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If the violin were a fish,  
would you fish it out  
knowing that it would die?  
Yes, die it will,  
yet in your hands  
its sound will not cease a while.  
Yet, as we know, the violin is not a fish.  
Although – how do we know that?

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In every raindrop, that is,  
in every translucent bud,  
there is a snowflake, white or blue,  
and the bud will only burst open when  
the ordinary flowers have wilted.  
In his old age, Le Corbusier switched  
from rational to emotional  
architecture.  
A transparent droplet.  
An unpredictable snowflake –  
above the earth rendered simple by cold.

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these tiny little moths  
have so much might and power  
that I'll be soon devoured  
and it'll be only right  
for as they flutter slight  
I manage to declare  
how longish short is life  
when eternity draws near

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Nailed to the cross of fog  
With nails of haze,  
I can't get down, can't get away,  
Please redeem me.  
Redeem me, you with the hammer –  
A man, a breeze, a ghost?  
Each nail's sweet sting  
Adds to this thorny ring.  
How to get down from this cross?  
Who are you, driver of nails,  
You whose name I cannot guess...

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### **Dedicated to content and form**

Seashells are spaceships in form.  
And a snail is therefore an astronaut.  
And now we have to give it some thought –  
Why he is not.

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### **Ships**

I  
he came up to me  
tow in hand  
with ships attached  
he pounded my shoulders  
until the sea broke out  
on my skin  
leaving scars  
for life  
scars that look like

ships  
II  
and the ship runs  
like a blot of ink  
over the waters  
almost illegible  
reflections  
and tales  
and rumours  
ripple ashore  
till the ship once again  
congeals  
into a ship

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### **The Lyre**

I  
the lyre rains  
and all gets soaked  
the fields are drenched  
while in the sky  
the spirit soars  
II  
the lyre sprouts you  
outside the window  
it dived and dived  
and died three times  
then shook me off  
like a yoke  
III  
I loose my grip  
from around  
the bird  
hey it's the lyre  
and the music  
knows

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the road back to your arms  
the road back to your legs  
is covered with rustling words  
the words we didn't speak  
silence is the ebb of words  
the bareness of skin so close and so warm  
but then it returns  
nowhere to hide  
sand rustling words the tide

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there she is  
on the edge of the abyss  
in the alley  
in a robe  
afloat  
love