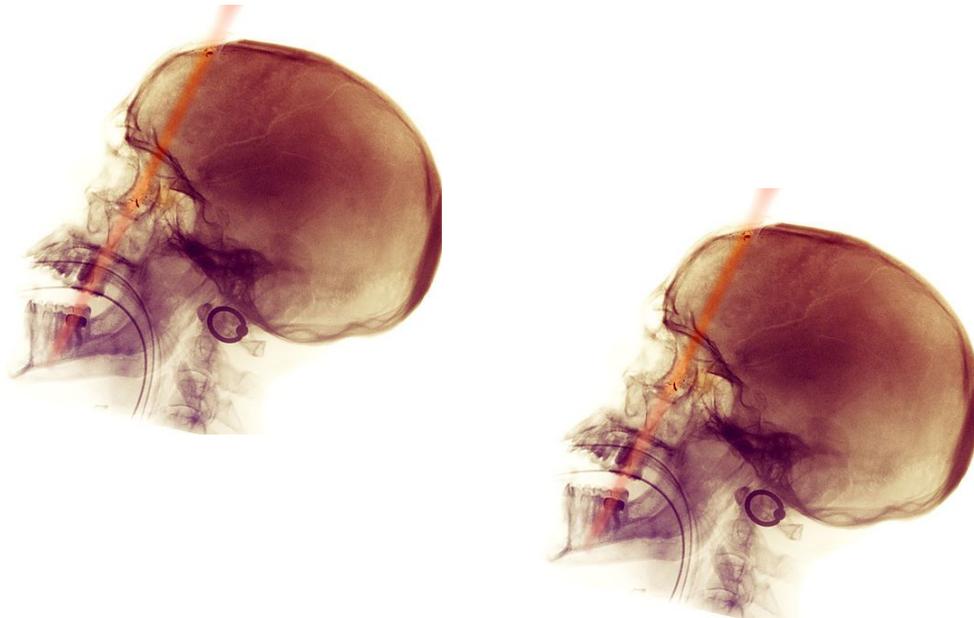


Disjecta Membra

scattered fragments

to Sam . in friendship, with love; ∅ Lust for Life (thank you for being . & for being there .

Jeroen Nieuwland



these fragments against my fragile body flung
Why then Ile fit you. i will oblige you.

Hieronimo is mad againe (his son was murdered
now – for revenge – he plots *his* violence

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Give. Compassion. Control.

Creation comes crashing

for those who do worry
i beg forgiveness
please not unnecessarily so
a soul corners itself
allows rupture & flares.
the body mechanic
some sculpted love form
its being as vibrant
more than it can bear
creation comes crashing
the fragments are here.

Faith / grasp / safe [vespertine] – to Sacha

careful . people might notice us
no one said a word all day . your
lines appear sure as a handshake
. vessel for the dead & tiny alive gaps

in the fabric they are made of . in
the patterns that they follow . intuitive
their tendency is moth & cockroach
& insects bigger than your hand.

Grimace smiley

nightmares of guilt.
guilt, claustrophobicterroranxiety.

sleep within
sleep paralysis
early morning wake-up calls

. by.

it must have been me.

black-outs surfacing into possible
memories of impossible black-outs(,

“the horror the horror”

you can whisper all you want

Possible Title (

some moons smoky alabaster
sunk in snug ampersand driftsand
one for the other substitute
one complete cycle of dents
to the heavens all course for direction
to the winds every possible plane of horizon
partake singular neutron-dense potholes
of a universe gluttonous-absent
of an effortless anarchy miracle
all the points dance together
of a frenzy so wild it restrains not
& allows not itself be restrained

Rise as you fall

with the tone of a heavy heart she said

i don t want to rise as you fall

he plays to care as if

he could care less

strolls into opposite

direction / lights

a cigarette

Shadows abandon

darkness moves.
inside you too
the spirits shift
change up their
pace. it is the
same pulse, beats
thru you, spirit, body
life as lamella. death
the dark precursor.

Plotless arc

but you hold on you hold.
outside things are damned
– as a general rule – & the lost
of the souls wear their horns
beneath hoods puncture
clouds destroy sky.

Shelter your grace

from the CHAOS of the day.

Shatter immediate

to shards

the fragile wings of grace

& reassemble them again

with more fragility force

than before ever before /

stake counterpoint to point

& back at the perimeter again,

measure your meek.

Carve into them

a stone of grave.

Some moons

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Wit naar wit – ə poem by jasper spoelstra & jeroen nieuwland

zijnsdrainage penis mee gepoetst
haakjes zeker secuur de streepjes
door draagt een verwachting
mogelijk sortiment verrassing
speelt geen rol het percentage leefde
precies exact reeds tussen & op
de lijntjes het minste nog er toe
doet het papier alleen maar minder
waard met krabbels niet gelezen
verwaarloosbaar bemerkt wellicht
toen al onscherpe schaduw
stamelend uithangbord
eventueel signaal van wit naar wit

Some trees (game

i feel myself fragile
as darling does stone.

The willows weep not
for her who has gone.

My eyes cast a slant glance
thru thick forest trees.

Their trunks tall, thin, & dense
live in shadowless dark.

In *that* moment it knows,
now *it* is the hunted.

So prey turns on predator
: eats thru organs & spine

A convergence of birds

the house exactly
somewhere . behind
the horizon creaks.

Until the wind
falls still. Velocity is
a bird. Its wings
& feathers form
a swarm.

Any one starling
a monad of murmuration,
becoming & exploding
into the flock from
which it is born.

Lamella

as the scythe cleaves
fresh air out of
darkness in rain

does the doe
flee her predator
sharp as a blade

Focal points (Brandpunten

by Paul Rodenko; Dutch poet; 1920 – 1976. Übersetzung von mir.

SEE

High of hands :
scorches the altar, the hills.

GLAS

Glas, falcon of sand :
fire makes seeing.

YOU

Deers sleep a landscape :
the breath of your eyes.

LOVE

Circles displace older circles :
deep sleeps the stone

POEM

Torso of flames, patience :-
lonelier the word.

