

### what is wrong with society

some people are heroes  
some people are theroes  
but most people are neither  
heroes nor theroes

### syllogistic explanation of existence

i think therefore i am  
said ian: ian am i i think  
this is too thick said nick

(very well then:)  
in the deep  
i sleep  
therefore i'm a sheep

### three men in a tub

three men in a tub:  
aye! there's the rub -  
three men in a sub  
an owl and a shrub -  
oh help what garbage!  
as i am hamlet prince of denmark; fair  
ophelia; i will not hesitate to doubt the stars  
are fire; for they are nothing like the sun!  
hey diddle-diddle! the cat and the fiddle - &  
i jumped over the moon! (of my country  
and of my family i have little to say.)

### the bells: a poe/m

the bells ring bim bam bell ding!  
the bells the bells the bells  
& annabell lee too & her belly  
so today i'm tired of rhythm,  
of meter and rhyme,  
cause it's just too hard to find a rhyme  
for "rhythm"  
and a rhythm for rhyme,  
it takes to much time  
of mine;  
it's after nine;  
& i feel like slime.  
so i'll write a song in free verse:  
how daring! how coarse!  
but of course, said i, but very modern  
indeed.  
(& whatever i do, i'll always sound like  
dr seuss, even if i scramble my lines  
& get rid of my rhymes)  
so this is a highly idiosyncratic song -  
who's whitman, who cummings -  
here am i, roasting phrases alive;  
sucking the marrow from language's bones;  
this is rather a beastly behavior for a  
scientist  
but of course scio nescio as socrates said  
before he was dead  
(my hemlock is life itself)  
and all education inflames; i burn  
& know too much and too little -  
who am i, anyway?  
and here, at this point,  
a rhyme comes down the road;  
cause time is out of joint,  
and hamlet's a fat toad  
(& that he couldn't set it right  
was because he wasn't all to bright)  
let's go on - as eliot made us believe,  
a rhythm is the rhythm of the time,  
and after a war everything is charred.  
well so it is: but why do we still write,  
& still love words & poetry & music &  
rhyme?

it is possibly because we're all stupid &  
uneducated -  
that all culture really died in 1918 & we're  
only to cowardly  
to see the truth of it. maybe our writing  
poems is just a misunderstanding  
and infantile stupidity.  
(and here i want to be pythagoras; parting  
octaves)  
so let's pray to 1 1 3 5 8 13 21 34 and the  
proportio divina!  
and why does it still work?  
because rhythm & rhyme  
and all the other magical spells  
still work as long as we're human  
with all our mistakes.  
(and humour  
is more than a rumour)

### lebensstürme

ich stürme mit meinem leben  
mein leben stürmet mit mir  
da droben leben die sterne  
hier unten stürmen wir

es stürmet das leben  
rabimmel rabammel rabumm

(und jetzt die englische kurzfassung:)

life is a storm  
oh shit! here i sit  
like a life-storm-worn worm

### heidennäslein

sah ein knab ein näslein stehn  
näslein auf der heiden  
war so jung und morgenschön  
lief er schnell es nah zu sehn  
sahs mit vielen freuden  
näslein näslein näslein rot  
näslein auf der heiden

knabe sprach ich breche dich  
näslein auf der heiden  
näslein sprach ich steche dich  
daß du ewig denkst an mich  
und ich wills nicht leiden  
näslein näslein näslein rot  
näslein auf der heiden

und der wilde knabe brach  
s näslein auf der heiden  
näslein wehrte sich und stach  
half ihm doch kein weh und ach  
mußt es eben leiden  
näslein näslein näslein rot  
näslein auf der heiden

### epigrammatisches

es sprach der zwirn:  
wollt'gott daß mein hirn  
nicht so weich wie eine birn!

ach, sprach der psychiater,  
daß ich im gefühle  
immer nur wühle  
macht mich ganz krank; wie die stühle  
in einem leeren, maroden theater.

so, sprach das rind,  
mein geist ist so leer,

das schmerzet mich sehr -  
meine seele so schwer  
wie tonnen voll teer,  
das schmerzt noch viel mehr -  
drum gute nacht nun, mein kind!  
(und merke: an allen wirr'n  
und sorgen, am ganzen theater  
sind schuld nur - die moleküle!)

(ob esmeralda siebzehn zehen hätte?  
- als ob ich das gesehen hätte!)

ja.

ja  
zwa  
drei  
vier  
wo ist mein bier?

fümpf  
sechs  
sieben  
acht  
meine strümpf

nein  
zehn  
elf  
zwölf  
sind wie raclette

drei zehn  
sind im freien  
vier zehen  
frieren  
fünf zehen  
sechzehn  
siebzehn  
achtzehn  
neun zehen  
zwanzig

(und die milch wird ranzig)

d.h.  
wenn der mensch zehn zehn hat, hat er  
dann zwanzig?

### do you yahoo?

or do you two yahoo?  
two yahoo flew to timbuctoo  
and met who?  
a kangaroo  
who,  
too,  
flew  
to timbuctoo;  
but  
all the way  
from  
Sidney.  
(but what I wish I knew:  
what is a yahoo? or who?  
and why  
did the kangaroo fly?)

### wanderers nachtlid I

(warte nur balde  
auf der misthalde  
ruhe ich auch)

### die lampe

hab ein neues lämpelein  
steht so schief auf einem bein  
leuchtet aber hübsch und fein  
ach! könnt' es nur grade stehn!  
doch wir werden es mal drehn  
und dann sehn  
ob es steht jetzt grad auf seinem bein  
nein!  
es schraubt die schraube  
doch ich glaube,  
nicht ganz rein...  
ach! ist das gemein!  
so hab ich nun ein schiefes lämpelein.

(das stegereifgerem  
ist zwar wie nasenschleim  
doch mach ichs gern!)

### The World-history of Philosophy As Dream't in a Truly Shakespearian Midwinter Night's Dreame and as sett forthe in the Plaine and Easie Language of our Forefathers by Meselfe.

Quoth  
Lady Macbeth  
What's that spot  
On my tablecloth?  
Saith  
Macbeth  
Oh that spot  
On your cloth  
Is just a tiny clot  
Of Banquo's blood;  
Dear!  
But never mind;  
That of Macduff  
Is on my ruff.

- Quoth I:  
Nevermore!  
Let us rather talk about  
Something nicer!  
So we let the raven  
think of Banquo's  
Philosopher-Banquet.

All philosophers risen from the dead,  
all alive and happy and gay,  
swigging their wine  
dining,  
whining,  
discussing,  
(most of them rather disgusting)  
bald heads shining -  
and quite out of the way  
of everything  
common -  
(Communism  
wasn't invented -  
some would say: discovered - back then)  
- And, interpolated Socrates here:  
If communism is common,  
How uncommon then is uncommunism?  
- Plato, after hearing this, quoth:  
I'm loth  
to tell you, dear friends  
but this is not to the point.

The point is sharp:  
See over there -  
There's Marx playing a Harp.

Then arose a discussion  
among the learned old men;  
first discussing a rose,  
and then fretting over the port  
whether Marx was a harpye  
or just a chique, grouchy Harpo.  
Sartre  
started to sing to his tune:  
One  
two three  
sat a cat in a tree  
(while Simone de Beauvoir  
was in her boudoir -  
but that rhyme being so bad  
the Bard justly objected and voted for free  
verse. We comply.)  
Marx then, after completing his air  
Sat up in his chair,  
His eyes all a-flare,  
And said through his beard - so much hair! -  
My friends: You didn't listen to what  
Socrates said!  
Although I, too, think he's not just right in  
his head,  
We should unite  
(and, to avoid the true spirit's glow  
put on our suits of asbestos)  
And write  
The uncommunist manifesto -  
Only to please the old fool:  
He thinks he's in school  
And we are the pupils.  
And here Wittgenstein made matters worse;  
For he said: If we are his pupils,  
Who is his eyes? And where do we look?  
Over a forest on a spring day? A warbling  
brook?  
Or something out of a book?  
Not to speak of the years  
It would take the best of you  
to find out who's his ears!

After that what happened to tell I forbear  
(Yes, Goldies' Fourth Bear!):  
Riots and murder.  
All these noble minds slain!  
In vain  
all these glorious thoughts  
thought!  
And all returned to their graves,  
Being much wiser when silent.  
The only survivor am I  
and I  
am only alive  
to tell you the story.  
(All right, it's too gory.)  
I'm sorry.

### nach schwitters

x, y, z  
das wär ganz nett  
u, v, w  
wenn der schnee  
r, s, t  
wär aus tee  
o, p, q  
dann hätt ich meine ruh  
l, m, n  
vor dem weiß; wenn  
i, j, k  
der schnee wär da  
f, g, h  
und ich wär da  
b, c, e

und der schnee wär tee  
a  
ja ja.

der glupschäugige fakir!!!!!!

### schumann: eine vegetarische dekonstruktion

du bist wie eine blutwurst  
so hold & schön & rund  
ich schau' dich an, und hunger  
schleicht mir in's magens grund.

mir ist, als ob ich die zähne  
an die haut dir legen sollt',  
betend, dass gott dich erhalte  
so rund und schön und hold.

### Ode to a Nightingale. After John Keats

I, angel thing, duplicate wisdom so like  
feathers,  
Get inhaling weakhearted split of soiled  
music.  
Woe! Ode dies thus. I'm spectral Kalif, the  
aligning,  
Wolf-like, measured, sophisticated, hating in  
leg.

I align Ghent (atmospheric defaults do  
likewise)  
Lightening a mud catastrophe of likewise  
slide;  
Woke detailed hum of spectral Isis, a-  
glinting, he.  
I use his decomposed waterfall kit, genial  
thing.

Tidied owls poke musical feathers, I lighten  
nag,  
It is odd: low, musical feathers peek, neigh a  
glint,  
Lighten Gina who deemed Isis spectral, a  
foul kit.

Genial night, I'm wakeful to do spectral Isis'  
heed.

I, Hagen, glint: Fiddlesticks! Opium-eater as  
whole,  
Ale, gin, thing. - Is this spooked waterfall  
due mice?  
Feather, speak to wild, soiled music, ailing  
Ghent.  
I spoke: „His mildewed artefact soul, hilt in  
an egg!

Gin hit Galen.“ - Dodo flew ice as a  
trumpet-like hiss.  
I, angel thing, tap otherwise flaked, soiled  
music,  
I, angel thing, I am the kiss of ill-educated  
powers.

A jet honks.