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Now that people are coming to eat in the garden
the sky makes cool
light, a lively
company called the wind
keeps the trees guessing

whereas geraniums
shortlived as they are
have heard it all before.

1 August 2000
Hannover
restaurant of the Hotel Körner
A time is coming
when time is coming
will touch you with its feather
(time namely is a bird)

to tell you it has come
and the feather (beyond tickling)
will leave a faint trace
(track) on your skin

feels wet (isn’t wet) and looks
like the Danube delta
splaying into the Black Sea
every future you ever have

swimming downstream fast.
And only your desire
breasts the current (swims upstream)
gasping for breath

in love with all this flood (flux) that ruins him.

1 August 2000
Hannover
ODE TO HANNOVER

Ordnung gegen Ordnung
—Kurt Schwitters

It has to be like this here
in so beautifully ruly a place
a thrust to disturb
and make wild things happen
must itself arise from orderly
principles, weighty theory.
Dada. Oulipo. You
can’t just break a glass,

a glass
needs a reason for shattering
more persuasive than Newtonian
physics, impact, frangibility,
pain.

Flowers are no different,
they insist on making colors.
Biologists absurdly reason that these
lure bees and other useful propagators
(teleology is not dead in the sciences,
just disguised as evolution)

we know better. Colors
(look at the pansies, for Christ’s sake)
for their own sake arise
to make the world magniloquent
that’s usually so glum with rock.

So now we need a theory that embraces
color, explosions, spoonerisms, hyperbaton, puns
and scribbling with chalk all over the sidewalk.

So I am writing an ode called ?O
the sound of the mouth before words.
Words try one at a time to recover
the silence they abrogated
and we try to abrogate words by writing them down.

1 August 2000
Hannover
Let me invent a face
will content itself with being seen

no more yearning for more knowledge
no more restless yen to go
back before the picture to the real

No more real. Just this face.
A face that heals and stills and needs
nothing more than to be seen

And seeing leaves nothing to be desired.

1 August 2000
Hannover, Sprengel Museum
seemly, at the fair

after walking around all afternoon with Schwitters stuff in Schwitters town these giant commodious inconvenient edifices of Expo 2,0,0,0 seem tame

agreeable enough but without contradiction nothing really works

streams need hard channels birds need skies

and if I hadn’t been looking at Kurt Schwitters all afternoon who wanted nothing and made everything I would start wondering what I need

Here the only contradictions are other people

and everything is a museum giant walls and giant windows and the sun tearing through lighting up the bad and good

being in the world is like being on a movie set without a camera

just us and our eternal script.

1 August 2000
Hannover, am Matschsee
Persons enduring other persons midday need
Organize everybody this could be algorithm
Angry purchasers of debentures rallying
Lebedewers really are going up and up
Frantic impositions of dysgraphia the beads
Of Lithuanian amber pursue linked destinies
My touched affinities me by you Landesgalerie
Lower Saxony a precious specimen of the Great Auk
Sesquicentennially extinct the pain of loss
Bleeds us white the hair et cetera the pain
The point of it would be to vary us
Demarche in petit point cactus for the blind
Blindman’s buff among the cacti German TV
Unspeakable syllables of a future language
Farseeing zygotes on the coast of come.

2 August 2000
Hannover
Cost by language?
Immediate.
Any middle reaches on.
Permit the air-inspired art stuff sculpture sp

“shocky gaudy and toy colored kitschy forms Iskender Yediler this yearning after lost-gone nature”

(it deflates and then deflates until it droops and dies and is flat, then it inflates some more, the air pump a deal of the apparatus

you hear it breathing)

slowly deflating the ithyc processes fall down.
It is sad to watch the tumescence of a concept
Clearly.

Losing gas.
    Nature namely yielding.
Produced from PVC that’s ok.

2 August 2000, Hannover
[after Iskender Yediler’s garden at the Sprengel Museum]
How different the thunder sounds here.  
How can that be?  
How can I say that when just now 
a peal of thunder rattled just like home.  
How perverse things are! I thought  
how different the thunder sounded  
last night and this morning  
I could have taken it for cannons  
or furniture at play. But it sounds  
just now just home. I want to think  
the thunder is my home,  
clouds and stuff taking care of themselves  
and me like King Solomon arrayed  
in the gorgeous raiment of automatic Time,  
the weather and the wonder,  
watching silver raindrops pelt my little leaves.  

2 August 2000  
Hannover
The constraint becomes the content

Meaning is what leaks through
the bluster of formal contrivance

2 August 2000
Hannover
Cloud bristle
make lists of
lots of little words

the shapes of wonder
by omega

the aftertaste of God.

2 August 2000
Hannover
Because of how they look to love them
No, don’t talk to it

Build a house a Bau and they will come
come to it

my problem, judge, is that I want to be a garden for them

whenas the sad truth is
I have to build one for them,

not me, not me, they will not walk and lie down in me,

must build a baroque thing, a garden walled, with curving
interwoven lines for them to go,

whereas I want them to want me
copious me, I say,

come to me and give nothing away.
I am far enough from the sea.

2 August 2000
Hannover
Anything that is written or said is saying
Something but to whom?

Grammar is a proof of the existence of God.
Since things are spoken to be heard
There must exist someone who hears
Everything that is said.
Who can that be?

It is who. Call him or her who.
Are silent men atheists?
Not necessarily.
Monks of La Trappe do not need to test God’s hearing
By speaking to him out loud.
They know he knows,
So speech is beside the point for them.

If you know, there’s no point in saying.
So language is always anxiety, always ignorance, always demand.
Language is always asking.

2 August 2000
Hannover
Fill up a page with savage indignation, then learn you just want to smile at the girl across the street. You liked the way her bare arm felt when you said goodnight. You liked the way the camel knelt down to take you on. You like the way things work. You like the way the moon is drowning at this minute in the little pond, but al the people came out safely, and are home now, in bed, and dry, and thinking of nothing at all.

2 August 2000
Hannover
Nobody can translate poetry.

So if you want to translate poetry
You have to become nobody.

Only language can help you do this.

2 August 2000
Hannover
(impromptu, at the start of my reading at Expo 2000, Deutscher Pavillon)
Empty feel on payday
I heard a meadow
gay weather as namely
swelled on horizon
waiting for the train

so many
have chosen the alternate timestyle
the highway with hackles,
the no-history, the hood

best can I so
after all among them a tree.

This is my sonnet for you,
written in a year to come.

3 August 2000
Hannover
To be in one’s last youth

(first age) a boundary
tender frontier
you name it to be rocked
in those hips
one needs to be younger and younger
until only the womb is proper.

3 August 2000
Hannover
I need new language.
Come to the door.
Be outside and breathe.
Be simple and try to remember.

*Blue tapestry chair*

It could be Proust
The certainty
Frosted glass ceiling light fixtures

Names count

And what do numbers do?

I am postulating a zone
Between signifiers
Into which all effort strives

(urlaut, primal sound,
“primary colors”
urklänge)

but incessantly drags with its striving
traces — or truck loads —
of its own signifying powers

With the result that the signifier-free zone (SFZ)
Is constantly shrinking
Under the assault of art
(not to speak of commerce, entertainment
and the other branches of government)
you walk into a building
and the place is gone,

lost
into its (real or false, trite or visionary)
signification —

visiting the SFZ
is like playing with the Sun —
immensely candid powerful

finally veiled in its own intensity.

3 August 2000
Hannover
Ich bin vielleicht einer der Menschen die Menschen haßen und Städte lieben. Ich bin aber ein Mensch der Menschen die Menschen nicht gern haben und Städte lieben. Ich bin vielleicht ein Kunsthistoriker einer Kunst, eine Kunst so anerkannte daß niemand sie sehen kann. Die genaue, gemeine, geheime Kunst der Städte, die einzige Kunst die Menschen liebt. Diese Kunst liebt die Menschen sehr, weil die Menschen und nur Menschen sie gestalten können.

3 August 2000
Hannover
At Expo 2000, Deutscher Pavillon