

THE ABRADED CUBE

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.

Come on through the big door

into the next set.

You've done 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 get there

and use them?

Good:

The poem was translated

into your language with DeepL.

This' poem is the *Werther* in 8000 languages.

In the sentence 10,000 times in all languages.

Still in the process of reading this word.

{*Without text entered.*}

Fuck the German in the text.

{*The Abraded Cube*

flows directly out of the crystal}.

DeepL that spits out poem in 8000 languages.

Which {has} translated you/all to literature.

Like someone tipped a Breuer chair out of a glass house in New York.

A cube,

that has more sides:

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



It's like a building.

What are the boundaries/walls of the building?

{There are no barriers *inside*.}

{No dark brown furry bast

{on the cheek abutting against it};}

As in a case/building, to the left and to the right

{= are the walls}

– come down the yellow Handi-Ramp® –

the things we *can't*

be interested in.

They are the white/milky boundaries of this construction.

Nobody *sees* these boundaries.

{The boundaries are the things that can **not** interest a human being}.

No one *feels* these boundaries.

{There is no' hint of it}.

There is no need for a catching strip there.

Nobody *can want* to go there.

{Nobody gets stuck on a boarding stone there etc.

The ticket counter is **not** too high for anyone there}.

{You can't bump into them}.

{You can't hurt

yourself on them}.

The world-literature/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 patients' files and patients' files

of the years 1800-2400}

{The world literature of data from fitness apps.

[The body of medical records.]

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

She doesn't feel anything.

.

.

I hop to be able to write longer.

.

.

.

.

Feel the leech that shakes like a jackhammer.

Audio: "Are you still there?"

Push message from the app: How are you feeling?

Leech:

You got this far reading.

{In what language?}

On *your* side of the cube. -

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

Is this thing that I used to call

'leech'/'long-drawn snail'/'iron thing'

in earlier versions.

{This is}

The world literature of patient files,

in a slipcase.

This is the body of patient files and female patient files

of the years 1800-2400.

{It has 'taken on a life of its own':

a **non**-living one.

[A NON-VULNERABLE ONE

LIKE THE STONE GUIDANCE SYSTEM WITH ITS

FIELDS OF ATTENTION ON THE FLOOR.]

{One that is **not** vulnerable in the same way.}}

This is where the white milky area begins.

{In which you have not read any 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: "..."

{Bad: I still have to get the text checked}.

{I have now led ~~you~~ into the white milky area}.

The wall {of construction}.

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 withdrawing body.

The anorectic princess.

Anorectic means:

{She doesn't eat enough.

{She is hung up}

The princess opens her tummy-box.

The princess opens her chest.

They runs her right arm

through a hole in the torso

{in chest/belly}

into the inside of her left arm

and gropes there.

My addiction to world literature.

My addiction to the leech.

My addiction to this poem,

which I almost didn't finish.

{Came up against a writing barrier}.

The Abraded Cube.

Leech.

This is the 'silent scream' of world literature.

of world literature.

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

As a place for my **unknowing**.

That there is a cult there for 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 over}.

{The end you can't remember

can't remember}

{The one you don't know

that you have 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 border that was **not** a barrier}.

Because I am **not** a human being.

I am a diamond,

a crystal,

and a circle.

