

under the tree bark
autumn is lying down exhausted
like an old obstetrician in his
labcoat

I have never been as sad
as I am now
over your
eyes
overflowing with tranquility

and everything turns around inside me
the wheel moves it's a little warped
and sometimes anxious
like a chicken on its perch
my old heart awakens
in the night

the last day of summer awakens
it rains so velveteen
like never

before

I take a stroll along the river
a middle-aged seagull is eating
chewing on its cherished rigid
happiness and its gaze like
dark chokeberry

febleness seeps in ever deeper
but it's raining so velveteen
like never

before

look
the night has fallen silent
the darkness converges with us
and what will you say my dear
if for me this life
will be a slice of shame or a shell on the shore

oh that eternal shell on the shore!

look
the darkness is beautiful as honey
look there no trace of the stars

just life
a delicate little treasure
peers through my very

eye

a wooden ship full of blossoms
roams

the beach where the night
knits a dark scarf for itself
lost in thought

oh how beautiful your face was
like a tender salty olive
right before old age pours
the cognac
of its depths inside

and I am not able to forgive fate
for the acrid taste of this tincture
the reason why sleep doesn't come to you
the reason why your flesh

is burning up

the wind
pushes you
 ahead

you turn
into a film
 scene

or turn
into a bird
 in a scene

which is pushed
ahead by
 the wind

then august
becomes a dream
a completely lonely
dream

you could also
call it a shoulder
which the sun
turns away

from

in a city
as dark and empty
as a horse's nostril
after putting on his last
maple-leaf color tie he
waited meekly for her.

and she came two weeks later velveteen
and white as a pillow
or also like happiness
or also like sleep she
undressed in front of him he
was a little embarrassed
she was just so beautiful
in that

dark empty city
God's two seasons
they kissed each other

for a long time

fall is beautiful like a Woman's
naked flesh in the middle of
the room in front of an orange
fireplace

fall is beautiful like a Woman's
naked flesh which is
audacious like a yacht or
like a trampoline

fall is beautiful which is why I am
rinsed on the shore and
hold my breath She
is standing before me
cleaned of its scales
beautiful – do you feel it
oh fall oh fall

if I didn't have
such a lonely breath
or I wasn't like pearls
without gold

I would throw myself
at her feet and sing
a song of warmth
like the planet

winter
like a sleepy woman
with white milk in her breast
bringing
solitary snow into the world
which moves along the window
panes
in search
of a warmer
place

the seagull departs and throws off
its white blouse
for a moment fall comes
and our flesh
blossoms

it only leaves its mouth open
round as the sun
man survives the entire year
and in fall once again begins
to howl

news concerning the seasons

snow-blanketed seaweed near the shore
you sunrise will ascend first
and recall that moment
when the world inhabited the depths
and no seasons existed
whatsoever