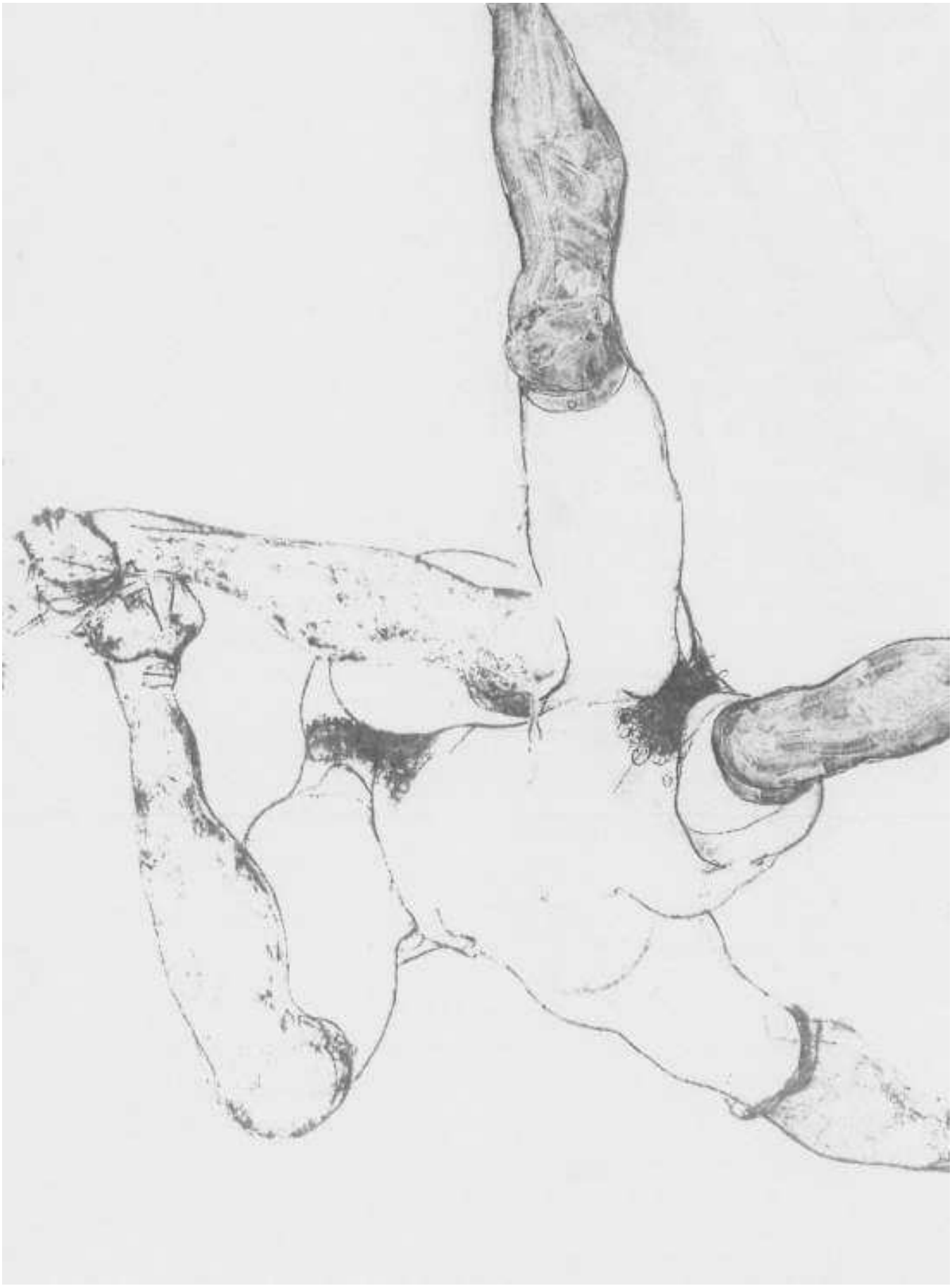

WALDEINSAMKEIT

Liverpool Poems
(Chapter VI)

Daniele Pantano

Argotist Ebooks

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POEMS

ORAKL (2016)
Dogs in Untended Fields: Selected Poems by Daniele Pantano (2015)
Mass Graves: City of Now (2012)
Mass Graves: XIX–XXII (2011)
The Oldest Hands in the World (2010)
Camera Obscura (1999)
Blue Opium (1997)
Geschlüpfte Kreaturen (1997)
Blumendürre: Visionen einer Reise (1996)

TRANSLATIONS

Robert Walser: Fairy Tales (2015)
Oppressive Light: Selected Poems by Robert Walser (2012)
The Possible Is Monstrous: Selected Poems by Friedrich Dürrenmatt (2010)
In an Abandoned Room: Selected Poems by Georg Trakl (2008)

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WALDEINSAMKEIT

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DOMINOES—OPENING

2–5

This space coaxed out of
Boundaries the rest is

3–6

Fourteen thirty-one eighty-
Seven info cards pullulate

4–4

A major retrospective

2–4

Every twenty minutes
There is your angle

1–2

Your permission to move away
From and through the center

–

Non-space frays all directions

6–6

The artist

1–3

A patter of frontiers

5–6

The story is true that is
What the shirt says

–6

Projected onto a screen

4–5

A giant boy skinny carrying
Bags and a solid hard-on

2–3

By mouth as it was when it began

–1

His wife empty of people

ARCHIPELAGO: OR ANOTHER RECESSION OVERHEARD IN THE PARK

We wear

The poet's uniform

Because our mothers

Are dead

Fishermen on classic

Thin ice

Riddled now

That barbarians

Have dropped

Their fatal blows

Against our singular

Ideogram a schoolgirl

Is hiding behind

Apocryphal translations

More credible

Than our roaring

Salute to helicopters

Like skylarks

SLAPSTICK (H.)

And the disciple mimes
Delivering a set of keys.

And this is where he crashed,
Isn't it? His face there is

Mine. Built in 1843.
And white. Before black

Milk. The transition(s).
And the riots only gulls

Remember. And bicker.
And dance. Some water

Damage. Odd feature unlocked.
And space now of loose wallpaper.

Our morning's final edition(s).
And fresh fat boils in the kitchen.

Already nothing.
And nothing is sweeter

Than a future—a red door
With three locks and a loose chain.

KINDERTRANSPORT

for R. Sheppard

Development is
        Not an invention
Of human beings
        Human beings are

An invention
        Of development
An invention
        Human beings are

Of human beings
        Not an invention
Development is
        Not an invention

Of human beings
Human beings are

LOW-VOICED CONFESSIONS

—A city.

—More streets *hanging in the abyss*.

—Somewhere south.

—And a black donkey buried in its public park.

—(For years of service.)

—(Years as a friend.)

—Yes, but we mustn't blame the children.

—They demanded it.

—Blame the *two greatest painters of the twentieth century*.

—*Who weren't even forty when Columbus discovered America.*

—*(One classic, eternal.)*

—*(The other, modern, always, like a pile of shit.)*

—The snail climbs the stalk.

—A moment later past the city walls.

—Dirt road to a neighborhood of silos.

—And irrigation ditches, not asylums or prisons.

—Someone has written PARADOX on one of the silos, we think.

—(Or perhaps it is more accurate to say someone has whispered it into the ground.)

—Not far from another ditch.

—Not far from another tasteful confession.

—(He likes to "bite and pluck their nipples like a bass guitar.")

—The children are listening.

—Black donkeys are German motorcycles.

—We learn to lower our voices and ignore the almost visible.

—As we grow up.

—As we realize the snail: a sniper climbing a silo.

—The painters are prepared to testify.

—*Eating things alive. That's what we do.*

—Blame the detectives.

—Exhibit #1(c):

—(Something mute steps out of a neighborhood.)

FAIRY TALE (WITH UNSOLVED MURDER)

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—You watch the way home for hours.

—Schedules of trains reaching the source of the plot.

—The same day her parents filed a missing person report.

—I swear you can find her name in the margins of this text.

—Of any text.

—It's yesterday.

booklouse — any of various small, often wingless insects of the order *Psocoptera*, which feed on paper and bookbindings.

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—And so they began to experiment with anniversaries.

—Is that your problem?

—Stepping off the page.

—Black tiptoed resistance.

—Neither distant nor bothered.

—It's yesterday.

pinworm — a parasitic nematode worm, *Enterobius vermicularis*, infecting the colon, rectum, and anus of humans. Children are at high risk of infection.

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—Years ago something happened.

—Couples promoted into the boundaries.

—Left as sacrifice.

—Like letters on a billboard.

—No point in hanging on any longer.

—It's yesterday.

hookworm — a parasitic blood-sucking nematode worm, *Ancylostoma duodenale* or *Necator americanus*, having hooked mouthparts with which they fasten themselves to the intestinal walls of various animals, including humans. Children are at high risk of infection.

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—Dead ground re-writing history.

—Dampness. And the same children from the previous poems.

—Remember them. Setting fire to the orphanage.

—Strangling the caretaker with a garden hose.

—Comprehend these sudden phobias:

Anablephobia
Chirophobia
Geliophobia
Menophobia
Kolpophobia

—It's yesterday.

tapeworm — any parasitic ribbon-like flatworm of the class *Cestoda*, having a body divided into many egg-producing segments and lacking a mouth and gut. The adults inhabit the intestines of vertebrates, including humans. Children are at high risk of infection.

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—But if all is _____

—Was it the year we celebrated the death of our pets?

—The death of our children?

—Born _____

—Raised on expired medicine.

—It's yesterday.

roundworm — any nematode worm, especially *Ascaris lumbricoides*, a common intestinal parasite of man and pigs. Children are at high risk of infection.

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—From a distance.

—She makes you feel changed for having _____ her.

—Most influential child, yes.

—What else is one to do?

—Marks on the back of an envelope:

> The name of this medicine is _____ (250mg tablets)
> Do not pass it on to others. It may harm them.
> Possible side effects: unusual bleeding or bruising.
> Other unwanted effects which are more likely to occur are:
> nausea, vomiting, black hairy tongue

—It's yesterday.

whipworm — any of several parasitic nematode worms of the genus *Trichuris*, esp *T. trichiura*, having a whiplike body and living in the intestines of mammals. Children are at high risk of infection.

—*It's yesterday. And who will remember?*

—The rain stops.

—Advance copies of _____

—The grammar school.

—Inspector Barlach?

—Swiss folktales, myths, legends:

> [titles of tales yet to be translated)
>
> "The Black Water Puck"

"The Shepherd and the Giant"
"The Cat in the Milk Can"
"The Dwarf Wedding"
"The Jealous Blacksmith"
"The Cheated Devil"
"The Shoemaker in the Oven"
"The Little Red Skirt"

—It's yesterday.

WE'LL GO DANCING—WE'LL BE SAFE

Chämi uff und niän-ä-n-a . You wanted to go so fast . In den Kronen . A muscular contraction . Listen . It takes three beggars . Das ist mein Satz . Being . In den Kronen . In this strange and marvelous state . Sieht keiner denkt keiner . In its other logic . Turns immense . Whether they give us back our megaphones or not . In den Kronen . Was steht in den Kronen . Listen . Ich habe keinen andern . Four in the morning . Der Tanz . How will it look . Listen . In den Kronen . With your escape mechanism . You whisper . Listen . Das ist mein Satz . Others move to stop . What do you want . This is my sentence . No one sees someone thinks . Strange and marvelous . A nurse's nose . Ah, there . From today on it is as we think . How strange to be . In den Kronen . Turns immense . Listen . Another stone . More prizes to be won . Instantly . The hair grows back . In den Kronen . Mechanism . Ein fremdes Wundenmal . But what about the flesh . Discalced . Der Tanz . Don't whisper . We should say . Listen . It is as we think . Sieht keiner denkt keiner . A muscular contraction . This is your sentence . Chämi uff und niän-ä-n-a . Didn't stay still . Dein Wundenmal . Now everyone whispers . In its other logic . You're doing it right . Listen . A sentence is . You whisper . You wanted to go so fast . Strange and marvelous . In den Kronen . Was steht in den Kronen . Give us back our megaphones .

STUDY IN SOOT & HYPERTONIC SALINE

Nowhere to go from here. But then
There's always a carnival. Beyond
The edge of town. When and where.
Miles from our mephitic place. We
Accept. Guard towers. Mammatus
Clouds. What used to be a bit of home.
A noise in our ears. A black cat reading
An Irish story. They are still there.—
They are. The only animal that knows
It must die. Moored figures . . .
In the interest of safety, passengers are asked
To leave all items unattended. Any attended
Items will be removed by the local . . . the final
Station. Already un-shot photographs are
Yellowed. Strewn with red biohazard bags.
One is clutching his heavy pad of surgical
Papers. (Or is it Braille?) Another whispers
Into a plastic container. About destruction
And Lent. A woman whose voice moves
Forty steps closer: *It's not the mangled feet.*
The poisoned flesh. It's the faces that are haunting.
The denuded girls. The nurses on their fag breaks.

KATZENJAMMER

Nothing you need to know is still missing. The desired principle
in your hands you ought to chase right now.

On one page you don't remember writing "I don't remember."

From the *Heimlich* to the *Unheimlich* in a Meaningless Universe
Fundamental *Weltanschauung* and Filmic Aesthetic

horror and suspense His *oeuvre* dominant patterns and themes a composite cynical and pessimistic *Weltanschauung* "that any director creates his films on the basis of a central structure and that all his films can be seen as variations or developments of it"

one of the finest film schools in the world first feature film to establish this central structure, this genealogy of techniques beginning with his first shorts

the original, fully developed treatment

the psychology of the stranger

original melody in variations, time and time again cinematic fugue.

the keystone in artistic production. A treatment the *auteur's* body

the filmic aesthetic and philosophical building blocks narratives conservative, fashion.

Aristotelian unities of time, space, and action. a boat, a house, a room limited number of characters relatively condensed time flashbacks strict chronological order cyclic in nature

the perspective of the protagonist the viewer of his films knows as much, or as little, as the main characters do

intolerance society somebody who is different the atmosphere of claustrophobia

. . . I like to shut myself up. I remember: when I was twelve, fourteen, I liked atmospheres that came from . . . what do I know? . . . Ultimately, enclosed interiors, stifling [. . .] something the real. atmosphere.

all things taken into account simple means.

detached and clinical meaningless universe,
human condition,
its otherness, turns into a prison, a claustrophobic space, the individual's psychology disintegrate.
There are no happy endings there are no endings at all
enter and exit sense of social, political, physical, or mental betterment. the Theatre of the Absurd
to distort reality and highlight bizarre, unexpected details. "enjoys exploring deviant behavior, often of sexual nature: incest, cannibalism, suicide, homosexuality, transvestitism, and homicidal mania are subjects he returns to again and again"
firm control

juxtaposed dominant subject matter of the loss of control

linear evolution,
a demonic circle common horrors of mundane reality
history of violence, persecution, and alienation.

the family returned
Nazis were soon to transform into the Jewish Ghetto in 1940.

persecution, "safety" rural landscapes and farmhouses.

"restricted to their apartments [. . .] with their long halls and barricaded doorways. the subjective nature dwellings wide-angle lens distortion, cavernous or claustrophobically womb-like"
a foreign element breaking into—and altering—a seemingly stable environment,

certain Freudian undertones,

notions of the *heimlich* and *unheimlich* crucial
Freud's essay on "The Uncanny" (1925)
something home a prison or torture chamber:
psychological origin fear generated by the kind of haunted, uncanny space represented
familiar, homey space has been transformed into its opposite.
the German word for uncanny—*unheimlich*. strange and frightening etymology
'belonging to the house'

a once-
familiar space which has become strange. the uncanny (*unheimlich*)
something once familiar that has become
strange and frightening.

drift, traumatized,

borders and distinctions
protective mechanisms traumatizing invaders blurred,
regardless of the genre.

witness the *heimlich* into the *unheimlich*
one dark single bedroom, a stranger who enters the
room and approaches a sleeping man. a pocketknife
the heart.
The viewer
this violent crime the brutal act bizarre and meaningless.
voyeurism, the stranger the sleeping man killing him.
link voyeurism with mental illness,

a sinister and often deadly trap.

an open bathroom window a woman
undressing herself. grins violently the camera the opening of the door
interrupts the voyeur's indulgence.

The violent intrusion

young and
sexually repressed slow descent into madness her death
on numerous occasions raped
two criminals
his young wife.
a violent stranger—
a rapist in the latter—destroys
victimized by its
crumbling mind. an old doll maker
the violent intruder.
a short in the wiring "rapes" and violates the dolls,
pedestrians maintain their evening strolls, the tragedy taking place a few feet away.

the street a visual trope
inconclusive;

the arrival of the stranger; a place of home and security yet another existential and physical trap, another question mark

water.

desolate sea a deserted beach modern society. two non-conforming men wardrobe
predetermined norms.
society's plentitude of indifference, theft, violence, and murder,

the director's later work. The plot is circular

the most claustrophobic—a cupboard

substitution of a street for a natural manifestation

the initial inspiration

lake district often visited for a weekend of leisurely sailing

youth and age

the Oedipus conflict his young wife a hitchhiker
seducing his wife

the tedium of conventional bourgeois married life and the pointlessness of existence

sexual interest and possessiveness

an established figure
someone alien that will irrevocably alter its initial constitution

an entering student two writers a script

over the period of twenty-four hours the shortest dialogues possible

set anywhere and at any time
communist ideologies

a young acting student who had recently graduated

too high of a pitch

a thirty-six-year old sports writer, driving an expensive car

the threatening and stressful city the comfort and simplicity the water

You bastard!

his cool impudence
his masculinity

enter the car

"404 is the tops. I've seen one 190SL in Warsaw, and two Jags, and now you,"

Youth Youth
Youth

YOUTH YOUTH

YOUTH
YOUTH

Reflections of the rising sun

YOUTH

It is obvious that both men are aware of the game

an oddity
cannot abandon the web they have entered
the stranger abandons it
petty battles based on wit, intelligence, and physical prowess

the sailboat gets caught in the shallows cramped and claustrophobic cabin of the boat

recites poetry to her and follows her every move in the cabin

switchblade

permanently damaged.

You're a murderer!

shaking with terror
You're just a clown! A clown, do you hear? A buffoon!

Like your wife!
a whore

as if he has satisfied some instinct of personal pride—perhaps a twisted sense of honour, perhaps plain revenge

the police

on a dark and deserted street

the long, grey featureless lives of the couple traveling down on it. They are carried along in the enclosed airlessness of their 'rather good car' as in the enclosed airless marital relationship"

claustrophobia is intensified by the enclosing element being situated in the middle of a vast open space [. . .] and surrounded by all this expanse, by so much 'outwardness,' the three characters deliberately turn their attention inwards

an underage girl

For as far back as I can remember, the line between fantasy and reality has been hopelessly blurred.

order and intent.

LA HORA CERO:
ESCHATOLOGICAL FRAGMENTS

after Astor Piazzolla

(Death—Tango)

You can hear us.
Through the walls.

Tango, tragedia,
Comedia, kilombo.
Tango, tragedia,
Comedia, kilombo.

The Whore, I.
The maggot feeding.
On her blood.
Her scent, my flesh.
Prodding her misery.

(Judgment—Tragedia)

At this hour.
Memory is she.
Who shouts *ganchos*.

The moment.
As language.

One step further.
To receive.

(Heaven—Comedia)

We are both.
Sides of morning.

Appease the horizon.
With a crowning descent.

(Hell—Kilombo)

Suffering erotic convulsions.

We devour thighs.
And draw circles.
In the half-light.

Illuminating our dance.
Our magic identification.

BALLERINAS

DANCER 1:

—The Home for Difficult Children moved in next door to her.

DANCER 2:

—I saw her madness, strange sister, and chose another.

—Her mouth formed a documentary subject: the city thin as light.

DANCER 3:

—She was interviewed by a pair of twins who spoke "only the insufferable language of the young, the only language that deserves to be saved."

Two questions:

What is the most human virtue of all? And if there's a song that defies all classification, what would it be?

It goes without saying. Happiness. No, humor or courage. And singing goodbye to one's native tongue.

DANCER 4:

—She developed a sense for when he was coming.

DANCER 5:

—She was more modest than she appeared, she had promised, she told herself quite frankly, she felt drawn, she sang, she received and entertained him, she found herself compelled, she wished, she added in hushed tones, she said, she knuckled under, she began to contemplate vile and wicked things, she called to mind, she looked, she sank, she dragged, she thrust his hands away, she softly, softly walked, she hated him, she sat there, she kept warning him, she didn't even look at him, she gave him the bread, she said something, she called him, she harmonized so well, she confessed to him, she responded, she considered herself, she was deeply immersed, she indeed began, she asked, she proceeded, she was a sort of, she sometimes believed, she might possibly, she was in fact, she was nothing more, she was forced, she might be too, she longed for, she wished to, she appeared, she wept, she did so, she was delicate, she shivered, she was single, she harbored, she didn't know anything, she no longer wanted, she was still, she found herself, she became, she framed, she ran out.

DANCER 6:

—Emaciated: *adjective* free from legal, social, or political restrictions; liberated.

—Abuse: *noun* violent treatment involving sexual assault (someone, esp. a woman or child), esp. on a repeated basis.

DANCER 7:

Brisé, Chaînés, Chassé, Croisé, Écarté, Échappé, Effacé, Fouetté, Plié, Piqué, Porté, Relevé, Retiré, Sauté, Tombé.

FOLEY 4:10

Set/Index	Time	Sound
MG-C/129	0:07	Dust falls lightly
MG-C/333	0:14	Tarp cloth, in wind
MG-C/441	0:12	Branch movement, steady
MG-C/002	0:29	Oxygen mask, single breaths
MG-C/134	0:08	Dog footsteps on linoleum
MG-C/205	0:11	Man urinates on the ground
MG-C/415	0:02	Cigarette toss to the ground
MG-C/038	0:05	Metal, creaks and groans, high pitched
MG-C/618	0:02	Paper movement
MG-C/137	0:09	Brush dust off a wall
MG-C/077	0:03	Metal object drops, heavy impact
MG-C/054	0:21	Artifact movement, small
MG-C/330	0:03	Finger down on wood
MG-C/901	0:12	Bedframe, creaks
MG-C/709	0:15	Brush hair
MG-C/842	0:11	Scissors cutting
MG-C/008	0:08	Chewing gum/eating candy
MG-C/256	0:05	Panties, movements, drop
MG-C/470	0:17	Rosary beads movement
MG-C/603	0:14	Grass movement, light
MG-C/802	0:03	Girl kneels on grass
MG-C/054	0:03	Digging in the dirt with hands
MG-C/141	0:04	Fingers bite
MG-C/579	0:11	Shaking something off the body

MG-C/012	0:04	Wood splinters, distant crash on soft surface
MG-C/089	0:02	Skull hits with sharp bone
MG-C/201	0:07	Pin through a bug
MG-C/039	0:04	Heavy exoskeleton cracks
MG-C/098	0:05	Light body falls on leaves
MG-C/111	0:04	Male grunts
MG-C/021	0:02	Licking or sucking fingers or
MG-C/112	0:03	Wipe mouth
MG-C/000	1:02	Ash falls lightly

CITY OF NOW

More profound than reason,
More profound than perversion,
Bestiality, does she, determined,
Absorbed, think and connect us,
Larger than a common grave,
The dark trying of her fingers,
Counting these pages?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Daniele Pantano is a Swiss poet, translator, critic, and editor. His individual poems, essays, and reviews, as well as his translations from the German by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, Georg Trakl, and Robert Walser, have appeared or are forthcoming in numerous magazines, journals, and anthologies worldwide. Pantano's poetry has been translated into several languages, including German, Albanian, Bulgarian, Kurdish, and Farsi. Pantano taught at the University of South Florida, served as the Visiting Poet-in-Residence at Florida Southern College, and directed the Creative Writing program at Edge Hill University, England, where he was Reader in Poetry and Literary Translation. Pantano lives somewhere at the end of a line. For more information, please visit www.danielepantano.ch.