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CHIMERA (org. English version)

this is the street where you live
this is the street where you were born
this is the street where you were
given your actual form
every day, every morning
when you wake up surprised and restored
you rise up from a damp basement
and climb up your spinal cord

there is no place but this one
because this place is you
this is the street where you live now
this is the street in which you were born

some day they will detect you
and you know that is true
but for now this place is yours exclusively
a place which holds no doors
the flickering leaves - your fingers
the cobblestones - your foot soles
and you're hanging out in your mouth now
a moist living room

you called in sick but it's a holiday
and you wish, but cannot leave the house
it's a house which holds bricks no longer
it contains you like food in craws

disjointed as a maunder
fragile as a fluttering straw
this place is the only one for you now
because this is the shape in which you were born

while the anatomy of your spirit
leaps through a sweep of your street
little rabbits graze the sidewalk
eat the moss off your feet
then bang goes the gun
whiz goes the rocket
and so the rabbits fall apart
some people are best at casual encounters
some people are not casual at all
(but) one thing you knew with certainty:
either you or they had to go

so you cook them evil rabbits on a pyre
and as the fire burns out
you set out to scout for the rim of your lungs
enclosing the street
you do it to reach over
the terrace on your shoulder
which cracks and leaks
as thunder breaks through

along this urgent leakage
a small pond has collected
fish break the surface
and so now you claw at them
you hear your stomach rumbling
and you believe it's a sign of hunger
but deep down you know it's the cracking thunder
forecasting your absence
when the flood reaches your bladder

this is, this is the street where you live now
this is the street in which you were born
there is, there is no place but this one
because this place is you
close to your chest
those wriggling fish
you clinch them as tight as you can
so oily they are
they want to escape
it's hopeless to bring them along
and as thou who holds but owns not
need no bag to carry
you drink up their slime
distill it as brine
and brew your coffee with this magic water

as you suck out the flesh of the fish
you now got a cup
and in that you pour the beverage
so while coffee displaces sleep and clouds gather sky
you enter your stockings without porches

you wander about
outside the house
as the night makes you a streetwalker
your breath is the draft of windows
and your voice the screech of a gate
but nobody is around to hear you
because in this street there is only you

the flood is now reaching your door frame
and so you step up the stairs
you sip at the coffee near you
because the night shift has only begun
to refresh you turn on the shower
located amongst your pubic hair
it's warm and musky in there
but you're numb with cold and so you don't care

there is no place but this one
because this place is you
yet this is the street where you live now
this is the street in which you were born
it is here you make a living
but while you shower your wage is decreased
nobody buys an absent flower
soon you will clutch at straws

what is gained is only lost here
who loses is merely you
and the playground has no children
so you tuck it behind your ears
you gel your hands to pull down the traces
of your formerly swept-back hair
you fix it tightly and wink with the eye
then you slide down the half-heated gut hill

with the tip of a hair
you dodge the lake
of atrocious gastric acid
yet your knee now dips in
it turns wrinkled and thin
before it breaks off ultimately
then a house falls apart
in the middle of the street
it vanishes, withers completely
an empty lot like a fallen milk tooth
what is lost is gained, remember...

this is, this is the street where you live now
this is the street in which you were born
there is, there is no place but this one
because this place is you

you would like to go home
but you are home now
as there is no place but this one

because this place is you