

Sabine Lenore Müller

Hare's Cathedral

The Names of the Hare

I'm calling you by your names
All-shifter and swift-pacer
With my elbows down in the furrow,
My chest pressed into the soil

You are the harbinger of yourself
Not evil-and-turmoil. Wide-eyes
The Easter-connection,
Love-and love-that-will-be
Milleniae in reflection:

Into the dark forest, side-stepper, I see
You melt, bold-expectation: It's tragic -
You're leaving, hesitant-gee,
Me to the magic.

My eyes (brittle-and-fur-neck, as ever
Fixed upon your spells,
The powers that bind and sever,
Now-here and now never-never)
Run, while the water swells,

Run, while the moon is keeping
The golden stars in their bough,
Run, while furrow and plough
Make beds for the softly falling,
And keep you
Back-check from the pack
White-speck out of the stew.

Yippedy go-god returning

To heaven with tearing thighs,
Run safely, slim-skip, from the burning
Alleyways of my eyes

Egypt, shiny end of our
Every atom is dirty
Black, tarry yuck liquid
Stuck un-cleanable
Bad accident the god
Empty eyed wanders off
The blocks of stone
Step by step, head held high.

Where is the fertile cell to breed it all anew?
Horus raced off in one direction to nowhere
Oh, Ra-explosion, death of the sun in hubris,
End of the ocean

In the pyramid: Veins of blue light pulsing,
New technology for the electro-man,
King's life everlasting,
And on the streets:
Anarchy.

God was born through
the deeds of his son who
took the dirty soil in his
hands, the flower of
destruction – the ends of
empire milled to sand
and god spat on it
real spittle

All temples are tombs
Their pillars skeletal remains
The grave is open and the
Sun shines

Egypt, end of our
Every atom is dirty
The high priest handles
Emptiness with staffs and plugs and
In the dark is darkness
Black tarry yuck liquid
Stark hard Barbara turns her back

Of the past we live, the hare said,
Rising from the lake side at sunset
And we die of the past,
Pointing out nutritious green
By the wayside he invited me not to mind
His withdrawal, he longed for:

1. the dark colour of home soil
2. that can only paint
3. the substance that matters
4. and signify the voices
5. that speak

I had to rage against that darkness
Like the Inuit against the cold.
I remembered his eyes
Green-brown-grey-and-explosion
Of brightness, blowing my features out
Into the void

—

And god ran through the hands of his son
who took the repulsing dirt,
spending an hour or so
building a new and perfect bird
the immaculate form of god-head

—

And the reporter asked
If he was happy standing
In front of his car in Alberta.

Sure, said he, no high-voltage towers,
No people, nice skies and lets go,
For collecting a storm
You must not be right beneath it.
Today is our lucky day:
The lightning strokes we caught
Were in real time. To look at them frame by frame
Exposes the signature of god

And the bird inside the hands of the son of man
began
to flutter, it gave
a weak chirp – too shy to think of leaving
too tired to remember the losses of Egypt
still shaking with the blow it said:
“Don’t eat me!”

A tourist gives up her camera,
Walks up the great alley to the chamber
Of the kings to there in silence and the smell of piss,
There in the dark, dark, dark of the empty sarcophagus
Pray for all immaculate things

--- As a man opens the dome of his hands.

So let us sing to the hawk in
his wild and violet dance
most transient chance
of Shan -
kar's
hand on the sitar.
Our voices bow around
each other to the star. So let
us cease the idle bitter talk
for on the winding
stair up and
up I
heard him
walk: Hesitant as the

hare, jubilant as the hawk

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Asking the hare

By the end of his way
Which animal he'd choose to be
He said: A horse! For sure,
To run free

A horse! For sure, as Harras was such friend he
Ploughed the field and never threw me off
when I requested him to carry me. And I was with him
to the end.

I would be like Harras, he said, a horse
Can understand

Hair tossed ah, ah

Radi
Calgal ah, ah
An eye pillar at marble
The whole Karnak temple
The Marduk
Eye, eye, eye pillar
Cold hard marble slither in
Outer appearances is
Nice now? Is it?

Surely, shu, shu surely,
So surely churned goblin
Of the monster hollow the, the
Echo the epoch of Marduk

Her white dress about her wrapped and up
Undone up oh, oh open so
Open, shu churned in the

Oh, oh open of the sugar mamma
Dance within the temple marble
Cold against the
Summer of our discount, wrapped her
Ah, ah, arms against the pillar of our
Discount, *endlich* in the temple cold
Hard marble moon unfrozen

Hair tossed ah, ah
Radical ride on the
King's Sirius,
Andromeda
Shu churned in
Her laps
Undone her dress
Up all about her
Wrapped and oh, oh open
Wound come comfort Pharaoh
Upon the tomb oh open
Goblin of the monster hollow, the
Echo, the epoch
Of Marduk

Lift my head first,
forming a line:
Chin, breastbone and belly
paralleling the spine
and on this railing lead, Lord,
the transcending locomotive,
images and tunes up,
half-formed and votive

Up falls the angel hair
heaven draws strong, Lord,
veils of smoke earthward
where Salome
danced in a thong

Steadily frankincense,
toc toc toc music
swings into immanence,
rotor of Horus, god the acoustic
veils of song into song
exiting the body
and deliver those who annex it in
shiver after shiver.

Dome of Cologne

I
Cascades of water frozen
Hill-side January brook
Dates collected unconscious
Doors in the oracle book:
Craftsman Jack has his hour
To carve from the falling rain
Tower over tower

Precious bottle of envy, trickle
To the sky periodical signals
Gradual bye-bye
Centuries caressing
With quickly perishing hands
Stalagmites from fickle
Earth into undying lands

Loving hammer of water
Rhine's white gold ring of the sun,
Wedding gift to your daughter ending
Where it begun.

Terribly anxious structure close
To the final wall beyond which none

Can be thrown, splendour of those
Who loose all they were able to carry
Dropping beyond the horizon their
Heavy berry.

||

What can be said about the silence of the *Bahn*?
May I speak, may I?
Today I flew the bird of pollution past god's
Throne and he suffered that, too.

I wish there was no forgiveness
For we wouldn't last any minute,
Any minute now the cold Dome collapses
The arch I drew across the sky
From Berlin to Cologne
Of prayer is too fragile.

The kerosene plea for forgiveness,
A white line beneath us:
Honeysuckle and sweetness
Fuelled the rose across the sky,
Phaeton to Cologne where the light
Vanished under clouds
Only the Dome perks its ears up,
Sits snug from no enemy
Inside that hare: |

There was something about the *Bahn*
Some white flowers commemorate
And some copperplate – what was it?

Any minute he may jump up
from the furrow dragging centuries
like roots from out the ground and underneath
who knows, Rome may be found

Yes, Miss Dior, we all were young,
Most of all Mary – navy lady of Ylang
She rose blue but so yellow
Silence in the cold cotton her thermal hello

An arch of airplanes was her bright tiara
And bands of cold kerosene were her veil
Thus ever present was *la mia cara*
Above the clouds and sent beneath no trail.

Eternally up there angelic strata circle
So slowly I would not return from crossing
Them inside a pressured cabin to
Spread my wings like them and own
And burn.

III
No, no, release the horses
She walks on the high balcony
All around the gallery
The apple core
Kernel by kernel she smiles:
The trees of earth will re-grow.

No, no, release the horses
The 5 disparate forces tied
To the cart, release the discipline
That strains the heart

She walks up on the balcony and from her eyes
Cascades of water descend so high
That I may drown me in you.



Notre Dame in the water

A love that binds our heads to a leaved clover
A love that binds our soul to laugh out loud
A moment we embrace – and then it's over



