

XLTHLX

there is a spoon between the zinc rocks  
the girl wears gloves  
covered with fish scales  
caresses poles  
bamboo reeds

it is a quick snake  
that climbs the poles  
pivoting on knots  
arms and knees snapping

the girl floats between earth and moon  
twists between jellyfish and crustaceans  
seaweed, braids, socks  
sea dawns and other sunsets

chews tender corals  
nails full of diatoms

from the breasts of the captain's wife  
the sounds of the night harp gush forth  
smooth the eardrums of the deaf cousin  
hearing without knowing he hears

the fingers on the strings  
mix water and air  
the laws of attraction  
a thousand and more become  
the forces of gravity

fire hair, I said  
fire equals hair

gray, she told me,  
extinguishes the desire to be  
other than gray  
for this >beyond<  
to the gray dwells the beauty

and the signs, he told me again  
indentations in space  
holes, stains,  
simple tricks

"I am a metallic type  
rather colloidal  
I married an alga, one of the first ones  
Then I was never heard from again."

Every shiny fish is afloat

is afloat  
every dark fish is at the bottom  
at the bottom

the girl has thin braids  
like long ringed seaweed  
catching in flight  
crustaceans and small fish  
escaped from the water  
seems to dance

we went to collect milk  
with a spoon and a tub  
as a kind of cottage cheese  
that foamed for us from the moon

saffron jellyfish  
shake palm and banana leaves  
the boats have cork keels  
the boats to collect the milk  
the moony white cream

rowing in the mercury-colored water  
the violet creatures are no longer known  
if they swim or fly if they are alive  
the ladder has spiked edges  
because of a crust of stamped scales

when it was new  
the moon  
rolled across the sky  
like an umbrella nudged by the wind

the truth of life  
in all its richness  
beyond the institutional necrosis  
is in the interest of all people  
living and coming

in the bottom of the girl's eyes  
lived the writer  
crouching like a shell  
in the mirror palace of the retinas  
without shores or boundaries  
he loved her in silence and in word

the sister lived happily  
in the silence that reigns  
beyond any vibration  
for this she always fled

there where you looked

already swirled fiery globes  
with long beards of gold and turquoise  
like comet stars with their tails