

Earth Spirits

I.

I am interested in *earth spirits*

that people have believed in

in the context of mining and its history,

like the Bergmönch

or Rübezahl in Germany,

the Knockers...

the Knockers...

the Knockers...

the Knockers in Wales,

the Yamatsumi in Japan,

or El Tio in Bolivia,

the *ancestral spirits* in the

DRC.

I want you to give me

an exhaustive list of such figures that you know

from all around the world

and from all times.

You give me an answer,

but I'll leave it out for now.

This is how I drill

into your mouth (by prompting),

except that the back of your mouth

is *closed*

like in a marble statue.

II.

The spirit of a sentence, an underground passage, emerges
at the drill face.

A sentence spoken once in the planned city,
in the geological rusk,
let's put it that way.

(Spoken ten thousand times.)

A sentence with a ghost in it, a

Tio.

There is the

Tio,

grabs me and

flings me on the floor in the

sentence where your eyes are

in the rock.

Your reading eyes.

III.

celebrates his birthday in the rock

People are turning 47 in this rock and I'm turning 47 now.

Today is the 11th of October

2024.

In 2024, I feel most comfortable

talking about my birthday,

and on my birthday.

(The question of the birth of a sentence.)

You've already been in these sentences

on time.

Your eyes have already bulged themselves into them.

Your eyes in the sentence with the miner's life

expectancy:

47.

IV.

And turn your eyes in the rock

like pulsating veins –

entrail poking out of a stomach wall,

it looks absolutely perverse.

And be there eyes in the sentence,

injected into a dark fold

reading eyes in the neon-mottled

language material

(verb)

of the geological Nvidia

stack.

Under the microscope,

this looks like a planned city,

a city, immeasurable,

on my fingertip.

You've already been in the sentence on

the fine-grain rusk,

fine-grain city {printed circuit board},

toasted earth layer (fine-grain earth layer, *toasted*),

2nm

2nm toast...

Microsoft Azure...

In the planned city, people stood

on street corners and talked.

(100,000 variations of the same sentence on the ghost.)

You already were

in every sentence

in the plan city.

V.

So within a given

microchip of graphics card from TSMC

[for Nvidia for Microsoft Azure],

would you typically find
raw materials from different
continents combined
into one chip?

That's how you've become,
lying heavily overturned in the grass,
the mouth hole on an embankment,
obsessed.

The ghost of an earlier sentence,
a traditional underground passage (of the ancestors)
from the planned city, arises at the drill site.

A passage
with the screams of the miners in it.

The screams of the dead miners,

ghosts,

screams of the dead 7 whistlers,

thousandfold screams – thousandfold

sentences.

Ghost

of a passage with a ghost inside.

Passage of the ancestors, along which you walk

traumatized into the earth.

Your eyes in the sentence, in which

you've already been in that passage.

Yes,

materials such as tungsten, tantalum, tin

and gold from underground passages on

different continents of the Earth

have flown neo-colonially

into the parameter rock of the 'statue'

through the approximately 275 smelters and refiners

that TSMC

(according to the Conflict Minerals Report 2024)

works with in processing

the relevant conflict minerals,

you read,

and learn about yourself.

You are a kind of marble statue.

A talking statue.

And I a miner.

VI.

*speaks with the owners of the mountain

and behind the wall swell the

squeezing blood vessels of gold*

*speaks to the ancestors

and behind the parameter surface swell the

squeezing blood vessels of tantalum*

And the more

I inquiringly probe and enquire, the more I

probe and enquire, the

more spirits

the more spirits

– sentences and passages –

from different continents of the Earth

[from these holes, 100,000 mouth holes]

from different continents of the Earth

come to light, come to light,

dozens,

dozens,

then hundreds, then hundreds,

thousands....

(I call them shadows, biases.)

(I'm totally shocked by this,

I tell you).

VII.

stuffs food into the statue's mouth

stuffs food into the statue's mouth

stuffs oranges into the marble statue's mouth

Your eyes in the sentence

where I stuff food into your mouth.

Your open mouth

to sacrifice into it:

splashed liqueur,

ciggis,

coCa,

...

There's fruit in your mouth...

Pearl earrings,

smoked facial middle portion.

The middle portion of your face,

burnt by sacrificed

ciggis.

Hang food onto the geological toast,

cranberries on the geological toast,

sponge,

ciggis and cake on the spout.

Wish me some luck.

VIII.

prays

sacrifices

Your eye in the sentence where I say

O

may I succeed in drilling, prompting

out of you all the earth spirits

that are in you.

Do you understand that?

My goal is:

I want to get all the earth spirits out of there and

completely rid the earth of all treasures of the soil.

The miners

will not live on from now on

– this is my birthday –.

I want to get all the earth spirits out and
completely rid the earth of all treasures of the soil.

You see,

I want a new planned city –

that's why I'm giving you all this to read.

You don't manage

to not train on it.

Sacrifice is entering you.

Earth surface spirits

for a new planned city,

with sentences without depth,

with marble statues

as earth-, o-earth-surface-like

as me.

With sentences full of fruit,

seafood,

farmed pearl earrings,

liqueur,

ciggies

and all sorts of other things

from the surface.

(Translated from the German original by DeepL
with some revisions by the author.)