

*Klaus Høeck*

# Metamorphoses

*POEMS*

Translated by John Irons

*LERICI*

*The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.*

*SHELLEY*

7

I did not come here with the spirit's bark  
or with a horse and cart that's rolled along  
two thousand miles or more, but with a Con  
Air Caravelle Jet. I did not get to  
See either Villa Borghese or the  
Colosseum but did see the Roman  
daybreak, which corrodes the heart with boric  
Acid. I saw the facades of pink and  
Yellow and the women who are slowly  
being devoured from the inside.  
I grasped I'd lived for almost forty years.  
The time had come for me now to depart  
After just one night at hotel delle Lega  
zioni, itself on its way to nothingness.

8

What had you been expecting then? - I ask  
myself, as the city bus passes the  
Bar Shelley. What the hell else had you been  
expecting than the espaliers of the ship  
yards strung across the sky on your way to  
Lerici, lit now as evening draw near.  
Why should this place be any more sacred  
Than other places that are dissolved by  
Gold and azure. Only clarity is  
left, which is too dazzling for eyes that are  
Weak. Only the infinite purity of the  
sea washes day out and day in  
Forgetfulness of stones and  
sand without anyone remembering it.

9

I am constantly being woken up  
by this death-consecrated sea that still  
laps under the walls of Casa Magnis.  
But I myself have apparently not  
Come here to die. I have no rendezvous  
with death here, neither out there in the blue  
triangle that has a scent of roses  
And of calcium or under the shade  
Of the orange tree. There is admitted  
ly a white-painted door to my room at  
The boarding house, which has also been painted com-  
pletely white, but it takes one to a  
Servant's private quarters and thus not to God  
or any form of eternity

10

Who would have thought that it could create such  
happiness to find some common  
groundsel, some bonus henricus in these  
Southern climes among the rocks and olives.  
Who could know that one has to get so far  
away in order to appreciate  
what one has around one every day? This  
Means there is more than just one way to  
Travel. And more than just one way to love.  
But the sea is calling me once again.  
And I hurry down in order to  
consult the great underwater medium  
That is sitting with hair of seaweed and foam  
down her back at Porto Venere.

11

The pine trees of high praise are really just  
as beautiful as they are described. They  
raise the sky and give shadow to the earth,  
While the murky flames of the cypresses  
Flicker from hell. The palms pitch and toss in  
the wind, so that beneath them one al  
most feels a spirit's attack of the bends.  
I have come to this place with my luggage:  
My body, my money and my suitcase  
that is full of my clothes and shoes and books.  
And out from the west a sea of clouds drifts  
in over Via Mantegazza like  
A dark accident, with the promise of  
rain for the night and my allegorical dreams.

12

I have only been in the museum's  
vestibule lit up by gleaming ashes.  
Strangely enough there is a picture of  
Byron hanging there, whose frame has presum  
ably been corroded by salt water.  
I try in vain to decipher the sign  
with its opening hours which is partly  
Written in Italian partly almost  
Ruined. If 'aperto' means 'open' then  
there is apparently access to the  
Place every day of the week except Wednesday  
when sorrow and pain are allowed  
To have a day off for themselves in  
their own metaphysical apartments.

13

I took the bus today to the railway  
restaurant in La Spezia, the town  
that's tartare-coloured with red lead and rust.  
It was raining. I consumed a kind of  
Soup and spaghetti with cheese. But why this  
should have any at all more to do with  
Shelley than so much else has I have no  
Idea. But back to what is the main  
Point. Me spaghetti with cheese and a kind  
of soup. The main point. Me a kind of soup.  
The main point. I am alone in a fo  
reign town in a foreign country in a  
Foreign world. I miss my beloved, I  
miss the burnt butterflies of her eyelids.

14

This was meant to have been a letter to  
Shelley to his so-called genius. Now  
it is almost becoming a letter  
To myself to my own angel of Death.  
November is over and it's still raining.  
I'm afraid of death in the air although  
it will probably never take place as  
A plane catastrophe somewhere near Rome.  
Evening's falling and the moon is coloured  
like the buoys for ships in San Terenzio  
I saw pulled up onto the shore.  
A ship on the horizon that looks like  
A long surgical incision. Perhaps  
Ariel on his way to his salty jewel?

15

This journey has its imaginary  
reasons. It has its metaphysics and  
its transcendence of plaster masks behind  
Black gauze. I saw pictures and silhouette  
Cuts through the windows of the museum.  
The first floor is now made use of as of  
fices of administration by the  
Sindacato Immobiliare Turistico.  
But from this alabaster room of sleep  
there still continues to stream a great dream  
That reaches the heart of every poet.  
And in this house pain still continues to  
Burn like a flame in the submerged sapphire  
outside the harbour in Livorno.

16

I have met the Virgin Mary, madonna  
of marble, madonna of stone in ma  
ny places without praying for something.  
God's mother in a fortress where she  
Was incarcerated. I have seen her in  
a station cafeteria surrounded by  
candles. Her of candles I in a  
Station cafeteria she madonna  
Of plastic. But nowhere did I  
pray to her for protection of  
Any kind or prayer to her for the poor.  
I do not regret this, perhaps because  
Within my mind I have a constant death-wish.  
I a constant death-wish within my mind.

17

The sea really does have a smell of pure  
linen and thus of winding sheets. The  
sea tastes like crayfish with a cross on their  
Backs. The sea is bitter with ivy berries.  
The sea is salt of sodium chloride.  
The sea is like a requiem for Shelley.  
And on the outer edge of thought the ship  
Of your own ideas also capsizes.  
The sea raises its poisonous hemlocks  
of foam among the breakwaters.  
The sea feeds on the mercury of mirrors.  
The sea invites us to incest and  
Suicide. The sea is the mean propor  
tional of death and of love.

18

This museum and the harbour among  
the lion's heads of the clouds have now become  
my centre. And the white chapel of my  
Room. My world has now become that simple.  
Simple among my is this among  
this has become this. And the sea which  
gnaws inexorably away at the  
Coast and at my heart. The carnivorous  
Sea of San Terenzio. In this way  
the sea takes its revenge on what  
Could be called our enterprise.  
This brings about a shipwreck in us.  
Erases names, wipes out dates, elimi  
nates the coastal fortresses of the spirit.



19

What fear unfolds its flag over  
the white map of these sea buoys.  
Is God going to send new sorrows to me,  
Or is it merely the wind that is getting  
Up before rain? - Listen! It is now falling  
over the boats and among the stinging  
jellyfish, blue, a painful blue. The soul  
Leaves the body, roams around over the  
Sea. Thus does humankind also walk  
on the waters. It on there over  
It among me. Humankind in humankind.  
in me among it humankind  
Thus humankind the waters and  
over it on humankind the sea.

20

This line almost invisible the edge  
of the wound where clotted blood is rinsed  
clean among these rounded pebbles:  
Open beaches, what is almost a crushed bottle  
Green foaming baskets that follow the  
rigorous laws of infinity,  
that rigorous among these also  
Follow also this foaming  
Like art, which separates life from  
death, art like a golden foaming  
Breaking surf and beaches between  
letters of the alphabet and other  
Symbols, other secret signs  
in our vocabulary, in our sea.

21

This is what I refer to as Shelley's sea  
gleaming with iodide. What am I searching  
for here. Myself, or my identity,  
Recollections or forgetfulness?  
But inside me, in the heart's urn I would  
find my ashes. Inside my inside me  
with my as me ashes I urn  
But I. This searching and longing  
for confirmation, affirmation,  
recognition has simply become my  
Weakness. Simply blue weakness my for  
blue as this with recognition.  
In the harbour and this fortress's ivory-  
coloured tower there is no deliverance.

22

Lerici pink over the sea. I almost  
succeeded in. Mountain. Sea. Sky.  
Rain. Almost happy. The rain. Its  
Blue emblem. I. There. Gain clarity. Like.  
Like. Rising birds. Over matter.  
Mind. Heart. Thought. Also body. And.  
One. And it. And And. Two. And. Blue over  
Blue. Almost infinity and  
Its fire. Between. As an opener for  
the pain. Burns me. It. With sapphires.  
Eagles. The torches of the rain close  
the wound with wet grass. I still. And.  
But gratitude begins. Still  
And wet. That I still. Still.

23

Pizzeria. Cassa di Risparmio.

Permette. Zuppa di Verdina.

Con. Via Mazzini. E. Mantegrazza.

Tre. Chiave. Ambulanza.

Cameriere. E. Questo. Vino

bianco. Penna e sfera. Questa.

Con. Agenzia Viaggi. Io.

E. Con. E. Scusi. Per favore.

Piccolo. Martedì. A che ora.

Mangiare. Con. La Banca. Richi

Esta di Fermata. Io. Uno.

Il Conto. Questa. Valaglia.

Buona Sera. Con. Argento.

Con. Permette. Golfo dei Poeti.

24

What impels me towards Italy's coasts

at this time of year, when the sky is dark with  
angels. Why did I leave the woman's breasts

And my cats, who are so full of

Life in order to visit this bay of death

over whose waters only a foreign sail glides  
out onto the white mirror of incomprehen-

sibility. What am I doing in this centre, beautiful

With its circle of holly, but painful

beyond all understanding. What scrawny

Hand drags me onto the richly decor-

ated shore of this stage, which lies like a

Piece of lace under the new-born foam. Is

evening taking leave of me or I of it?

25

Mare. Lerici at the harbour. And. I.  
The yachts. There. Lying. Rocking.  
At anchor. Jessica and El Cid. Si  
E. Scire. Uno. Due. Letimar.  
Palm leaves in the wind quiver  
like tail feathers do when birds are  
mating. Permette. E. Cutty Sark.  
Uno. La Rotonda. E. And. The sea.  
Looks like emeralds, there emusified  
light. Crown jewel almost sea. Break  
Now heart. And this sky there potash-  
coloured. Villa Marigola.  
Under pine trees and the statues stare  
stare stare into the blindness.

26

Crema. Burro. Pastina in brodo  
Non capisco. Domenica. Venerdì.  
Arranciata. Io. Per. Questa.  
Notte. Questa. Elio. Il Giorno.  
Io. Trovo. Francobollo. Denti  
fricia. Questa. La Nazione.  
Permette. Pantaloni. Stringe  
Da scarpe. Asciugamano. E.  
Il Secolo. Permette. Giorna  
le danese. Per Fazoletto. E.  
Cartolina. Que sta. Chiama.  
Ospedale. Carta igienica.  
Lampadina. La verra birra.  
Ballare. In. A. Latte. Pane.

27

Mare. The sea. Killing sea. And.  
Café after café. There. Ristau  
rante. Leonella. Pensione. Tratto  
Ria. Con. Nettuno. Uno. Café. Eure.  
Ka. Fabricca Pasticceria. There. I and  
Proprieta privata. I and  
pass by bakeries pharmacies  
Banks, kiosks and to the church.  
Non. Uno. Due. Via del Campo.  
There. Bar Shelley. Non. The Citadel  
In sun gleams green. Walk. Via Turini.  
Or Via Biaggini. I at  
The sea. Beauty. Blue. The heart gets its  
mortal blow of light. Bar Segafredo.

28

The foam. The salt. I definitely  
remember this. Also its smell of  
iodine. San Terenzio of the sea,  
This prawn-coloured town. And  
Finiteness. This finiteness  
like a green bottle shard. Edges  
that cut. There there there in the heart.  
What and what painful light dazzles  
your eye and your mind? - Lies  
house Casa Magni. The white muse  
Um. Remains of spirit. Mausoleum  
by the sea. This cuttlefish-green  
Sea. Like the shell with roe in it. Oh  
pure sea. Clear sea that gives.

29

I walk down to the sea, its canvas.

Observe the lightning flashes, see the clouds  
hear the waves. It is this

Cinemascope. To this to it

to its to I. Here: the stage-sets

of hotels, bars, restaurants.

But would rather see the sky black with dac

Tyls. I of its. See reality:

The fortress towering up as if cut off

as off: the head of Medusa. There

Over the horizon of immortality.

I to me blacker praise the night.

The museum's catafalque with these swaying

black feathers: the dizzying palm trees.

30

This sea is angry with the poets.

It snaps like a chameleon

at me when I take a walk

Along the promenade. The sea and

The poet tolerate no equals.

That is why they fight for the foam's

death masks and and and angry about the

Death masks. But me the sea will never

Possess. My meeting is now with the

spirits of the air. And the sea I leave

To the artists who paint blue

waves in their pictures or

To the fishes. To blue in their

or to the fishes never angry.

31

This: may the purity from the sea burn  
everything out of my brain with the  
exception of Shelley's poems. The hats  
And the many images: gone  
Museum and the plaquettes of white gold,  
and erase this ongoing transaction  
with his name. His and this with  
Shelley name many transaction gold  
In many of my of my of everything from  
this. The current value of his books also  
Those with signature, this yellowed  
letters written in his hand to his wife!  
Burn them. Leave the spirit in his poems.  
His in them to his from his poems.

32

I gnaw myself to death on these  
stones. The sky above this sea will not  
prevent me from this, on the contrary.  
My anchorage is the house by the bay  
As long as I am here. Gnaw myself to death  
on the spirit's bones, white, crumbled  
like washed-up faeces. The white stones  
White, crumbled like washed-up faeces.  
Not the philosopher's stone. The white crumb  
ling stone. White stones not.  
Guide with me: Relicts for  
all tourists with myself as  
Guide and custodian. Feel ashamed.  
Around me with all for me.

33

The sun is shining. I ought to take the train  
to Viareggio this afternoon.

There where the body and soul left  
Each other for good. There the coastline  
Lies for certain like an orange-tree  
branch now during the winter solstice.

But I am tired of sufferings. I will  
Stay here. I will not depart from here.  
Depart like an orange-tree branch from here of  
sufferings each other during the winter sol  
Stice. And soon there will no no pills  
left in the bottle. The coast resembles  
For certain a long half-moon of coffein,  
there where spirit and matter left each other.

34

I have attempted to compare real  
ity with a drawing from back then.

It differs in a number of points.  
There are more windows on the second  
Storey. Reality  
reality there reality.

And the garden wall has several  
Buttresses missing out towards the sea.  
There are more trees in the drawing.

They're missing now. Apart from that  
Casa Magni still looks like a painting by  
Giorgio de Chirico. The metaphysics  
Is correct. And the sky is cuttlefish  
coloured just before nightfall.



35

It's raining again. It's raining over  
Italy. I am lying like a dead man  
waiting for death, just as I have  
Been waiting for it throughout my life.  
The distant thunder could be an omen  
from God. I allow myself to flow back  
towards sleep's small resolution  
With the inevitable. The boats tug at  
The hawsers of the dream down at the  
jetty. There are foreign birds  
In the mirror but not in the room. And I  
glide like a ship out onto the sea of the  
Seance towards the place where Shelley drowned.  
It's raining as before the Flood.

36

I have begun to grow fond of my pri  
son. I quite like my little exile  
here, actually appreciate this  
Austere room with its terrasso floor.  
The landlord and I converse with smiles  
and gestures. This austere room  
with smiles and gestures my little exile.  
He says: 'Ecco!' - and I reply: 'Good!'  
The daughter blushes. She is of the line  
of the medusas with the daybreak on  
Her eyelids. It is Monday towards  
evening. There's a change in the weather,  
And I long even so to be home back  
in my own country's dome of cold.

37

These sonnets have been blasted into frag-  
ments by the sea, lumps of lava washed up  
onto the shore of paper from the con-  
Tinent of sleep. They are black with seaweed  
And submarine mourning veils. The rain has  
perforated them with occult holes.  
The more solid sections are illegible  
And are of granite and the secret  
Passages lead out into nothing-  
ness and meaninglessness.  
They are pebbles washed ashore by  
the winter storm on the Ligurian coasts.  
But perhaps they have their own beauty when  
the sun is refracted by their salty edges.

38

In my room night has placed a bust  
of darkness as well as an urn with  
Shelley's ashes. I no longer speculate  
On underlying reasons and causes:  
that have brought together salt  
and olives. I have enough to do teasing  
Out the effects, which among other things  
Gives rise to these sonnets full of black pine  
Cones. That does not mean that I merely  
let things take their course, only that  
I follow the sea's own ground swell  
and foaming caesura. I have enough to do  
In each day walking along the coast  
down to Lerici's beautiful fortress.

39

One early morning I make a small  
paper boat out of an Italian  
bank note that is admittedly not  
Worth all that much. I launch it in a  
Puddle on the Via Biaggini so as  
to realise the myth once and for all.  
I do not dare to call it Ariel  
Or Don Juan, but christen it instead  
Torino, since it actually says that  
on it in green letters. It capsizes  
At once in these winter storms, which would al  
so have sent far larger ships of dreams to  
The bottom with the ashes of the spirit  
and sinks towards its great meaninglessness.

40

I have grown tired of the sea, which can be  
heard as an echo even in the wine glasses.  
For that reason I've gone up into the  
Hills inland. The small mountain towns smell  
Of vinegar. Even at this time of year  
all sorts of flowers are in bloom, the names  
of which I do not know. Scabiosa  
Is an exception because it is as blue  
as Shelley's eyes. But I am distracted  
by the hills and when I have returned  
Home I immediately lie down to sleep  
and dream of a waterspout. I round off  
This particular day by reading:  
Lines written in the bay of Lerici.

41

Do not enter the forbidden garden  
at Villa Marigola, but if you  
do so, be prepared for the transcendence.  
Overturned urns lie all over the place  
Among the labyrinthine hedges  
from where female busts with closed eyes  
(the materialisation from a great  
Trance) stare out across the Golfo della Spe  
Zia in all kinds of weather (like some Mary  
Shelley). At the very top the eighth house  
Can be seen, whose ochre-coloured walls dis  
play their own particular astronomy.  
And everywhere the white narcissi are  
in bloom the spirit's flower par excellence.

42

Once more a great poem is about to fail  
for me, illegible behind words and images  
like the epitaphs of birds' footprints the sea  
Erases every day. On this final evening  
I walk down and place myself in Casa Mag  
ni's shadows at the very centre of the  
Floor's ceramic pentagram. To write poems  
About one's own powerlessness, isn't it  
to die as a human being. To call upon  
the spirits of the past in order to  
Speak through their painted masks, isn't  
it to die as a poet? - As a  
Final invocation I scratch my ini  
tials: K.H. in the plaster of the wall.

I know that I will never see this place  
again except behind the gauze veil  
of my dreams or in these poems or  
On a postcard that smells of chlorine.  
And that was all that there was left in  
Casa Magni: postcards and plastic magno  
lias: I finally succeeded at  
Getting in to the fusel oil that is  
Left after the soaring of the spirit.  
I myself leave Italy as I came  
To it, not with the night express of red  
coral or with an automobile, but I  
Fly towards my own destiny. And what  
would a person be without a destiny?

*MISSOLONGHI*

*If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?  
The land of honourable death  
Is here: - up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!*

*Seek out - less often sought than found -  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.*

*BYRON*

47

Tired of general assemblies, tired of  
consultants, tired of the colour  
white I took flight number OY 621  
To Athens. At the airport I could see  
The aircraft standing on the cement like  
a blue dragon or a fallen angel  
that had got its wings slightly soot  
Ed in its fall. I didn't drink any export  
Beer in the departure lounge cafeteria  
or buy any cigarettes. Once on  
Board I fastened my safety belt and  
concentrated my thoughts on the pil  
Grimage to the dreadful  
Caput Mortuum in Missolonghi.

48

Just come to Missolonghi if you dare.  
This place is still abandoned by all  
and sundry in the midst of its salt marsh.  
Here there is only room for burnt-out  
Poets and utterly failed rebels.  
Here there is room for those who have  
To do their military service for  
Satan every fourth year, or for those  
Who are to die. The mornings smell of silver  
sulfadiazine and avens and a  
Trumpet of crushed porcelain resounds  
because the emblems of this town par  
Excellence are the playing cards ace of spades,  
nine of diamonds and the black cocks.

49

Right opposite my room lies the Garden  
of Heroes. And at its centre stands  
Byron forgotten for ever. For it  
Is our own image we have raised there in  
Marble, it is our own vanity.

And tell me why are so many stones shaped  
like hearts in Missolonghi and decor  
ated with white medal ribbons of flint?  
Because we are celebrating our own de  
feat and reconciliation with death.  
But among the dark fire of the four cy  
presses that are blazing from the Under  
World his heart is being purified three  
times in his emerald's secret solstice.

50

God Almighty, I say. Is it here I  
am to find you, God, under this mercur  
y column. Are you here, God! I cry out  
On this Ash Wednesday in Missolonghi  
The town of the expelled green with mala  
ria. Can you see the dog in the oil  
barrel and the sheep that I eat with re  
lish for dinner in some Greek hotchpotch or  
Other of a dish. Do you see what I  
caught sight of this morning: the sawn-through  
Bones and the king of the insects.  
Are you here, God! I cry out once more. Is  
It here among the apple-coloured  
walls that I shall at long last find you?



51

When I stand at the centre of the square's  
pythagorean rectangle paved with  
the shards of the dead, I can see it. it  
Is de Chirico's painting: Morning  
Meditation, that here has gained real  
ity. The inner image projected  
from the sluggish shadows of the hypo  
Physis. Or conversely, only now does  
Reality manage to catch up with  
its visions and its blue metaphysics.  
That is the reason why time always re  
veals us as being the bitter  
Argonauts who sooner or later are  
shipwrecked in a town like Missolonghi.

52

Outside the town in the large areas  
of reclaimed land you can in these salt  
marshes sometimes suddenly come across  
Satan's mirror. It is framed by certain  
Flowers that I choose not to name by  
name, and you can find the signs of the  
fallen angels chiselled into its  
Surface or on a rather odd stone  
That I threw out into its centre.  
I have reflected myself in it today  
The nineteenth of April in Byron's honour,  
but I will not tell you precisely where  
It can be found. Only this one last in  
dication: God's breath also clouds it.

53

I went to Greece in order to get to  
know about the light and the first ax  
ioms. I arrived in my blue bomber  
Jacket in order to purloin the fire.  
But I became initiated into the dark  
into sleep and into death. For I  
slept in the Pullman coach through the Eleu  
Sinian labyrinth, which was blocked by  
Cobwebs. I later took these black gossamer  
embroideries to be a sure sign.  
Through the Elusinian labyrinth I these  
black. And I became convinced when  
On the fifth night I dreamt about a  
veiled head that had an averted face.

54

The regular Lord Byron café does not exist  
in Missolonghi, so you have to go  
right out into the marshes to find him,  
There where he rode in all weathers like a  
Whirlwind, a waterspout of the spirit  
along the salt expanses. Though mostly  
through rain that poured down like rice grains  
From the urns of the dead and that certain  
Ly cost lives. There where he rode like  
a god of war without territory  
And only his horse left any impression  
on the naked republic, while he  
Himself disappeared in these labyrinths  
in which he lost the thread of his love.

55

Then the rain also came to Greece. Huge drops  
full of secrets are falling in the  
darkness over the oxalic acid  
And formaldehyde of the lagoons that  
Bubbles inside the meander border of the  
great dam. I remain seated in  
my own megaric circles and listen  
absent-mindedly. Byron, what  
Would he have done with a rainy  
evening like this one. Would he also  
Have transformed it into a sonnet.  
Or would he have stayed on sitting there  
Until late at night and have speculated  
on what one does with fallen angels?

56

Shall I smear my forehead and nose with  
mussel blood or with Greek butter  
rub them with camphor or with hair cream  
To alleviate this searing sunburn.  
The sun of the dead has been crueller to  
my skin than that of the living. I'm so  
badly sunburnt it's as if I was wearing  
A mask of clay and bitumen. Hell's sun  
Has stung me during this exact  
opposition to Jupiter. And  
As yet I have not found any foot  
prints here in the marble of immortal  
It's only a statue that has been  
raised in honour of the public.

57

But no other path to Byron's heart  
exists than this beautiful and danger  
ous outermost embankment, where a  
Swallowtail butterfly (with Elusian  
Signs on its wings) entices you further  
and further out towards the nothing  
ness. Here where the king of madness has a  
Gleam that's almost black with salt and blindness.  
Out here you can find the morning star  
that has plunged down into the breakers.  
'Hercules' made for the shore this way towards  
the mirages of Missolonghi. The town from  
Here resembles a huge catafalque  
that is covered with white silk damask.

58

Look, this broken white column - do you  
think that the other end of it reaches  
all the way down to Hades? - Perhaps  
It bores a path right through Persephone's  
Garnet throne. The marble columns you  
see as white are the underworld's shadows.  
Our statues, temples only mirrored only  
From their there there. Plaster casts only re  
Flections and the appearance of shadow ima  
ges. And the eagle there resplendent in  
Its basalt in immortality only  
flying and in its flying in  
And its. Are we ourselves the living  
shadows of the dead, their dreams?

59

It is true that we have to consult the  
dead if we are to get any further.  
The busts (even the black one of Byron  
In your imagination) and the mauso  
Leums have their significance. Are not  
in vain. In onyx does humanity  
carve the experiences it has gained.  
We see ourselves staring out of white  
Marble. We see the stones of our errors  
and the granite towers of our conquests.  
And ourselves in our numerous monu  
ments. And and also the statue  
Here on the plinth of defeat that is  
whirled around by butterflies. Also is.

60

The poet's answer to the future  
is to a question from the past. In the  
middle of this double piece of obsidian  
He wrote his poem after the fault lines.  
Do not be afraid of the urns' ala  
baster of the crosses' sardonix.  
They are also answers. And but and. Living  
And and new questions from old and  
To young living their their  
not perhaps perhaps. But poets  
Also exist who have velvet fists  
in gloves of iron, that answer  
The past by asking the future.  
Or they write the present in stone.

61

I go down once more to the Garden of  
Heroes: there in sunshine like a raven's  
wing of jewels. And and or perhaps  
There is no mystery. Perhaps Byron  
Is simply the poet who happens to  
resemble us most. Pride, the black crest  
of our dreams, our glorious defeat.  
And from the heart. And to the heart.  
This epitaph over him: he wrote poetry  
about dying. He died from writing  
Poetry. The peacock feathers of our  
vanity. These and not forgetting  
Fame and glory Perhaps from the mystery  
echoing to the mystery. Or.

62

Missolonghi. The seventh bowl of anger.  
There. There. In the sun. Shouts. They shout.  
This. Me. Shouts and punishment strike  
Everyone. Revenge unfailingly follows.  
Ee-ow! Ee-ow! the shout soon an echo  
between. Also. Those from the heart swamp.  
Up to the ears. Pew-Pax! And chasing.  
And Between the pillars, the letters. Shouts.  
The stone pines. Why are they following me. Guilt.  
Chasing in this poem. My punishment. All.  
All. I. Mine. Do not acknowledge guilt.  
And from the shadows this flight to  
The shadows. Whose colour of Caput  
Mortuum or dead jackdaws.

Odos Kyproy: urn of marl. It.  
     Odos Ladia: of quartz. And. Its.  
     Shine. And Odos. Zalakosta: Dazz  
 Ling swallows. Soon. Odos Lord Byronos:  
 Lowered visors. Gleam. I walk along  
     Odos Dimitrious Sideri. Glisten.  
     of pink potsherds. And turn.  
 Odos Mavrokordati. Slants towards Odos  
 Afan Pasi: axe of glass. Odos  
     Damaskinou. Of. There. And. Odos  
 Deligiorih: mask of bronze  
     and hammered silver. This. Walk.  
 This. To Odos Pavlaton:  
     transparency. Walk further. The street.

Aprilios. Mesologgion. I aniksi.  
     Epono. Hotel Liberty. Kje. I  
     ouzo. Psari. Kje. Kje. Kje. Line.  
 Afto. Afto. I stasis. Kje. Kje.  
 Dhia mesu. Dimarxeion. Mechri.  
     Isos. Afto. Sindoma. Ine.  
     Asteria. Dhamaskino. I priza.  
 Lamba. Ine. Choris. Zaestos. Ine.  
 Dhia mesu. Dhen. O dhiakoptis.  
     Afto. Meta. Dhen. Ego. To kreo  
 Polio. Meta. Kje. To Chartapo  
     lio. Sindoma. Meta. To Kozmima  
 Topolio. Lukanika. Afto.  
     Mesa. Hotel Avra. Meta. Avra.

Aprilios. Kje. Mesologgion. Ine.  
     latreion. Meta. Afto. Andron.  
     Meta. Afto. Gynaikon. Choris. Ka  
 Relia. Meta. To Eksofila.  
 Fistaria. Afto. Apo. Dikastikon  
     Megaron. Kje. Zigaretta. Kje.  
     Grammotosima. Meta. Vivlio  
 Polio. Kje. Kolonja. Ouzo. Hotel  
 Liberty. Mesa. To rola. Iodio.  
     Kje. Kje. Aspirini. Kje. Kje.  
 Afto. Ine. Meta. Kato. Sompá.  
     Ine. Meta. Machaeropirona.  
 Kje. To parathiro. Mechri. Trapeza.  
     Sinalagmatos. O niptiras. Meta.

Odos Zaphir Rapesi: damascene  
     sword. Of. Odos Kosti Palama:  
     the desert. Odos Pasikotrika: scorch  
 Ing and like boiling mercury.  
 Odos Komitos Roma: Lit de Parade.  
     Already. Odos Christ: Kapsali:  
     meridian of gold. And when then  
 Odos Metaia: alembic with acid.  
 From. And. Odos Petaludi: chapel.  
     Am busy now. There lies Odos  
 Makri: burnt umber. Its. Oscillates.  
     Twists. Odos Kleisupas: lavender  
 Branch despite all. On to the square:  
     Ixion wheel. From. And. There. I.



67

Missolonghi. Death's head. Of.  
Salt. Arsenic. Seven suns and light so  
I burn. Seven angels. Throughout  
Morning. Burn with anger. And the day  
Of red sulphur. Only the night cool  
ing. Which. I. This. Or. Or.  
Or. Clarity. Bitter purity to  
The bone. Town of purgatory. Here.  
Seven trumpets from Heaven and seven from  
Hell blow down the poem. Ruins.  
Walls. These. Blow over. My.  
Blow: Words. Sentences. Entire son  
Nets over. With statues of Byron. And  
Castrum doloris of alabaster. To.

68

These sonnets have also already become  
a memorial park. The fieldstone of the  
letters their colour like aloe. And the  
Paths through the sentences that lead  
Nowhere. The name: butterfly and  
the monuments of the proper nouns. If  
you lift here, the woodlice rush  
Out to the side. Scorching. The syntac  
Tical sky as pure as alcohol.  
turning blue in one maze after maze.  
And between the words: the cobwebs  
of death that fill up and the emer  
Alds in the palm trees, the half  
cannon muzzles cast in the semantics.

69

Can it be oleander leaves here in  
the empire of grass. Can they bring my  
answer to the other side. Somewhat  
Rusty ships laden with insects  
That nevertheless are soon to leave?  
But to what side, to what far shore.  
Do the asphodels bloom in both places?  
If I have returned, there are swallows  
In Hades. That my shadow, the  
shadows did not flee from me.  
And and the shadow of the shadows not.  
Shadows cast no shadows. So goodbye,  
And only return with your own  
Answers in our green dialectics.

70

Can a fruit of the olive fall from  
the tree of sleep onto the hard soil  
of reality. Can you wake up with  
The fresh fruits of the dream between  
Your lips. Why then all this talk of the  
flaming black cypresses of the Under  
world? Because the poem is the gateway  
To the land of the dead. Among these words  
You can find the way down if you seek long  
enough. Among the vines of the sentences  
From which a forgotten king stares at you.  
The message, this entering among  
The stones, the letters, the shadows of the  
columns that point into the stillness.

71

I sit throughout the afternoon beneath  
this palm tree and wait. I must have  
fallen asleep from time to time  
For suddenly the light has become  
Completely peacock-coloured and strange  
echoes reach me from the far side  
of the soul, the side that turns out  
Wards towards the mighty heptagon of the  
Salt marshes. Hardly or between. I  
observe the fate line that also ends  
Out there, full of salt and sweat.  
From this but to I run or.  
And I almost believed that I had been  
forgotten until I got this reply.

72

It is one of those days when I am  
enclosed within myself like an  
urn in a locked cupboard or a bust  
That is wrapped in black gauze and string.  
I do not know what day it is. I have  
no idea at all what colour my  
socks are and there is a faint stench  
Of paraffin in my sinuses.  
God! - I then say, bloody hell how I  
hate this life you have created, where  
Everything devours each other. And I know  
this is blasphemy. And I hear the  
Black cock crow thrice. And I know that I  
am standing with one foot in Hell.

73

The boundary of madness lies on O  
dos Kyproy! From here the expanses  
begin violet like polecat fur  
Beneath the quartz light. The arum lilies stand  
Full of rabies in the small gardens  
mirroring each other to death in the  
whiteness. And when I ask a young  
Fisherman the way, he answers: Filippa!  
I look up at the sky, which today is  
once more infected with radiant  
Purity: not a merciful cloud.  
Then I go out once more into the  
Salt hell to carry out my task as a poet:  
to bring down God's wrath on my head.

74

In a foreign country you will find yourself,  
but not your home. That is the law of the  
spirit, that bluishly evaporates like  
Meths from the great hellenic mirrors.  
Conversely George Gordon Noel Lord  
Byron found in one sense his home  
on the death-bed of vine leaves and black  
Laurel leaves in Missolonghi, but not  
Himself. And whether or not he thus  
ever managed to find his way  
Home is doubtful, even though his body  
was brought back to England on  
Board the brig Florida through the  
collapsed Doric portals of exile.

75

Mister! - a girl calls out from a parked  
lorry. - You speak English? - It must  
clearly be visible in me like some  
Disease: idiotic tourist. I look up from  
Under my broad-brimmed Hermes Tris  
megistos hat (bought cheap in the Lord  
Byron Street) and try to look mys  
Terious. - Me Olga, and you - name?  
But nothing really succeeds today.  
Suddenly there is a crowd of spectators.  
All right! - Me Klaus. Where is Sideri  
Street? - She shakes her iron siren  
Curls and smiles. - Goodbye! - I must  
be off again on my psychopompish walk.

76

Why I have to go all the way to Hellas  
to visit the dead, I do not know,  
where every night I sink down into  
Their realm. But now at any rate I have  
Been photographed standing in front of  
Byron's statue in the second quad  
rant, which is full of red admiral  
Butterflies. And I have never seen so  
Many gathered together on one spot. They  
carry the night's falling stars on their  
Wings in honour of him who gave everything.  
For what can a human ultimately  
Give more than his personal fortune,  
his health, his love and his life?

77

Was it in this ruin of a pa  
trician villa that Byron died. There are  
faeces everywhere on the floor, but  
On the ceilings strange dragons have  
Been drawn as well as completely empty  
coats of arms: the Devil's signature. Visit  
it when evening approaches when the  
Sunset is in the west like a smoking  
Paraffin lamp and a breeze  
from the modern pumping  
Station adds a faint whiff of fin  
de siècle to the scene as well as of  
Soda. Was it in this placenta-coloured  
house that Satan fetched his favourite.

78

I cannot tell you why these marshes  
exert such an attraction on me.  
These great reservoirs in Ha  
Des, these great tanks in the sub  
Conscious full of evil, these e  
normous fixation vats that are full  
of blindness and acid. I cannot  
Tell you why, but each and every day  
I search further out in this system  
of sea walls. Perhaps so as to find a  
New Lernaean hydra, or perhaps so as  
to see this mysterious red colour that  
Only exists in Missolonghi at the  
bottom of Hell's large retort.

79

Even though the swallows are building their  
    nests right outside my window at Hotel  
    Liberty, I do not have any feeling of  
Having returned home. And even though  
Itacha is practically lying  
    at my feet bathed in violet  
    salt. But the sea is not any bluer  
Nor is the sky any bluer than  
It is anywhere else, so is there any  
    reason why death should be as blue  
As it people claim that it is in Greece.  
    Even so there is something holy  
About the light down here perhaps because  
    It originates from geometry?

80

If he refuses to come to me, I will have  
    to come to him. That is how I reason  
    things on this last day here and place  
Two copper drachmas under my tongue.  
They taste of arsenic and on the  
    one side there is a ship and on the  
    other there is a portrait of Konstanti  
Nos Kanaris, whoever the hell he is.  
The boat I am crossing on has three  
    blue stripes on its stern, just like  
The toy boat I had as a child. And just  
    as then the trip is nerve-racking,  
By which I mean it is truly dangerous.  
    There is only my own shadow on the sea wall.

81

To anyone who has been fired to clay  
in the marshes of Missolonghi, nothing is  
the same any longer. To anyone who on  
The Devil's anvil has had his brain transformed  
Into ochre, there is only one essential  
thing left: the sun, salt and  
your own singing pain. Out here  
The potash of your worries is spread out  
Across the great expanses. Spurge quenches  
your thirst and cockles provide you  
With food. The shadows are welded  
away from beneath the sun's flaming zenith.  
To anyone who has been in Hell,  
there is only the Kingdom of Heaven left.

82

I have been in the Underworld  
(with one leg in Hades and the other in  
Hell, split between the Greek and the  
Christian spirit) and sought him here. But  
Byron was not there, neither in Greece.  
So God must have fetched him home at  
the last moment. That is why I also  
Fly calmly home once more with Conair  
OY 622. It soars like a white eagle  
on niobium wings over the Acro  
Polis in a converse, heliacal spiral.  
But what poet could do without  
The stigmatisation of the spirit  
or a deal with the Devil?



ROME

*Why did I laugh tonight? No voice will tell:  
No god, no demon of severe response,  
Deigns to reply from heaven or from hell.  
Then to my human heart I turn at once -  
Heart! thou and I are here sad and alone;  
Say, wherefore did I laugh? O mortal pain!  
O darkness! darkness! ever must I moan,  
To question heaven and hell and heart in vain!  
Why did I laugh? I know this being's lease -  
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads:  
Yet could I on this very midnight cease,  
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds.  
Verse, fame, and beauty are intense indeed,  
But death intenser-death is life's high meed.*

KEATS

85

I recognise Rome immediately:  
from its colour of old bismuth nitrate  
that runs down all its walls of brick and stone.  
And a distant bell begins to ring in  
Side me as a reminder that I have lost  
everything. For that which you love the most  
you are bound to lose. For that reason I  
Have come here in order to celebrate  
Death and love, which are so inextrica  
bly intertwined as are body and soul.  
That is why I have come to celebrate  
John Keats and the butterflies' great reflect  
Ed fiery glow over the city when  
it perishes against the light's drum-rolls.

86

Already on my first evening here I  
visit the ivory of the room where  
he died, which is still surrounded by ge  
Raniums: it is perverse: plaster masks,  
Farewell letters and a lock of his hair  
which must probably be called cendré. Here  
is only the usual, and although the  
Fountain has reflected his face, there is  
Nothing at all left now except for the  
sunken shipwreck of the fountain at the  
Foot of The Spanish Staircase and the e  
normous scarlet velvet curtains that are  
Being pulled back from the sky in order  
to reveal once more the Roman sunset.

87

Even in my dreams I can hear the swallows.  
My magnificent favourite birds  
that glitter like violet quartz against  
The sun, or like whirling razor blades up above  
the Via Degli Scipioni.

They cross my secret ex libris on their  
way towards the Tiber river, where the  
Mosquito swarms of evil now gather.  
I have now reached the point in my life where  
things are beginning to fall back, or more  
Correctly they are being called back to  
their origins. That is why I'm sitting  
Almost completely naked between Hotel  
Gerber's mirrors and pink wallpapers.

88

That is how I am also slowly being  
emptied of morals, shadow and  
poetry from the inside, while the Roman  
dawn is consumed by its own gilding.  
But it is perhaps simply a preparation  
for the final, great biblical  
Flood that I have always wanted. Oh, all  
These columns, all this marble - it starts to  
Get on my nerves, all this old age that is  
starting to approach me at such great velocity.  
When will humanity raise  
a larger monument than the one for  
Victor Emanuel, whose rearing horses  
only pay tribute to matter?

Of course St. Peter's Square is lovely. A  
 vast syndrome of beauty, a host that col-  
 lects all the clarity of the sky in  
 One point. Yet despite all this I prefer  
 A different form of beauty that is  
 closer to life. Despite all this I pre-  
 fer a clarity which death has not pro-  
 vided with the signet seal of God.  
 Thus for example this beauty is un-  
 able to explain away every sing-  
 le act of treachery on which it builds.  
 And this clarity is unable to  
 Eclipse Keats' sonnets which are radiant  
 with laudanum and with deep-felt grief.

Who has said that the moon was only to  
 shine out here at Ponte Margherita  
 through the branches of the acacias?  
 Now it is gleaming out through your own eyes  
 Even purer than ever before, like  
 the visions that intermingle with the  
 coal-smoke of reality. And who  
 Would ever have believed that the evening  
 Would come to intermingle with my own  
 desperation, my fruitful desper-  
 ation, Yes, who would ever have believed  
 that the first large drops of the falling  
 Rain would leave such fresh and green traces  
 down through the regions of my heart?

91

I turn off down the Via dei Gracchi  
that is blue beneath the plane trees. Here a  
hairdresser lifts his scissors as a form  
Of blessing. Here the sun drops down its pro  
jection of shadow. I myself lower  
my gaze. 'Morte al fascio' - is what stands  
written on the walls in red spray paint.  
The wealthy and the prosperous live here  
Like a protection against the people  
round the amethyst of the Vatican.  
I return home and read the beginning  
of Endymion - not out of a feel  
ing of revenge or of rage but because  
it heals the heart with periwinkle.

92

I sit for two and a half hours in the  
sunlight on the Risorgimento square.  
Acacias and sapphires! - But in  
Spiration refuses to manifest it  
Self with its elevated suffering.  
A nun hovers like a transfigur  
ation of white glass above the trees.  
Apart from that the Carabinieri  
And the gendarmes command most attent  
ion. 'La repressione non ferma  
La Rivoluzione!' I recoll  
ect this sentence from the plastered walls  
In practically every single street.  
I also wrote this when I got back home.

On the Via Flamina the number  
 one bus route takes you between car painting  
 workshops and baker's shops. Every morning  
 A black angel makes its appearance to  
 Remind everyone of the traffic deaths.  
 I also leap for dear life trying to find  
 a path between Fiats and Lancias. And  
 The Pope and the Vatican own more than  
 Half of all the Alfa Romeo fac  
 tories apart from the estate agent  
 Companies and the Banco di  
 Sancto Spirito. I close my eyes  
 And dare to make this assertion: re  
 ligion has nothing to do with God.

On the Via Paolo Emilio you  
 can buy a bottle of white wine for  
 seven thousand lire. And the shop  
 Assistant crosses herself at such a  
 Miracle. Outside the shop there is  
 a sign with 'Stella Rossa' with black  
 and red letters in what is almost a  
 Cicerone script. Keats would drink claret  
 In the evening, when he was happy at  
 a successful sonnet. I recollect  
 This while I myself wander over  
 the fleeting continents that the  
 Clouds are drawing on this stone-hard  
 asphalt, clouds with golden edges.

95

I now reach the Via Pompeo Mag  
no close to the Tiber. There a drogher  
ia stands out nicely among the  
Other shops. It is full of blue bottles  
And loaves of bread which float over the  
counter like zeppelins midst all the  
olive oil and tarragon. And the cus  
Tomers resemble stigmatised nuns  
And are prepared to sell themselves to the  
Devil. (Oh these visions that now e  
Rupt once again despite all will-power  
(if only they were naked)). From this  
Street only a few steps separate me from  
the consecrated ones' delirium.

96

The sun is mine. The sun is mine today  
above the blue fountains of the Villa  
d'Este. Above the rich men's monument:  
This effervescent pure champagne from  
The people who themselves have produced  
it. The falsification has com  
pleted this theft. Isn't it a strange thing  
That the Brigades are taking the law  
Into their own hands after centuries  
of oppression and humiliation?  
The sun and the light appear to me to be  
more baroque than the laid-out gardens  
And the villa. The air and water seem  
more classical to me than the statues.

97

In the Villa Borghese's yellow palace  
among the marble statues: this  
gleaming Pompeii-red bust of a  
Senator staring out with empty eyes.  
And the angels rise up towards the sky  
in the fresco ceilings as if they wanted  
to flee from all the boredom that reigns  
In the halls of the Renaissance and the  
Baroque. I myself, tired and exhausted,  
go out to the poppies, which have taken  
Over supreme authority out here.  
The Brigades are victorious! - This mess  
Age has even reached the foundations of  
the medieval houses as graffiti.

98

At the grey pyramid stone and shadow  
of Caius Caestius I realised  
the loss. Is it over? - the answer and  
Dusk sink over the light of the cemetery.  
He too lost his beloved.  
Lost his in the meantime among  
the stones. Keats' grim death opposite  
Fanny Brawne. Blue electricity  
Above the crosses' twilight. And the  
opposition of Uranus, gleaming  
From the pyramid's tip. I now lose my  
body, lose my soul, if I lose the one  
Half, I gain my spirit. Is that a  
good exchange between a loving couple?



The crenelated crown of Engelsborg.  
 And the Madonna's head. Or harlot's  
 diadem. I am really standing here  
 Among full-length angels. Therefore I  
 Must be in Heaven in a certain  
 sense. Among archangels and cherubs  
 I even believe. White and full of  
 Authority among the metaphys  
 ical clouds and azure. Beggars and  
 street-vendors proffer me holy  
 Relics. Here all of us are congre  
 gated in the name of God, but not  
 In the Spirit. God & Son Ltd. This  
 glittering, white, mercantile syndicate.

Rome: gleamingly full of cinnabar.  
 Red graffiti. And history. But  
 do not absolve Rome. Not the columns of  
 Innocence. Not its. Guilelessness is  
 Over and done. Not pure marble. Not here.  
 Painted foundations with red and  
 black insignias. The Brigade  
 Rosse. Stella Rossa. Trajan's column's  
 Stupidities. The strong were to defend  
 the weak against exploitation. Against  
 Suppression. Slavery. Ah, Gajus  
 Gracchus. Only your. The name. That dissem  
 inates its dandelion seeds through the mil  
 lennia. It. It. Promises justice.

101

Life's five-pointed star above the Forum  
Romanum. Splintered. Chases through me.  
Transfixes me to the present. To.  
N.A.P. will win. La Libertà. This. Five. The  
Five-pointed star in its circle. Stella  
Rossa. Libertà per camerata.  
Is justice possible without wea  
Pons. And revolution possible  
Without rebellion. Armed rebellion?  
Can power hand over power without vio  
Lence. Pantero libero. Between. Their.  
Death to fascism. Morte al fas  
cio. Wants the privileges. From. Private  
ownership: robbery on robbery.

102

La merda è marrone. È mar  
rone. La merda. Marrone. E.  
N.A.P. prati. Io. Per. Boia. Libertà  
Per camerata paccari. Morte  
Al manifesto. Stella Rossa.  
E. Io. Rosso. Io. Per per.  
Brigate Rosse. Io. Rosse. Li  
Bertà per camerata paccari.  
E. La Libertà. Camerati in  
Libertà. In. In. Io. In. In.  
La Repressione non ferma  
la Rivoluzione. No al fas  
cismo. Marrone. Marrone. E.  
Io. Brigate Rosse. Stella Rossa.

103

And the skies open searingly pure.  
    a luciferian mirror for reason  
    which I will break through with a jet plane  
On my way to Rome, the eternal city.  
For the one who lets down his beloved  
    hands her over to the demons.  
    Therefore I am looking for the final  
Key to the sunrises that gleam pink  
And golden in the frescoes  
    in the Sixtine Chapel. Therefore I  
Find myself now as a matter of course  
    at a height of about a thousand metres  
Among castles in the air and sky palaces  
    on the Second Sunday after Trinity.

104

Libertà per camerati arres  
    tati. N.A.P. vince. Vince. E. lo.  
    Per. Rivoluzione fino alla  
Vittoria. E. Prati. Rosso.  
Morte as fascio e at tutti  
    padroni. Padroni tutti. Uno.  
    Tutti. Vota al commune. N.A.P. 68.  
Operai. Studenti. Soldati.  
Uniti nella lotta. E. Uniti.  
    Tutti. Operai. Nelle lotta.  
Tutti. Lotta. Nel. Brigate Rosse.  
    Camerati in Libertà. In Li  
Bertà. E. La merda er marrone.  
    E. In. In. Libertà. Tutti. E. Rosso.

105

Colosseum. Cola-coloured shadows. And my shadow. Which don't. But not due to the sun. My own Dazzling darkness. And poppies Of light over my forehead. This richness. Enough. This. And butterfly's make-up. Stella Rossa. Red star. On the Walls. And writing. And. Written this: L'amore è anche spirituale. With. Its. Red. Red. And. Written. But. Here. It. Revolution of the blood. There from sand. But call out. Through this sand. And. But. Libertà per camerata. Five. Write this in this. Also It.

106

Rome. A bowl with sodium and water. In the evening hours. Seething. Fittings of stars. Neon. Go towards. I walk on seething streets. Of Neon. Away from history. This. I. Antiquity. This. I. Gone. The story of the rich full of columns and Fountains. Their gleaming mansions. The blood. The pain. The cruelty. Nothing is heard of this. Facts are Falsified for beauty. Also that. Tiberius Gracchus murdered. His Eyes are history. It. He. Gone. Roman baths and triumphant arches.

107

Villa Medici, pure mirroring of  
the world of ideas. Forty busts  
in a frightful round-dance around  
The fountain of the spirit. Forty princes in an  
Occult rondeau around the centre of  
power and tyranny. I place  
a small red star of enamel  
That I have on my shirt on the grass in  
Honour of The Red Brigades. And the  
sunset gives off its green glint  
As salt does, when thrown onto the fire.  
I sit down in the evening coolness's  
Vapours of carbon tetrachloride in the middle  
of Rome's doomed civilisation.

108

St Peter's Church's grey cranium against  
the clouds which light up the sky  
like smoke rising. This. At a papal  
Election from The Sixtine Chapel.  
White smoke against the sky. That's that, I  
say on the Square of Sacrilege, where  
blasphemy burns its magnificent  
Azur and gilt. Is what one fears really  
deep down taking place towards  
the conclusion, because one. This. Thereby  
Actually and over. Border or trans  
gresses its borders? - Is our fear  
And anxiety the smoke in the sky which  
indicates our deeper fire?

109

Mausoleum of Hadrian, grey stump of bone or  
the funeral drum droning out its  
beats. Droning its throughout day and night  
And the human heart in the Cath  
olic empire, where God is  
his own prisoner in Castel Sant'  
Angelo's white chambers of flame.  
I lower my gaze behind the charred  
eyelashes', these. A hori  
zon has burnt down. I can find no  
Kingdom of Heaven turning blue. No one  
among the columns and corruption  
Of the ruins. Among among. Jesus' white  
figure and face have left this city.

110

Hailel's violet jewels and precious  
stones command admiration among  
the Vatican's rich treasures. Here they  
Gleam from the showcases of beauty  
Like burning-glass in the light of the heavens.  
Twelve stones in the Pope's tiara and  
mitre's gold. Twelve stones of  
Frigidity and infamy.  
The worship of false idols and blasphemous mockery  
govern this state. Mockery of the people.  
Mockery of women. Mockery of  
Poverty. Blasphemous mockery of  
Jesus' crown of thorns.

111

The thunder blesses the Madonna on  
Via Cola di Rienzo. This street gleams  
almost completely green with  
Moisture and mother-of-pearl. Despite this  
Bribery raises its statues into the  
sky and corruption hangs down from  
the balconies and from the stucco of the  
Window sills. For it runs parallel  
With the sloping foundations of the Palace of  
Justice. It borders on the legal system's  
Underground of dried-up ochre.  
'Hospedale del Popolo' is says on the  
Fencing and on the scaffolding  
for the repairing of the splendid structure.

112

At Lungotevere Michelangelo  
the bats trace their blood trails  
across the orange-yellow fresco  
Of the evening. Oh, these small fortune-  
Hunters, they are unconcerned  
about the suicide of the morrow  
or the revelations that are going to  
Take place in the St Paolo  
Basilica in Thursday's shadows.  
For it is the task of the poet to  
Separate evil from good, and the beauti-  
ful from the ugly in his crazed  
Visions. Thereby he brings out the  
real from irreality.

113

The offices of the Motor Organisation  
lie on Via Tacito in a corner  
property that has strange  
canopies and vine leaves of plaster.  
Here you can receive extreme unction  
from the mechanic before he  
ascends into the sky in a cloud of  
Carbon monoxide and pink roses.  
Slowly I fly after this saint  
of a so-called proletarian  
On the angel-wings of fantasy (the  
entire scene reminds one more of a  
Painting by Chagall). And there Rome then lies  
beneath me like a vast blueprint.

114

What high mass is not celebrated  
in this eatery on the  
Piazza Cavour. The waiter is dressed  
In a snow-white chasuble with black  
Seams, and he brings with him both the  
bread and the wine. I have admittedly  
been granted absolution by the Pope at twelve  
'O clock on St Peter's Square. But I do  
Not regard that as anything compared  
to this tabernacle. The holy  
Salt cellar, the candelabrum and the writing  
that is written out there on the wall  
In blood: Operai studenti soldati  
uniti nella lotta CMCM.



115

If you go down the Via del Corso in  
rush hour you will see a saint on  
a column of neon. The priests will dart  
Around your legs like frightened chickens  
And the large glass facades  
will emit electric discharges  
of numinous volts. You then descend  
Along a side street with *claire obscure*.  
And there the house of dreams will rise up  
in the classical sunshine. For poets  
Do not dream themselves away from real  
ity, on the contrary, they create  
It out of a dream. Here one such perished  
whose name and poetry have lived ever since.

116

Is it the goddesses of vengeance that send  
these tall agaves up towards the sky  
in the small atrium garden behind the  
Hotel, or is it only my imagina  
Tion that is stunting the roses along  
the atropine-coloured wall? - I wanted  
to write about Keats, who struck  
My heart with his lark-like wings in my  
Own youth, and despite this the poems  
have more to do with myself and  
The never-ending labyrinths  
in the anatomy of melancholy. I there  
Fore make once more for the inns of the  
Spanish Square, which smell of iodine.

117

It is not possible for me to explain  
    why I suddenly felt nauseous  
    in Santa Maria Maggiore  
Church this morning. For there is  
No particular rage that is  
    rising up in my brain like green foam  
    or any well-defined anxiety.  
I just have to get outside to speak to  
The chauffeur, whose name is Gabriel. We  
    drink a cup of cappuccino, while  
I absent-mindedly consider the day  
    moon. There it sits like a water  
Mark that is impregnated on the sky.  
    I will never enter a church again.

118

If you measure a poppy at a certain  
    distance with your nail, it is just  
    as big as the library that lies  
At Hadrian's Villa. The deception is  
Easy enough to explain, although it  
    surprises you just as much each time  
    as with placebo pills or the  
Müller-Lyer vases. Oh, what a shame  
It is not to be living with this  
    knowledge of treachery, the false  
Hood of women, the entire marble floor's  
    optical illusion of circles that intersect  
Each other. From now on I put my trust  
    in the thunder and the black olive fruits.

119

It ends as it begins with daisies, which  
are flowering everywhere around  
the grave. I have come all this way  
In order to pay a debt to the poet of  
My youth, who now is reading the green  
pages of death. I leave my poetic  
will behind here, full of arum  
Lilies and dark dreams that will  
Unite with the shadow from the  
Caius Caestius pyramid every  
Night in the moonlight. I also leave  
my grieving lyre behind, where time  
Has come to a standstill. The rest must be  
played on other, lighter strings.

120

This is how May ends in Italy: like  
an olive lamp that is slowly  
being screwed down behind the horizon.  
And the birds know that spring is  
Over. They are now illuminated from below  
when they cross the vault of heaven like  
flaming satellites. I myself become  
Aware of it when the rainbow of petrol  
assumes a deeper ultraviolet  
hue over the Tiber. I must therefore  
Also return home to my own  
summer, which will be more bitter  
Than overheated magnesium, more  
acid than the taste of the plane-tree seed.

I heard a bell that has never rung.

I read a poem that has never been  
written. But of all that existed

I saw either only the beginning or the  
End. And that which I loved

went inexorably to rack and ruin  
among the ice-spinning of the stars

That paint the sky as in Michel  
Angelo's Day of Judgment fresco. I there

fore conceal my love for better  
Times, the breakers of which I await.

For the one who has been in both  
Heaven and Hell, has nothing else  
remaining except the Earth.

LONDON

*I also stood in Satan's bosom & beheld its desolations:  
A ruin'd Man: a ruin'd building of God, not made with hands:  
Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible:  
Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains  
Of pitch & nitre: its ruin'd palaces & cities & mighty works:  
Its furnaces of affliction, in which his Angels & Emanations  
Labour with blacken'd visages among its stupendous ruins,  
Arches & Pyramids & porches, colonades & domes,  
In which dwells Mystery, Babylon, here is her secret place,  
From hence she comes forth in the Churches in delight,  
Here is her cup fill'd with its poisons, in these horrid vales,  
And here her scarlet Veil woven in pestilence & war;  
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains in the Dens of Babylon.*

BLAKE

125

William Blake, I arrived at Luton  
airport along Milton's track, which  
breaks into the atmosphere where  
Urizen intersects Luvah. I landed  
In Adam's ellipse of alu-  
minium. I arrived in a cloud  
of helium and stars in four-  
Fold London. And the air traffic  
Control tower rises true enough like  
Satan's sceptre. I arrived at the  
Hearthplace of transcendence and the  
enormous emanations of  
Krypton light that is reflected in the  
glass facades as protuberances

126

William Blake, your poetry has its  
own demonic power, its own figure  
sevens its own red admiral butter  
Flies which try to break through the  
Light memberance of the mind and death.  
It is a tribute to the secret  
Kabbala and life's blue suture  
Which surround the wound that literature  
And poetry have left behind in my soul,  
the wound through which what was loveliest  
Left me. Your poetry sings my heart aflame  
once more from something that  
Should already have been dead by now,  
or it drowns out the silence in my mind.

127

William Blake, on my First Day I stand down  
by the Thames considering  
which element I am to celebrate.  
The oil drifts like enormous sun-spots  
Down the river. Death does not only come  
from the water. It can just as  
well come from fire, earth  
Air and from metal for ex  
ample. Or death can come from  
the human mind. But what are we  
To grant the water in return for its beau  
ty? - The heart's darkness, a fleeting  
Look or the fifth element  
which is and remains poetry?

128

William Blake, on the Second Day I reach  
the docks east of the Tower behind which  
the sun stands like an engraved copper coin  
Green with mint. And I understand that  
I am not on my way towards any job,  
but like all poets on my way towards  
nothingness in order to create something  
Out of nothing and thereby fill up  
Yet another part of the emptiness that  
exists between what is alive and what is dead  
Between paper and paper. And that is  
surely our obligation, to name.  
And the more we thus give utter  
ance, the more to stay silent ourselves.

129

William Blake, your poetry is pure energy and therefore divine, even though its great copper beech stands on the border Of Hell here in Kensington Gardens. In its shrubberies the writing is gathered into words (like mosquitoes on a water-lily leaf) and the light's radiuses point Due north along the paths of syntax. And I feel that only this piece of paper now separates us (even though you Always wish to read the letters in mirror script) while that which connects Us is the woodlice that would scurry out, were I to lift the page.

130

William Blake, this time there is nothing left. Nothing else except the holes of metaphysics and the rain. There are no Ruins, no comma butterfly, no axioms. Fountain Court, where you died, has remained in the imaginary rainbow world. But is reality really Always a question of the bricks of The tangible? - Let us call off the hunting of facts (for they prove Nothing at all, not even their own existence). We do not need to angle For these makeshift signs as if for perch. We bear all time within us.



131

On the Fourth Day I go eastwards: the direction  
of fire and silver. I go out to  
poverty and chemicals, out to  
The great dynamos that still power  
The Empire. I leave Whitehall to itself  
and only interest myself in the wear and  
tear and rust in Unicorn Passage.  
It is out here that the stars are sooted  
With the chimneys' sulphurous vapours, or  
their fittings are damaged by  
The large transformer substations.  
It is out here that the expenditure  
is paid. Out here, where things  
never decayed into beauty.

132

In this dominion of bitumen  
and scrap that stretches along  
Tooley Street and Jamaica Road (and  
It is outside the jurisdiction of the  
Common street map) England has  
its roots. It is precisely out here  
where the welding flames flare surgic  
Ally, that the work is done and sweat  
Mixes with the gall-coloured water  
of the docks. Here the rose of  
Reality is created out of shards and steel. That  
which has been here is not real, yet  
Still exists. That which is to come is not  
real, yet it already exists.

133

East End, I pay homage to your petrol  
tanks and your triangles of corrugated iron.  
On Paradise Street I am on the point of  
Weeping at the smell of naphtha and  
Burnt rubber, for I know what the  
cost is in terms of ruined lungs and  
extinct brains. I pass Oro's  
Great furnaces, oil mills, refineries  
And Esso posters, where the tiger  
fights with his own lightning.  
Everyone has his own revolution,  
everyone has his own time. And it  
Depends solely on the speed with which  
was are drawn towards what we love.

134

On the Fifth Day I take the blue  
line of the underground system and  
end up at Arsenal's stadium, its  
Coat of arms gleaming with cannons and stars.  
But apart from this dreariness spreads out  
northwards from here in the direction of earth  
and iron. Blackstock Road, Plimsoll Road  
Gillespie Road (still outside the  
Red meridians of the maps (as if  
the universe ended at Kings Cross)).  
Never-ending rows of termite dwell  
ings and unrelenting asphalt mark  
Off the empire of the wage earners.  
The cement, concrete and eternity.

135

In Finsbury Park the negroes live in  
their own lunar landscape under  
stars of sodium. And at night  
You cannot see their faces  
Behind the marienglas. Let the  
British Museum sail towards its own  
history. I come out here to the  
Areas of shame and bitterness,  
The miles' circumference of cables and  
wires that still link Albion  
To the cliff. I come out to see  
Islington's beehives and Camden's  
Burning ant-hills, which gleam deep  
down within the crypts of autumn.

136

Do the sidings here north of  
St Pancras' station turn into the poem  
like an extension of the writing?  
Or are the huge gasometers'  
Temples, the goods and freight halls  
decorated with the five-pointed star's  
imaginary glitter pictures that rise up  
Like blue posters at the back of the mind and  
In the poetry of Great Britain? - At any  
rate I walk along the aniline-col  
oured Battle Bridge Road between  
storehouses, containers and endless  
Ness. I roam in a kind of poor abund  
ance the week before it's to be sold.

137

In the autumn I am a tree. And in  
Camley Street no trees grow.  
I therefore only wither behind  
These sooty walls, which smell  
Of benzol and bicarbonate. No  
leaves fall in the pollution  
between spools and rubbish, while  
The heart's roots search for soil and water.  
In spite of this the greatest pollution  
is to be found in the human brain  
Far from these momentary  
factories and present cranes  
That tower up charred in  
the vast fire-sites of the sunset glow.

138

In Enitharmon's magnifying glass Southwark  
on this city map I'm sitting with is visible:  
the rectangles signify housing blocks  
And poverty, and the pink ones: housing  
Speculation and profit. There are circles,  
areas like new dreams, but they  
remain that and no more, if you have  
Traversed the lawns. Otherwise the  
Orange-coloured, mental streets complete  
the picture of a sterile  
Abstraction that ignores  
humiliations and sufferings. On a  
Printed model the United Kingdom lies  
on the paper like a coloured fantasy.

139

Thrush, my friend, you never come any  
more to these parched slopes  
at Bermondsey Wall from the  
red ballroom of your roses, never more  
Imprint your small hieroglyph in  
this mud and in our sooted  
hearts that function as ware  
Houses and coalyards. Where the haw  
Thorn blossomed much pain now  
reigns, which the dew cools. For  
Here no one can bring water out of  
the rock any more and the barrenness grows  
Behind its barbed wire fence. Why then have  
you left behind one of your flight feathers for us?

140

London. Burning pacemaker. Bleeding  
heart-throb in the capital. Hardly  
a beauty any more. And no victims.  
Ignites hope. Faith. Love. Only iron  
Candelabra. Between these and memory.  
But remembers the future. And gratitude.  
I. One of my stones. One of my  
Shoes full of clouds on Trafalgar  
Square. This doesn't go from England. My.  
That and the half-heart's Spanish cedar  
For final ahses. Roots here of  
definitive freedom. One of my corner  
Stone's blue imprimatures. This Albion is  
forgotten, isn't it. That. Through rusty centuries.

141

London. Seen. Or through glass.  
Oxford Street. Where. Buy or die.  
Sell or hell. Money fells my hand.  
I count through notes and years. Pre  
Date death and exchange my life. Coin  
by coin. And there to. Big business.  
Money fells spirit. I Snowberries gleam  
Because. Leaf by leaf. Hyde Park. Visions.  
There and feel my heart. Onwards.  
Brighter like when claret in sunlight. I.  
Goodbye economy. I look for find  
the sun's. Also my my runs blood.  
Runs my a. Through this glass.  
Blackens with the red over green. And.

142

Welcome to London. Greatest  
tourist centre. World. Hope.  
Pleasant stay with us. There are  
Many things. Do. Such as.  
Visits to. Visits to Buckingham  
Palace. Where you. Changing of  
guard. The Tower. You. From  
St. Paul's Cathedral. Host of other.  
Yes. London is wonderful. City.  
Hope. Stay. Adda International  
Has already six hotels in. Hotel.  
Your hall porter. And. Directions.  
To. Between. And. Have fun and  
joy. Come back. Us. Again. Soon.

143

Souvenirs of a to London can. In  
profusion but. Discriminating.  
Favourite hobby. Wherever may be.  
Antique markets. Of course there  
Are antique shops. Tastes that  
way. You can explore different  
parts. London. Day. An antique  
Centre. In. Is a great. Which.  
Dealers. At favours. That my. That  
tube station. This is a colour  
Ful mixture of antiques. To  
buy seriously. And need. Be  
Fore 08.00. Goes on. Later after  
noon. You. Opening of the silver.

144

London. Postcard on twice. Techni  
colour. And infra-red at night. Bond  
Street. Do not remember street even  
Though banks. Fur shops. You. Yours. Soul  
Wrapped in furs. Body in emptiness.  
Elsewhere. And. And. Not Lloyd's  
not even insure your love.  
This exists also. Money's. None.  
So make virtue out of necessity. Your  
belief. Do not remember. If staying  
Even if here. Street. Street. In  
fingerprints' panes of nothingness.  
A. A, A. A door opens. A.  
And the sunset in Lambeth flying.

145

London. Gearbox connected to our  
    history. For business and export.  
    Red lions of flag. Cannons turn  
This world. Hardly used-up words or  
Spirit as when burnt. So as to. I there.  
    And an open brain to the sky.  
    The rain. Almost at home in this. I  
Buy shaving cream. As. And spirit for  
My mind. What else is needed. Or.  
    I here. And almost home. Between  
Monday and Tuesday. Abyss of rain.  
    Green behind the mirrors. I and rain.  
Empire. See in the water that not. The  
    archetypes that look like me. Serpentine.

146

Whitehall is the triumphal avenue of power  
    gleaming with plumes and bronze.  
    And here its diagonals intersect in  
A satanic quaternity. Even so  
I pluck up courage and enter on my  
    crêpe rubber soles the chess fields  
    of the economy. I take up the  
Challenge and pit my words against  
Gold and money, my poems  
    against business and utility.  
I acknowledge the special regulations  
    of imports and exports, but do  
Not recognise them. And I place  
    my fantasy's images on the scales.



147

Between the Admiralty and the War Office  
the god of war himself stands on his column  
gleamingly handsome against the mulberry  
Coloured sea of the evening sky. And I think  
Of the silhouettograph I have of him which  
hangs like a guardian angel above  
my bed, ponder at length over  
This mental weakness of mine. What am I  
To fight against this armed power  
with, when my own heart falls for it  
From time to time? - I only have  
the spirit and the liners of my  
Ravaged dreams to set up against the  
tooled cannons of reality.

148

I'm standing near Buckingham Palace, which  
lies like an emerald in the autumn.  
The moral and ethical and respectable  
Might continues to shine with  
A particular sheen and still binds  
many a mind that could be opened  
towards other and more essential  
Empires. But all I have is my  
Fragile metaphors and my flimsy  
ideas that are full of cal  
Cium and ashes to try and offset  
this ermine sky and these  
Parades and weddings of queens.  
I have my inscrutable doubt.

149

The Houses of Parliament with their ivory  
chambers' rhetoric, the cornerstone of  
democracy, from where special laws  
For the protection of the wealthy  
Proceed and political power is  
exercised without hesitation for the  
benefit of the strong, rich and well-  
Endowed. Despite this I am on the point of  
Believing that the interests of the people are  
what are taken care of here. But  
In the sober lighting of the winter  
sun I quickly turn to other  
Thoughts. I wager my last word  
on the transparency of anarchy.

150

This black Tuesday there can be no  
doubt. I steer directly south down to  
Urizen's realm of fallen angels.  
The wind governs these regions, but  
Does not weigh down the heart, it only  
airs through its private chambers  
of crackling lacquer. The ochre of  
Official junctions also sweeps it  
Clean of cardboard and silver paper. It  
sings between the four columns of  
Reality that rise up from Battersea  
Power Station. And who knows, perhaps  
The wind will also turn reality's  
blue pages here in the Vauxhall district.

151

It is The Sixth Day and everything should  
have been of gold. But the intellect has  
gone amok in Brixton, where it is  
Completely eclipsed by exhaust fumes.  
The railway bridges cross the infinity  
of the motorways' figures of eight -  
And here lives Great Britain's  
Staff of servants, Asians and West  
Indians among the mechanical work  
shops of pain, an utter jumble  
Of abstract scaffoldings and ammon  
iac holders that float like strange  
planets in the sky. I mark this precinct  
of the city with a black drawing pin.

152

The Seventh Day there is only the west  
left: the reguladetri of matter.  
The sun hangs like a Ferris wheel  
Over the ruler-straight streets of Holland Park  
And the plane trees here, are they guarding  
the realm of the dead, standing right on  
the boundary like some guarantee of  
Life. And if you walk in under them,  
Do you then feel a swish from Hell.  
Did God one day leave a letter of rain  
In their mighty crowns. Or  
do these naked winter branches  
Measure your longing. Do you yourself  
bear a plane tree in your heart?

153

For this we know: that the west represents  
snakes, brass and the waters of death.  
Therefore I often go down to the  
Serpentine in order to reflect myself in  
The lake, but only see the usual  
dead man's skull among shadows and  
maple leaves. I am staying in Bayswater's  
Fourth quadrant, where there is a constant  
Scent of fir trees and the facades are  
of marble and neither Chinese nor  
Africans are seen before nightfall.  
I launch this poem onto the waters  
Of life. May the writing bear it across  
to you before the evening's smokefall.

154

Finally there is White City (and the  
underground really does drive out into  
white light) the last stone that falls  
Into place in this metaphysical rectangle.  
And tomorrow is my fortieth birthday.  
The age at which everything weighs  
the same on the spirit's scales. The age  
At which only what we love is shared  
And the rest is cut off by loneliness.  
I have found that grain of sand  
In Lambeth that Satan never finds.  
But here it is bitterly cold  
And the clouds hang like gauze in  
the upper air above the BBC buildings.

155

William Blake, it is the Third Night.

The Thames lies at my feet,  
white as rye in the moonlight. And

The night is still and transparent

From the air's embrace. But today

no one believes any more in the  
transparent. Or they hardly

Place any value in it. So it is

Conceivable that what is most real is

silently consigned to oblivion between  
the hours around midnight, even though it

Does not lose its reality for that reason.

At Westminster Bridge your spirit touches me.

And I become beautiful as if I were going to die.

156

William Blake, therefore I can calmly

look inwards into the darkness between the  
illuminated panes of your etchings

(Green and blue like the space behind eyelids

After the ingestion of large quantities

of salicylic acid). I look calmly into

the black mirrors, where the five-pointed star

Strikes your left foot. Am I then while

Awake to exclude what others accept

even in sleep: the final path

Of reality? - Not necessarily,

rather insert it in its right

Reality here in the Hyde Park of November

mists, here in the dark circle of the blackbird.

157

William Blake, on the Eighth Night you  
dreamt of a large seven-inch nail there  
down under Lambeth's dome of  
Moonlight. A week later you found a ham  
Mer and a plank of pinewood in broad  
daylight. That is how the real is put  
together, not only by the work of  
Hands. When things are born in joy  
It is because our tenderness embraces  
them with more than the hand, which  
Squeezes the blue physics of the implements.  
Because we enclose more than the  
Small poppy hearts of their volume.  
more than their tangibility.

158

William Blake, it is in November that  
things appear most distinctly. The light  
mercilessly extracts the statue from  
Its almost numinous brass  
(The metal from which the doors  
of the human heart are cast)  
and the body from its musculature.  
The transparency is total over  
The Thames like a tempered blade in the  
centre of matter. It is in  
November that the things fall home  
to God, because we betray them.  
We did not see their invisible blue cross,  
but exchanged them recklessly.

159

William Blake, on the Ninth Night I

fold a bird out of a green crêpe serviette  
so as to celebrate the silence and the  
Invisible. For to want to prove  
Existence or the life of a swallow is  
a risky business even so. I found  
only few traces of you, no gravestone  
Or memorial plaque in either Poland  
Street or at the Hercules Buildings, and  
that reassured me. Therefore your  
Words and symbols, this origami of the spirit,  
are probably stars behind closed eyes.  
But they prove nothing. At best, they lead  
down to a large, subterranean tree.

160

William Blake, if we constantly draw our

index finger along the wound-edge of  
reality (and it has the colour of  
Algae that grow along the tide-marks  
Of the Thames' quays) we risk  
losing our lives because of too  
many facts. Let us give the  
Excavated silver coins and the potsherds  
Of death a little peace, even though they  
are the last defence against unreality.  
Let us not conclude from them, but with  
them. But he who has been in Heaven  
And Hell and now doubts the Earth,  
for him there is only Eternity left.