

DRUMS

i listen to the drums.
but still i can't follow them.
everything is limited. a tree trunk without
bendable branches, without foliage
watches over the meadow. a large meadow.
half of it is mown. birds inhabit the fresh trees
all around.

i listen to the drums.
wait for them to take me on the journey,
to shorten this state of being here.
the small black bird's prey
is a beetle, flown to the nest.

*DARE TO BE GREAT—
DARE TO BE GREAT—
DARE TO BE
AS GREAT AS YOU ARE—*

*DO NOT HIDE—
DO NOT HIDE*

i wanted to pay the white lily a visit,
but she wasn't there. she knows
i will come back. i know i'm always
welcome. i listen to the drums.

DEMON— DEMON— DEMON—

*rising from the
world beyond the world—
the world beyond the world.
rising*

*rising demon—
larger than life larger than life*

the confrontation took place one winter night

DEMONS— DEMONS— DEMONS

*called upon —
to meet the ultimate expanse.*

movable scenery.
magnanimity & fury.

i listen to the drums.
the sun is high above the middle of the garden,
which isn't a garden, but also not a wood —
maybe a park, but too much
in view. out of the way. insight.
get out of this bustling machinery.
metro-polis. city of the dead.
city of the living and dead. city
of the indistinguishable.

i listen to the drums.
on their own they do not testify
to heat. every soil is blessed
from birth. it's not the parson's
task. not even the kind
with the very best intentions.
the living are simply not
the dead. some day i'll
become a demon to haunt
cut throats in their dreams.

i listen to the drums.
the source bubbles incessantly
in the house of my ancestors.
from the two i have become
one. deciduous tree tops and
conifer branches flow flourishingly
into each other. he won't return,
the lover. happiness glimpsed
quickly in one embrace. people
go in and out, carry equipment
for keeping hold of impressions.

i listen to the drums.
spread out my pinions and
lift myself above the sea
to yield deep-dark emeralds.
a life's harvest. right in the
midst, then even half of it suffices.
liberation from the tutelage of
wretched petty-minded thoughts.
i stretch out my feathers to
brush them aside. i am delivered
to my place of peace.

i listen to the drums.
reporting of the eternal night
from which the wings escaped.
hey tell of the eternal day,
which culminates in neither peace
nor stillness. a formation
of daisies enjoys the rays of
sun lasting into the evening.
behind a stone the face
is unaffected. all bells ring.
utterly mischievous. even
one's own discoveries grin.

i listen to the drums.
every few minutes an airplane
cuts the sky in two, without
any consideration for the blue-
tones. bare toes tower out of
the ladybug's jungle.
an erotic shiver has just swept
over naked legs. all around
everything is empty, incomparable
to the pleroma. the tree in front
is the savannah. the next
airplane races through the center
of the head. followed by a
smaller one, which quickly
becomes the size of a bird.
the drums listen to the
inevitable coming.