

ARCHIVE

Closer than to the secret service files am I, I'm sure, to my own memory.

Even when it fails completely.

GETTING WIND OF A PLAN

How can anyone be rain and wind,
that is falling and blowing, and a path on a rock ridge
and rose hip and iron maw
and wings in clear air
and choking on it all at the same time?

for Friederike Mayröcker

BUT THE QUESTION IS

When I thought — back then, oh how slow to
pay attention in the closed circle! —

that the second house in a row of absolutely identical
houses was already no longer the same (let alone

identical), WHAT ELSE COULD
I HAVE HAD IN MIND? I can't imagine.

SUNFLOWERS ARE NO LONGER
SUNFLOWERS

To snuff out,
like flames, all feelings

as if they should
like everlasting hell

as if vanished
into thin air

TAKEN IN

Monstrous that a person
could in a stretch of brook, with alders,
a bank lined with alders, with a meadow
— and a small gray cattle bridge jolt —

where there reigns
such constant and close
quiet,

that a person could there

be reflected, yes, mirrored, so,
as you look, it goes right through your soul
without resistance — this or that!
No cat would be taken in!