

23.vi.16

For that evening's reading he had made himself a special costume. His legs were in a shiny blue cylinder, which came up to his hips so that he looked like an obelisk. Over it he wore a huge coat collar cut out of cardboard, scarlet inside and gold outside. It was fastened at the neck in such a way that he could give the impression of winglike movement by raising and lowering his elbows. He also wore a high, blue-and-white-striped witch doctor's hat.

A GLASS TUBE ECSTASY

for Hugo Ball

a glass tube
for my leg says Hugo Ball
my hat a cylinder
in blue & white
the night the german ostriches the sink
he pisses in
all these become his world
his dada song, begun there
holds the image
until it comes at us:
the image from its cross
looks down:
a ribbon
a revolver
mud
these contribute
to his death
also to what his death contributes
later, too hysterical
too sick with god
& time:
a carousel
a roasted poet

fish
the queen says to his mind
& enters
where the street of mirrors starts
she sees his face
reflected
in hunger of the world
as pain, the consciousness
of death not why we die
but why we dream about it
& why our dreams can't save
the dying remnant
Hugo
as I write this poem
the voice cries
from a further room
the dancer / singer calls me
from a further room
I step into an obelisk
below the waist
my mouth opens to sing
but freezes
shut
in grief for you
ombula
takē
bitdli
solunkola
the collapse of language
tabla tokta tokta takabala
taka tak
a glass tube ecstasy
escapes from time
babula m'balam
the image & the word
over your bed
hang crucified
again the cabaret explodes

again again

fatigue

one

foot

in glass

a glass nerve

&

a priestly gas pump

pulls

her hair out