

**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