

FOR YOU.

**poems**

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**lucapacijürgenghebrezgiabiher**

**2005**

FOR YOU.

**poems**

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**lucapacijürgenghebrezgiabiher**

**2005**



HERE IS THE FINE LINE  
HERE IS THE GRAVE LINE  
PASSING THE LINE  
THREADING THE LINE  
WORDS ON THE LINE  
STRETCHING FROM SEA TO SKY \_

That beggar down  
there  
standing like a  
street lamp  
under every kind  
of *w/h*ether that  
God has ever seen  
bothers you.  
Past the tunnel  
- above there's a train  
running-  
he's reading. Life is  
a sleeping bag  
followed by sudden  
explosions and he's  
a lightening conductor  
under the woe-sky.  
Your pound coin is lost  
in the hat of his  
unruffled wisdom.

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HERE IS THE GRAVE LINE  
PASSING THE LINE  
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unruffled wisdom.

black  
shrill city  
gritty city  
a  
hopeless city  
with no vent in  
*the leaden canopy of its sky*

as the city runes my skin

a rat of the skies  
a fox  
an aircraft  
a cry  
wind and grey sky  
a dog's yap  
shouting  
sirens  
muffled music  
my neighbour  
a thought  
light  
hunger  
a scent of her  
my self

are carcassed together for an instant

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are carcassed together for an instant



still life

screams  
traffic  
hard heel sounds  
screeching  
wind of white collars leaving the City  
water loo  
bridges the gap  
loud dusk  
*laut*  
night's on time  
double-decker bass  
rattling  
honking lights  
lightning horns  
barking pub doors  
squeaking fe  
growling male

down dry throats  
inner city blues gulps  
down  
dry  
throaty  
after all

this noise

in and out  
of words  
of worlds  
of mysteries  
off  
the real  
cuff

another day will die  
and an other night  
will bleed its darkness

will belonging come home  
with the crying of the sun?  
is there anywhere near  
to nothing  
where life can be undone?

over an ocean of imagination  
out in a desert of wheneverwhere  
life becomes nothing  
but an empty line  
seen from here

still life

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traffic  
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*Tra la perduta gente (Dante)*

Hercules 12x ad infinitum

b. a big boy now  
b. strong  
b. rich  
never b. wrong  
b. a man  
b. smart  
always b. can  
never b. done  
b. logical  
b. sensible  
never b. weak  
and b. whatever they say under b.

**What's beauty?**

Eating space and tar  
Following the road – scar  
Wounding the city

The burning rail tracks  
Sparkling into another  
Dimension where things  
Matter

That bleached poster  
Stuck at the petrol pump  
VISIT JAMAICA

Dwindling morning dream  
Visit ..... visit Jamaica.

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3

lump of mud  
small flower blossom  
on the dunghill of flesh and blood

113

a sack  
full  
of joy  
emptied in youth  
full  
bliss  
now  
hangs un  
filled from the  
bone matter  
of  
life

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*'And always, beyond the pain - the river.'*  
Iain Sinclair

flowing  
your  
existence so carelessly  
passing away without  
afterthoughts of any sort

Is it this: bottles coins  
stones revelations of  
splinters and bright red  
bricks or levigated glass  
in all shapes and colours

you give and take  
in the quietness  
of your constant flow  
you pass and stay  
all the same  
all the way

the debris-memory  
of a river  
God?

now the stream like a branch  
stretches its limbs to the line  
of the sea past the dam  
up to the opening of  
the free  
waters

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Rap-sody

The rain is coming down  
Notes and voices which  
Make sense to the attentive  
Listener

these words these leaves  
these stains these grains  
these seeds these needs  
stripping the layers  
peeling the skin

Notes and voices washing the pavement  
And stay and sip the scene  
Behind the curtain of this cheap-blue  
Sky

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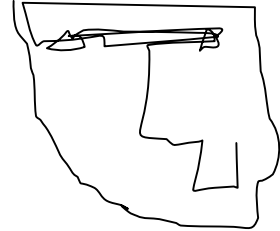
**Another day  
Has withered away  
Sleepers in a Dream**

Like world  
Only the fool can  
Make it

REAL

13

waywarden  
whatnots  
wantall  
widemouthed  
while the world slowly *whithers*



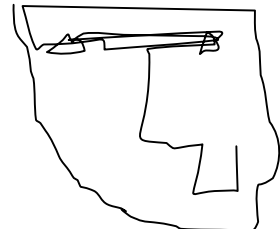
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while the world slowly *whithers*



London: misty morning, 10 a.m

I,

Among the road–runes

Unnamed desolation

Here in the mouth of a Metro

A Languid suspicion  
bourgeois intention to mesh  
Forget oneself and act  
“scatter like ashes and go with the flux”

wet animal  
serpentine nature  
a whale of flowing  
hauling out  
into mother’s  
big wet belly  
flotsam

the later spitted memory  
on random coastlines

*- what a beast! -  
filled to the brim of its bed  
- what a beauty! -  
with the rims of life’s wheels*

the source of the Thames  
is London

dark creature  
illuminated dwelling  
to so many worlds  
the streets spell out  
the bricks know  
place mutters  
life  
rises and ebbs  
rises and ebbs  
flows and ebbs

pub shores  
see the jetsam in

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white  
layers of depth  
pristine  
unwounded  
attacked by  
inklings of heart  
miens of soul  
intimations of  
brain drain  
a wafer dig  
into the p  
ages

person : expectations  
1 + 1 are 3  
angst x angst bears soul  
life - death still needs an end  
words<sup>2</sup> = √worlds  
love ≠ fear  
(soul)

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London  
Forever subsists  
past the unbending sky  
and jitters of swift leptons  
  
charging Westminster  
new heaven new earth  
mixed towards futile vainglory  
  
yet to come  
the zeitgeist

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2

beggar down there  
cul-de-sac your thoughts

life waves its empty hat  
a barren mind  
a tunnel night  
a moistened finger holing the sky  
thunders and lights

try pity  
try  
why  
try down there

insert another coin.

2

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cul-de-sac your thoughts

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thunders and lights

try pity  
try  
why  
try down there

insert another coin.

What's nothing

no-thing  
no-tree  
no-animal  
no-man  
no-one

it stays still  
through the metamorphosis  
of time  
and again

creeping nothing  
seeping nothing  
through the blossom  
of life

this other thing  
which does not withdraw  
you know

nothing  
you hear  
nothing  
you feel  
nothing

carefully skillfully  
positioning words  
like stones

to make a path  
of sense

(your sense)  
but it lays still

Life

makes  
sense:

Transient  
Footprint

soon

annulled  
by perennial

sands  
of time against  
the

Wall of Time

despite the

scorching hour;

Guards

assigned to  
the custody  
Of  
a

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*'The true identity of London is its absence.'*

CARVED  
IN  
AN ABSENT CITY,  
FRAIL CHART OF AN  
ESSENTIAL ACROPOLIS  
PER SEMPRE ANDATA  
LIKE A THORN IN A SIDE  
A REMINDER  
OR AN AFTERTHOUGHT  
STANDS  
THE LAST STONE

London Stone  
ages of City  
safety  
even though Excalibur'd by  
Arthur  
and now jailed  
in Cannon Street  
yet  
a piece of Ludgate  
Lud town  
London  
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cannon ball for flying magicians  
piece of lime  
now  
for the Sumitomo Banking  
tower

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*fleeting impressions*  
*I've already been here before*

Then,

In a corner of a café  
 The crevices  
 Of fate  
 Or luck

Casual encounters  
 Shaking of hands people adjusting their  
 Ties or bras

meditation on  
 the light  
 come  
 in  
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 uminat  
 ing the faint  
 scenery of the  
 day with turbines  
 slashing the grey duvet  
 into halves every 40 seconds  
 and carbon dioxide clouds foam  
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 here rubber wheeled engines growl and  
 hiss clock-ruled beings you man while the  
 birds duty away on chirping and whistling as

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no tune blues

my hope's gone  
no nobody holding on  
far cry from home  
ain't no body no one

got my got in  
wonder where i am  
wander where i belong  
knot my not in

hold me like never  
do me what ever  
hold me while ever  
does me gut clever

got no tune in my hands  
and blues under my pillow  
*this is the way words die*  
*not with a bang but with a whimper*

no tune blues

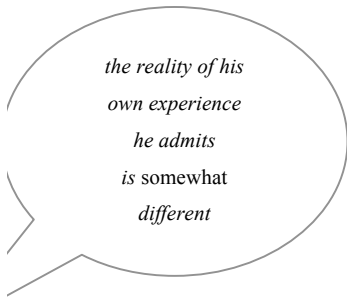
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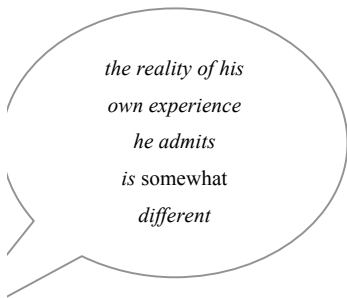
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*not with a bang but with a whimper*

our presence  
creates a perfectly  
circular black hole in  
the fabric of life from  
where we appear and  
into which we dis-  
appear again



*the reality of his  
own experience  
he admits  
is somewhat  
different*

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*the reality of his  
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rubsody

rubbish  
blue notes of dis-pair  
songlines post  
**modern**  
trash  
lines the will  
to outlive the human  
for good<sup>s</sup>

a darkening halo  
around life

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a darkening halo  
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fear  
such a long way from home  
where do I turn to  
in my  
be  
wilderness  
where's my backpack  
courage  
I wrapped into my skin  
  
where is home  
where ? oh me

A story does not begin

a story does not end

laylocks spread on

the surface of the sea

Lazy sails flapping

on the surface

à la Monet patches and blots

Eyedrops of light

And

blood

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*Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Aldersgate,  
Cripplegate, Newgate, Ludgate, Billingsgate,  
with the Tower, The Barbican and Castle  
Bynard: eleven wounds in an electrical circuit.*

Iain Sinclair

The names that built this wall  
Are more than the grains  
of a handful of sand  
more than the reign of Genghis Khan  
more than the hair on my head

a thousand men provided the bricks  
another thousand the lime  
a thousand slaves the labour  
a thousand bankers the gold  
a thousand kings the army

Around the wall

There is still  
life which screams  
through the bloated veins of traffic  
hardened by heel sounds  
screeching like a barren wind  
through the course  
of white collars leaving the City

Here stands Waterloo  
Queen of the harlots  
bridging the gap of loud dusk thoughts.

But life seeps  
through the night bus rattling  
and the pub doors closing

And life seeps  
down with sawdust of gold  
and city blues gulps  
down our dry throat  
after all this noise

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after all this noise

Detritus please come and Sea  
how well I up and down  
Your very stuff is hardly sheen  
cutting capers in the muck

Spate-wash the trap, Ol'Man  
off squalor – swell up to the brim  
of Mother's skully orbs  
haul in  
to long forgotten tributaries  
never mind  
Your own wells nor your colours

I Father away  
whatever is given

offer out into eternity  
relicts, remains  
bodies  
Detritus  
my son  
is Shipping out the shadows

just before dawn  
another dusk  
a glas sustained in a  
toast  
a nipple pushes through  
the wall of me  
mory  
some darkness precipitates  
in word  
world  
life  
self

less

ness ness ness ness

me  
wonder  
should i dust the thaw  
the sweat of leaving  
too early  
ever to early

probably a  
tripping  
just

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## Reading Rumi 6 a.m.

*Who's speaking?*

Is it me speaking through the branches  
 Of that tree or me speaking to thee  
 Why am I speaking then

With the wind whistling and

The bird singing  
 And the river flowing and the  
 Time passing and the monk praying  
 Why am I speaking then?

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Victoria Square 06/05/04

piazza  
small victorian  
whitewashed houses  
almost too normal  
for the immediate vicinity of  
The Palace

instead of old Spaniards  
smoking palavering walking  
10.17 traffic wardens  
10.18 and 10.21 cabs rat-running  
10.34 rubbish collection  
vinegar whiffs  
(chipper 'round the corner?)  
4-lane traffic  
on at least 3 sides  
helicopters  
(flying in executives?)  
from above

an island  
under roaring weather  
constantly repelled from  
Buck  
ing ham

*Je dans au mileu des miracles (Aragon)*

I  
Vow  
el  
Or  
Pill  
ar  
*Or*  
*Wound*  
*I*  
Be  
fore  
The  
World  
Descen  
*ding on*  
*A*  
*slope*  
Of  
Dis/  
hope  
  
I  
Dis/  
mal

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4-lane traffic  
on at least 3 sides  
helicopters  
(flying in executives?)  
from above

an island  
under roaring weather  
constantly repelled from  
Buck  
ing ham

*Je dans au mileu des miracles (Aragon)*

I  
Vow  
el  
Or  
Pill  
ar  
*Or*  
*Wound*  
*I*  
Be  
fore  
The  
World  
Descen  
*ding on*  
*A*  
*slope*  
Of  
Dis/  
hope  
  
I  
Dis/  
mal



*my oh my  
labouring through  
year-  
ring after ring  
coming into its own  
as only full grown trees  
can  
fall like wings*

*Ich liebe meines Wesens Dunkelstunden.*  
R.M. Rilke

darkness of my soul  
clocking  
love of my life  
ticking  
world coming home  
as a time limit  
to go  
crazy  
in this enclosure  
called  
be  
coming  
words trying to bridge  
the hour glass  
of feigning existence  
eyes willing to spurt  
into jet lags of self...s  
while our inner alarm clock  
is grinding to hold  
a

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our lost  
papers

LIKE A SPONGE HE SITS  
AND WAITS FOR THE WORDS  
TO COME <sup>inspiration</sup>

Flood of lights  
and  
mourning nights  
ceaseless plights  
of darkest flights:

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Flood of lights  
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ways from one to self

as the warm morning duvet  
is bathed in a wave  
of coffee scent  
the window-quadrant of sky  
birds fill  
whistle blue  
traffic rubbers  
sounds on toasts  
the kiss of love  
is as heavy as  
the door that opens  
you  
into  
the world

what life could be  
will always keep going  
the self to one  
but where life is  
will one  
self become.

ways from one to self

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