

HEARTLAND

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GYLDEN
DAL

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HEARTLAND
time and place

Repetition is reality
SK

and as mentioned the alarm goes off
at six o'clock precisely slices into the
oval mirror of the ear like a diamond
my wife is still sleeping in the body lotion
of her own carnality it could
be any day at all a
new day has begun a new poem

is it the tree or the po
em i want to repeat the
words or the flowers
chromium oxide
green or baskerville
almost like recon
structing the visions
of one's youth that were
lost in a fever
of magnolias:
nocturnal telegram glos
solalia hokusai

five minutes later i am looking my
own countenance in the mirror framed
with calcium and sea-gull dollops
of toothpaste around the mouth
simply unrecognisable with
shaving foam and williams aftershave
i am the boy that can enjoy invisibility

with their roots in the subcon
scious and their crowns in complete
ly ablaze small flames
on the lapels of the
jacket like some a
nanda marga dis
ciple or other
in rainy weather's
fourth of may: this first
vision of real
ity of a hundred
other people's clairvoyance

the third magnolia tree
has been photographed with a
pentax camera
bought in manhattan
in the former mil
lennium – its flowers
have however been
hidden in its black
box – now they are lit
electronically
and shine brightly on the com
paq screen – www.magnolia.dk

place yourself there my
beloved yes just
there it looks as if
you have a tulip
inserted in your hair behind your ear
a dan
ish sirikit in the light sum
mer nights or in cyberspace
in a while in there
in the darkness on
the internet's frozen star
espalier

imbalanced bladder function as bad as that
of rousseau (as if that invocation could do
any good) – what business of other
people is my morning piss? – neither
more nor less than all sorts of other
things found in my poetry – for it is not
their content that is the art

up in the left-hand corner to
start the wordcut once more
that is totally different from
hiroshige's famous 'sparrow
on a magnolia branch' – o as
o – p says p:op that is how it
begins totally different from
the woodcut's far deeper blue

what else is happening now at a
quarter past six? – a jet fighter rips
the sky like glossy paper the geraniums
gleam over there in the forest i assume
on their way up the pinewood stairs'
thirteen steps which i then count again to be on
the safe side and out of compulsion neurosis

through my old
mcarthur
sunglasses
the flowers shimmer like
'an american night' or
like an under
water reef illuminated by
itself its own
inner fire or like green straw
berry ice cream or shaving
foam
squirted out
into a hundred
other poems

at six forty i lift the corner of
the duvet and contemplate my wife's courbet
torso – i say without beating about the bush:
the word 'cunt' is to be thought as a sort of refrain
to all the poems (a sort of sexual
quantifier if you like) so now i don't have
to write it after every single verse

midnight the tree glim
mering with dreams
(what dreams?
whose sleep?) luminous
in the dark with phosphorus lit
up for a brief
second by blitz and visions
(hallucinations
of blindness?) the tree that
is floating for a brief second
in the circle
of reality:
self-enlightening

the thirteenth
magnolia is a
nocturnal verse or
verse number thirteen
is a nocturnal magnolia
that is losing its leaves
faster than
i'm able to keep up
faster than
i can get to
count to all
the many words that
must be written
before it is too late

seen from a long distance
(from the northwestern
corner for example)
the tree appears to be
no more than bonsai-sized
between two index
fingers or as if
through a
keyhole in the door
to the secret
garden almost
mirror-imaged
upside-down like
in a drop of water

today it is nike shorts navy-blue
t-shirt and adidas trainers
i have asked the question before and
i will do so again: what is it i am trying
to run away from? – ah bah booh it is
fun to be old ah bah booh one
can in time become young – the poem answers

next day next
verse next leaf that
dredges from rose de cobalt
to violet rouge

according to sennelier's
watercolour scale
what a jumble of thousand
year old colours around

the root of the tree
who's now going to clear up
except for me myself
sweeping in the poem?

the poem to end
all my poems
is that what i am looking for among
the words and among the leaves

which today are caput
mortuum coloured
us that the track i am
following by repeating

the poems – the one
after the other
after the one
as a technique?

i pick up a
single leaf
that is as cold as marble
or as a cut-off ear

pink at its stalk
all right malkus
do you hear everything
the raindrops and the

gossamer running of the spiders
on your membranes the
rasping writing of the
ball-point pen across the poem?

the time is seven thirty-five
how time passes although not in
the poem which is only moved by the reader's
own time (like a silent film) or by the time
it takes to write that down which is
precisely i am doing right at this moment
what a strange interregnum

seen from the west
across the gravel and
shadows the tree
hangs in the air without
being able to be seen (like
a chinese beheading)
just as no one can
see the cut in the poem
before it's too late
and then the line cannot
be read because
it no longer has
any meaning

it is in some way or other not consciousness
that interests me or what could be called *the*
stream of letters but that there inbetween:
the poems one whole day's poems or
the poems about one whole day which have
of course not all been written on the same day
but some of them – which ones?

the words couldn't care
less they don't trouble themselves
about anything

at all they only want to be writ
ten over and over again one

time after the other as if
they do not understand a shit

i weigh out the
words on the poem's scales and pay
in magnolias

down the stairs again thirteen steps
past the indian ink of the woods and snow
behind glass (should one turn off into the spruce
corridors?) one single day – the last one
but which that is one never gets to find out
time just passes lays a cooling
hand on one's brow – as simple as that

the colour has changed to
brown pink overnight

which is a nuance i've not
made use of before

and likewise a word – in such a way
that the repetition

takes place at a
different level in relation

to both tree and poem
deeper down

but still without
getting boring

cat food before breakfast whiskas
my ass bloody hell what a fearful stench
from catfood to cat shit and back
again bloody hell how much money hasn't been
made out of that trafficking – from whiskas art thou
come to whiskas shalt thou return
from whiskas shalt thou one day rise again

'magnolia and motor
saw' at the foot
already but not
of this tree
it is not this one that is
going to be felled on
the loveliest day of spring
as in the new testa
ment – it is to
be used in another
poem to a small-leafed maple
that's blocking out the light

picture number
seventeen has still
not been taken but i
imagine it to myself
as a zoom in on
spring paradoxically
enough as a blackout
in the midst of the whiteness
a flashlight
that almost makes
the picture itself and the mag
nolia disappear

time takes a cigarette but no
longer for i have put them on the shelf
a long time ago: king's camel and chester
field *rest in peace time*
takes a day full of roses wine and kisses
or to be quite precise and without the slightest
beating about the bush *time takes a lifetime*

down to the tree
okay – there it stands as
green as hell
not a single flower it has
taken everything back that it gave
down to the tree
to rewrite it
one more time or maybe a hundred
times
okay down to the tree
now that its crown has
magnetically
sunk into the ground

my own version of the four and
twenty hours sounds like this: with a
well-aimed left-footed kick the yellow
tennis ball of the brand dunlop
begins by striking the lamp then it strikes the cat
and finally does what? – *riddle me, riddle me,*
randy ro my father gave me seeds to sow.

if the two preced
ing poems were identi
cal the repeti

tion would be meaning
less almost ridiculous
because it could not

be decided which
of the poems had been writ
ten first and therefore

which one was repeat
ing the other (of the ma
ny magnolia leaves)

it is eight a.m. precisely the
morning communion table is laid out the coffee's
steams (pythic?) of incense the bread's
mortal mouthfuls the yoghurt's
remembrance the covenant's sugar-free juice
positioned like a still life on
the white-chequered canvas cloth

comes june comes
rain and silver as if
the tree had been dipped
in silvo tarnish
guard polished and
gleaming and impossible
to reproduce
either in a photo
graph or in a poem
as if it was it
was a question of *that* more
than the tree (in) itself

it can also be said
in a different way using
the same words:
the magnolia tree is
almost more beautiful
without all the
spectacular
flowers that now gleam
ultraviolet in
the luminol of oblivion
said in the same way
with different words

the day's first purgatory: choir of
evil spirits: television presenters and com
mentators i sit down in order to watch
the so-called news but have already
forgotten them while i sit watching them
or before i have seen them (oh empty
shadows that past me glide)

or the virtual
magnolia tree as
the utter epitome and
the ultimate consequence
of the fatuity of
all repetition at that
level where thought runs
dry in its figure of eight
runs into its
own fractal 'julia set'
of infinity

white thy fambles red thy whatever
the name of it is mouth my beloved
like the roses out at heartland
that are whatever the name of it is blossoming
right now and suchlike *I never*
promised you a rose garden but here whatever
the name of it is – here it comes

come my beloved pull
me up by the hair
away by the word
from this 'magnolia an
sich' – let us sit
down under the crown
of greenness disenchanting
of life in the midst of
the most splendid word
of reality: kiss me right in
the magnolia my beloved

a latecomer of
porcelain the spring's
final flower painted
by fragonard – she loves me
she loves me not

she loves me she loves me not
she loves me she loves me not

boing what a one right bang smack in
the magnolia one more time
she loves me
she loves me not
she loves me – yes!

i give even the paper bells an
echo by adding a voice to the
written word: Heigho! Heigho! Heigho! Heigho! even
time is actually completely soundless like
an anthrax that spreads out and
the numbers of the quartz watch that so
inexorably change the batteries

summary of a
magnolia tree
the leaves are exactly the same
cinnabar green
as mentioned all the flowers

are gone the branches are the
same and cast the same

shadows onto the
same grass the trunk is
still lopsided not the
slightest thing has taken place
not the slightest

'magnolia and
jupiter' as
fading ruins
to the west seen be
yond the crown that extinguished
the prisma stone in an eternal
rotation
around itself
as words without meaning
since they merely quote
themselves in the infinity
of repetition

'remember the meat' – 'what meat?'
'the turkey meat in the hall' my wife's voice
sounds as if she is under stress – 'otherwise
it will go bad in this heat' – 'why has
the meat been left in the hall?' – 'because
it's...' – i don't get to hear the answer
before our time is up and the poem is finished

the greenest initials of the
whole alphabet

a reduplication that really
means something – eighty
third time lucky
(lines of poetry or years or
times – who knows
what it means?)
eighty three
solid repetitions

i count while the summer
strikes twelve in the magnolia's clock

what is the same and yet
not the same?

it is a hundred
poems written about
one and the same magnolia
a hundred quotations
of the same illegible
incunabulum
what is the same and yet
not the same?

it is the paradox
of the magnolia

is the sky blue this thursday at nine
sixteen in the morning? – you can bet your
seven-league boots it is – fiery blue as
a poppy that gleams up at the sky
in a coat of arms that resembles a summer heraldry
blue as the fingerprints which
god has placed on your own heart

arbour zena
is what i call the tree
without exacting knowing
what that actually means
(what bower?)
that's what the conditions
are nowadays – le con
trat poétique in a
new way: the words and the
poem repeated
at a higher octave of
the real

green – it is green
just before midsummer the
tree is green at any rate
one could always say that the tree
is not a paddle steamer
but not that it is not
green it is one hell
uva green colour or
even greener than
paradise itself
green with envy
greener than green

can a whole day really be concentrated
into a secret decoction or a kind of
cream of tartar can time be compressed
into writing in a hundred poems
spread out like a peacock's tail
can a poetry collection in that case
contain itself if i may ask?

i go out into
the wheatfield so as to
spy on the tree from there
the words keep up with me

they are always game for
a peep do not risk

all that much
so say some word

something or other about
a magnolia tree
say for example 'the tree looks
cubist seen from out here'

are my poems conversely only genuine
if they've been written on the day they
refer to? – do they otherwise lose
their authenticity – do they become false
like counterfeit dollars that lose
their value the same moment
the swindle is revealed by ultraviolet light?

'magnolia à la
potemkin' like
painted theatre scenery
on page after
page with the
one tree after
the other
in all the surrealist
colours of the
imagination and the
rainbow all the most invisible
magnolia trees of poetry

the poem's reconstruction of time
(in this instance of a single
whole day) is pathetic because time does
not rule in the poem as anything but
a fiction and empty hours striking
why do it then? – because of
a different chronology than one that's measurable?

i read out loud
for the magnolia
from the encyclopaedia
volume twelve:
'family with roughly
a hundred
varieties from japan
to south america'
i go on:
'grown in danish gardens
specially the hybrid star
magnolia' – so now it knows that

'magnolia and golf
ball' rammed into
the tree trunk
with a number eight iron
(made by the firm
dunlop) because of a
gigantic mishit
right in here among
the words on the grass
of the poem which would not
have become reality at all
without this fatal bogey

the words do not care very much
for silence they do not want
merely to stand in a book they
want to be spoken to each other

be read out on the radio or
at the libraries with or
without glasses the words
demand of me that i say
the word: 'magnolia'

'magnolia' i say a
gain because the letters also
want to be repeated in
the right order the con

sonants have their own par
ticular pride greener than any
sword just as the vowels have
their own particular vanity
redder than any memory

four o'clock in the morning
the tree has a strange light what's
that due to i wonder the
moon has set the sun hasn't risen

yet i've not lit any light
either not in the carport
nor in my imagination
certain questions are their own
answer otherwise i do not know

do i go out to the postman when i hear
the van crunch in the drive at half
past nine? – yes i go out to the postman
and say: 'lovely weather we're having'
does the postman answer: 'yes it's quite lovely
weather today' – yes, the postman answers:
yes it's quite lovely weather today'

then after many years
and words a tree
grew up in my garden
and in my poem
a beautiful magnolia tree
that repeats everything
it has promised
and lost and won
once more as the fulfilment
then a tree grew up
out of the miracle's seed and
promise's word

paper hell of the day: the flash of the news that
passes over the retina when i open the newspaper
the headlines and the death notices
the home and overseas of the words their water
and downright lies
'if all journalists died there
would be news from hell before noon'

vermillion – the reflections from other poems among the leaves
a quarter of the day has already
been and gone three

quarters of my magnolia have now become a
night greener a word
closer than before behind all
the shadows and time:
the second of light

until death reaches
your loving-kindness down:
root of life that i
shall not see
without killing
the magnolia r

oot of life that
reaches to the heavens
down that i shall not get
to see from this side of
the poem root of life that causes
the words to blossom once again

magnolia magno
lia show me your
heart – is it of
saltwater or o
f apollinaris? is
it despite everything

redder than green
or analin violet perhaps
like rainer maria
rilke's? – show me
your soul's yellow scar and your
loveliest ballet shoes

five minutes later i scratch a cut
on my lower arm which i got yesterday
when a deckchair collapsed beneath me
i do not know if it means anything
if it has a deeper significance
than the colour of the wood right at
this moment *cross my heart* i do not know

so that too can be seen
which has been able to
be seen the whole
time (without being
seen) that light con-
ceals itself in light
more than in darkness
that the magnolia con-
ceals itself more in the
obvious than in the
eclipse's shadow more
in itself than in the
other

for the words also
hide themselves more
in tautologies and in
themselves more in
the obvious than hide
themselves in non-
sense and incompre-
hensibilities the words
hide themselves best
in repetition the mag-
nolia tree hides itself
best in 'the magnolia
tree'

the coop between ten and eleven
illuminated or dazzling with presence
red green and yellow pepper citrus water
and coleman's mustard i mean what
can be any more present than
coleman's mustard in a mustard glass – *what
is a home without plumtree's potted meat?*

perhaps forgotten per-
haps we've just for-
gotten to see the mag-
nolia tree as rays there
in all their splendour
perhaps reason's just
enticed us away from
this evidence of light
in words and words
in light perhaps the
intellect's led us into
the dark behind the
poem?

'magnolia and
string quartet'
by haydn so as to dry out
the soul and firewood af
ter all that rain
near the end of june
the obstinacy
of repetition the
rubato of the maestro's hand
more than monotony and
boredom the heart's
con variazioni

when the poem has
been written down in
green and the words in vert
anglais foncé that which has
not been copied over is
written off and there
fore has to be written
all over once
more if it is really
serious with those one
hundred poems of fresh
magnolia tree

it could be any day whatsoever
ten forty on bloomsday for example
but i can very easily prove that it is
not the sixteenth of june by having
myself photographed with a news
paper from the seventeeth or quoting
something from it – but do i do that?

i have pruned the
magnolia tree of the most
wildly growing shoots

that were almost on
their way right up into the sky
have i now also

done it properly
just as in the poem
have i spared the

branches and lines of verse
that are to bear the loveliest
blossoms and words?

'magnolia and
kodak's high definition'
the tree in a

resolution of three
million pixels three million dots
on the retina

apart from the
blind spot that cannot be seen
even though it decides

the field of vision time's
blind spot that can only be
seen by the one most blind

it could be the newspaper from the
previous year i am sitting with (dated one day
after the centenary of bloomsday)
and that takes us all the way back to square one
unless i state quite precisely
what year what year of our lord we are
dealing with – but do i do that?

seen from below (no not
from the realm of the dead
or from a sepulchral monu

ment by wiedewelt)
but opposite a
second faster from

the other side
of the words not as
a mimicry but

itself: the magnolia
tree repeated and
enlightened by the poem

*a paler shade of
green (like chair upholst
ery by caspar harsdorff)*

a mixture of
malachite olive
and gold leaf the col

our of june this summer
reflected in words
and foliage deep inside

the mirrors' mercury
engraved in the hidden
heraldry of the poems

can it really be true can it
really be correct that time is the
horizon of being or has the question
been asked wrongly so that the answer
conversely is that it is being which is
the horizon of time or is the connect
ion of some quite different order?

neither imitation
nor a reflection
of greenness'
monestial
green (phthalo)
neither a transcript of the tree
or trompe-
l'œil of letters neither
in- nor deduction the
poem is the relation between
language and the world the
aristotle's lantern of the spirit

come and see the
clitoris of the
inflorescence all the
green thunderstone
within the foliage
who would have believed one
could end up finding fossiled
squids in a magnolia
tree the belemnites of the
spirit (or is it
more fluorescent cones
they resemble?)

around eleven o'clock in the morning
i start the computer as usual oh it
sounds like murmuring water subterranean
springs nocturnal rivers
that paradoxically enough extend
time by streaming more rapidly
save up time and give up time

ornament: of leaf behind
word behind leaf behind word
as if hewn in stone by
the sharp light
or doric-style
capital
with inscriptions
of illegible signs
crowned by the sky's
bevelled sun among the
shadows and words so the poem
itself suddenly looks like a monument

even though there exist black holes
in time through which eternity
sucks everything to itself there are
nevertheless no missing moments of time
the account of the seconds tallies down to the
very last fraction nor can anyone gain a
single hour by pawning his soul

'magnolia and
moonlight' through the paper
cut of the foliage
of strange
patterns and silhouettes
like a delayed
valentine from you
my beloved sitting with
your back towards me
as in friedrich's painting
and i myself at the back
among black
leaves behind the poem

plant a tree
i say
write a magnolia tree
you answer
from the supermarket's garden section
i say
right next to the syringa
reflexa you answer
south of the tivoli rose's
cobalt-yellow cauliflower
i say
make a magnolia tree poem
you answer

sub magnolia
i repeat the poem
without using
the very same words and then
exactly the same stands there
even so
or i repeat
the poem and although
the words are exactly the same
something else stands there
that is more
obviously in a
different key

do i exchange the black knight
as one should in the bird variant of the
ruy lopez opening? – otherwise it wouldn't
be the bird variant of the ruy lopez
opening – you klutz – do i then write
this poem about the bird variant?
you can bloody well see i do

the danish word *digte* means
both to write poems and
to caulk (i.e. is not just a chance

homonymy) to caulk
reality the pointing
between language and

world *digtning* is
the actual process of
filling in holes and

cracks as when ship's hulls
are caulked and brushed
with tar and pitch

the telephone rings i write that
the telephone rings i do not take the call
i write that i do not take the call
it rings again i write that
it rings again – it is difficult to regi-
ster what takes place in a minute
i write that it is difficult to etc.

the first splash of
burnt umbra on the greenest
leaf of summer

are we dealing with a
false beauty spot
or with a reminder

perhaps on the
highest day of the year with
the mortality of everything the

final return of
everything to itself
to where it came from?

down in the old
norse deeper than the 'dictare'
of the latin

in another soil the word
'digte' also means
to seal (see for yourself

in the dictionary
of the danish language
volume three) just as

when the magnolia tree
pulls heaven and earth
tighter together

green greener
greenest what ecstasy
at the end of the month of july
between leaves and words
what a mosaic
of sun and shadow carved
out of ivory and
letters what dark
ness deepest within the light
green greener
greenest is however
the poem's dense intarsia

how-green-you-are
as green as a
bunsen burner or as
when salt is thrown
onto a flame
the tree is burning like a
secret fire that
lights up reality
day by word by day
like a repetition
and a recapturing (live) of
everything that was frittered away

'magnolia and
epistemology'
thought's relation to
the tree is itself a thought
language's itself
language only the poem
can seal this
gap in the world
with its paradox its network
of words its foliage
as an understand
ing of (non-understanding)

the next minute has already passed
unregistered well by me at any
rate i cannot remember it i haven't the
faintest idea what happened did it hurt
what became of it? – goodbye dear
minute we will never meet again a
day never comes back again goodbye

'magnolia and stars
and stripes' on my t-shirt
in which i am now posing

standing next to the tree
almost as in
an installation

by kienholz on the border
between poem and
reality where

one word falls on the
outside and one step leads in
to the labyrinth

three score words and
ten further inside the
tree behind the outer bark

inside in the greenish
woodcarving work of the xylem
with my imagination

intact i kneel in the
epicentre of the spirit
while the letters

are already
sifting around me
like withered leaves

a latecomer
the magnolia tree shows off
with a late flower in

august like some poet
or other but is pure
nature and therefore excused

pure *laque de garance rose*
and therefore
acquitted

sheer and utter summer
and spontaneity and
therefore forgiven

despite this i feel as if i am stranded
on a desert island of time in a second
that never ceases but continues for one
great eternity (just like some *oh poor*
robinson crusoe or other)
as if time both passes and does
not pass at one and the same time

'magnolia à la
stoskopf' – the tree can
hardly be heard but it tastes

slightly acidic and feels as
smooth as body lotion
smells bitter like some

alloy in ball-bearings
(magnolia metal)
gleams with such a fucking

permanent green
that it hurts right
into the sixth sense

noon – high with salt and brass
is that right? – i check it out in my
notes for that particular day it looks as if
it may quite well be the case with the addition
of a couple of clouds on the horizon like
locomotives in the old days and the twelve
strokes of the clock of course

the leaves are turning red in
the west and the words yellow
in the east or maybe

the other way round
now that the first signs of
autumn are here

almost invisible
perhaps more in my imagi
nation as abraxas

amulets than on
the tree in
royal green livery

the shadow falls north
wards three words to the left
of the tree itself
ergo it is three o'clock
and the poem's getting ready to
strike more incomprehensible

than ever despite
all the repetitions:
there are so many
magnolia blossoms
that have yet to
come out

even more slowly
than everything that is
to become reality
as a meditation
in green from turquoise
to phthalocyanine

anine even more
slowly words and
leaves are grow-
ing now out of
darkness' plan 'je-
des in seiner art'
up into light's tree
and poem

the twenty-four
steps over to the tree the
forty words (more or
less) the three score
words of half-hearted
attempts the eighty con-

templations about
green the four
score mistakes the
four score and ten
repetitions the one
hundred poems
comprehend?

or once more
place yourself right there again
my beloved *round*
about midnight in
the chequered bathing costume
(do you remember that

i asked you to do
just that for the
sake of the poem?)
like some second
nephertiti or oth-
er *queen of the*
darkness in my very
heart

the day's second purgatory: the furies
the maenads and the sybils who know
nothing but explain everything to us
the biddy in the bog fanny in the fen
cathy in the kitty who know everything
but explain nothing to us in their crystal
balls and from their flat screens

rattle tattle like
tinfoil rattle tattle

the rustling deep in the
foliage rattle tattle gossip
from the dead rattle
tattle news from

hell before noon
rattle tattle the leaves'
glossolalia rattle
tattle whisper from

the spirit rattle tattle
gossip from god

how many days has it taken so far
i wonder to wrtite myself forwards these
few hours from six o'clock until
twelve on this day which as mentioned
could be any day whatsoever
a completely random day *any day or*
another day but is a particular day?

i place my ear to
a leaf that is glossy with

glaze and ceramics
and listen for a long time
(an old trick but this time
with a new result)

i can hear a faintish
murmuring like the sea out
at koresand i can hear
my own ear's

boiling silence the
conch of my own ear

'magnolia and summer
night' that has a smell of
vanilla it is not the tree
and the words do not
smell so it can only be me
myself my own imagi-
nation and pure fantasy or
my vanderbilt aftershave
despite the lateness of the
hour

has time as in the deepest chess
analyses of the end-play game a troistsky line
the overstepping of which is going to decide
whether the game has been lost or won –
whether the two knights can checkmate
you in a corner is time such a
threshold between life and death?

lunch please – let us salute the marinated herring
and its halo of onions danish salami from
heaven liver paste with aspic lunch please
all on its own *co-ome thou lost one co-come*
thou dear one lunch all on
its own in the great outdoors finally
cheese from saint agur lunch please

words and branches
and words magnolia tree *muck*
and brash of the

spirit and the poems
that will say what is
self-evident

but cannot say
it cannot write it
or understand it

cannot prove it but
only show it only compose it with
words that are put into effect

the forty-ninth
magnolia tree
 standing in the
internet
in all its glory like a
 copy of itself
a cybernetic clone
 each time it is called
forth from its electro
 nic address
 oh what an utterly boring
form of repetition
 and infinity

the self-evident
whole can first be seen
(realised)
 at the moment of
 loss when reason
has split it apart
 now repeated (taken
back) by poe
try the whole re
captured by the poem
the beauty of the
magnolia tree is not val
ued before it's made a poem

the tree of memory
is of course green in colour
greener than green
(green as *vert de*
cadmium) greener than
any magnolia tree can ever be
because it is
not real because it
has been lost for ever
memory only re
peats itself it does
not repeat life

the causal con
nection between tree and
word can be overlooked
since it does not
actually exist either
syllogism's
conclusions regarding
magnolia blossoms or
modus ponens of
green leaves
the poem is left to
the insight of the spirit to – itself

twenty-four hours in a single poem
no *vice versa* twenty-four poems in
a single hour no what was it
what's divided into what? – was it twenty-four
poems in twenty-four hours
or twenty-four hours
divided up among twenty-four poems?

remounted words
like the roses there
in the shadow of the poem
under the magnolia

tree that places one
leaf after the other

separately differ
ently in their complete

diversity
that no word covers
no matter how frequently
they are repeated

magnolia snaps
can one imagine that
made from the blossoms
or the branches?

i have at any rate
cut off pieces of the

green xylem and poured
vodka over it now it's to stand

for three months
i won't subtract a single word
or add a single word
all's as it should be

what does thirteen nought seven hours
sound like? – just listen: the wind's
murmuring in the magnolia tree the chair
that creaks the cat's scratching at an
embroidered cushion a distant helicopter
'don giovanni a cenar teco m'inv
tasti' the blood's rushing the heart's beating

i could of course
have hidden a couple

of magnolia blossoms
in the fridge as some kind
of a reminder (a freeze-dried
spring) of the mag

nolia tree at
that particular point in time
but i have preferred
the memory of

repetition which instead
points forwards

i've sat down in
the arbour beneath the words'

shadows that other
wise only fall into the poem
over the paths of syntax
i've sat down

to contemplate
the visibility of the invisible
the visible spirit in
all its

greenest nuances
and letters

right then: poems about twenty-four hours
even though it has taken much longer
than twenty-four hours to
compose them (as for example the
following little verse taken freely from me
mory): all the honour and glory
of the world can be contained in one grass-seed

i say 'hello tree'

'deaf as a post' the tree
doesn't reply – 'ten a penny'
the tree doesn't reply
'deaf as a post' i
say – anybody who has
understood this
hasn't understood it
but if it has not been
understood it has to be
said one more time

'hello tree' i say

according to folklore

it is meant to be
healthy to lean up
against a tree and it is
certainly true that after
waiting an hour i have
become one with
immediacy in the
sense that
the birds no longer
consider me as a

human being but as one

or other poems that only relate
to the actual time that it takes
to write them among other things in
order to make time pass (to kill it)
as this poem for example which con
stitutes the only difference and change
from the minute before it was written and now

i have got up

at five o'clock so as
to find another angle of
attack – does the tree
look different at five o'clock
in the morning in the
drizzle's transcendental
light? – not in the
slightest it stands there
as unshakably green
as the day before

in its own image

the one thing it

has taken almost a
lifetime to recover
(in immediacy)
which the intellect has
divided indignation
rejected which contains
them both even so
that unity encircled
with words and
magnolias that uniting

which life really is

as you can see not a single shit is
happening not the slightest (that which
in other words is called life) time passes
place stays put gravity functions
regardless there's no blood in my stool
as mentioned not a single shit is
happening – isn't it absolutely marvellous

i must just pass
through
the eye of a needle
without thread or lifeline
i must think
how my thought can be
contained within the whole
i must think the
unthinkable i must
realise something incompre
hensible just compose
the magnolia tree
through an eye of a needle

from the top – *down to*
earth down to letters
the letters spread out like

leaves scattered right across the
page
the words like seed capsules

the sentences
like branches the grammar
like a trunk

the metaphors like
a root up to the tree stand
here and there quite liter
ally in its poem

should one grab oneself a paderborner
here right on the threshold of the next
poem or maybe quaff a heineken export beer –
both of them taste a damned sight better
at any rate than the piss-and-vinegar
danish beer that i've advertised
for in some other book sometime

reality
resembles in brief it
self (what in all

the world should it otherwise
resemble?) i go out to

the magnolia tree
and confirm this after a
certain amount of

turbulence of the
spirit and holes in language
i take (retake) real
ity again

like laurel leaves
from the year's
triumphal wreath of tarnished
silver
(without any silk ribbon)

like wrapper leaves from
the tobacco industry like
the leaves that i myself
painted with a paintbox

in my childhood
the first words and
magnolia leaves fall
among each other

at seven zero zero
the tree is still greener
than the cover on
schelling's diary

(also permanent grün)
at eight o'clock i do
not have anything
to add either nor at

nine o'clock and
at ten o'clock i merely repeat
what i've written
above in the past tense

time sure flies – charles bronson
says in an old film the point is of course
not to pass on information about what
the time is but instead to draw attention to
the sniper who is lying on the roof
hidden behind the clock – how simple
it can be to express the way life is

for the most part it is just
boring word for leaf – leaf for
word monotonous now and
then darker on and off lighter

green the tree seen through
glasses that are in need of a
clean or through vision's fizzy
tablets – reality is boring being
mostly repeated as it is

nevertheless it has now already
become half past two (time sure flies)
i position myself in front of the mirror
standing in the hall place my left index
finger immediately under my nose raise
my right arm in a salute and shout
in a high-pitched voice: heil hynkel

i would not want to exchange
it i would not want to ex-
change reality for all the news
in the world not for a single

memory i would not want to
exchange the magnolia tree
for something else for any of
the rich's coffee pictures i col-
lected as a boy

the rain's delirium
the magnolia's tremens

the rain's mania
the magnolia's phobia

credo says
the rain quia answers the
magnolia absurdum i
conclude and soon

don't know what
to believe – the rain's
dementia or the magno
lia's praecox?

i look at my watch again – only
five minutes have passed i haven't the
foggiest idea how i can manage to make
time pass – hello! – i simply cannot write
that in the poem i'm in the process
of writing right now without losing
both street and word credibility

'magnolia and hokusai'
one hundred views

looked up quite at random at
fuji with a hat

with the continu
ation 'magnolia with hat'
(borsalino or napo
leon – sombrero

perhaps) – the
clouds have not yet started
to gather round the
top of the tree yet

to put it plainly and brutally:
the first person singular present tense
reveals art's swindle with time
it could also be said in another way
with the beautiful words of another writer:
being afraid to marry on earth
they masturbated for all they were worth

word on word
on word on echo echo
echo down through the

corridors and
galleries of poetry
to a distant

sonnet sequence of recog
nition in which there stands a
tulip tree like a déjà
vu of something that
has never grown in
the soil of reality

it is not
that illusion which my
words want to

repeat it is not
that mirror image of no
thing other than

nothing it is not the
magnolias that are flowering
in the brain's arbor
medularis not
the word on word on word
on echo echo echo echo

do i kick the cat – like hell
i do not do i throw it out of the
window? – in no way at all do i hurl
it into the baking oven? – not that either
what do i do then? – i stroke its fur
all the way down to the root of its tail
which makes it raise its tail like a question mark

'magnolia and
cirrus clouds'
god's frozen breath
on the sky september's
quinta essentia
of peculiar patterns
and large cases of for
getfulness the same
words in the poems
that have jammed
as if they had
been attacked by
a so far unknown
computer virus

do i take ten steps west and after
that five steps north? – do i stop
right in front of the blue kitchen cupboard? –
do i open it? – you bet your boots
do i find a bottle of jameson triple
distilled irish whiskey there on the shelf?
do i empty the bottle? – damned right i do

it is thus neither
a repetition of the
words (a pure
tautology of
shades of green)
nor of time
(a pure im
possibility) but of
the immanence in
a different optic
transcendent like
unpacking everything
out of nothing
and then seeing it again

magnolia magnolia
magnolia
like a sorites of

leaves and words
as if a quantity was
able to shift to

quality by itself
via a simple deduc
tion or plain

repetition without
thought's quantum leap without
the spirit's own decision

magnolia magnolia
magnolia
like a basso osti

nato a nec
essary but not
sufficient

condition for the
repetition of existence's
only one (everything de

coded for interpreta
tions' obstinate ru
bato of nothing)

do i fall asleep out among the roses?
i am unable to know that while i
do so but yes – yes i fell asleep
among the lancaster rose and my small
yorkshire rose – *baraabum baraabum*
why do i now happen to say these
sounds? – because they are in the verse that's why

to søren ulrik

because i cannot
think of anything else
to busy myself with
this morning i am
sending this greeting
dark with sangre

de dragón from the
magnolia trees in front
of blegdamshospi
talet (do they still exist
there?): what becomes poetry
lasts the rest perishes

it is getting on for fifteen thirty hours
the clouds are stacking up in a paradise
of shaving foam i write that i am writing
ergo i write is one able to think
that one is thinking? – i make a mental
note that another five minutes
have passed – now they are gone

at sixteen zero twelve i take
the first photograph of the magnolia tree
with an old canon camera without
a flash and without a light meter without
any frills hand-held and with
as great objectivity as is possible
when one stands behind it oneself

place yourself right there
again my beloved under
the magnolia tree
violet with rain

like some geisha with
your camera while
you take a photo
of me and i take one of you

(do the photographs
then cancel out into nothing
or into a
higher vision?)

u as up in the top lefthand
corner right from the top
that is where it all begins

is it safe
there the tree stands like a
green uncial

a gateway to all poems
there repetition's
memory of what is

to come begins
there where not a single
word has been written down

not even my wife is anywhere in the
photograph (*co-ome thou lost one co-ome
thou dear one*) that i print in
colour on a sheet of A4 paper and
prop up against the foot of the magnolia
tree and subsequently i take photograph
number two: nature morte

there the tree stands doused
with white wine timelessly in
the morning within it

self as winter's
preparation long
before the

falling of the leaves already
prepared for the repetition
that unwittingly is also

every magnolia
tree's innermost
reality

a bed of magnolia
leaves
is there any possibility
of that at all so late in
the year full of compost

no thank you
then i would rather have a carpet
to sweep the words in
under or rather a
poem
no then rather a carpet
of almost persian leaves

the eleventh magnolia
stands sharper
in the reproduction
even though the photograph
has been taken

on a night in may and
resembles a piece
of black lace
that covers over
the memory all
repetitions are the run-up to
the real repetition

this photograph too i print in
colour and place it in a similar way
as the first one up against the foot
of the magnolia tree and subsequently i take
picture number three: stilleben
i repeat precisely the same procedure
several more times as well

'études de magnolia'
on the piano by czerny
as in childhood it

is that we are
dealing with even though
nobody in one sense

can practise
life or practise
reality

so it is in another
sense that we are
dealing with: exercises

the spirit's rote learning
magnolia on magnolia
necessity's law: if not then not

the spirit's suf
ficiency: if – then
when

music in twelve
parts by philip glass
one hundred

views seventy-five sta
tues black with soot and gamma
radiation – when is it enough?

until the picture disappears into
the picture and finally into a white spot
like the thought that would think itself
out or included in the picture like time
itself perhaps that disappears into
even smaller fractions of
seconds sucked into eternity

the repetition does not
alter the tree (for then it would
not be a repetition)

the aim of the
exercise is not to
become better

to write a new
magnolia (who wouldn't
like to do that?)

because the repetition
takes place in being
rather than in essence

if it hasn't been
understood if must be read

and written one more
time and if it has been
understood it hasn't been
understood at all

(since it has to
do with the unthinkable)
and so must
be written and read

one more time to the magno
lia poem – comprende?

at sixteen fifty hours i have carried
out the project that is so commonplace:
the picture within a picture (feigenbaum en
nature) that everyone has thought about
but which i wanted to realise
and now have done the result's no
different from what i'd imagined

place yourself right there
again my beloved
under the magnolia
tree under my heart's
artery tree with a lit
candle in your hand or

with a torch even
though it is broad day-
light i do not know
exactly why perhaps
because the light con-
ceals itself in the light

seven days every day and seven dry
thursdays black with petroleum like
maundy thursday but not that one of all days
(even though it could have been
because the poem is abstract and
time concrete) but which day it is
it is impossible to know with any certainty

nor when viewed
though my new glasses
(plus three and a

half) is there any help
to be had the tree looks just like
itself as do two peas in a pod

the very same shade of
green (vert de cobalt pale)
bleached by the october

sun and therefore
also the words remain
exactly the same

over to the tree
and back again are
as long as each other

from the tree to the word and
back again are as long
as each other in one sense

and much longer in
another nothing less
than an eternity

because the dis
tance itself is a thought
is itself a word

at seventeen zero six i am
studying a bad tooth in a shaving
mirror and i have to admit that it's really
a diabolically handsome tooth formed
of alchemy's most secret gold
i am tempted to call this small peak
time's fang since it inflicts great pain

'magnolia and
autumn' completely straight
without any frills
and furbelows
at an arm's length
and at the distance
of half a canzone
which is easy enough
to exceed
i only have to write
the poem until finished
cross the ashes of
the abyss on verse-feet

quality time between five and six o'clock
during which i get a great deal done
these words for example which do
not lie because they verify themselves
and my utterance more than if i
had composed a poem about tulips
against a background of smoke and acrylic

right from scratch all
over again: the roots' sky
of bitumen

unknown shooting
stars between words that
cannot be uttered

and therefore can
not be repeated even
though the poem postu

lates that it does precisely that
(almost as in a cartoon bubble
by roy lichtenstein)

at eighteen hundred sharp i drop the
slice of white bread onto the kitchen
floor without cutting my foot the
woodpecker hacks at its fat-ball in the
garden the water boils in the kettle and
two raindrops are merging into one on
the window pane – that is what's called timing

can one roll mag
nolia leaves into a
kind of cigar
like pressed wormwood
to moxa
so as to exorcise evil
spirits that have both

besieged the soul and
settled in the knee as arthritis
is it i wonder possible
to smoke oneself to such
an opposite voodoo?

magnolia number
eight looks com
pletely like the seventh
because it has
been taken a few fractions of
a second later
like a silent film

splintered into snow crystals
and oranges
at an earlier point in time
i choose the aurora quar
tet as the soundtrack

at precisely the same second the words
fall into place somewhere inside my head
before i spread them out like the pieces
of a picture lottery and i am forced
to state the plain and unadulterated truth:
there are good poems and bad
poems and there are my poems

i snatch a number nine
while i'm at it
so that's in position too
just like a piece in a
jigsaw puzzle or a
reconstruction of the garden
and if i flick through

the photographs very
quickly i can also
get the tree to
start to move in the
artificial wind

suddenly the mag
nolia flares out there
in its usual place
in all the colours
of autumn suddenly the mag
nolia is all ablaze
glaring with technicolor
against the black&white of the sea's
imaging surface
suddenly the mag
nolia tree flares
with reality

m i write
which put that in position
then i write a and keep
move on to g and - +
lia like some kind of rebus
in and out between the
letters in a slalom but not
nearly as surprising
as the apocarpous
fruit that has
opened its visor
and grins redly

le diner – starter: a completely ordinary
piece of white bread – main course: funen
country omelette with sliced potatoes bacon
from a free-range pig chives tomatoes
and cocktail sausages – wine menu: solar
de palomares red wine from the
super co-op – dessert: none

'magnolia and full
moon' pathetic as
in a film by kuro

three fallen leaves that
form the pattern of an s
around the ace of clubs next

sawa – nobody is able
to serve two masters no
tree can serve both

to a five that resembles
a rorschach blot and
there once more

itself and its own
shadow nor can any poet
serve both poetry

three leaves as the
spirit's fleur de lis it's
strange to wait for

and his reading
public – is what the
danish subtitles say

something that has already
happened or happens the whole
time in front of one's eyes

whatever became of the turkey meat
in the hall? – it didn't reach its final destination
never became rissoles or hamburgers
it lost the battle because my wife
arrived back home too late
although perhaps it will advance to
bifteck russe de dindon tomorrow?

'magnolia and crafts
man' a briggs and strat
ton engine that has nine

there is only one way
down to the tree and
back again up to the

teen horsepower doesn't
pull the dark out of the
flesh or the spirit

paper and then off
again why's there all
this hurry about

out of the mind and soul
nineteen horsepower
like some deus ex

waiting (can one
hurry doing that?) because
there is a difference

machina or other slightly
rusty and stiff out here
in the autumn

between waiting and just
allowing time to run into
yellow (jaune de naples)

i'm talking about
a repetition
that doesn't take time
but place here at heart
land not as something
imagined but
an acquisition
of what has existed in
some other timespace
and recalled precisely as
that magnolia which is
repeated in reality

or as if the
tree stood in a
nirvana cast of bronze
in a timelessness that pre
vents repetition because
this defers
time which para
doxically enough makes
repetition impossible
new words on old
verses cause the
poem to split

the day's paper sky over on the reverse side
unread until now in black and white like
cartoon clouds and the smiley sun
bald and yellow or the weather in
barcelona and north dakota
'if all meteorologists died there
would fall tears from heaven after noon'

*once more that's
the watchword that's
the password to reality
once more*

even though some of the leaves
on the trees are already starting
to look rather like laurel leaves

black with vinegar
even though the repetition
doesn't lead
to any victory
at this time of year

*repeat repeat
is the poem's antiphony
repeat repeat
from word to leaf*

to word once more even
though the night's frost
has latched itself red with

rust and arsenic onto
branch and knot even though
the magnolia's asleep in its own
swiss clock – it is
life's antiphony

*cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo – i write now
not because the cuckoo happens to be cuckooing
its head off in stingsted wood with short-
sounding fateful notes nor in order to
imitate a tyrolese clock but
because the thirteenth chapter concludes in
this way: cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo*

round and round
come here we go round a
magnolia tree on an early
sunday morning
anticlockwise so as
to hold time (both
in veneration and back
for a moment) while
the tree grows inside
its own dreams which can only
be interpreted by re
ality itself

round and round
come here we go round a
magnolia tree on an early
sunday morning
for a second time
and properly this
time clockwise
(omega time) because
only time is able to
redeem time although
not itself although not a mere
thousandth part of a second

the day's third purgatory: all the oafs and
old fogeys who know everything about
nothing – mister news and herr – look at me
(how terribly fascinating i am)
the news oracles who know nothing
about everything i quickly press
the button and put out the poem

place yourself right there again
my beloved under the
magnolia in your
beige adidas
training suit
for the poem's sake
(its authenticity) because
it's right there
in the poem that you
are standing in your
beige adidas training
suit under the magnolia

perhaps the tree has fallen
asleep perhaps
that is why it
has become so
far between the
words perhaps the tree is
dreaming and perhaps
that is why there is such
a great distance from word
to tree and back again
perhaps the poem is waiting
for the tree to wake up again?

the tree looks distinctly ill
as if it has influ
enza when it quiv
ers its leaves in the
solar wind from the
largest outbreak ever known or
when it presses the last few drops
of colour pigments
out of the words
like a seld
om kind of rash
terre de sienne brûlée

at nineteen forty hours i carry out
the following alterations to my
writing desk the red plastic heart
i place on top of the stone from isla
negra and i move the mobile telephone
a bit to the left – *that's all folks*
the party is over for the time being

as if the tree
is in watercolours
this morning lit up
by its own colours and words
that only fit that which it
is now and cannot be
any other way
while the last
leaves are falling
to the ground and the poem
like precisely these withered words
over the paper

low voltage the tree
is almost completely
extinguished the mind
to the same extent at a zero point
where the words are sucked back
into the darkness or blown
away like the
very last leaves
tattered with silver
and tarnished with spots
browner than rust and ter
re de pouzzoles

is there no sex appeal at all in these here
poems? oh yes here comes something for you:
pope peter's but a pissabed
now that is of course perverse and it's not me
so who can it be then i wonder? – i make do
with lifting my wife's long hair
and kissing her in the salt-cellar

like an illustration
in its own book
or like a poem about itself
the tree stands graphically
black and naked
without a leaf too
many stripped
of words like
its own necessity
polished with frost sharp
er than the razor quartet
scintillating with reality

in a time-out (i don't know from what)
i successfully purchase a
violet panto-pop chair that's made of plastic
at the online auction – according to
the illustration on the screen it is
impossible to sit in – so what in all
the world do i want with that chair?

i sacrifice a word
to my beloved a parti
cular word that

she does not very
much like even though it
would fit perfectly

into the poem precisely
now when the leaves are
full of nigrum

a word that i shall
never use a word i
have sacrificed to love

it is life that is
taking itself again that
is letting itself out

of cages and
traps out of cellophane
categories

and museums life
that is taking its magnolia
tree again it is

life that is breathing
in what is the most liter
al sense of the word

it is life that is
breathing (in both
senses of the word –

which strictly speaking
are the same) it is life that
is reaching its climax

in what is a bad joke
it is life that is taking
its tree again

life that is understanding
itself which is absurd
such is repetition

pause – i am taking a pause what does
that mean in this particular context?
it cannot be from the poems (read)
nor can it be from life (for the
very same reason) nor from time itself
which passes even more swiftly so what
sort of pause is it that i am taking right now?

the fourteenth
magnolia has completely disappeared
it no longer exists neither on the computer nor in some database or other
nor does it exist in my memory as anything else than a number
in the series of spring photographs
bye bye black tree

the very last of
the leaves is yellow
(jaune auréoline)
like an old scar in the soul
a forgotten sorrow
that blows in
behind the poem where
the words grit their teeth
with the cold and have virtually
no meaning except
what can be found in
the spelling dictionaries

the tree has lost
all its leaves
word for word as if
it had been in chemotherapy
in winter's
laboratory
but take it easy
it's only the spirit that's
visibly gone into hibernation
and soon will grow
its leaves and come into
word for word and leaf again

at twenty hundred hours i'm not watching
telly (*believe it or not*)
on the contrary i'm walking round the garden
looking at flowers: a rose here a cat's ear
there and now a geranium – not true
at twenty hundred hours i am watching telly
deadwood in fact – what else?

the magnolia tree
is motionless more now in
the heart of winter

than it was before no
longer rustles with leaves of tin
i have to speak for it

out there where the words
turn on the border
between language and tree

in there where
the poem turns upside down
or inside out

when about twenty minutes later i
place my left leg on top of my
right at an angle of ninety degrees
the thought occurs to me that at this
very same instant thousands of people
are dying and just as many are
being born everywhere all over the world

for a pause there are
only whorls in the spirit
small repetitions

there are only
variations in an infinite
series of mag

nolia trees teeny-weeny
repetitions in
a far larger repe

tition for a
short pause it is only
in eternity

magnolia num
ber four inscribed
in this poem

that has been taken from a
photograph of a tree that
looks completely different at
this very moment with hoar
frost around words and buds

what a weird digression
what an strange maze in the
spiral of repetition

just as the chess clock does not bring time
to a stand-still but only itself when the button
is pressed the poem does not do so either
when it is been written even though it
is nevertheless and para
doxically the truest witness to the
time in which it was created

'magnolia and sol
stice' – how mysterious with
wrought iron and

sparks against the east
where the darkness reigns supreme
light is the strongest

just as life when it
is threatened or the word that
is suppressed just

as the winter lightning that
crackles briefly from
its most powerful battery

*the fox crew the cocks flew the bells
in heaven were striking eleven – i mutter
no i write no i mutter that
i write no i write that i mutter and why? –
because i recall the verse from yesterday
and in order to gain time even
though it's a question of bad timing*

magnolia num
ber ten is not
a feverish delirium
painted on the inside of
the eyelids there is nothing
sombabulistic about it
nothing of por
celain since
i myself
have taken it
in color de luxe and the
irreality of high gloss

the twelfth mag
nolia is a
true highlight
of colours in the middle
of the night and winter's
crypt whether déjà-vu or clair
voyance is hard
to decide but a
flame of hope
i set fire to the
photograph in order to fulfil
the poem and to realise it

in order to make
it probable
i burn the poem
(so this is a copy and a
different shot of it)
i set fire to the magnolia
poem in front
of my own
eyes in order to
create a correspond
ence or coherence and in
order to make it true

so does the flame
of winter burn
in many different places
and in many different ways
as if it kitchen salt had been
thrown onto it or cin
nabar but most
of all it shines in
the heart like a
great hope or like a
magnolia tree for the inner
eye in the poem

i don't exactly know when it was
we fell simultaneously asleep in front of
the screen and during which programme or
on which channel but that we did so is
proved by the fact we woke up again
right in a science fiction thriller
almost just as simultaneously

the tree is also
lovely in january
in its naked state
devoid of leaves and many
words almost in a trance as
if it had been struck by frozen
lightning or had been paralysed
by its own strength
and unyieldingness
struck quite motion
less by god's in
finite presence

repetition's
circles of words
around words a
round the magnolia tree which
itself stands there so clear so clear
as aquavit completely evi
dent and yet so far away
spun inside spins of
nothing's see-through
of words around words
around repetition's
circles of words

what keeps its word –
the poem does
word for word
words stand nailed to
the side unchangingly the
magnolia tree for example
stands here and do not
call that a repetition to
write it yet one more time
it would only be a
matter of the spirit's ashes
(gris verdatre)

after having spilt red wine on my
light-coloured summer trousers i walk
down to the small lake (that too is a journey)
my soul is a boat (what a load of complete
nonsense) even so i declaim in a
firm voice out across the darkening
waters: *und alle schiffe brücken*

just position yourself
right there again my beloved
under winter's tree

in a bright-red
ski jacket like
some model from

the bilka catalogue
position yourself between two
split-seconds (just as

i have so often imagined
that you would do) on the
lingerie of the snow

'magnolia by
night' without neon and ad
vertisements alone

in the frost and the
darkness that wells up
out of the poems of

oblivion full of
dreams' apocryphal salt
and words that have

lost every trace of meaning
just like the footsteps that
the snow has retaken

the daily tree
the nightly poem the toil
the rituals

in the gospel of the
magnolia the particular
light between words

and branches that
strictly speaking are in no
way different

(only the prototype if you
like) from the nightly tree
the daily poem

on the return journey (there and back
are equally long) my soul is transformed
into a tractor a nineteen horse-power
craftsman (what a load of soul-piss)
but it's actually nothing less than the truth
a powerful engine that tomorrow
is going to mow the grass at heartland

repetition is of the
original sight (the
magnolia tree) whi-
ch is invisible made

by the spirit
itself in the visible
the repetition

its realisation whi-
ch won't look any
different since it
that case it would
not be a repetition

is it getting on for bedtime? – no
not yet only the birds have settled down for the
night there is just time to squeeze in a nightcap
or perhaps two time to write a poem
and time to leave off doing anything
a time to sleep and a time to
wake up or a time to stay stop

magnolia number
sixteen a
blueprint almost

of my dreams
a sea chart that is dredged
with sea salt a sediment

from the bottom of
the mind a dislocation
of memory or a hanging

garden of wild wishes
that only gain fulfilment
when they are forgotten

do i not speak with my wife after
ten o'clock – oh yes i say 'good night'
at any rate but in this slow-combustion
project i am not able to include
everything i cannot describe
all the poems myself *inter alia* besides which
there wouldn't be enough time

is white a colour?
practically not just like black
at any rate the
world is virtually colourless
at the moment

looks considerably more like a bar
code than it does a woodcut
(zinc white permanent
white chinese
white flake white
and the titan
white magnolia tree

as mentioned before: the final poem cannot
be contained and be included in the poetry
collection about the day's twenty-four hours
if i am to be utterly precise and refrain from
cheating either on the scales or on
the paper so for me happiness is
to squint at my verses in print

'magnolia and jet
trace' across the spread of the sky
like shaving foam that
applies a brake to the light
holds it fast creates

confusion and jetlag
or like thought that
moves at
such a speed that time
stands totally still for a
brief moment frozen solid
in its own memory

the magnolia has blacked
out like all trees do
at nighttime (ivory black
mars black carbon jet
velvet lamp

vine or serious black)
a whole orgy of black
that gathers together
contradiction's whitest
whitsun repetition's
gleaming mother of pearl
at some point in may

place yourself just
there again my be
loved under the magnolia
like some second
snow white in an
installation created by
god himself now that
the sun's rising in
the east like a blood orange
that colours the snow
less than pink and the
shadows more than madder lake

do i tiptoe around in stockinged feet
in the kitchen? – that's a really stupid
question – does only the fridge gleam greenly
in the dark? – even more bizarre to answer
that one – do i rinse my mouth with
chlorhexidine before i go to bed?
just tell me – how sick can all this get?

place yourself precisely
there my beloved
with your bare feet on the

glowing coals of the snow like
some sleeping beauty or other
that i have just woken

up again with my
magnolia kiss
after one hundred

poems' words digress
ions and never-ending
repetitions

do i think on my way up the staircase
about there possibly being a loophole
between immanence and transcendence?
now it's bloody well time to stop all
those adolescent musings now it's a
question of getting up (to the top) without
stumbling over one's own two feet

'magnolia and
piss' partly so as
to make poetry impure

but mostly to demon-
strate the beauty and
purity of the

colour yellow (how
paradoxical) when
it appears in the snow

(jaune brillant and new gam-
boge) the yellow colour's
apocalypse in white

blind date or blind
man's buff around the magno
lia in snow-drift and

nocturnal darkness
denser than acrylic paint
on masonite and yet

deeper than sleep's
heart of celeriac
nevertheless i find

the tree with the aid
of my writing and the
love-line of the poem

are you coming? – i can hear being asked from the
bedroom – are you coming? – i can hear
being asked inside from midnight itself as a echo of
quartz almost inaudible since
my wife has already fallen asleep
will you turn out the light?
yes i said (say) yes i will yes

completely entangled in brown
(gallstone or burnt umbra)
of words and earth

leaves that have turned to
mould in a mire of thoughts
and bitumen magno

lia fougère
a sullied slush of snow and
dreams
of forgotten ideas

and drivel and
mud and words shit words:
the sour dough of spring

one word takes
over the other
'march' takes the place of
'february' and 'rain'
replaces 'snow' and
before i know it
the words are almost used
up though the poem isn't
finished and though perhaps
only 'magnolia' is lacking
then one word takes
over the other again

it is twenty-four zero zero hours
or zero zero and pip i don't know
when it changes from one to the next –
twenty-four hours or zero zero and pip?
is there some difference or other
is it here that there is a small chink
in time or are they merely numerals?

i give the
magnolia a call on my
mobile telephone (by

converting the letters
into numbers)
three wailing notes

as piercing as spring
strike my ear drums –
according to the telephone

company's fault service there
is no subscriber at that
number at the moment

there's nothing
fancy about a magnolia
no make-up

or eyeliner
it doesn't walk the
catwalk in haute

couture and feathers
and yet not even the queen
of denmark is dressed

as beautifully – it doesn't
create a fuss because it has
already been created

ode to the magno
lia tree precisely now when
it is standing there most

naked and vulner
able in the last
night frost stripped

of its flowers
colours and leaves (almost
of the poem's final

word as well) but that which has
not been missed or lost
cannot be repeated either

our father which art in heaven (fold
your hands you dog) hallowèd be thy name
or some such thing thy – what do you call it
kingdom come – thy will be done or
something similar as it is in heaven
or *it is now a month since dear Henry fled
to his home up above in the sky*

the poem goes to
the marrow and pith
today cuts right
in to the word
so very cold it suddenly
has become
on the border of
spring between the
isobars' silver
and the red arrows
from the north the letters
stand naked and
black around the tree
without découpage

now i am going to sleep and all the irony
and self-irony and all the jokes and
the solemnities and the poems
all the caperings and gambollings are of
no avail do not suffice against
the darkness that is streaming towards
me like the advancing tide

like laying a seven-card
patience time and time
again until it
finally comes out
it is not that
repetition i'm
talking about not a

series and a cer
tain word that makes
the poem come out
'magnolia tree'
for example
not that sort
of repetition

the repetition is
not an event
that causes
anything to become
otherwise but
just that everything
is exactly as it

is resembles itself
the repetition is a
magnolia it is
nothing else
just call it
satori or a
box on the ears

instead of sheep i count derby
winners – prince of fortune and minus (it ought
to have been auntie) nollo and onward
eagle (my father's tip) princess the great
and ritha lyngholm (with a swede
in the sulky) spatrine c and lastly tarok
the ancestral horse and archetype

place yourself right
there again my
beloved under the
magnolia's ultra
violet parasol
(the ribs of which
are however visible)
like some cinderella
or other that has
sorted both
the leaves seeds and
words
in my poem
stand there in your
infrared shoes

the midwatch has not yet started since
there one has to be awake in order to
transport the body across the flesh-eating
sea of the soul – the midwatch during
which i nevertheless would fall asleep
and now only recall the wake of the
dreams full of magnolia leaves

repetition of
the repetition – it is
the drivelling of reason
its maelstrom of words and
the tree's final
leaves that now clatter
like tin in the spring gale
it is the in
tellectual leap over
one's own shadow it is
playing 'we over
turn world and poem'

word to second
to tree for example and
back to word again to
third to branch to leaf
to bud and back
again to
word to fourth to flow
ers that are more beautiful
than electrolysis to word
to fifth to the poem that
collects once again
what reason has divided

i have sought that
word which does not exist but
found that which does
and it is of course 'magnolia'
i have sought that
tree which does not exist
but found that which does
and it is of course
reality i have sought
that which is and found that
which is and it of
course is the repetition

it is as mentioned impossible to write
simultaneity into the poem
partly since time does not exist in the poem
and partly since the poem then
would only deal with itself so
i say goodnight and reserve the
right to swindle with both time and poem

the poem's inte
gral between
word and tree finer
than the spider's web
vaster than the internet
denser than the alpha quantities
of mathematics
the poem's
irrational
reality which more
displays than it demonstrates the
connection between tree and word

the written word and life are thus not
co-extensive (and thank god for that)
because the poem at its most essential does
not have to do with any of the parts but
relates to the precondition for time
so i bid you goodnight ladies
and gentlemen goodnight and sleep tight

the first mag
nolia i print
out as the last

one on the first
day of the month
almost as if it was

a papercut if it wasn't
that is for all the colours and
the flowers for all the dreams

and the overexposed pa
norama: flower
power childhood april fool

the thought reassures me that
my cd player is set to a repeat
programme while i am dreaming
the orpheus suite by philip glass the
second movement that lasts for precisely
one hundred seconds and therefore will play
216 times during the six hours i'm asleep

it reassures me that this fractal
music sounds in my subconscious and
sleep as an infinite series of
notes in a non-infinite space of time if
that thought is a possible one to think or
as a non-infinite möbius ribbon of dreams
in an infinite sleep

who can wait without time who
can wait an eternity? – the mag
nolia tree can hour after hour
word after word day after day
poem after poem year after
year the magnolia stands as
its proof of itself and waits
until time has run out and life
has run in

i could also paint the mag
nolia tree with watercolours
for lack of words

i could make use of
the colour stil de
grain amarillo

then those words
too would be put
in place in the

lottery of images
before things start to let rip
in the game of reality

am i dreaming or am i awake?
it must surely be the latter state
because the dream cannot decide
itself that it is a dream – can reality?
yes it can – because the dream exists because
dream and reality complement each other
so we can see what is what

come on get a
bloody move on burst
out of your cellophane now
with a thousand flowers no
more words in
poem and garden
no more spam
from the internet
no more colour photo
graphs in glorious technicolor
on paper and in writing
come on show your real flowers

will the postcard with the portrait of
mozart have moved will the chess pieces
stand as they did yesterday in my study?
all of this will be revealed when i wake
up but the very best thing about sleeping is
that my beloved is sleeping beside
me perhaps in the same dream

ode to the magnolia
tree right now
that is standing in its
greatest splendour
(not even solo
mon in all his glory was
arrayed as such)
in all its indecency
luminous as radium
right in the light and
only what is given (on
loan) can be taken back

at four o'clock i wake up because
i need a pee (*old men you know*) and
i see that what i was dreaming is true:
the sunrise really does have a colour
like russian salad – that was a truly
frightful image i must get back to sleep
as quickly as is at all possible

place yourself just there
again my beloved in the bonfire
of the magnolia
as no one other
than yourself with tulips
behind your ear or even
better: let's both
place ourselves
in the poem between
the words and the flowers as
in the sixth card
of the arcana

the remainder of the night must have passed
by peacefully and in a deep alpha sleep since
there are no more dreams to be
remembered no more poems to be written
another night gone
everybody has become another day older
except for those newly born and the dead

light's prism
refracted into one hundred
visible magnolias

then into one
hundred flowers' invisibility
of paper

or one hundred
invisibilities
flowers of words

(flowery expression) the spirit's
prism that refracts all
into reality again

when an answer is
so beautiful and self-evident
as the magnolia

in flower the
poems shrink and the questions
become small and insignificant

there
is not all that much
to say even though

silence in itself does
not have anything to
do with the matter

and as mentioned the alarm clock
rings at precisely six o'clock carves a path
into the ear's oval mirror like a diamond
my wife's still asleep in the body
of her own physicality it could
be any day at all a
new day's begun a new poem

the circle is complete the
repetition has taken place
the biological
as well as the
grammatical the
same words occur
again the same
flowers as
automatic writing *and*
the recycling of
spirit but where and when
cannot be known only believed

is it the tree or the poem
that i want to repeat the words
or the flowers
chromium oxide
green or basker
ville almost
like reconstructing
the visions of one's
youth that got lost
in a fever of mag
nolias: night telegram
glossolalia hokusai