

LOVE POEMS

*

I plead for the logic of powder
That is never lost but parts
And always retains
The more of it
That split

And you're conserving glass shards
Because matter remains matter
Remains
Even if it doesn't go back together
And the more it spreads
The larger the net
That spans
What was
And is thereby connected

Like the ashes of a shirt
I wore every day
Still cover the ground far away
And the stain on the textile
Still covers a spot
That used to be clean
Although I cut it
And threw it into the sea

Like the beach on which it washed up
Still has the shape
Of a vast melted shell
And its sharp severed edges
Are the mark from a frame
That didn't know what it held

Just as everything off
Still conveys
The absence and imprint of that
From which it detached

*

Maybe when it seems to be falling apart, it's really falling into place. Another magnet from the future disturbing the construction to lead it to its later place(s).

Koost, maybe sometimes together just means deriving from one point, like the universe is together. Like a superstructure is together because it expands when growing apart, and what's between its parts is not mere distance but becomes part of it, incorporated.

*

I look to the bottom of my drinking glass
And find a curvature in space
I drink at night alone
And space starts to curve around me
Wormholes to different points in time emerge
And I think to myself: no one really ever separates
In the fourth dimension, I can stay in the past
Even though I'm here
When I get to the bottom of the glass
Nothing holds me anymore

*

Every step that I take
When I'm sitting next to you

*

...

I'm a passenger on my own feet
I take what's mine and give it away (a way)
It's about finding belonging in love
And losing it again
What made me whole turns out a fraction

I'm a part (apart) with no rest to be found
Which way does my beard point tonight?
(Will I follow?)
I chase your shadow, yet afraid of it
I go places to be alone and meet you
I can't discern loneliness and contemplation
I don't appreciate one found in the other
How do we find a sense of belonging?
Maybe by finding out that we belong to ourselves
I look out of the window and think the sun will rise again
And realize it's an empty saying
Because if I don't go to bed now
The sun will never really rise the next day
Days that recently ended
Bravely, I burry my fantasies
Realizing they are entirely mine
It's a very true question

*

something about this truth is beautiful but not true
I wanted to keep what I never had, so I lost my cool

I wanted to keep what I never had, so I lost my cool
something about this truth is beautiful but not true

*

Ein bissi Baustelle	ein bissi Spielwiese
Ein bissi Bruch	und Glanz
Ein Unterschlupf	wo das beste schon fehlt
Eine Kennzeichnung	ein Übertritt
Schmuck	Dachwatte
Unkraut	Demarkationslatte
Was pickt	das bleibt
Was liegt	das fliegt
Wer fliegt	fällt

Wer schreibt	hält
Zwiesprache	Dämmerlärm
Schmutz	Wärme
Lüftungsschacht	Sterne
Schutz	Glassplitterspiel
Styropor-	Laterne

*

I felt your attitude
crumbling like a biscuit
when I bit your lip

*

LOVE POEMS is a part of and supplement to the installation "please
stick around and i'll build (you a world)" (Marlene Lahmer, 2020).
All texts belong to the artist.