

## The Tracks of Language

just imagine it, imagine, it would imagine to introduce itself, imagining, she would stand there while she imagines, it would imagine that you imagine you would stand there, while you imagine that she imagines you being in front of her, standing there for hours, she imagines you would – you imagine yourself, you would stand in front of her, you would stand there introducing yourself, taking place, just staying there, as if you were going to say the same, she imagines you standing without any movement as if - as if you would be imagining something, as if you would place it, as if it hadn't been written for a long time already

Now is time important or isn't it - it definitely is, because yesterday was day unlike all other days yesterday was: a flexiday a surfdays an identity play

*i lost my card i lost my key i lost my head i lost my money i lost my book i lost my bed i  
lost my shoe i lost my child i lost my slip i lost my language i lost my pencil i lost my knife  
i lost my eyes i lost my friends i lost my jacket i lost my home i lost my lover i lost my  
chair i lost my reason i lost my socks i lost my brush i lost my skin i lost my vagina i lost  
my breath i lost my bicycle i lost you lost your bicycle you lost your breath you lost your sex  
you lost your skin you lost your brush you lost your socks you lost your reason you lost  
your chair you lost your lover you lost your home you lost your jacket you lost your friends*

*you lost your eyes you lost your knife you lost your pencil you lost your language you lost  
your slip you lost your child you lost your shoe you lost your bed you lost your book you  
lost your money you lost your head you lost your key you lost your identity*

She went out of one language into another and together back into the first,  
just as moving back and forth between you and me, as if we were words as  
if we were spit  
as if we were brackets or lines in the sand

The timer the period the animal made of time, the world is turning and  
passes by, so early so rudely the language is running away from us, it's  
freezing outside, the cold rises high, as if there had never been any summer

Time as the sum of becoming the sum of changes the sum of circumstances  
the sum of facts the sum of days the sum of the incidents the sum of  
unforeseen the sum of inconsistencies the sum of the events the sum of all  
additions the sum of the censorships  
the sum of the genocides the sum of the repetitions the sum of the  
catastrophes which are no natural catastrophes

Sliding out gliding in, as if all this did not exist, was just as if she imagined it  
is it places she retreats from the world, the tongue cuts and glues the pages

which wind around her body pages so late in the wind in the twinkling of an  
eye at the moment while going on, while looking back in the rustling of the  
forests in no mans's land

*Translated from the German by Latha Thampi*