

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
kkkkkkkkllllllllllmmmmmmnnnnsssss
ssssssttttttttttyyyyøøøøååå*

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

*eeeeeggggghhkkkkkkkkllllllllllll
llmmnnnoooooooooorrrrr
sssssssssssvvyyyyyyøøøøåååå*

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
sssuvvvvyyøøøøøøøååååå*

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

*aaaaaaaaaabbbbbddddeeeffffgggggggggg
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 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 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-
naise. 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.

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
gggggkkkkkkkkllllllllllllll
llllmmmmmmmoouuvvzzøøø*

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

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 i
maginary 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-col
oured 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
rrrrrrrrtttvvvvzzææææ*

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
ggggghhhhhiiiiijjjjllllllll
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
rrrrrrrrrrsssstttttuuuuuvvææææ

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
llmmmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnrrrrrrrrr*

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?

CAPUT III

73

Tübingen, chalky white sun of madness
which runs as do circles on the morning's
red plan of projection and mountains
towards the never-ending far future,

it has all in all nothing to do with
eternity, which only opens it
self in the human mind, whose nature is
devotion, love and spirit. Here even

so the great tragedy was enacted:
God like some Deus ex machina or
other fetched consciousness to his own house

and in doing so kissed the forehead and
lips so they were cleansed of the complaint's oath.
What revolution it was took place here.

74

What revolution it was took place here
can't be measured in physical cubits
only with the right unit of the spir
it: the communion's gold bread and wine.

An upheaval in the mind, which does not
mock the material revolution,
but on the contrary which legitim
ises it. A revolt of the spirit

(whose symbol is the enormous vio
let nimbus clouds) and which actually
first justifies the other. What kind of

drama was performed between the props of
reality which finally turned white
and perished once more in so short a time?

75

'And perished once more in so short a time'
for the heroes of the spirit too can fall
and die although singing and for other
reasons than Teutoburg's defensive fight.

But 'to perish' can also be read in
a different key (as mysterious
and dark as in Matthias Hauer's blue
Hölderlin lieder) and then signifies:

homecoming in some way or other to
meadows and fields that are green beyond all
comprehension, where light hones its ray on

invisibility's crystal. The place
that is the great plains of candour itself
we scarcely can fathom, we who just know.

76

We scarcely can fathom, we who just know
dazzled by the glass of reality,
which has abandoned the dimension of
transparence and the spirit's clear topaz.

We who have gone astray in the mirror
halls of the everyday, the gleaming la-
byrinths of reality, we over-
look that which is Real (which nobody sees).

We who no longer dare to believe, who
no longer seek to reach out beyond
the fixed forms of tangibility,

how in all the world are we ever go-
ing to reach the point where we understand
why beauty seems to call for misfortune?

77

Why beauty seems to call for misfortune
is due completely to the fact that we
have defined the concept of happiness
conversely or rather incorrectly.

We do not dare remember that pover-
ty for example or sorrow can lead to
happiness, we who greedily fill the
leaky vessels of reason and refuse

to empty the heart's. I do not defend
pain and am not saying that you are to
seek to climb up the ivy-garlanded

tower of despair, only that these (with all
reservations) can create your delight.
This too always remains an enigma.

78

This too always remains an enigma:
how mysticism and matter of fact
ness meet in a valid and holy me-
taphysics: a white and blossoming rose.

He who represented all of us be-
fore God and who justified us ulti-
mately sank down at the foot of the stars'
dodecahedron. There his ego perished

and there his soul was etched out by the light,
there it left his body like a shadow.
But what pride are we not seized by on his

account despite the defeat he suffered,
we who otherwise found pride odious,
maybe since spirit is without image.

79

Maybe since spirit is without image
and therefore does not resemble itself
(since it can't be seen in the mirror's river)
and is not noctambulous nor is it

detached as huge protuberances be
hind the black silhouette of the body,
perhaps because the spirit is itself
(common or neuter) we daren't believe in

its arrival in the mind's evening-bl
ish snow where it does not leave behind im
mortality's trace of plaster and ash.

Winter's double crossfire completely blinds
us, because fate's completely merciless
and we tend always to live in a doze.

80

And we tend always to live in a doze
of conceptions, imitations and il
lusions about the spirit's images
(pastels of Hölderlin, a pompous wash

drawing of Tübingen at evening time).
But what poetry was it burnt without
an image? - Not the spirit's image, but
conversely the image's spirit, cre

ated by it and not just by hand or
intellect. Visions like these we give the
name apparations and in the worst case

call madness or deranged insanity
so as to cover up or veil the truth.
As yet we cannot grasp the full extent.

81

As yet we cannot grasp the full extent of this great renunciation that reaches us like a distant echo through the frosty night, the most despised legacy.

Not that one would recommend *that* madness which he actually entered, perhaps because we called him insane, perhaps because he saw the face of God there at the

edge of space and time (where the emeralds grow like mighty clusters of siberian crab apples), but *that* madness which we

judged him for out of panic anxiety and which therefore became a copy of this complete and utter withdrawal.

82

Of this complete and utter withdrawal we can hardly say it is proof of incongruity between soul and body only of certain costs for the raising

of the spirit (like a column of mercury reaches its zenith or a sparkler that burns out). And we do not become better or good human beings in the

process, on the contrary: the price is often so high that all that remains afterwards is sulphur and refuse. But we

grow closer to God, get in contact with what is Holy in this communion, and this absolute act of negation.

83

And this absolute act of negation
is intolerable, cannot be borne
on one's own, but leads to a personal
destruction, for no human being can

completely contain that which is divine
without exploding like a wine-glass which
is filled by its own note (as utterly
shrill and fateful as Henze's white chamber

music which was written in honour of
Hölderlin). So when you raise your own glass
which is full of white rose petals towards

the sky for a blessing, a connection
must thereby exist to the very life
which he lived out in his lonely tower room

84

Which he lived out in his lonely tower room
with his head almost in the heavens and
with the white winter clouds of madness whirl
ing around him stammering forth infin

itely beautiful, apparently mean
ingless fragments, protuberances from
a sun now extinguished. This is how we
most often remember him, drugged with cur

iosity and so-called tangibi
lity, because in that way we can best
get rid of him as a case of illness.

He who as in the tarok card flings him
self from his tower so as to gain the truth
rather than the lies and the abjectness.

85

Rather than the lies and the abjectness
which trickle down like black stearin in
its silver candlestick, he asserted
the flame. To die for his opinions and

ideas is something but not every
thing. Death is not a proof, is not a witness
for the truth, nor is it the red blood of
life. It could be that the fire fascinate

ed him, because it simply lights up the
darkness, the clearest ideology.
But there the spirit does not blaze any

longer over smoking cities and the
hidden passion of the tallest church towers,
out there in the grey, German nation.

86

Out there in the grey German nation
there is no hope of a revolution.
The black, red, golden flag of rebellion
now flutters over power and prestige.

The population has been manipu
lated so as to vote for manipu
lation and for its own suppression. The
spirit prospers best at blue hospitals

and in cemeteries that are fringed by
woodland, the strangest of places and years.
It is not the spirit that succumbs but

humanity which suffers a defeat
during this time of high solar solstice.
Tübingen, chalky white sun of madness

Tübingen, chalky white sun of madness
what revolution it was took place here
and perished once more in so short a time
we scarcely can fathom, we who just know.

Why beauty seems to call for misfortune
this too always remains an enigma.
Maybe since spirit is without image
and we tend always to live in a doze.

As yet we cannot grasp the full extent
of this complete and utter withdrawal,
and this absolute act of negation

which he lived out in his lonely tower room
rather than the lies and the abjectness
out there in the grey, German nation.

CAPUT IV

91

Berlin, large cracked urn that is full of snow.
The ashes of the past still swirl down a
long the shop and theatre street of Kur
fürstendamm beneath an alien

wing of night-black velvet. Already the
imitation stars of the future gleam
in the horoscopes and mirrors of the
display windows which are violet with

the skins of polecat and of otter in
the reflection of quartz lamps and plastic.
Oh, what an art of illumination

and illusion to conceal the darkness
of past days and the spirit's gutted fire
in the midst of the winter's blue-tinged heart.

92

In the midst of the winter's blue-tinged heart:
this thrombosis of a wall that separ
ates the closely knit lovers. A fanning
of snow and turquoise across the quiet

streets down by the Spree. I cannot tell you
why it is I happen to be thinking
of long and rusty saw blades, but it could
perhaps be because reason no longer

functions at such a sight. Or maybe since
emotions are brought to a halt by the
merciless concrete of ugliness. It

is here that humanity loses its
case at the high court of power and the wall.
You are well worth the cold and a journey.

93

You are well worth the cold and a journey
Berlin, as was Paris a golden mass.
Here in Gr unewald the twilight is al
most the blue colour behind my closed eye

lids. Is there anything that is loneli
er than a lit-up window pane in a
wet and misty winter's forest, where the
soul finds no boundaries at all and its

own darkness fuses with that of the bush
es. Does anything exist that is more
beautiful than this brief instant, when your

breast is torn apart by an insane de
sire not to exist any longer? - Here
in your earth rests the army of lost souls.

94

In your earth rests the army of lost souls:
those who truly loved, those who perished as
a result of too much tenderness, those
rejected by the World since they suffered

from genuine grief on behalf of others.
Those who before the very eyes of us
all dared together the salto morta
le of action, dared to stake all on the

impossible, how was it that we re-
paid them: with applause and with ovations
or with the worn coins of charity?

No, with the cruel revenge of medio
crity, but there's hope midst the suffering:
each new defeat's closer to victory.

95

Each new defeat's closer to victory,
each humiliation to redress, al
though RAF has ended in a blind alley
in Kreuzberg (blind alleys are often the

loveliest). Perhaps this time they lost their
way, but this should not give rise to a re
trospective condemnation, but instead
to a time for reflection, because they

now have become incomprehensible
to themselves and desperate and because
they are becoming what they are fighting

against: a dragon without a head. Put
down your weapons, mobilise the spirit
and all those who belong to each other.

96

And all those who belong to each other,
they will also meet each other in the
class of all classes: the revolution
ary. All of those with their race, nation

gender, lineage and name sorted out.
People of all kinds and dispositions,
who have overcome themselves as well as
their own greediness, they will concentrate

on the single objective: to fully
implement social justice, econom
ic equality and freedom, which means

the abolition of classes of all
kinds. Whether they be militant or not,
all of them shall also be united.

97

All of them shall also be united
despite all distances. What would it mean,
for example, if one were to measure
death in kilometres. So when I de

liver this greeting, Ulrike, this oth
er little heart of jade, the true copy
of which lies in a cemetery in
Stuttgart, it is only a silent sign

between human bodies which is now con
nected with silver chains, not human souls
which meet each other in completely dif

ferent spheres, to which we with our bodies'
weight do not have an admission ticket:
To them life is nothing but the prelude.

98

Berlin, large cracked urn that is full of snow
in the midst of the winter's blue-tinged heart.
you are well worth the cold and a journey,
In your earth rests the army of lost souls.

Each new defeat's closer to victory.
And all those who belong to each other,
all of them shall also be united.
To them life is nothing but the prelude

to the open rooms of immortality
that at least is duration in our minds
and this carbon-black offertorium.

In that way death is in no wise a wind,
an emptiness that wipes out human shame,
God conceals himself, so we can seek him.

99

To them, life is nothing but the prelude,
to us it's everything, we who shrink from
beauty and from the deadly splendour of
love. For after all it is true: in the

passionate moment we lose everything,
and maybe will never find a foothold
in ourselves again. We who are so scared
of taking risks cling tight-fistedly to

the sealed, familiar things that have been worn
down by habit's planetary orbit.
We who flee from each other, who are sil

ent when we shout, talk mostly, are cold when
we believe we love. We'll hardly make it
to the open rooms of immortality.

100

To the open rooms of immortality
full of lemniscates and kingfishers' wings
they could only come via death's muteness,
paradoxically enough, these me

taphysicians of the revolution
shot on the bicentenary of Bernt
Heinrich von Kleist's birth, the greatest poli
tical poet in Germany, condemned

expelled, whose sister's name was Ulrike.
Shot through the back of the neck or the fore
head: Bernd Andreas Baader, Carl Jan Ras

pe and Gudrun Esslin, who were hanged by
a wire, they are caught in a new web
that at least is duration in our minds.

101

That at least is duration in our minds,
I wrote earlier, and all in all that
closes the case, but in a different

way now from the inside, in my, its

and the idea's inner universe,
which is no less real for all that. By
your death you became immortal. The vers
es are evidence of this, sonnets with

negentropy and crablike contortions.
Ah, one can hardly live in both places at
the same time fully or die. This only

takes place in the world of spirit and love,
in the mystery of the Trinity,
and this carbon-black offertorium.

102

And this carbon-black offertorium
is a finished chapter, a catechi
sm with omitted questions, silent ac
cusations and insufficient answers

between the pressed lilac leaves of obli
vion. A paper hell from which a flame
occasionally flares up. A pure ang
er, as corrosive as caustic soda.

I will go out into the morning sun
shine and burn this will and testament so
that the inner flame shall be united

with the outer one and the smoke perhaps
attain God like a thin, distant column:
In that way death is in no wise a wind.

103

In that way death is in no wise a wind,
rather the darkness of silence after
two shots. Here they went down: von Kleist and the
woman, directly down from the green rooms.

So when they closed their eyes everything turned
red: the after-image of life that slowly
faded away, invisibly
because that which is transparent is

the dimension (crowned by cirrus clouds) which
connects them with each other. Were both of
them disappointed perhaps at seeing

nothing in the surface of the Wannsee
and that there was nothing else that remained:
an emptiness that wipes out human shame?

104

An emptiness that wipes out human shame
does not exist anywhere, nor does it
here on John Kennedy Platz, where dark angels
have painted a bright-red pentagramme.

Your actions and your words, yes, even your
angry kisses will leave behind their distant
comet traces in the space of another
consciousness, and finally be

part of a total swarm of Leonids
which fall down behind the November's light
horizon as humanity's fate, down there

behind the Brandenburg Gate's quadriga
of flaming irreligious copper where
God conceals himself, so we can seek him.

God conceals himself, so we can seek him
behind the nothingness, behind the might
y white light which spreads out on the sky's e
namel like eczema, a mandrake's

flaming sign over the futility.
God sits behind a closed door that does not
exist on a throne of nickel, a court
of justice that has never existed.

Greater is *this* wrong: not to find him eith
er in the mind's pure ivory chambers.
God conceals himself behind the truth in

such a way that the lie is bearable or
the converse perhaps, sadly enough.
Berlin, large cracked urn that is full of snow.

CAPUT V

109

Weissenfels, gleaming ivory-white bust,
brought back from the realms of sleep or of dreams
as proof against oblivion itself.
Spirit is exactly the same as love

although they're not wholly identical,
as the one seeks for the abode of light
while the other finds darkness and the night.
But that paradox we will never solve,

we who have entrenched ourselves behind walls
(What defence exists against oneself there?)
in the grey saros period of the mind,

where the dwarf roses darken in colour
and the pupil blackens like an eclipse
against the mammilations of the iris.

110

Weissenfels, gleaming ivory-white bust
of Novalis on his gravestone staring
into the utter secretiveness that
will always be inaccessible to

the living, who believe that death is ex-
planation enough, that dates and laurel
wreaths with fluttering silk ribbons and stone
are everything that we need in this world.

Some sculpture or other that I once saw
wrapped in black hessian and held togeth-
er with string, 'Hymnen an die Nacht' as

the German sculptress referred to it.
A distant and transcendental portrait
brought back from the realms of sleep or of dreams.

111

Brought back from the realms of sleep or of dreams
these mathematical sonnets. But when
everything has been weighed and measured, what
still remains is that which is essential,

which is always stillness and always too
light to weigh down anything except the i
maginary weight of the conscience, too
transparent for the latticework of vi

sion, which allows the most self-evident
to slip through the coarseness of the mesh; for
example we are unable to see

the dark but rather tend to embrace it,
as we do with death, whose angel shines out
as proof against oblivion itself.

112

As proof against oblivion itself
his love was, which precisely did not seek
to vanquish death, but precisely sought to
unite both of them in eternity.

For oblivion already begins
at the first kiss, and to live is almost
like forgetting. For that reason, we who
live must take root in this 'almost', the nar

row plot of recollection, not in ord
er to either defy death or assert
life, but in order to connect the in

ner universe with the outer in its
room lit up by the lightning of winter.
Spirit is exactly the same as love.

113

Spirit is exactly the same as love
(even though they are more separate than
the most distant lovers) because they both
unite in spite of the impossibil

ity of uniting in the world of
reason with its dried-up rose bushes, and
neither is emotion capable of
stretching out over the abyss of trans

formation, as only the leap across
the invisible diamond of the ob
vious can. As if love was nothing but

an emotion. Like the spirit it is
a relationship that dissolves matter,
although they're not wholly identical.

114

Although they're not wholly identical,
they are each other's equal, all lovers
that are gathered in the shadow of death
purer than salt and calcium, but not

yet dedicated to oblivion,
for as they love, they abandon themselves
and are remembered in the word's most
literal as well as its most orig

inal sense. For that reason love makes a
connection between life and death as a
golden middle proportional, an ob

scure evening path, which like the hand's fate line
also winds its way through the suffering,
as the one seeks for the abode of light.

115

As the one seeks for the abode of light
the other must of necessity crash
so as to form an anchor with its heart,
an earth connection with the body, since

the spirit needs its ballast, and love needs
its skeleton in the cupboard (or at
Grüningen cemetery) when it gets
so far that the mind loses its reason

for becoming pure fantasy among
the cool winter gardens of the stars. And
many poets are aware of the price

(or their women, who are the ones who pay)
for rising up towards the sun's emblem:
while the other finds darkness and the night.

116

While the other finds darkness and the night.
But what of that? The night too has to be
vanquished. And not only by light. And per
haps not at all by sunshine or by fire.

Who for example would attempt to take
possession of the day using darkness,
or death while retaining life in one piece.
And how should this cornelian other

wise have been able to gleam with its dark
light out of the secret crown of the night.
How should 'Hymnen an die Nacht' ever

otherwise have risen up in his mind
or blood as bubbles of pure poetry.
But that paradox we will never solve.

117

But that paradox we will never solve
partly because a paradox that is
genuine cannot be solved, partly be
cause we have not been hit mortally e

nough there where the pain draws its fault lines of
beauty, we who do not possess a heart
that is as hard and pure as quartz, in which
light can refract and lose its way and die,

so that nothing but the darkness remains
as well as the powerful trance of love.
We who always worshipped day and the mar

ble stairs of logic, what do we know at
all about this particular séance,
we who have entrenched ourselves behind walls.

118

We who have entrenched ourselves behind walls
(mostly out of fear of ourselves) or who
fled into the grey kingdom of matter,
we did not understand the great necro

mancers clad in their morocco leather
gloves and in their white shirt frills and we ac
cused them instead of fleeing into
dream monarchies and into empires with

out water, into imaginary
republics beyond all understanding.
Therefore they often happened to go a

stray overturn their goblets of di
vine wine into the dominion of hell.
What defence exists against oneself there?

119

What defence exists against oneself there
in the mind's enclosure, its secret pen
tagram? - But possibly the meaning is
precisely to be overcome by one

self, by one's own loneliness, to become
one's own accuser, judge and execu
tioner, one's own puppet theatre on
the mysterious stage of which the sword

descends day after day without mercy.
In order to get rid of oneself or
in the last resort one's own god. For how

else can we otherwise manage to en
dure our own self-sufficiency in there
in the grey saros period of the mind?

120

In the grey saros period of the mind
where everything is repeated seven
ty times, is there any room for love there?
- Are we to live out our lives in those eight

een years only to start from scratch again
in the very same routine. And would habit
be able to contain our entire pas
sion? - or will there later perhaps come an

evening when the soul will rise up in us
and flow like some mighty high tide, bursting
its banks so as to unite itself with

other deep waters that are searching far
ther out than the very last of the moss,
where the dwarf roses darken in colour.

121

Where the dwarf roses darken in colour,
and the inner image grows yet lighter
where the elder blossoms like a sudden
madness, there they move along an invis

ible dike, the other side of which does
not exist. And in this way the poets
became messengers between us and the
dead, mediators between us and God.

Consecrated to the thankless task to
commit eternity to paper here
in the world of realities, but not

conversely to lift this world up to that
of the idea. Therefore they grow pale
and the pupil blackens like an eclipse.

122

And the pupil blackens like an eclipse
when encountering another gaze or
when we look death straight in the eye. He was
born during an eclipse of the sun so

as not to be blinded by the divine
light or so as not to herald it. And
it was therefore that he wrote 'Hymnen an
die Nacht' so as to prepare the way for

the birth of the radiant daybreak, for
after the darkness can only light come.
And when life is finite, why should death not

also be exactly the same, even
though it seems to be infinitely large
against the mammilations of the iris.

123

Against the mammilations of the iris
the look seems cold and calm now that it is
thrown up against the winter sky's chromi-
um-plated surface not as a debtor

(as if God was sitting there upon a
throne of rubies) but so as to appor-
tion the possibility of snow (as
if meteorology would somehow

reveal its secrets to me). Down at Ost
bahnhof station the first light flakes of snow
are beginning to fall like confetti.

I think once again of the large, empty
and transcendent globes of Novalis' eyes.
Weissenfels, gleaming ivory-white bust.

CAPUT VI

127

Düsseldorf, artificial diamond
whose colour's like the constellation of
Taurus medio January, now
a centre for ladies' fashion, supplies

and numerous industries. Although in
Nagel's Enzyklopädie, Reiseführer
on Germany the name Heinrich Heine
is not mentioned, even though it was here

*bbbbbbdddddddddddddddeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefffgggghhjjjjkkkkk
lllmmrrrrrrrrrrrrssssssssssssttåååå*

in Düsseldorf, Bolkerstrasse 10, he
came into the world. Oh dark genius
your light is so strong it is mistaken.

128

Your light is strong it is mistaken
for advertisements on Königs Allé,
and the esoteric gleam coming from
the large offices from where it's controlled

and administered, in whose windows the
sun sets in a glorious plumage of
scarlet feathers. It's quiet once more a
round Rote Armee, but for how long has

*aaaabbbbbbbdddddddddddeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeeeefffjjjjkkkkmmmm
ppsssssssssssssssttttttyyåå*

the silence now or in the past been ab
le to compete in any way at all
with the Good, or with that which is the truth?

129

With the Good and with that which is the truth
things are in a bad way in the Feder
al Republic, here in Doctor Oetker's
gigantic pudding empire, which is not

basically any different from Her
bert Quandt's automobile kingdom full of
friction and radial engines. I see
things apparently as they were re

is is is is is is is is is is
blinding blinding blinding is is this this
blinding blinding blinding blinding circle

flected: the evening's big tycoons, its ma
tadors and card-decks' kings of clubs in this
mirror that marks out dazzlement's circle.

130

Mirror that marks out dazzlement's circle:
not even the spirit of immortali
ty can mist up its surface, while at the
death of the three partisans it is crushed

or cracks like a human mind that sudden
ly collapses into schizophrenia
and leaves behind the cliffs on the Rhine like
the precious stone from the picture by Max

mirror mirror mirror blue blue blue self
l l l l l long loving-kindness
long long long long long long from mean mean mean

Ernst: after me sleep comes. But I myself
long so terribly for loving-kindness.
I do not know what it's supposed to mean.

131

I do not know what it's supposed to mean
that Heine's name is almost taboo here.
Perhaps just because he was a Jew or
because he criticised the German Reich.

The swamp of sympathisers was already
deep back then. - Aber der Rechtsstaat dürfe
sich nicht zu einer Habeas Corpusak
te für Terroristen verkürzen non

*der der der der der der der der der ler ler
now now now now now ler ler ler ler yet
bank bank bank is is only from from der*

sense general secretary of the CDU
Geisler says in Bonn. He does not know yet
that I am sitting by the Rhine's blue banks.

132

That I am sitting by the Rhine's blue banks
beneath an exact Uranus oppo
sition is a fact. I imagine I
can hear a faint sound in A minor which

perhaps is coming from the first snowflakes
that are gathering above the river.
And I do not know if it is possi
ble to live after having heard this fi

*der der der der der and and not not der
from from from not not not not and waters
and sleep sleep sleepless gogo go go*

nal and total music which causes me
to drift out onto the sleepless waters
where I almost wish I could go under.

133

Where I almost wish I could go under
I wrote, but that of course is merely co
quetry. Nobody clings to life more than
I do. But as everyone knows he who

wishes most to die is the one life binds
most strongly. The sun stands behind naked
branches which are white with frost and carbon
dioxide snow. I confess I am in

*love love love love love love could could could could
shipwreck shipwreck shipwreck shipwreck it it
shipwreck shipwreck shipwreck which which binds binds*

two minds when it comes to ideals. I
could only suffer shipwreck against love,
like the seaman against Lorelei's cliffs.

134

Like the seaman against Lorelei's cliffs
In Clemens Bretano's poem or Heine's
full of the madder lake of gloom, the par
tisans of the Rote Armee Fraktion

also end up going under, because
they follow the heart more than reason, be
cause they elevate themselves above rea
son and because evil has far deeper

*our our our our our our which selves who
which which it it I hear heart heart heart price
are are are are are are heart heart heart heart*

roots than they believe. And who is it that
always has to pay the price of freedom:
perhaps those who are the purest in heart.

135

Perhaps those who are the purest in heart
(and thereby as hard as turquoise) perhaps
they can forget or even forgive the
murderers in Stammheim, while we with our

black hearts, which smell of charcoal burner's smoke
under the burnt-down birch of its arter-
ies, think mostly of revenge against the
German state and its representatives.

*at Schlossufer at Schlossufer is a
spires spires spires spires spires spires spires in
stone in stone in stone murder murder's filth*

At Schlossufer the late-gothic spires of
the Lambertus church have been restored, for
they are mostly damaged by dirt and filth.

136

They are mostly damaged by dirt and filth,
the best brains and most loving minds of the
generation. Shoot themselves gradual-
ly or suddenly in both a liter

al and a metaphorical sense. I
follow their tracks with night-express trains of
aluminium. An obscure poet
(like the artist cut off from life) on his

way over Rheinkniebrücke to immor-
talise those who first sacrifice themselves -
and the swiftest destruction lies waiting.

137

And the swiftest destruction lies waiting
for the first fall of snow which lies like a
lace doily in Heinrich Heine Allee
with meander motifs from the car tyres'

imprints and tracks. Why are poets the most
sensitive when it comes to pain? - Because
they're familiar with it from inside where
it stems from the deepest wounds of the mind

*only kept clean with lapis and spirits
who die who die who die who die each day
while we with hearts of stone gain a respite*

only kept clean with lapis and spirits.
And therefore they die each and every day,
while we with hearts of stone gain a respite.

138

While we with hearts of stone gain a respite
(including train journeys to Düsseldorf
or to Harzen's silver) they either die
or they are tortured in the prison's filth.

Enough of that. January's shining
like neon in ether I see from here
where I'm sitting surrounded by slot ma-
chines: Eight Balls, Mint and Night Rider etc.

*can be lost can be lost can be lost where
that you win back again that you win back
can be lost can be lost can be lost again*

as well as Lord. But no matter how man-
y marks or pfennigs you happen to win:
here there is nothing more that can be lost.

139

Here there is nothing more that can be lost
since everything is lost: respect, honour
as well as decency. The birds are circ
ling around the acetylene flame of

winter, as I am around age's na
ked point bordering on forty, the pro
scenium of lies and collusion here
and now which finally is to be tra

*bbbbdddddddddddddddddeeeeeeeeetttt
eeeeeeeeeeffffggggjjjjkkkkllmmmttt
rrrrrrrrssssssssssssssssstttvvvåå*

versed on the cothurni of reali
ty to make the declamation of love.
So only everything to be regained.

140

So only everything to be regained:
the splintered femur of the moon, the used
matches and drawing pins the lost kingdom
of the spirit, which possibly is the

white square of insanity, through which the
composer Schumann flung himself into
the Rhine. And as mentioned it is not just now
that is the question here, but a huge and

omnipresent silence that exists on
the reverse side of this century's noise.
Düsseldorf, artificial diamond.

143

Here there is nothing more that can be lost
not even the burnt ethyl of the i
deas. There is no bread and wine to be
divided, for the rich have stolen and

sequestered everything, and now they earn
millions on champagne and the green salts of
Rhine wine. In Rheinische Post there's not a
line about investigations to ex

plain the murders that took place in Stammheim.
Now they're being killed for the second time.
While we with hearts of stone gain a respite.

144

While we with hearts of stone gain a respite
(in a grave lined with ten mattresses or
in the zink-white of ivory chambers)
the hunt continues covertly for the

RAF and-or for the sympathisers as
well as for the defence lawyers, in the
streets among the sparrow skulls the snow and
the withered roses, as well as in the

*mind mind mind I I I I I backyards
I am am am am am am am after
destruction lies is is destruction lies*

most secret backyards of the human mind,
the hunt for those who are last to give up
and the swiftest destruction lies waiting.

145

And the swiftest destruction lies waiting
for open resistance, that's for sure, but
there is an underground suppressed one as
well. At the universities there are

new, secret broods of scorpions being
hatched, and in a railway tunnel close to
Dortmund there's written in white paint 'Poli
zei erschlagen' (I have seen it myself)

*there there there there there there III there
IIIIIIII white walls
and and and and are are are are are filth*

or written in quick lime in these modern
catacombs, and all the time the white walls
they are mostly damaged by dirt and filth.

146

They are mostly damaged by dirt and filth
this cities in the Ruhr belt, which lie there
like some corroded diamond necklace
in aqua regis or crushed anthracite.

And even though all sunsets are beauty
ful, the one seen near Bremen's fantastic
because you see it from both sides of the
train, which travels almost in an ellipse.

*Heine this this this this this this not not
it it it it it is is is is is is here
beautiful pure pure pure is is heart*

Bremen on the other hand does not lie
in the Ruhr nor was Heine born there, but
perhaps those who are the purest in heart.

147

Perhaps those who are the purest in heart
are those with the dirtiest hands, the blood
iest hands with gunshot residue on
them, because they defended human rights.

And perhaps the gentlest of poets find
it necessary to run riot so
as to preserve human dignity. The
most sensitive lovers in their own nights

*only only blue blue Lorelei serve
are are are are only only from power
who who who who who who and and from who*

must finally face destruction in o
der to serve love and demonstrate its power
like the seaman against Lorelei's cliffs?

148

Like the seaman against Lorelei's cliffs
Jungblut's 'Der Rheinschiffer' also stares out
over the cobalt of the Rhone terraces
or rather: the salt of the emerald board.

What does he see out there in the future
apart from smoke from the huge steelworks and
cables of the Oberkasseler bridge?
Behind him still lies the hall of Schumann

*the smoke the smoke the smoke you you our our
der Frühe der Frühe der Frühe see
like like like we the smoke*

like a mighty conch that houses the e
cho of the past: Gesänge der Frühe,
where I almost wish I could go under.

149

Where I almost wish I could go under.
Ah, this double talk with me sitting here
eating Bratwurst with puréed potatoes
and drinking Gatzweiler's dark-brown pilsners.

It is like reading from Rheinsiche Post:
RAF Anwälter bereiten sich auf die eig
ene Verteidigung vor, at the same
time as the German government goes on

*Bratwurst Bratwurst puréed potatoes are
Bratwurst is is is is is as life
we we we who who you you you blue banks*

invoking the sacredness of freedom.
It is precisely to sing life's praises
that I am sitting by the Rhine's blue banks.

150

That am sitting by the Rhine's blue banks
in the deepening winter twilight is
not due to any coincidence, but
is a convergence of various things,

a point of intersection of certain
variables. I have reach my own per
sonal Rubicon. And the dice have been
thrown out onto the magenta-coloured

*I place all I place all and I place all
I see win win win win win and and a
I see I see I see urban as houses*

surface of the evening: and I place all
my money on the urban guerrilla.
I do not know what it's supposed to mean.

151

I do not know what it's supposed to mean
that I just as in horse-racing always
insist on betting on the outsider,
the dark horse or the underdog et ce

tera. Perhaps because I did not have
a father while I was growing up or
because the frustration at a lack of
recognition is gradually go

ing to my head, or perhaps because I
quite simply have managed to see through the
mirror that marks out dazzlement's circle?

152

Mirror that marks out dazzlement's circle:
Schwanenspiegel at Graf Adolf Platz in
whose waters so many potential sui
cides have been scared off from committing the

act on seeing their own death's head skull ris
ing out of the snow-stained surface of the
quicksilver. Now scraps of paper are drifting
around in the wind (coming from a dis

*there is it is it is that it is packs
of orange juice that it sinks that it sinks
which is the which is the which is the truth*

carded poem) among the condoms and
the packs of orange juice - they'll sink perhaps
with the Good, or with that which is the truth.

153

With the Good, or with that which is the truth
one should hardly count on in Thyssenland.
Only what can be sold by a merchant
what is consumed and factory owners

count. Let the poets all disappear in
to their distant towers of madness or
throw themselves into the river of pain,
despair, shoot themselves through the head with im

*to no avail to no avail to no
the spirit doesn't count oh genius
your light is so strong and it's mistaken*

mortality's bullet: to no avail.
The spirit doesn't count here. Oh genius
your light is so strong it is mistaken.

154

Your light is so strong it is mistaken
with the daemonical, Heinrich Heine.
Perhaps you entered into a pact with
the Devil (the great poets have to un

fortunately) pawned one half of your own
heart, but the other half belongs to God
along with oak-leaves, laurels and that which
can only be measured in blood and suf

fering. The gleam from that split, that uni
versal sound continues to shine over
Düsseldorf, artificial diamond.

155

Düsseldorf, artificial diamond.
Who believes in the unity of things
any longer? The intellectual
speculants, the lawyers and the phari

see who do not even dare to look at
the solar eclipse of the other side
in the eyes (through the sooted glass of doubt).
Only the spirit is unity and

it of course is precisely not matter.
Here there is nothing more that can be lost
so only everything to be regained.

CAPUT VII

159

Western Germany, capsized cathedral
and I have seen them stranded in all
the German cities (Köln, Frankfurt et ce
tera) or caught like nighttime moths in the

diagonal cones of the searchlight
surrounded by pastiche and artificial
patina, emptied of bread, wine and Holy
Spirit. I have seen them like great arks

*aaaaaaddddddddddddeeeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeeeffggggghhhhjjlllmmm
nnnnnnnnrrrsstttttuuuxxyøøååå*

that burn up with gilding among the
mass of canneries and of silos
there on the radiant coasts of welfare

160

There on the radiant coasts of welfare
bathed in dangerous halogens
the espaliers of the shipyards creep
upward along the sky's steel meridians.

I have arrived on the 'Deutschland' ferry
across the waters of the subconscious.
Not because my beloved has left me
as was the case in 'Winterreise' not

*aaaaaaddddddddddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
fffgggggggggggggjjjjjlllllllll
nnnnnrrrssttttxææøøøøåååå*

to pay homage to Schubert's monument
but to study capitalism's and
the machine age's saurian heads.

161

The machine age's saurian heads
lift themselves up above a new Fall
like some strange bacchanal of clouds
on carbon monoxide horizons.

This time it is the bite into the
apple of materialism and greed
that counts. This time it is the man
who tempts the woman till she crashes. But

*aaaaaaaaaddddddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
ffffggggggggggjjjjllllllll
nnnnrrrssttttxææøøøøåååå*

even so he has enough shame in him
to conceal the cores as dragons that
stand guard over their nuclear waste.

162

Stand guard over their nuclear waste
as well as their gastronomic aca
damies. Keep a watch on the oil-flare
at the refineries and the mighty

mills of Satan in all the branches of
industry. Protect all the criminals to
be found in parliaments and banks
with paradise-coloured shadows.

*German sun German sun and and German
German sun German sun and and and sun
is is is is is is is which which landscape*

It's the Bundesgrenzschutz. It's Western
Germany, late February, no sun.
I have criss-crossed this entire landscape.

163

I have criss-crossed this entire landscape
which lies like some cut-off eagle's wing
decorated with emeralds and snow
stains as large and murdered embryos.

I have eaten Sauerkraut in Hannover
and I have drunk dark beer in Munich
(the time before with my parents, an
extenuating circumstance) and each

*the maw the maw the maw the maw maw I
maw maw maw maw maw maw maw maw I
right into right into right into maw*

time I have approached Hamburg I have
seen a very strange light corona. I
have travelled right into the Underworld's maw.

164

Have travelled right into the Underworld's maw;
that is of course a load of nonsense or
perhaps rather an allegory a
mong other images of the Ruhr's landscape.

But do not underestimate the dark
angels of allegory and sleep, who
fling both ammonium chloride and cinna
bar on the flames of the soul and heart,

*maw maw maw maw maw the maw the maw egg
maw maw aw maw the maw the maw zooming
I I I I I I expresses*

in order to generate poetry's might
y fresco through which I am zooming
with 'Parsifal' and other expresses.

165

With 'Parsifal' and other expresses
powered by electricity and the li
bido's green apocalyptic current
I am travelling all the way across the

continent of the Federal Republic and
the violet atlas of dreams. Trains and
buses I have also frequented in
order to map out the light and dark

*that that that that that that the sphere trains we we
the sphere the sphere the sphere the sphere the sphere
train train the train the train journeys journeys*

squares and cardiograms in the me
taphysical sphere of human beings
on these blue and winter-like journeys.

166

On these blue and winter-like journeys
(the log-book of which is this collec
tion of poems) I never reached Dessau
in Eastern Germany, the birthplace of

of the poet Wilhelm Müller (the man
who wrote 'Winterreise' set to music by
Franz Schubert) mainly since the title al
ludes more to the Bundesgrenzschutz action

'Winterreise' where the hunt to hounds for
partisans really got underway while
I flew through the air space into exile.

167

I flew through the air-space into exile
over toy cities and in doing to
overturned the dominoes over miles of
snow and the black stone of the Kabbala.

And the gleaming strings of pearls: the roads I
saw from above as well as the last ta
boo: lawcourts, prisons and chancelleries
glowing all around with the aura of power.

*I saw an angel an angel and ether
and Frankfurt airport which was jam-packed
and and Frankfurt airport which was fire*

I saw an angel of azure and ether
above Frankfurt airport, which was jam-packed
with Caravelles and with dragons of fire.

168

With Caravelles and with dragons of fire
I rose up like some sort of silhouette towards
the sunset, a dark demon at work a
bove the Rheinland-Pfalz region of tinfoil.

Action 'Winterreise' was started on
the twenty-sixth of November nineteen
seventy-four. Three thousand policemen
heavily armed took part in fifteen of

*and and and and and and and the witch-hunt
began me me me me and and and me
to examine the crisis of the spirit*

Germany's major cities. The witch-hunt
began, while I firmly prepared myself
to examine the crisis of the spirit.

169

To examine the crisis of the spirit
I have dressed myself in black this winter
and have played music by Zimmermann, who
himself became a victim of its break-up.

I have during the late hours of the night
burnt black stearin candles in honour
of the urban partisans who have fall
en because they too were forced to their knees.

occasionally I have studied or
chids and have perforated the paper
with the aid of the poetic method.

170

With the aid of the poetic method
I have approached forbidden areas,
bitter as aluminium, grey with
suffering and shame and degradation.

Areas on the other side of the
mind that are fenced in with spiritual
barbed wire and high voltage, where not e
ven suicide or death is sufficient

to annihilate the red admiral
butterflies of fear or memory.
I have discovered my personal roots.

171

I have discovered my personal roots
in the town of Limbach near Saarbrücken.
From here the baroque poet Theobald
Höeck emigrated to Prague, where my an

cestors come from. He became Peter Wok
von Rosenberg's secretary. And later
condemned to death for conspiracy a
gainst the Emperor, but liberated

*aaaaaaaaaddddddddddddeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeffflllllllllllllllll
mmmtttuuuuxxxøåååååå*

once more in sixteen eighteen in a rebel
lion, after which he vanished without trace,
the moon shadows of my own transience.

172

The moon shadows of my own transience
of rather those of my own vanity
I have celebrated and emptied a
thimble of digitalis in honour

of hubris and origin: all that has
to be overcome. But perhaps the gold
en section between horizontal and
vertical history is even so

*aaaaaaaaaaaabbdddddddddd
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefffjjj
kkpppppppsssssuuuuxxxøøøøååå*

the only location where time stands still
and where it therefore overcomes itself.
Western Germany, capsized cathedral.

173

Western Germany, capsized cathedral
there on the radiant coasts of welfare.
The machine age's saurian heads
stand guard over their nuclear waste.

I have criss-crossed this entire landscape,
have travelled right into the Underworld's maw
with 'Parsifal' and other expresses
on these blue and winter-like journeys.

I flew through the air space into exile
with Caravelles and with dragons of fire
to examine the crisis of the spirit

with the aid of the poetic method.
I have discovered my personal roots
the moon shadows of my own transience.

174

The moon shadows of my own transience
(as I saw them in Gelsenkirchen
on the large-sized planet reliefs of
Yves Klein) will soon be filling all the night.

But the darkness is necessary for
us who dragged their gaze towards the day's Chremnitz-
white horizons. And other sources of
light open up within us like distant

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddddddd
eeeeeeeeeeegggggjjllllllpppp
rrrsssuuuuvvxxxøøååå*

points that coruscate with salt over
the clandestine growth-places of the heart.
I have discovered my personal roots.

175

I have discovered my personal roots
and now I only need to plant the last
flower: closing time's great, white rose that is full
of fallen dew and undefinable

firewood smoke coming from distant gardens
cemeteries and railway embankments.

I want to set out into ignorance,
not in order to cultivate it, but

*aaaaaaaaaaddddddeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeekkkllllllllllmmmmppppp
rrrrrrrrrrsssssssttttttttxyyøåååå*

more to fertilise and nurture these lay
ers of humus from which certainty grows,
with the aid of the poetic method.

176

With the aid of the poetic method
you cannot always determine the black
oak foliage of power and bring down
its tungsten eagles, because *one* defi

nition of power almost sounds like this:
power can never delegate or ab
olish itself: it can be brought down by
the spirit or other armed force, or by

*Main Main Main Main Main I I I I
crisis crisis crisis crisis Main Main
crisis crisis crisis crisis crisis*

the hand's submachine guns that bark in the
night, while I am off to Frankfurt am Main
to examine the crisis of the spirit.

177

To examine the crisis of the spirit
I came to vineyards that were black as lac
quer under the white death mask of the snow.
I got utterly blind drunk on brandy

so as to connect the inner with the
outer universe. But since the spirit
is one, indivisible and crisis
comes from *krinein* (divide) it became

*Frankfurt Frankfurt Frankfurt Main exem
Frankfurt Frankfurt Frankfurt Main home home
fire fire fire fire I I I I I fire*

clear that it is man who is in crisis
exemplified in myself. I flew home
with Caravelles and dragons of fire.

178

With Caravelles and dragons of fire
I have inspected from the air this ord
nance survey map of Action 'Winterrei
se' the first result of which proved to be

the detention of fourteen anarchists,
extremists (writers, artists) until deep
into the month of February as
well as the seizure of 600kg of che

*and and and I I I am am I kinds
through through through sodium bicarbonate
am am am am flying not not exile*

micals all different kinds: charcoal,
saltpetre, sodium bicarbonate.
I flew through the air space into exile.

179

I flew through the air space into exile
about fourteen days at a time or a
week at a time to various hotels
among jewellery shops and cheap prosti

tution. I purchased a Rhöner gas pis
tol Mod. 110, calibre 8 millimetres,
partly because I happen to be fond
of weapons, partly so as to prove the

*am I I I I from from from from and and
contraband goods pistol contraband goods
journeys journeys journeys journeys*

supreme ease with which I can cross borders
and customs houses with contraband goods
on these blue and winter-like journeys.

180

On these blue and winter-like journeys
when I rode through the dark corridors of
the Teutoburgerwald between rusty
sculptures of iron and the five burnt-down

pinces of fear, I often thought about my
father and those in my family who
were dead in order to reduce the lone
liness probably and to create a

*there there burning burning counterweight
counterweight counterweight journey journey is is
expresses expresses and expresses*

kind of constancy as a counterweight
to the acclerations of movement
with 'Parsifal' and other expresses.

181

With 'Parsifal' and other expresses
of silver and green aluminium
I came to the main railway station which
lay almost outside the land of the mind.

Here also winter received me with the
snow of dreams, which gently floated down o
ver the platforms of insomnia which
butterfly wings that had been ripped or torn

*floated floated floats yard land my my my
burnt-down platform platform platform land is
the maw the maw the maw the maw and maw*

into shreds. And I held my pfennigs read
y just as all other people would who
have travelled right into the Underworld's maw.

182

Have travelled right into the Underworld's maw
(which possibly lies not far from Essen)
in order to inscribe the consequence
of the Western way of thinking (its mad

ness and its genius) as curves and pa
rabolas, hyperbolas for growth and
decay (curved like the necks of peacocks) in
every one of my poems and sonnets.

*maw maw maw maw maw maw is in maw in
in maw in maw in maw maw maw maw and
my poetry maw maw maw maw maw ness*

I have hazarded all my politi
cal ideas and my poetry, and
I have criss-crossed this entire landscape.

183

I have criss-crossed this entire landscape where during Action 'Winterreise' something approaching a hundred hiding places (collectives) were uncovered and the

staff decided to confiscate material that was considered subversive (books and magazines) and they arrested E. Michel, Reinhard and B. Heinrich, who

*////////// and are
against state against state against state still
against the state against the state and fall*

everyone thought of as conspirators against the state and the police, who still stand guard over their nuclear waste.

184

Stand guard over their nuclear waste, keep watch on the share capital and the insurance companies' grey collusion, cherish the horse stable of the magnates

and too the so-called integrity of science and its free right to bring humanity in danger, ultimately ensure the disgusting conduct of the rich:

It's the Bundesgrenzschutz. It's Western Germany under the vast sulphur clouds, the machine age's saurian heads.

It's the Bundesgrenzschutz. It's Western Germany under the vast sulphur clouds, the machine age's saurian heads.

185

The machine age's saurian heads
stand ready on their launching ramps some place
or other in Bavaria or in
Hessen all set and ready as in the

Bible to unleash an Armageddon
(Oh, all that prophetic nonsense which a
las is starting to become real
ty) in the middle of the snowstorm's heart

*nitrogen oh nitrogen nitrogen
oh what a great spiritual shipwreck
oh coast oh coast oh coast and and oh coast*

of carbon dioxide and nitrogen.
Oh, what a great spiritual shipwreck
there on the radiant coasts of welfare.

186

There on the radiant coasts of welfare
lie the harbours blasted into winter
like shot into a pheasant's breast, wealth that
has cost so many people poverty

death and suffering, that still calls for blood
and for degradation. Perhaps RAF has
let down the left wing, but then the left wing
lets down the defence of the revolu

*aaaaaaaaacdddddddddddeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeejjjjllllmmmm
ppppppuuuuuuuxxyyøøåååå*

tion, decency and the case of human
ity. Oh, what a gigantic error.
Western Germany, capsized cathedral.

Western Germany, capsized cathedral.
My winter travels are over, so I
return home to other worldly calls, such
as pursuing my literary path.

So there is plenty to get going on,
which is why I won't be coming back for
four years at least, and am perhaps only
wished for (persona in-grata) by few.

aaaceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
gghhhllnnnnnnnnpppprrrrrr
sssssssuuuuvvxyyyøøøøø

I have undertaken the defence of
Cain against the intellectual Abels,
the moon-shadows of my own transience.