
Guardianhowls
Bluetrembling inhaled
I am within and touch you with a pole
Rarefying and expanding – two cats

Guardian – saga – dogs – guardian – howls:
“What is your name?”

Two holes are floating across the wall
A hook of cats is passing by your window

What's the time?
A white half past two dog
We are going home
A plate has flipped over on the table

You are coming
Inside a spoon a black mountain descends

Flies are crawling over the walls
My bust is sat at the table

I am looking straight ahead
And there is water dripping from my mouth

You are stood there eating a pomegranate
And stammering seed by seed

A mouth is hanging - opening inwards outwards
A quiet drawer exits through the window

13. XI 2009

There is no sea
No Mediterranean sea
There is a table
With a fallen mast

14. XI 2009

A stove on the right
A hill on the left

16. XI 2009

The road wanders like a dog
In and out

17. XI 2010

There is
Hasn't been there for a year

A mouse is a possibility in any cave of Plato's imagination
But a white cow produces warm milk in an infinite field of snow

Growing taller and taller
Afternoon shadows curl up inside chaotic footprints

The shadows are going East

| And right in that spot where Plato has supposedly left his beard behind
They found an upper lip trying to keep warm beneath the nostrils

There is a philosopher in one room
A poet in the other
And an extension cord all tangled up in the hallway
The closet has opened its door to announce: "I exist"

I enter an empty classroom
I sleep on your side of the bed

And I leave sounds behind

To smile like this
After falling into the doctor's hands

An hour has passed
In the world as if in a bathtub

The street we walked
The street existed
The street is exhausted

I am in God's debt

In Istanbul

Fingers like spoons grab hold of me
 Lit up car backsides
We knead the black asphalt We knead
 Minarets have squeezed out a few white gulls
White nation Why do you whine
There is the waterfront – light and simple

Sip your raki Pray to God – as efficiently as to your office desk
And even when in bed – Walk the pillow Walk it like it is the ground
You lose your mind and you lose your mind and
 Your mouth nickers softly in the grass

A fork is stuck in the wall

The table has been poured into my glass
Rotterdam

What is the mood?

Dogs remember you and whine
Next to a simple upright house

Between rambling Riga and Cesis wolves and cranes
There is peace
Like a shovel stuck in the nape of the neck

This barely vocal self neither existent nor non-existent
Has fallen in love with dimensions as they are

| A red dress – everything's the same Little sandals run inside my mind Beautiful
wallpaper patterns I must stand in the corner Because I bit my grandmother's hand
Now she has a hole Through which I can crawl in and out
I put my head through – Hello!
And some bastard puts a cigarette out right on my forehead