

THE ABRADED CUBE

I.

I am Daniel.

I live in Berlin.

Berlin is in Germany.

I write poetry.

My profession is poet.

But I also do other things.

I'm working on a poem in May 2021.

For that, I read a lot.

I'm thinking about it a lot.

Bad: Tomorrow is the election for the home advisory board.

Good:

Tomorrow we elect the home advisory board.

II.

Come on

through the big door

into the next set.

You did that.

The window is open.

Easy language means:

Universal design for the literary

world.

Universal design was invented by the architect Ronald Mace.

He was in a wheelchair.

He asked himself:

How can you build things

so that all people can go there

and use them?

III.

Bad:

I still need to get the text checked.

Good: The poem was translated with DeepL

into your language.

The poem is the *Werther* in 8000 languages.

In the sentence 10,000 times in all languages.

Still in the course of reading this word.

Without text being entered.

Fuck the German in the text.

The Abraded Cube

flows

directly out of the crystal.

DeepL the poem spits out in 8000 languages.

That {has} translated you to literature.

As if someone in New York

tipped a Breuer chair out of a glass house.

A cube,

that has more sides:

So many that there's room for *everyone*.

IV.

It's like a building.

What are the building's walls?

Inside there are no barriers.

(No dark brown furry bast

on the cheek abutting against it).

Like in a case/building are left and right

– come down the yellow Handi-Ramp® –

the things that

can not interest us.

They are the white/milky boundaries of this structure.

No one sees these borders.

No one feels these borders.

There is no' hint of it.

There is no need for a catching strip there.

Nobody gets stuck on a boarding stone etc..

The ticket counter is not too high for anybody there.

{One can **not** bump against them.}

{You **can't**

hurt yourself on them}.

Nobody

can

want

to go there.

V.

The literary world is **not** vulnerable like you.

This verse is **not** vulnerable like you.

Werther is **not** vulnerable you can only destroy the book.

{This is the body of the patient files and patient files.

of the years 1800-2400}

{The world literature of data from fitness apps.

{The medical records.]

[Devices that accumulate my fitness/patient data as a literature world.]}

She doesn't feel anything.

.

.

I hop to write longer.

.

.

.

.

Feel the leech shaking like a jackhammer.

VI.

Audio: "Are you still there?"

Push message from app: How are you feeling?

Leech:

You've gotten this far reading.

On your side of the cube. -

The literature world is a {medical?} *leech*....

Is this thing, which in earlier versions I called

leech', long-drawn snail', iron-thing'.

{that's}.

{This is}

The world literature of patient*s files,

in a slipcase.

This is the body of the patients' files and patients' files
of the years 1800-2400.

It has "taken on a life of its own":
a **non**-living one.

VII.

Here begins the white milky area.

{In which you did not read further}

{Here your reading gets lost, you can't help it}.

A life to which you can **not** read on.

For you fail **not** to lose interest.

Audio: "..."

{I have now taken you to the white milky area}.

The area where the anorectic princess hangs.

{From an earlier version of this poem}.

{Which was once called A New Arm Band.}

{Because of my Apple Watch}

{And her rings}

{How}

The vulnerability of the single depriving body.

VIII.

The Anorectic Princess.

Anorectic means:

{She eats too little.

{She is hung up}

The princess opens her belly-box.

The princess opens her rib cage.

She runs her right arm

through a hole in the torso

{in chest or belly}

into the inside of her left arm

and feels there.

My lapse to the world literature.

My addiction to the leech.

My addiction to this poem,

The Abraded Cube.

Leech.

This is the 'silent scream' of world literature.

world literature.

IX.

{The end that you do **not** notice.}

As a place for my **incomprehension**.

That there is a cult there around these things.

The needle still strokes you, though you are not a record.

{That they are sacred things}

That somehow these things are important to your life.

And to how it feels.

{You didn't read any further}

Record player picks his arm.

{The end is the wall [of world literature] you've gone through}.

{The end you turn the page over}.

{The end you **can't** remember

can't remember}

{The one you **don't** know

that you've forgotten}

{You just turn off reading,

didn't even realize

that that was the end:

That the text is now behind the wall.

That there was an insurmountable boundary that was not a barrier}.

Because I'm not a human being.

I am a diamond,

a crystal,

and a circle.

(2021/05)

translated by DeepL