

## **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.