

THE VERBS BETWEEN THE WORDS

From below, asymmetrical, from the floor and the sloping roof, from the balcony door (the chink between the door and the frame), from inside the cupboard – not into! – the cupboard when you open the door (but then still too small – young, too young! – to find it), in the glass walls of the balcony (very high up, you don't see them even when you look up), [they, it does not meet your – gaze] in the façade of the building behind the one just being built, in shops and banks, oddly in the middle of a container, it could be a model of a building that is hanging on a crane and being moved, – [they are already built-in there, in the wall] – in the roof of the building a little beyond the guys hanging around by their cars, the American guys, the cars, in the palace, [the process] they are there in the cables [which lead back to where?], into the roof and a man's back at the discussion in the conference room, into the breast and the jugular fossa* (*the hole, the abyss) of – the scientist?, [who is just *taking out* the card we are to draw out, to push in, to use rashly and it is built-in there, already there, the mapping out], in the bodies of the mourners along the street, what are they mourning?, what they are supposed to be mourning, in the veranda door and the man's chest on the veranda, in the grand piano lid inside the building itself or another building, all building, in the waves outside the cavern's mouth, in the middle of the opened door fissure* (* the gap, the aperture, the crack, the chasm, the fracture), in the façade (similar to a silo, but it is clearly not a silo, it is clearly a *hotel* that the young man is carrying his surfboard away from unwittingly), (if he only knew!), over Kurt Vonnegut's head half hidden in the foliage, in the painting on the wall [who is wondering who is interested] [THE STATE is there in the painting], in the crowd of people on the platform (*who* is taking the train? *Where to?* what *for?*) yes, suddenly it is there: the gaze. Does it look straight through you? Or does it see through you? Or does it see through you? But over her head. As though knowing or suspecting nothing. Maybe suspecting? and amid the mess it only registers, absent-mindedly, mildly wondering, who's going to pay for all this? Is there anything to rely on, anything to be happy about, carefree, on this earth, the burnt ~~earth~~, controlled, who means well? which block came first – the city's or the churchyard's, there is something hysterical about [behind, under] the calm, everyday activities you engage in without reflection, no one is evil IT is evil, and someone knows it, and does not let on, and ~~sees~~ rings up (*why* are they ringing me?) [what do they want?], an unhappy house, a worried wrinkle, at the same time, dreaming *why* are they ringing *me*, and talking about

telephones?) and never really **THERE** where it is needed. Bow to the audience when you have done something beautiful there is still someone behind the curtains, who holds the gear, who peers dead, only god sees you and you, you look upwards full of hope.

And even when you believe you are the one who knows what's going on.

What could be more insidious?

Will you die now? You are going to market.

no sometimes we are afraid that there is no human being only calculating mapping out and no heart, we look in one direction, really *searching*, but should have checked in the other, in the last one [the coffin], someone is weeping clear-sightedly while man is half-blind, always this half-blindness!, is nature with us or against us **THE STATE** is in the grass in the flowers and the branches, in the milk that we drink and the cars we drive, it is in the toothpaste I choose and the electric current *in my own* computer and thick-flat tv and radio home help and poisons even though it cleans up and asphyxiates and no one knows, one never knows

Nature is clearly against us, it is damnably reticent, the fields just lie there and brood, they are in cahoots, something is happening behind the authorities' closed doors, nature claims not to make any demands other than to be allowed to exist, and it is there that the ownership, the proprietorship should stop, **THE STATE** should not get to own nature, otherwise what is this freedom that we talk about? what is this hopelessness, what is this bad attitude coupled with resolve you have? explain, **men**, do not let your gaze waver and be fixed on the ground, whose freedom, whose city and trees and houses, do not roam, do not go away across the fields

men

there was hope once and the will, what shall we do, what we call the right thing, you believe you are alone in your decisions, your choices but someone is safeguarding their capital

Journeys and alcohol. Alcohol and journeys. All airlines and there was gin, whisky and smokes in everyone's gobs and the stewardesses were all trained in housekeeping and there was tobacco and technology. There was a time when there was time. To think about something else.

and capital safeguards nouns and verbs