

(From The Titan Gate)

Goddess report III

I behave like a goddess, become involved in cosmic affairs, it does not pass unnoticed but I take the attacks as caresses, parry with myrtle, ash-root, with fist and knee and omnipotence float like nectar, drip from finger-tips. I carry the commonest attributes, one day apples - as many as I want - imported from Brazil - another day a titanium-light, collapsible sceptre of unknown origin, easily transportable and, to take the external characteristics first, I am walnut-coloured, green-eyed, lightly draped, am most often close to the throne, close to a stellium of extinguished suns. I am half-human, half-suffering, seriously flirting with the demigods or engrossed with the sea-salt, with the former Congo, with patching felt shoes, or quite simply taken up with being worshipped - by the elements, by the universe.

Goddess report VIII

I am now in the worldly realm, midway between the Middle Ages and the year three thousand, it is a fine age, I am of high rank, clad in leather, ritual, narrow-shouldered
have control over the armada and my leadership style is unlike the generals'; it is hesitating and vacillating. I take frequent breaks, open and close a red lacquered box fairly unmotivatedly, fumble with my keys, fumble with the main plan, rub away at a piece of light amber and allow myself to be distracted by the fact that Botticelli also bore himself stylishly, that he painted light exactly as it looked

when it wedged itself in an atrium in his home town or twined itself in Flora's flower-bedecked hair – this light which has anticipated my age, which is completely unchanging and I listen when the stories of the famous naval battles are told, of Atlas, of brute strength, of the time a grandchild's child ate up a whole plate of millet. I guard the instincts, gleaming flecks in the dark cosmos of the body, but everything in its own time, now I finally make a challenge, stand guard over us: Ratio, ratio and ratio! There are so many helpers, stonemasons, weavers and laser engineers, I gather them round me, hand out camp beds. Let us sleep under an open sky, let us celebrate midsummer together, let us be friends.

Goddess report IX

I roam the island looking for hares, beetles, birds and snakes.

I want to be their humble friend, but they keep away. I myself am compelled to keep both in motion and motionless. The animals interest me, but first and foremost I am interested in this modest island anchored in the sea.

It does not claim its right to a first place in the oceans, or a secure link to the mainland. It floats, lazy and elongated, dreaming that animals perceive time as endless and that that is why it keeps us above the water, and that neither now nor later does it intend to distinguish between for example the hares and me.

Poem I

I look at this cherry tree as if it was the last thing I would ever do

I look at it with all the gravity I can muster in the face of the possibility which is not so infinitesimally small, at a point in June when the leaves still glisten and the blossoms have budded into small green berries, the wind is from the south, there is sunlight, though not too sharp since it is covered by a layer of cloud, and I decide that this is not to be a scientific observation where leaf-nerves, species and refraction are to be in focus, or an investigation of to what extent cherry-tree bugs or insects from the gnawing of deer have attacked them, but it's not pure contemplation as I don't intend to release the object the moment it overwhelms me, which is what the cherry tree always does, even though I haven't told myself to look at it as if it was the last thing I was going to do, and the air is golden until the day in June turns unannounced into November and I don't regret it, do not try to stop the sudden change of season, even though this starts with biting rain in addition to the sea-wind, since this is also a fine time to look at the cherry tree, besides which I was born in November, the month in which the branches are bare – one great entangled declaration to us, i.e. me and my twin-soul, now we lead each other round the tree in the cold wind, two bodies, two souls, it crunches underfoot when we walk on the hill, which is covered with cherry stones and twigs, and my twin-soul insists on leading me round the tree as if it was a Christmas tree, she wants us to sing and dance and even finally lie down next to the trunk, close together – and the dark branches over us will begin to blaze out of love towards us, and the berries with their red flesh will swell in our mouths.

Poem II

I look at this face as if it was the last thing I would ever do
and now it is in a way serious, since she is in a coma
the bed she is lying in is a vessel pitching in high seas
I follow along like a small sleek dolphin
singing inaudibly as dolphins do at a high, high frequency
for she is still breathing, raspingly but regularly, both thumbs folded
over her palms, her nose starting to turn blue, her toes white, her eyes rolling
she is learning to make her own way, I'm not scared since I am a dolphin following closely, we're in our
right element now, the sea is so rough, the depths darkening beneath the depths and I will show them
to my twin-soul, but she has hidden herself away in the foliage to built a secure winter lair, I smile
indulgently, call her softly and she comes, reluctantly, apprehensively, with hazel leaves in her hair and
seaweed under her nails, I get her to sit and soon we are gliding together beside the ship and seen
from the outside it all seems quite inconspicuous, two twin-souls, one at each side of the bed in perfect
symmetry, along with the person dying.

Poem IV

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

I look at these numbers as if it was the last thing I would ever do
and they hold me in a refined contemplation, perfectly suited to this act
they look at me more than I do them, the dear familiar signs, the four, seven, three, eight oh, I remember
eight...

the memories are multiple and the numbers include me in their innermost accounts and they keep to
their grid, to their fixed sum, promise me I'll be included in some way or other, even after death, when
they continue to multiply or divide and I immediately want to tell my twin-soul this, but she is sitting
fingering her own abacus, is humming, not sparing herself, squandering thoughts, is both preoccupied
and calculating.

Poem V

I look at myself as if it was the last thing I would ever do
and I am just as predisposed now as when I was to look at for example the cherry tree and the numbers,
but this time I'm afraid it may be more complicated since my body calls for so much attention that I know
that despite its relative lightness it constitutes an extra dimension, huge and incalculable
my twin-soul has nothing to do with this, she stays discreetly in the background, so everything takes
place between me and my inner organs and my skin, which sensually winds round my body, unbroken,
fragrant, holding the rest in place, my intestines, smooth-tuned by herbs and boiled water, my flesh, soft
and sweet, and a tearaway of a soul that forages between vertex and solar plexus at a creditable rate.
I try to be both the mother and father of this system, also sizing myself up to act as both its benefactor
and spiritual head. This is by no means an insurmountable challenge, I can see that from the facial
expressions of my twin-soul. She stays appreciatively at arm's length, but has laid the warm palm of
her hand against my back so that I can lean back easily.

(From **The Paradise Effect**)

This is where I have got to, and I expect nothing

This is where I've got to, and I expect nothing

not happiness, not understanding eternity.

Only want to put out time and place's sinkers

breathe as long as is necessary

hold one formula after the other up to the light.

For the body has worn itself out again

is laden with grey matter, lime and gall

it floats on land and on water towards the world's borders and

hunger finally forces me to eat stars.

I eat them raw.

It is the seventh day, some still remain untouched in the firmament

a piece of Virgo and fortunately the whole Corona Borealis.

The consonants stand in their boxes, the numbers in their rows,

but all this is uncertain, electricity sparks along

the copper ways, in the magnesium pieces and the silver nodes and

we are stowaways.

I manage to stammer out: I love you.

The digested stars light up my stomach and parts of my pelvis.

I take you by the hand, cradle your head.

Are you blind, I ask, has death struck you blind?

I myself have almost been struck dumb from such travel.

At any time at all I can be seized by a sudden madness of infinity

At any time at all I can be seized by a sudden madness of infinity and

also be possessed by all the lives that until now have been lost.

Possessed by the fact I myself have survived, by the days that consume lovers,

by the incessant listening to the body's red interior.

I have gone mad, but am protected against the north wind and surrounded by warnings.

My knee-caps are full of silver and serum. A master of the night chants and a mummy

stands bending over me.

During the day her hair is covered by a cranberry-coloured scarf.

At night it hangs over my face while she watches over me, and it is now while I lie like a novice and try

out my future deathbed, it is now in the short while it takes before she lights a lamp and it gleams

in an inlaid stone she wears in her ear, that the warnings take shape.

It is here in the zone between childhood and god's kingdom that she gives a sign to the master of the

night and giver of life, and the room expands once more into a larger room where I shall wake up and

fall in love again, promise too much.

Breathless, without a sound

Breathless, without a sound but close to as if you were here right now, your words mingle with my own fumbling signs, with my breath that continues as if nothing had happened.

If only I could revel in the silk-time, gently torn from real time, the hardest one, the one on which laws must be founded, the one that keeps us so sharply separated.

Your handwriting is here even so, the letters resemble the joys and tribulations of earthly life without naming a single embrace, without mentioning a single bitter complaint. Only elves flee from sign to sign, from mouth to finger-grip, and between the lines torn time stands chaste.

Day and night I read between the lines and err between the points of the compass, but not all the rites or prayers of the world will be able to recreate this time of innocence that has escaped our poor control, our shattered calendar.

We believe it will have to stand like this for ever, motionlessly and incomprehensibly consecrated above us, but it must hold us in a grip even though we are separate.

For the truth is that it is in its own cycle, recurrent, gleaming, already marked with letters – and some time it will drift into a distant galactic trap and with the aid of the full force of our childlike hearts be slung back.

I pass through the ranks of the living and the random order of things

I pass through the ranks of the living and the random order of things.

First: egg, bulb, demarcation of wounds, the square root of large numbers, frequent retreats from the sting of death, tweezers, stainless steel, Viking ships and an eternal common babble.

Then that which calls for greater devotion: the absent beloved and the syllable above all syllables, the holy sound OM.

Then comes the going through of the third, fourth and fifth orders and I cannot, hand on heart, say that I am getting increasingly sharpened. On the contrary, I am relapsing into wishful thinking, into believing that the paradisiac place is less than a month's march away or that grief will not last more than seven days. I cannot manage on my own to hold phenomena apart and summon a collective memory that perhaps knows more about the annihilation of the dinosaurs or the number ten to the hundredth.

And memory seeks, for everything is scattered, lost through history, military coups, the battle of Issos in 333, the battle of the Vadimos lake, the slave war, the battle of the Teutoburger forest in year nine, the first Punic War, the battle of Tannenberg, the Rule of Terror in 1793 – everything has to be picked up again, examined piece by piece, the ruined coats of mail, the rent skin, the crushed bones and all the blood, where it came from and where it ran to, streams of blood sucked into the ground among the now almost untraceable atoms from the soldiers' childhood lives, for example the mother's milk trickling from the gaping mouths of the small boy children, alternately suckling and staring in devotion at their young mothers – those who were decorated with glass beads and gold clasps.

Perhaps going through the order of things can only be set in motion by special astronomic events or by as yet unknown testing methods or via the courage and extraordinary sensitivity of the trial subjects. For it is difficult to prove what it means to be alive for a while. It can apparently not be done even under

the most rigorously controlled conditions, and I must finally, with my usual scientific integrity state that there is a final number, but that it is scarcely in one's power – as a perfectly ordinary mortal – to conjure it up.

Clubs daggers broadswords

... CLUBS DAGGERS CUTLASSES PICKAXES REVOLVERS SULPHURIC ACID KNIVES AXES
HALBERDS CYANIDE BATONS SHEATH KNIVES SHOT CANNONS LANCES RIFLES RAPIERS
FLOATING MINES SABRES BAZOOKAS FOILS MACHINE GUNS ATOM BOMBS CARBINES
SICKLES POISON GAS MUSKETS TORPEDOES SCIMITARS CATAPULTS NAPALM
FLINTLOCKS HAND GRENADES AIR GUNS DDT MAGNETIC MINES MITRAILLEUSES TANKS
STEN GUNS LONGBOWS MINES BLUNDERBUSSES MAUSERS

...glottis, leather skin, lymph nodes, capillary loops, lumbar vertebrae, meniscus, synovial joints,
cerebellum, glia cells, adrenal cortex, Bowman's capsule, lunar bone, pupil, ureters, nasal septum,
occipital lobes, appendix, jugular arteries, cranial cavity, portal vein, Merkel's disc, hymen, wisdom
teeth, sublingual gland, Cremaster muscle, lachrymal, sinusoidal node, ilium lumbar muscle, iris,
eustachian tubes, anytenoid cartilage, mitral valve, cuneiform bone, pericardium, ball joint, rib cartilage,
parietal lobe, arteries, tailor muscle, inner anklebone...

MUSTARD GAS HARPOONS FUSES LAND MINES SLEDGEHAMMERS NEUTRON BOMBS
ARSENIC ARMOUR-PIERCING SHELLS GUILLOTINES DEPTH CHARGES HUNTING KNIVES
SHRAPNEL MACHETES FLAME THROWERS HYDROGEN BOMBS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
SALOON RIFLES CRUISE MISSILES NITRIC ACID CLUBS BAYONETS TANKS STILETTOS
BROADSWORDS SPEARS STICKS SLINGS LANCETS SCALPELS NERVE GAS CLUSTER
BOMBS ...

Every day there is someone to thank

Every day there is someone to thank. Today: the eastern yogis, the wise women, the innumerable charismatic people and learned Europeans. To begin with, I certainly thank them for initiation into the problem of the infinite, but rather unexpectedly I can be assailed by doubt and disquiet. That they advance the infinite as a fundamental reality makes me feel both worried and euphoric. And on account of the diversity within which infinity is defined and everything it seems to demand of me, untrained as I am at thinking, I feel a tightening of the jaw, the skull and the pineal gland. Yes, even of the coccyx, os sacrum, the holy nodular bone feels sore when I am overwhelmed by the universe, the earth's axis, the night of genesis, the primeval substance, the life principle, eternal life, the sexual urge, mental power, etc. Everything coils so closely around me, like Ourobouros, the world serpent, and I am forced out of the house and set about cutting down a rose bush. The branches scratch me, get entangled in my clothes and hair. The root stands firm, but I work away for a long time with my pole to loosen it. I can see from the white root system that it has grown and thickened while I have been living here, but the summers have whirled past, have become intangible. The maltreated root gives off ethereal oils whose scent already grows weaker as I stand there. Is it true that the flowers it has nourished have been haunted by generations of butterflies, the very insect of metamorphosis itself, that hundreds of nuthatches have landed here, that the sound of the wind, falling snow and the birds chirp have taken place at the same time as wars far away have raged incessantly, and that in its time of growth millions have shifted from human life to nuclear particles, yes, that some of those closest to me have done precisely that?

Will there be traces of them here in this freshly uncovered white pith?

Everything artfully pursues me, like the elves in the forest go after those lost in the forest, like the cycle of the emperor moth is followed by the cycle of the emperor moth. The theories of infinity have driven me out of the house, I have been scratched, am sweating, drink several litres of water and for that reason become less dehydrated and also see an end to the speculations, but it is perhaps only a temporary relief, a kind of mild deception.

I am exposed to threats

I am exposed to threats of excruciating emptiness
pressed up against a point of the compass, but
quickly break free, seek the forest floor where tormentil and moss grow
where I find everything I need to eat: sweet, sour, salt, sharp and bitter
find dashes of elf-blood on the stones, signs of battle, lovemaking
what has happened, I become so dizzy from these almost invisible conspiracies,
of the liberalism and the not-unexpected abundance
from standing and staring beneath the heavy pine trees
from feathers and daisies and medicinal plants
from intersecting persuasions and fairytales and the owls, towhoo
the owls that have begun to speak my language.

I am bereft of reason

I am bereft of reason, quite dark and not precisely begging to have the pain, the gift that no one else wants either, but it is given to me unasked, is wearing the heavy crown, carrying the unmistakable sceptre that gleams so incomprehensibly. The casket, full of sharp gems, is opened.

I am dealt stings, grazes and blows and the speckled train envelops me, touches my chin, my shins, root of my nose and skull and I lie down, for this is the pain, it comes with itself, is the gift of gifts, is sometimes clad in regalia, is sometimes stiff and staccato like a Prussian general, undeservedly decorated or

it comes undemanding, with a tunic on, wearing glasses and speaking simply like the Dalai Lama, but I do not understand anything even so, wriggle free

and the area between us is blocked off, all life is startled into flight and I follow a flight of birds with my eyes until I cannot see it any more, until the sky swallows it and my instincts cease.

I wallow in nightmares but do so quickly, like a winter bather, harden myself, loosen my tongue, speak pidgin in the twilight, forget my native language and allow myself to be dazzled by the mysteries of words, by the outer appearance of things

for it is still light, though the dark is approaching, the forgotten force, and I am alone although something else is always here, it is a spirit that captures language or the central nervous system or whatever other territory between us.

In writing I must have reversed the numbers

In writing I must have reversed the numbers and automatically and with a firm hand I have written 3002 instead of 2003. I simply take this as a sign that it will become true that we will be there together, on an April day a thousand years in the future.

I write April 3002. The magpies are kicking up a racket above trees and roofs. The colour of the new grass is ancient, but it lays its young pigment round us. It is just after the great revolutions. We have survived and learned so much, how we can be interconnected, for example. We still risk there being light-years between us, but the distances will be overcome in the space of seconds and with the aid of clarity of thought and purity of the heart.

To be on the safe side I am therefore already conjuring both my and your atoms into a new incarnation, for I do not want to miss these future connections, the magpies' riotous play under the enormous spring sky, that the world will still be bursting with life.

(From **Psi**)

Inheritance CCXCIV

Unsecured I

Towards Sagittarius, twenty-five thousand light years away, the young Pistol Star reels around its own detonated mass, a hundred and fifty times stronger than the sun, fully loaded, unsecured and out of the holster.

Not that I let myself be threatened, but lift my arms even so and place myself against a wall
volunteer my personal details

kingdom: animalia

series: chordata

order: primata

family: hominidae

lineage: homo

species: sapiens

habitat: terrestrial and

late in the series of evolution, with epithelia and spine and circulatory organs fully grown and of an
extraction partially unknown, partially Milanese, although I also admit to descent from chiton, turbellaria

and flukes, that I belong to a highly developed species, but that I am not yet able to love my neighbour, admit that even my most unselfish acts can be counted on one hand, something the pale sky above me has disapprovingly been a witness to and behind me the Pistol Star fires away in all directions while I press myself up against a wall, showing my face as if it was a cosmic mark, as if it would grant me free passage.

Inheritance CCCVII

Second metaphysical excursion

My comrades and I are holding up the world, athletically, hip to hip, cranium to thumb, navel to rib, pelvis to mouth, tooth to neck, mucous membrane to nail, tongue to tongue, forehead to sky – this sky again – from one direction there comes ethnic music, men and women are singing into old-fashioned microphones from a studio in the Balkans, it jars on an inexplicable wavelength, from another direction frost comes slobbering, I look around for some neutral witnesses, but there are none to be had and the sea outside is a single constant interference, I want to ask Mechthild von Magdeburg about something, but she of course does not answer, or says something in her unintelligible plattdeutsch from 1279, so I'll have to work it out for myself, look up, once again the sky seems to be quite treacherous, not unexpectedly it mirrors the unruly sea, I take out my small inspection mirror, still with its splendour from the days of glory in Murano and insert it between the projections, edges, scars here in the small section of the world clinic, full of

wound sites, try to put something together of scissors, sex, subject and septet, all gleaming, distinct elements and said quickly and in any order at all they call for action, keen action – or perhaps just to continue reliably holding up the world, shoulder to shoulder with my comrades, or how about leaving the whole thing to Atlas and the host of gods once more, for if we let go, other constructions are waiting behind the facades of the senses.

Inheritance CCCXXVI

Fifth metaphysical excursion

Time passes noisily above me, I stand underneath, half save, half in danger and have forgotten how I got from Almeria to Mojacar, have forgotten the time of day and individual circumstances concerning the journey.

Was it in August or May, was it in the morning or the afternoon, and who received me, if anyone did.

Did I eat a papaya or an orange in the sweltering bus.

Did I peel the fruit with the attention and care it deserved.

Was there some pith there, between the peel and the flesh that I neglected – a white or waxlike membrane, immediately exposed to the greedy Mediterranean light, to inevitable oxidation?

Was there a little invalid boy there, at the front of the bus, along with his relative?

And if any shipwreck dramatically took place off the rugged coast right then because I passed, no,

not on account of me, but despite my secretiveness, my need of meaning, my eternal circumpolar ego, was it not as if stars and satellites would follow me with their controlling gaze, as if the coast would hold me out against the horizon and show me to a death struggle where none of those drowning would have any future memory of me – or, I am mistaken;

death is holding out continent upon continent for all those drowning, just like dry land would hold a traveller or survivor out towards the sea, towards the unfathomable amounts of water that have children and women and sailors and sunken cities on their conscience. Conscience?

I bite my tongue, dissatisfied with my choice of word, am already sharpened, am already abandoned to a focal point of forgetting there, in the shelter of the bus, without air conditioning but servo-controlled, that passes the plantations with tomatoes and avocados and all sorts of crops as if I were a moving focus, as if I was the gaze of a shaman instead of my own strange introverted one, and why else am I so desirous of people; the little invalid with a piercing voice, the farmers out there on the green plateaus, a wife's complaint and quick, loud account of the absolutely basic *casa, muerte, amor*, her fellow-travellers listening with only half an ear, he takes no notice of her fiery gestures, he is looking at my light skin, but I am already lost to this moment, to the world, for ever.

I burst into tears, unintentionally, but also to ensure that via this unsuitable reaction I will one day feature, far away and in ghostlike fashion, in someone's confused memory.

I am fixing my karma

I am fixing my karma, travelling around Europe exchanging words for reality – a little salted butter for some T-rays or gamma rays or radio waves and I'm standing in a barter economy, in the radiance – half self-sufficient, half beggar, and dry land and ocean spread out distinctly and dispassionately from me and everything seems to be independent of my existence; pitching ships loaded with iron and turbines, oil installations, erosion of coral reefs and the awe-inspiring life of the moray eels, and I do not take it personally that the sea growls and sends me packing over the Baltic with *M/S Georg Ots* or that there is singing on board, of summer nights on Saarimaa and the girl with flaxen hair and her Karelian cousin, the song sets everything in motion: the accordionists, the dancers, the ship that bears the singer's name and the song is about some notorious lovers in another century, they have long since been fused onto sepia-brown paper where a crossfire from the bridegroom's brain sent a splinter into his left eye, an evening prayer to his right and in her gaze no childbed fever, cold and hunger are depicted but whole consummations, like the inside of glistening seeds and in her arms she holds the largest garden flowers cultivated in the region, they grew and grew under the sun, but I have no possibility of keeping the past at arm's length or the moment intact for the vessel is making good speed and to the east an extended forest-clad island is in sight, to the west the unbridled oceans are raging and the ship lingers long by the coast, I see a single house in the forest, it joins me like the island to the sea, like the sea to the ship, like the ship to its destination, like the captain to his instruments, like the town ahead to the cobbles and arches and the earth is not flat, but I do not heave a sigh of relief for that because it curves around me,

squeezes me between a rusty container port and St Nicolas' Church, mashes out of me
my last coins and a partial vacuum spreads me among people and pastures but the words gather
me up, put me together, they gleam like mica or genuine money and I give them away
again, almost for free, for it is economic theory and quantum mechanics that will finally
explain me and pay me back to world circulation.

Inheritance CCCXXIX

Third loneliness trial

I let go while the years rock and the stars fall and the sweet pea seeds first sprout then flower
and wither from petal to dust and remain lying between the pages of edifying books: Søren
Kierkegaard's *Works of Love* and Werner Spalteholz's *Hand Atlas of Human Anatomy* – pale
bookmarks between the living and the dead

and a single two-stroke engine continues to gently chug through the summer or is it Mendel's
laws of succession that carry us deep into a future that shapes itself partly according to us and partly
as

it sees fit and I cannot prevent more time from surging in and burying us
as we are once more drinking from the same bowl and you are gone for good while I appear to be
alive, break off a piece of time as if nothing had happened, hold it between
my hands for a moment before suddenly losing it deep down a world cleft, but

I am already sure that it is not lost for ever

I am already sure that archaeologists or moles will protect it.

Field studies II

The seaward approach calm and without engines across green lakes with mountains that descend into the water and Jalapeño birds in flight over them – how can I explain this: every morning to get a new watermark when arriving at field I from field II, these areas not so dissimilar, but often this journeying between them describes some strange distances along the dark mountains, beneath the hunting birds and in this demotorised sailing trip from the particular exactness of sleep, an ecstasy that can only be measured in its own ecstasy and in the firm admission of the sin of the waking world and in the great initiations that have to be counted on every night – all this in the greatest intimacy and exactitude along with some outburst or other from animals or humans in distress or joy, the scraping of claws against an underlying surface, water in motion, the rattling of strange ceremonies and customs, the war in progress, the almost soundless cardinal fish, the whoosh of the closest fixed stars.

What can I say about this simultaneity that blends with the sharp cries from the hunting Jalapeño birds?

A moment of absolute pitch is unexpectedly granted me and naturally I seize the opportunity, identify the note precisely in the transition between field I and field II and say:

‘That is a C sharp.’

To Xena, my descendant

Glands and stars seem not to be synchronised, for the years stumble after each other or fall into a coma and I fear that we have not lived and that nothing has happened, that what we hold up between before and now, no matter how visible and tangible, will not lead to that an unexpected but simple solution will wind both itself and us out of chaos and into a gleaming meantime

but these are insignificant remarks, for you are to take over the future, an unharmed survivor, you are to bear my genes and for the time being I call you simply Xena after the newly discovered heavenly body close to Pluto, the outermost planet which after the discussions of The International Astronomical Union can come to lose its status and be banished to the Kuyper Belt – perhaps precisely on account of Xena, methane-beautiful and named after a warrior princess, but it is certain that Pluto will continue to transmit its diffuse light towards your iris and perhaps it is particularly the gaze, along with the ears or the form of the cranium that will be the only recognisable feature left after so many generations, but you will probably not even know what the weight of a past is, for the fifth, sixth and seventh dimension will probably have been taken care of by then, and whether you know or not, you are to bear my genes, be an ambassador or vagrant in the new world

all this I am familiar with, *you* I am already familiar with.

Inheritance CCCXXXIII

psi = x (Ψ +10¹⁰⁰)

Give me a P! Preferably Pluto with its moons of night and underworld, Charon, Nix and Hydra, and if everything goes according to plan, the New Horizon probe, which will arrive on a peaceful mission in 2015.

Give me an S! The Sombrero galaxy decorated with infrared light.

Give me an I! Isis and Osiris, Inanna and Dumuzi

Give me anything at all – preferably seeds that have survived the winter in astronomical numbers and that precisely now are turning in the soil while I am appointed to live on, in a cosmological golden age, surrounded by everything and

I subscribe to the three known dimensions, but am constantly chasing new formulas, sometimes with the inspection mirror held up high, at other times it lies forgotten in a deep-sea cleft and gleams blackly for an eternity, and even though time occasionally haunts me clad in a train of Goya's winged monsters or quite simply passes by, loaded down with medals meant for the murky heads of state of this world, I normally seer it into a newly established colony or let it roam around among its own four-dimensional hiding places and

another field – this one; close, as we have always believed, but now it presents itself just as effortlessly as a sunrise, attracted by the hissing of its own name

psi = the fifth dimension where everything is allied and never gets lost

psi = the subatom – powerful and reserved at one and the same time

psi = Ψ , the 23rd letter in the Greek alphabet

psi = the wave that causes the sky and the earth voluntarily to change places

So? We all know this and always have.

May it just take over us and change us, may it just be of use to us.

Works of Love IV

Struck once more by a rare high-frequency sound, inaudible as if from dog whistles or just inaudible with

a distinct aura, as if from a strange sound faculty that splinters all known megahertz and spreads out that also the innermost archives, also that which world history does not mention exists in a distant pulsar or in an overgrown sector somewhere, in some walls and

everything sinks and rises at the same time, keeps the visible in check, keeps the inexhaustibility of the invisible possible right in the world and a sudden agreement between us to inherit each other alive, to mix luminous cells now, steel and unknown goods from the holy future do not only apply to us two among other lovers – no, everything is included: stones and plants and animals stand in the same testamentary guild, also those who have been disinherited, whether they know it or not, whether they want it or not, and

we are to inherit each other, not on account of a sudden, rare high-frequency sound, not as a result of the doubtful mandate of this poem, but to inherit each other in reality, in a truly revolutionary and romantic act that admittedly may appear ridiculous on a sober day as this – but we know better.