

Frau im Erde

little scene of hunger
where it digs and digs into the fortress of myself
I shouldn't have come down with this headache so early
this nausea
the words it doesn't say
are going to come gnaw at my ear
behind glass panes the milky way can now be seen clearly
where will I get the lightning bolt
the luminescence I've given you to drink in darkness
where will you go so early
along the icy street where I don't recognize you

little scene of fervor
where your body is the garden of metamorphoses of being
your body is my home

little scene of folly
where it's too soon to decide on appearances
but I won't settle
my tongue draws you from memory
its heart shivers in the forest circled by hyenas