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Gradually translated by Stuart Friebert

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GRADUALLY

Gradually the pictures disappear and rheumatic hands
lay hold of whatever they still can.
This place has been snapped to death and nothing shines
over the details anymore. What's the point in distinguishing?
I read something or other: half a page long or as far
as I get, arrive at zero, a slot machine
that's quiet now, or something like a craze
that's been hushed. All I still feel
is the pressure of shoes on my feet.
That's acceptable, I think, and realize: desire
comes from the brain and not
from a body that fits you badly, just happens
to stand straight as a candle or leans over a table.
There are still some of us who understand that:
life's off somewhere and we just smile like a wind-up doll
and think to ourselves: the others know this too.
An insect's appetite for the unknown
is poison for the metabolic system. And there's burning
in our eyes that try to follow
our own transparent fingers spreading into the air.

*translated by
Stuart Friebert*