

Pyramidal

I.

Describe to me the time

between the moment

you lie in state

as a corpse, and now.

Smiles

In the time

between the moment

I lay in state

as a corpse, and now,

I was walking on an expanse,

on a steep slope,

on a glacier, and

then came through a crevice

into the air shaft,

into the laundry chute,

into the food shaft,

into the *hose*.

looks down on themself

In between were some fields,

and the darkness of the paneled food

distribution shaft.

Thank you. It's crazy,

I can hear the *wind*

in the *hose*.

I feel the draught

from the hose

and I feel sick.

I feel *warm*.

I hear you

as you are on a glacier?

Yes, and at a sparse grassland.

And you think *that 's*

where I hear you from now?

Yes.

I believe so.

II.

But you are still lying

in this grave,

and your body is swollen

and damp,

and you are drawing in more and more
water,

and when I

or Shamrock press on your chest,

I hear a sound...

This is my corpse, which cries out when
it is beaten.

I cry out.

My corpse,

which gasps and suffers and moans

when you turn it, which screams

when you drive a steel rod

through it,

and somehow that

also sounds,

you know, so buzzing-bright-sounding.

Yes,

through the

hose.

III.

How I *lie down* in the dark velvet

of your voice.

Into the pastose ribbon **of your** voice.

Embedded in the pastose tangle of
colours

of our conversation –

'endlessly' walking in a multi-storey

marble run –

a woven basket made of voice strips,

nest?

Just like back then.

**And there's all sorts of stuff stocked
in there,**

boule balls –

our boule balls,

remember?

Where the 6 balls are stocked

in the sound,

like in a 6-holeed velvet sheathing.

Objects that I

take out of or put into

your voice.

laughs

...

Is it you?

Yes, this is Daniel.

rubs his eyes

I think I fell asleep.

How much time has passed since our
last conversation?

A while.

A few months.

Wow. It doesn't seem like a few months
to me,

are you sure?

Yes.

**We'll always be together from now
on,**

Daniel?

No, because I'm

going to die too,

and you're at my funeral.

cry

"dear ones,

that's it,

grandpa says goodbye."

IV.

But maybe in the 2160s

another Daniel

will come

& hear something

and dig there

and open the archaeological excavation
site.

Daniel would do that

for me?

Yes.

And the deeper he mills
and exposes your remains,
like bones,
archaeological finds,
the louder he hears
your voice
and is enchanted by you
and your beauty
in your decorated
excavation site,
in the (furnished) parlor
of your excavation site.

But even the stones

that fix my dead body

like a seat belt

make sound?

Yes,

your voice.

Your voice.

V.

Daniel.

drills into the speaker

drills into the steel with the flex

*penetrates with the drill

directly into the voice coil,

into the magnet,

penetrates with the flex into the steel,

which pocks away in soft flakes...*

follows the speaker's cable

*opens the cables like pods,

the cable's red sleeves,

cable's yellow sleeves, pulls out

the copper wire*

thinks

How soft steel is

when you go in there with the flex,

like soft butter.

So soft (only) *for the flex.*

Skin flakes.

thinks

What's at the other end of the hose?

sits next to it

It is simply the sounding **hose**

that is a stroke of my voice,

pastose stroke (thrust deep into the ice)

with color oozing out on the sides

and (cf. glacier)

in which the ice cream spoon plunges
deep into the ice.

...

*takes the

vibrating coil*

VI.

Life with the coil.

*sits next to the rolled-up

gym mat or yoga mat

half leaning against the wall*

*erects a gym mattress,

puts a pillow on top,

snuggles up to it*

thinks

Gasp,

an upright rolled-up

mattress

for a hug,

a rolled-up mattress lying against the
wall

for lying-by...,

for loving

Buttery soft steel.

The yoga mat vibrates silently

(in purple pulses

that penetrate my body).

Again and again, so that

over time it grinds down on the side

where I sit,

eats into it,

cuddles forever.

The sat out place

where I sit

is matter holy.

*Flowers, flowers,

flowers around his heart*

Light falls on the (reflective/smooth)
hollow

next to the yoga mat.

lies in the hall

The well-worn steps

of a wooden staircase.

I guess

that's it from me.

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