

Boom Boom

The German word for “translate” also means to cross a body of water. My cigarette, slowly burning out, draws a line between notches in the ashtray, it builds a bridge over the dry valley. We take pleasure in building these connections, even just in watching them. Spiders connect the dots to catch food. At times our prey was the light, a dress, or a bed.

While the sun was rising, I saw a transparent shirt. It was light blue, only the buttons were mother-of-pearl. I wanted to have it as a twisted memory. Had keeping oneself and all things transparent still been a matter of good form, now they’re passing behind a veil. It’s like moving through an unfamiliar house with surprise corridors that are constantly opening up. Worked up and worn out, and I’m grazed by an urge to get out of the house. No, not yet—I’m still too curious to think about where the exit is.

10 Hans-Christian Dany

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Gap
Ohne Titel (Abschied)