

**A poem about how her birthday hadn't
even started and how after four AM
we couldn't fall back asleep**

She said: "The pain is raining on my head
Like liquid mercury on bare tree branches"

When you came with a cake

We're not doing anything special, just becoming older
We don't clean the house, we don't go to any parties
We look at black and white photos from those times
When no one knew where we were for the entire day
And we went to someone's place and just believed they'd
 be at home
We receive kisses only from familiar lips
They are sensitive to departure
Then once again some sort of non-life-threatening illness
 appears like a road
You come to your senses on your birthday
Surfing the internet
Without even having to take your clothes off

**A poem where two giraffes come and
one butts the sun in such a way that it
comes crashing down**

Darkness

At your father's house where you spent your summers

The windows on that side of the house look out
to the jasmine bushes

On the other side there are two thuja trees growing

Along with the pitch-black night

But someone is chopping wood in the shed –

They want to chop a gigantic log in two like time

The wood chips fly in my dream like moments

**The reeds are swaying on the edges
of the Mediterranean**

Some now and then break up into strips

One of them is already making the mouth

of an oboe player ache

An encounter between two monks in the mountains

And instead of hello they say to one another affectionately:

“Remember death!”

Their flesh are envelopes, which are carrying a letter to
the heavens

Your heart is as juicy as a strawberry

But your skin – a sweet lettuce leaf

You lie in a meadow with lush greenery

And further on there’s a raspberry bush, until the sun ceases

Your hair shines – blood vessels for a holy current

You are sweetness, wrapping itself in summer

A poem about how she cut her throat

with a scythe

It was the thinnest page of Sholokhov’s

thick “And Quiet Flows the Don”

In Salzburg

The centuries run up and down

On the stairs of the fortress

It provides sustenance for history

So it doesn't die without knowing its heirs

I am eating apple strudel in the valley

I'm drinking some water

Even last autumn is a hazy memory for me

The postman doesn't knock anymore

A poem slides under the door

I am still standing frozen and think, if

It's an unpaid bill with interest

It's not

When you realize it's something good, you still don't open it

You're afraid, that I will ask to stay the night

I could

But that's not my intention

I just pace around the house, which isn't renovated

And do what is still possible

I also don't see, what's happening on your faces