

ANTIHEROIC

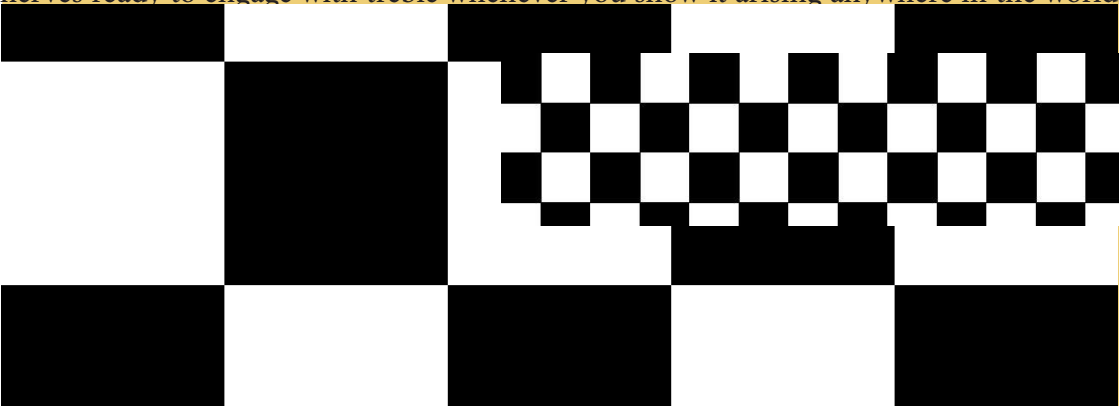
sometimes i think i know why it is because i have to do without you that you are always
in my thoughts because you are nowhere in my reality you are everywhere in my ima-
gination the tiniest event i read a message from you that only i can understand in the
rustle of the oak outside my window in the wine stains on the blotter by my scribbling
i can hear you breathe see your eyes who will touch / trust you have become my text
my love your body your words i have bond; your letters into a volumen i carry with
me read at night before asleep a dawn before i move into the day your love is fine spray
mistling by movements bellowing my colours lightning that might have been despaired
where your hands have been i am yours and your hands have been everywhere your
words enter my soul like rain your memory oh love your memory takes me suddenly
wrenches me from this world into fairytal where i am loved the way i always wanted to be

the night because the
night restored me to
your presence it reu-
nited us you and me
but it also gave me
you on your own out-
side of me exactly as
you really were your
tall skinny figure all
eaten up with nerves
ready to engage with
trouble whenever
you saw it arising an-
ywhere in the world
simplify to skin and
hair to skin toe yes
that still only catch
light from inside out
two hands so fulfilled
of love that cares auto-
matically what touches
them the breath tie
between day and ni-
ght the body reduced
to itself and perfected





i think of your face at its side in the pillow with your hair tangled so long ago again since i had your voice in my ear with the sea the desert in the high mountains under which the sound had to go through almost audibly present they reflected the echo of my own words in which the last were always mixed with your first and the time between was the measure of the distance it was dark outside i resumed my walk up the road and into the night because the night restored me to your presence it reunited as you and me that it also gave me you on your own outside of me exactly as you really were your toes /thoughts can you figure all eaten up with nerves ready to engage with treble whenever you show it arising anywhere in the world

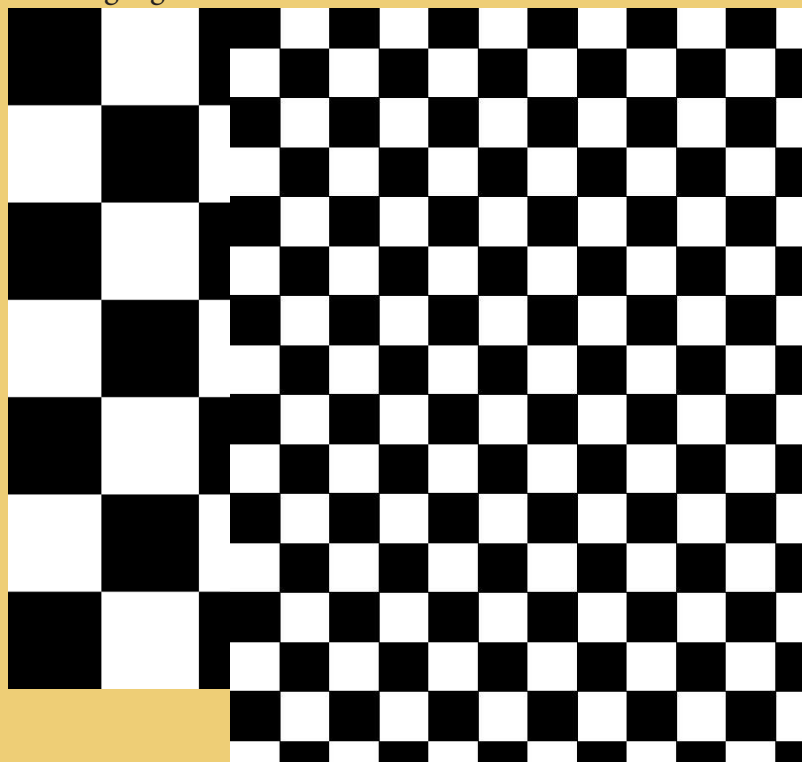


i do not know even now what it was that i was waiting to see but in those days i was convinced that i almost saw it at every turn to watch everything about me i regarded grimly and possessively as a need all through this summer i had lain/lane on the sand beside the small lake with my hands squared of my eyes fingertips touching looking out by this device to see everything which appeared as a kind of projection it did not matter to me what i looked at from any observation i would conclude that a secret of life had been nearly revealed to me for i was obsessed with notions about concealment and from the smallest gesture of a stranger i would what was to me a communication or a presentment this state of exultation was heightened or even brought about by the fact that i was in love then for the first time i had indentified love at once the truth is that never since as any passion i have felt remained so hopelessly unexpressed within me or appeared so grotesquely altered in the outward world it is strange that sometimes even now i remember an adulterer utley a certain morning when i touched my friend's wrist as if by accident and he pretended not to notice as we passed on the stairs og the school i must add and this is not so strange that the child was not actually my friend we had never exchanged the word ore ven a nod of recognition but it was posible during that the entire year for me to think endlessly on these minute and brief encounter which we endure on the stairs until it would swell with a sudden and overwhelming beauty like a rose forced into premature Bloom for a great occasion my love had somehow made me double auster in my observations of what went on about me thought some intensity i had come almost into a dual life as observer and dreamer

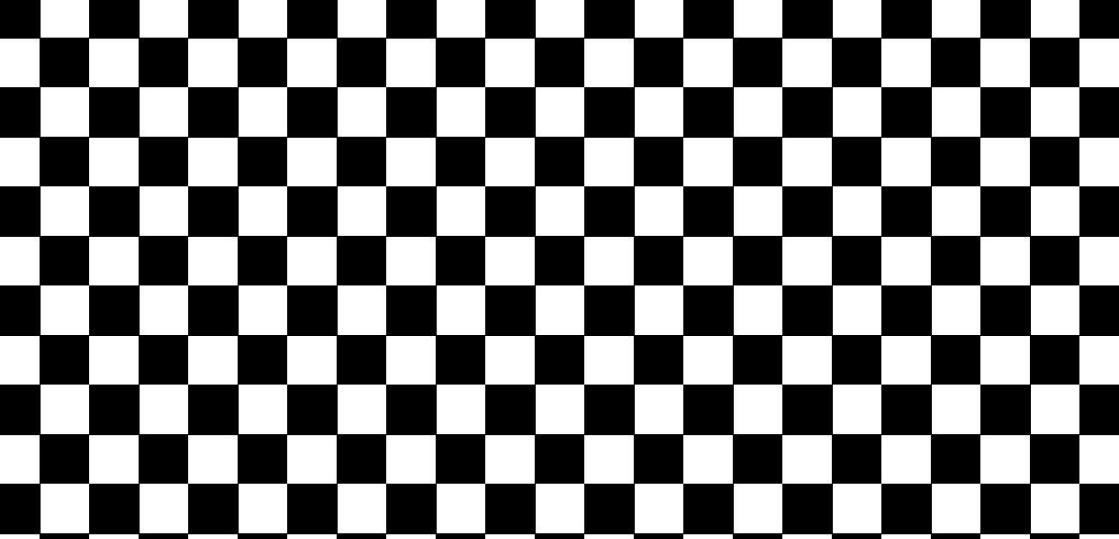


i teach sweet whistle voice without you i have never made music without you i have never
lived your voice is a theme kept from my ears but as heartbeat you occupy me audibly if
you didn't exist you should arise as a visible sound source as a sun in the night for you co-
ver my vision field for my retina to the horizon for i remember you in all my thoughts if
you didn't exist you would arise as a flame in the sea as a self-acting fire for i call you you
that means love also where you can hear me no more or vibration number of the blood i
sing of you toneless but pure and i direct the brushstroke of the wind and right at the sky
love in a white sign cobwebby like the word morrow for what is true and not believable
what is beyond the body above the breath there is life outside the life there are languages
outside the language i write other words and those who read love is

sometimes i think
i know why it's be-
cause i have to do
without you that
you are always
in my thoughts
because you are
nowhere in my
reality you are
everywher in my
imagination in
the tiniest event
i read a message
from you that i
can only unders-
tand in the rust-
le of the yooke
outside my win-
dow in the wine
stains on the blo-
tter by my scrib-
bling book i can
hear you brea-
th see your eyes
feel your touch
sometimes so-
mebody made a
remakr about it
you don't have to
do everything for
him may love so-
mebody but then
there is no need
to do everything
for him but i had
the feeling that
there was no dif-
ference between
that that which i
did for him was
for myself too







When you touch me when i respond joy unfolds you have become my text my love
your body your words I have bound your letters into a volumen I carry with me read
at night before I sleep and done before i move into the day your is fine spray misting
my movements mellowing my colors lightning what might have been despaire where
your nakedness scourged by a stare i contemplate my death in your beautiful nakedness
your hands have been i'm yours and your hands have been everywhere your words en-
ter my soil like rain your memory oh love your memory takes me suddenly wrenches
restored me to your presence it reunited us you and me but it also gave me you on your
me from this world into a fairytale where I am loved the way I always wanted to be
own outside of me exactly as you really were your tall skinny figure all eaten up with
nerves ready to engage with trouble whenever you saw it arising anywhere in the world
simplify to skin and hair to skin toe yes that still only catch light from insi-
de out two hands so fulfilled of love that cares automatically what touches them
the breath tie between day and night the body reduced to itself and perfected

she was all herself doesn't love kind of fini-
sh people off with something that isn't them in a way you can feel





Text: Sepio, a film by Frans van de Staak, 1996.