
a spark bit through cloth
reached flesh. and stung skin
You're shaking in the shadows beside me , barely visible
and not saying a single word about yourself
red blood under the skin
the sun's burning red
it has poured behind the earth, into the dark salt of dusk
you'll come to me again in a year
yellow swathes of hay will just have been mowed
fields will just have been ploughed black up to the elbow,
and the last forests on the horizon will just have been bitten red.
you'll come. death will stand
as though paralyzed and won't get a single step ahead
a pebble accidentally kicked by your foot
will roll ever closer, hopping along the frozen highway

the smell of fallen apples.
you still have your name
now that the knives are opening and shutting
across all that's juicy and delicious
in the smell of fallen languages
a late summer's end
which has regained childhood's voice
gleams accidentally, fragile ...
strange. despite everything
life still carries
away the speck of dust
we live in,
struck by the juicy smell,
the scent of fallen worlds
is just a different gate
a word spoken differently

You know that everything I create
shivers like the air above the asphalt
on a hot July day
and a moment could come
when you won't be
satisfied
with me anymore
and you'll tell me to be quiet. but you
know that I'm not quite that bad
yet. I open my mouth
and with every syllable
I move death farther away

everything's upside down in me
the Lord is upside down in me
God is upside down in me
and all of non-existence shrivels becoming things that exist

they're small and wait for the sky
the sky doesn't come
they get dark and don't wait anymore
all the same, it doesn't come
in the end they're not there at all
and then everything is as it was before
the sky is such that there's no getting away from it
a red October orchestra blows everything down
off the trees, to the ground
and music music music
as brilliant as despair
no that's not for us
it can't be for us
we're from the far-away noisiness of green
with grazed shins and bare feet

but now
the streak of a winter snowstorm is flying over the houses
a few days after us

My God! sentences are screaming for
meaning. but I'm not
the sentences' father

my homeland smells sweet. below there's nothingness. above there's air
in the black stripe of the forest a tranquil intent is delaying
its transformation into something huge and forked
you'll burn down. you'll burn down. Oh horizon full of charred pain
the start of the morning. the mound of the sun is bursting out of the horizon's lap
and everything you hid has gone on to reveal itself in the clear confession of day
creatures run across the road. hares toads and lizards
and something smaller: your heart is jumping and wriggling in puddles there
until it gets back into your chest
that's just how a window gets its glass back
that's just how an apple tree gets all its apples back
and linden trees majestically smell their crookedly blossoming flowers
let it stand still. let it go forward
to swirl new events

look: nightingales are crouching beyond the horizon
and you wonder what those puffs of smoke are: the breath of birds
as you stroll along the lake's book-cover

a hilariously small world. it's always sliding out of
my palm. with a handkerchief
I wipe my tearful eyes and ask
whether anyone has a magnifying glass. no they don't
but you can even photograph an ant
with the latest iPhone

rainmonkeys in the trees watch what I'll
do next. I hide my palm
behind my back and let
the world go. fluttering
its tiny wings, it flies away.
in five minutes a thunderstorm will begin

immersed in the long-ago year
we no longer knew: was the year cold or warm
we walked through the skins of night and day
the wolf of our own breath followed us
the respiration of the world we ourselves had abandoned
with a red tongue white teeth
waded through congealed dew
as though going to far-away, big celebrations
but we trembled. our life
during that dreamed year
was only worth as much as the two of us
could breathe in. from word to word

in no way will anyone surprise me with a star
you can carry me away like a leaf on the back of your river
you can flick me off your stung cheek like a gnat
you can do what you want with me. in this time
soaked in darkness and light
but I'll stand my ground. asleep. awake. frantically
looking for my last shirt. coughing
clusters of tiny little drops. on your shoulder. on your eyelid
oh life
I've admitted that it's lovely after all
that no one will surprise me with a star
and there is nothing to fear in that. in the choir
where I once began singing, the same thing
drips loud and clear from every score:
I love you

my soul isn't as dense as it was earlier
having become cloudy, it floats
to the place
from where it came
on foot
in the lull the river stands still
the reflection doesn't move
the worm doesn't eat the apple
the star doesn't fall

where are you sleeping now, torn away from existence?
July crumbles into the delicate clamour of birds
chocolate thrushes crackle in the cherry trees
autumn rain alternates with sultry weather
Death's meanderings weave across big cities
the smell of blood comes from the screen and hits
your protected illusion -
the first leaf turns yellow on the tree
a second leaf turns yellow on the tree
you don't count the third one. minutes flow like juice
along your cheek sunk into sleep
where are you? where are you sleeping now?
what do you see? warm threads?
Uncut? how much time do we have left?