



This is the street where you live
this is the street where you were born
this is the street where you were
given your actual form
every day, every morning
when you wake up surprised and restored
you rise up from a damp basement
and climb up your spinal cord

there is no place but this one
because this place is you
this is the street where you live now
this is the street in which you were born

someday they will detect you
and you know that is true
but for now this place is yours exclusively
a place which holds no doors
the flickering leaves - your fingers
the cobblestones - your foot soles
and you're hanging out in your mouth now
a moisty living room

you called in sick but it's a holiday
and you wish, but cannot leave the house
it's a house which holds bricks no longer
it contains you like food in craws

disjointed as a maunder
fragile as a fluttering straw
this place is the only one for you now
because this is the shape in which you were born

while the anatomy of your spirit
leaps through a sweep of your street
little rabbits graze the sidewalk
eat the moss off your feet
then bang goes the gun
whiz goes the rocket
and so the rabbits fall apart
some people are best at casual encounters
some people are not casual at all
(but) one thing you knew with certainty:
either you or they had to go

so you cook them evil rabbits on a pyre
and as the fire burns out
you set out to scout for the rim of your lungs, enclosing the street,
you do it to reach over, the terrace on your shoulder, which cracks
and leaks. as thunder breaks through

along this urgent leakage, a small pond has collected, fish break the
surface, and so now you claw at them, you hear your stomach
rumbling, and you believe it's a sign of hunger, but deep down you
know it's the cracking thunder, forecasting your absence, when the
flood reaches your bladder

this is, this is the street where you live now, this is the street in which
you were born, there is, there is no place but this one, because this
place is you, close to your chest, those wriggling fish, you clinch them
as tight as you can, so oily they are, they want to escape, it's
hopeless to bring them along, and as thou who holds but owns not,
need no bag to carry, you drink up their slime, distill it as brine, and
brew your coffee with this magic water

as you suck out the flesh of the fish, you now got a cup, and in that
you pour the beverage, so while coffee displaces sleep and clouds
gather sky, you enter your stockings without porches

you wander about, outside the house, as the night makes you a
streetwalker, your breath is the draft of windows, and your voice the
screech of a gate, but nobody is around to hear you, because in this
street there is only you

the flood is now reaching your door frame, and so you step up the
stairs, you sip at the coffee near you, because the night shift has only
begun. to refresh you turn on the shower, located amongst your pubic
hair, it's warm and musky in there, but you're numb with cold and so
you don't care

there is no place but this one, because this place is you, yet this is
the street where you live now, this is the street in which you were
born, it is here you make a living, but while you shower your wage is
decreased, nobody buys an absent flower, soon you will clutch at
straws

what is gained is only lost here, who loses is merely you, and the
playground has no children, so you tuck it behind your ears, you gel
your hands to pull down the traces, of your formerly swept-back hair,
you fix it tightly and wink with the eye, then you slide down the half-
heated gut hill

with the tip of a hair, you dodge the lake, of atrocious gastric acid, yet
your knee now dips in, it turns wrinkled and thin, before it breaks off
ultimately, then a house falls apart, in the middle of the street, it
vanishes, withers completely, an empty lot like a fallen milk tooth,
what is lost is gained, remember ...

this is, this is the street where you live now, this is the street in which you were born, there is, there is no place but this one, because this place is you

you would like to go home, but you are home now, as there is no place but this one, and you're now touching yourself, without touching you, you see you, without being able to see, because your eyes they popped out a while ago, hence this all happens in darkness

because this place is you