Gradually translated by Stuart Friebert

Karl Krolow
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