



SPRING

1.

In the west the new moon.
Before the new moon's horn a star.
A tall thin black house.
Three lighted windows.
Three windows.



But when the storm came and buildings with thick walls fell down, the thin branches didn't move. The little leaves turned stiff: as if cast out of iron. A flock of crows flew through the air in a straight line over the town.

And suddenly again everything was still.

The orange-cloud disappeared. The sky turned piercing blue. The town yellow enough to make you cry.

And through this silence a single sound rang: hoofbeats. And they knew that through the totally empty streets a white horse is walking all alone. The sound lasted for a long time, a very, very long time. So no one knew exactly when it disappeared. Who knows when silence begins?

Through elongated, extended, somewhat expressionless, unsympathetic notes of a bassoon rolling far, far away deep in the distant emptiness, everything slowly turned green. First low and rather dirty. Then brighter and brighter, colder and colder, poisonous and more poisonous, even brighter, even colder, even more poisonous.

The buildings soared upward and became narrower. All of them leaned toward a point to the right, where perhaps the morning is.

It became perceptible as a striving toward morning.

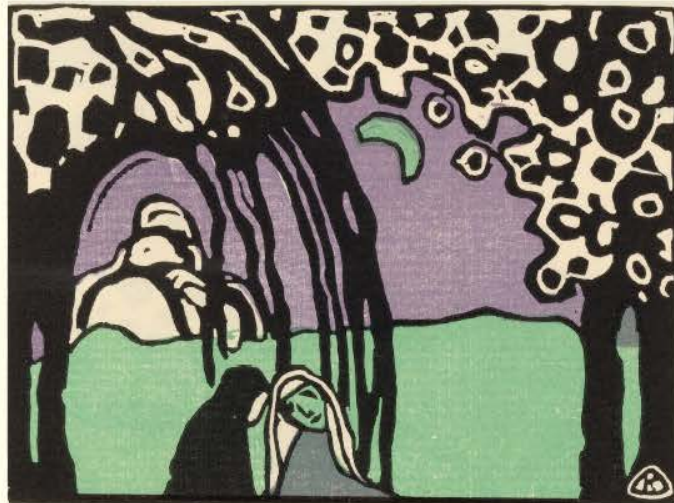
And the sky, the houses, the pavement and the people who walked on the pavement became brighter, colder, more poisonously green. The people walked constantly, continually, slowly, always staring straight ahead. And always alone.

But the naked tree correspondingly grew a large, luxurious crown. This crown sat up high and had a compact, sausage-like shape that curved upward. The crown alone was so shrilly yellow that no soul would endure it.

It's good that none of the people walking below saw this crown.

Only the bassoon attempted to describe the color. It rose higher and higher, became shrill and nasal in its outstretched note.

How good that the bassoon couldn't reach this note.





THAT

**You all know this giant cloud that's like the cauliflower. It lets itself be
chewed snowwhitehard. And the tongue stays dry. That's how it weighed
on the deep blue air.
And below, beneath it on the ground, on the ground stood a burning house.
It was solid, oh, solidly built of dark red tiles.
And it stood in solid yellow flames.
And in front of this house on the ground . . .**





ADVENTURE

Once I visited a summer colony where no one lived. All the houses were neat and white and had green shutters that were tightly shut. In the middle of this summer colony was a green square, overgrown with grass. In the middle of this square stood a very old church with a tall belfry with a pointed roof. The big clock ran, but didn't strike. At the foot of this belfry stood a red cow with a very fat belly. It stood there without moving and chewed sleepily. Every time the minute hand of the clock pointed to a quarter-, a half-, or a full hour, the cow roared: "Oh! don't be so alarmed!" Then it went back to chewing again.





EARLY SPRING

A man on the street took off his hat. I saw black-and-white hair stuck down to the right and left of his part with hair cream.

Another man took off his hat. I saw a big pink, slightly greasy bald spot with a bluish highlight.

The two men looked at one another, each showing the other crooked, greyish yellowish teeth with fillings.



CAGE

It was torn in two. I took it in both hands and held the two ends together. Something grew all around. Close around me. But you couldn't see anything of it.

I thought there wasn't anything there. But still I couldn't go forward. I was like a fly inside a cheese bell.

I.e. nothing visible yet still impossible to overcome. It was even empty. In front of me, all alone, stood a tree, actually a sapling. Its leaves green, like verdigris. Dense like iron and just as hard. Little bloodshimmering red apples hung from its branches.

That was all.