

mnemosyne

translated from the hölderlin

a sign we are, meaningless,
but must
sing
painless we are and have nigh
lost language abroad. a law
that all goes into, fruit ripe, drenched in fire and cooked
and inspected on the earth
and when theres a quarrel over humans
when
in heaven, and violently, raging
when high over humans
stars go by with massive gait, then fealtys blind, but when
theres a quarrel in
heaven,
the best beasts turn to the earth, pull birds, and become heaven for the glory.
then dreadfully it goes,
the moons
go prattling violently
, raging,
the living where—
then where one turns to oneself, and so falls ill
amorphous, when one of us is voraciously taken,
the sea too, the sea
and the tides must
speak too and find their path. and a homelands there
is voraciously taken. but the paths
are evil, i.e. wrong. the spirit?
sure. the highest?
sure. one
is the highest, but it can daily
can daily change. it barely needs
law, which should remain with humans. and then the
written leaves chime and oaks would rather
and
should rather remain wavering near
to the old snow and the people and being, the real deal. like bolting steeds imprisoned
elements and olden laws go wrongly by.
many men would rather there,
and the newspaper chimes.
many men
much held like failure upon shoulders
because the heavenly
ones cant do it all, the pears.

mortals reach
the abyss anyway
mortals are handed to
the abyss anyway
mortals end up in
the abyss anyway
mortals suffice for
the abyss anyway
mortals are wed to
the abyss anyway
they all go in, snake-like,
prophetic, dreaming. and always
into the untethered a longing goes. but
fore and aft we dont want to spy,
but want to be lulled like a tub at sea. so the echo turns
with them. time
is long,
time, but truth
happens
mortals ripe drenched in fire and cooked

but must

sing

the snake, flowers and water too and feel
if god still is, prattling on heavens hills.
for beautiful is
the hens night, but we are anxious, anxious we are
about the wedding.

...

lost larks coo on the air

calm and lost coo larks under day

we are a pointless

x