhhhiiiiiiiijjkkkkllmmmmmmmmmm
rrrrrrrrrrsssstttttuuuuuvvæææ*

other have conquered matter
at Dornhalden Friedhof. For them there is
nothing more to remember or forget.

57

Nothing more to remember or forget
ah, if only that were the case in Ger
many, where Verfassungsschutz now has 1,700
men and more than 13,000 spies in service.

Some few people perhaps believe deep down
that it was suicide, but claim that it
was murder, while most people believe deep
down that it was murder, but claim that it

*eeeeeeeeeeeeehhhiiiijjj
kkkkkkkkllllllmmmmm
nnnnnooopprrrrrrsuuuuuuuøøøååå*

was suicide. It is still the same
old World of representations.
I am someone with no future, no past.

58

I am someone with no future, no past
but travel in a certain sense transverse
ly through time or in spite of time
and interconnect certain univer

ses, join together metaphysical
coordinates. I mark out spirit
ual routes between the German forests
and cities, inscribe a tangible

*snow snow snow snow snow snow snow snow snow snow
one one one one one one one one one paper
and and and and the the the the carbide*

rose that is full of early snow on what
is transcendent graph paper
here beneath this moon of yellow carbide.

59

Here beneath this moon of yellow carbide
I spread out an irrational net beneath
the sky that has been abandoned by God,
and the smoking stars of which are gutted

one by one around ten o'clock by dense
cloud from Schwarzwald. A spider's web of mel-
ancholy stretched out in the heptagon
of night. A dark and somewhat cracked emblem

*blue blue blue blue blue blue topography
blue blue blue blue blue blue blue again
one two two two two two, two two at home*

on the above-named blue topography.
There cannot be much time left for me now
since I almost feel that I'm at home here.

60

Since I almost feel that I'm at home here
on the Planie, it's perhaps because
I have German blood in my veins, because
I actually love Germany and

only fight it out of love. The Germans
who are almost best at everything (in-
cluding destroying) why don't they use their
strength for matters of the spirit and jus-

tice instead of industrial concerns
and capital, I don't understand it,
I must have already become posthumous.

61

I must have already become posthumous.
(Directly translated: final one, or
late-born child) in this society that's
now experiencing its purgatory.

RAF intensifies the struggle, although
violence (the reactionary as well
as the revolutionary) is always
evil. But what ethic has ever man

*that that that that that that from from minds
from and and and snow snow snow snow snow
stone palace stone palace and stone palace*

aged to change the course of World History?
December's lighting its candelabra
in the vast stone palace of emptiness.

62

In the vast stone palace of emptiness
(Das Neue Schloss or Hohe Karlsschule)
the corridors echo with bureaucracy
and the administration's scratching pencils.

I go down into the garden behind (whose
trees are dusted with a fine layer of snow,
a fine layer of the Holy Spirit) to exert
some kind of counterweight: das bürokrat

*this this this this this this this this it it
is is gardens gardens gardens nature
to be I I I I I which where glass*

ische life is contra naturam. The
official life is nature morte:
here grows the glass of realities.

63

Here grows the glass of realities
in the Bundeskriminalamt, whose budget
has risen from 14 to 143 mill DM. A
leap from 813 to 3000 employees. Und das

ist nur ein Anfang, Franz Josef Strauss
states to Stern. There the bust of Schiller stands
with its head in the Milky Way's frost, a
lone among showers of falling stars. Peace

*this this this this this this this that there
which which which which which which what where
I falling glass glass the stars are growing*

law and order reign supreme on Asperger
Strasse, which leads to areas where
anger's malva or wickedness grow.

64

Anger's malva or wickedness grow
in them, the lovers of likeness, those who
seek justice, those who do not believe in
in the common decency which those in

German society represent. The
'Die Räuber' of the heart and mind that
solely believe in inner freedom or in
brotherhood among the rich.

*the lawcourts of darkness in earth of dreams
lawcourts lawcourts lawcourts lawcourts anger
are lawcourts of darkness and as anger*

Those who only have the lawcourts of darkness
to turn to, when they are laid
in the earth of I do not know which dreams.

65

In the earth of I do not know which dreams
hope and love are now both to put down
roots, for here it is frozen and hard (at
Dornhalden) and be decked with sprigs of spruce

for the winter, while forest fringes further
down towards the Neckar have a colour
of ground mace or are darkening to a
shade of violet like a wound's edge when

*the evil the evil the evil for
again again again again gain a
the the the the the the the the the*

it starts to congeal. And who will now pre-
vent the Evil from starting to spread
out to all the four corners of the world?

66

Out to all the four corners of the world
a dark beauty radiates, in which they
do not take part: the good and the wise, the
prosperous in this abstract city

which lies like an emerald in snow and
with its acrylic facades and with its
chrome and peacock-coloured subway trains.
A negation a shadow so to speak

*start spreading start spreading start spreading ing
a nighttime kingdom for fallen angels
radiuses radiuses radiuses es*

that expands when the circles start spreading.
A nighttime kingdom for fallen angels,
and behind them light that stands like radii

67

And behind them light that stands like radii
behind the enormous department stores
on Königsstrasse gilded by winter.
As long as the Evil is visible

it must be fought, otherwise not. Or it
gets mistaken for its opposite. Every
fourth top official was for example a
Nazi during the Second World War. Forget

*winter solstice is the Christmas festival
over the blue kermis of the Schillerplätze
in zink or steel cloud formations*

it. Winter solstice, the Christmas festival.
And above the blue kermis of the Schillerplatz
in zink or steel: cloud formations.

68

In zink or steel: cloud formations
like a fairytale kingdom, a Uto
pia of wind and weather, blueness and the
sun which is crossed by silver caravelles

and ghostly silhouettes. It is possible
to deny dogmas, but memories cannot
be denied. Not six million
people. For that reason the Germans

*aaaddddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
gggggghhhhhhhhhiiiiijjjjj
llmmmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnrrrrrrrr*

ought to be the first to stop dancing
around the Golden Calf and do penance.
Stuttgart, caput mortuum, engraving.

Stuttgart, caput mortuum, engraving
by Albrecht Dürer. Perhaps the city that
can just be glimpsed in the background of the
etching: Ritter, Tod und Teufel. Emblem of

the German nation, probably capable
of everything and which has produced the
highest and the lowest, and is therefore
called to the last, which is also the

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaeggggghh
iiiijjjjjjllllllmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmnnnnnnssvvvzzææææøøøø*

most dangerous. Where is he riding, the
silent knight. To his perdition. Is it
only reality's naked centre?