

**ferdinand schmatz**  
**phenomenal poems on fritz rupprechter**  
*(Translated from the German by Peter Waugh)*

haste entangled  
conclusively drawn in a standstill  
(foolhardily value-free) on the flatiron  
divides certain things into their opposite  
(nothing)  
folding that away  
that which spools strips  
without closing gaps  
interlocks in a bowing sign  
layer for cardboard layer  
of strips (thick with value)  
of fashioning left natural  
down  
the cut into that  
where will is the choice of a slant  
where wax is, it only flares  
up with the colour in afterglow

the cut into the wax only flares up. the colour,  
grey, is in afterglow. and after that something is found  
in the black (like a wick, washing-up hands, waxen)

in this wood without tree-trunks  
bare hardness is  
slanty, most grossly fine  
it formally bows to the flame  
seeks consolation  
- cedaring rather than oaking -  
the whole grows together in wax  
cut instead of push (easy to divide)  
so wildly unelevated

rough is shiny only so  
briefly always that which radiates  
quenches time here in  
between melts  
- trickling away -  
what once were the wax  
tables of memory

library of strokes, archive of cuts right up to the edge,  
unsteady wall inside, the sides between the cracks,  
the storage space branded, eye and brain expiration,  
that draws out a while and bows off only to return striking  
("and even if your paper burns, you could not burn  
what it contains, I bear it in my breast", Juan Goytisolo),  
starts out there open there then silence closes here, nothing  
grows together in grey, no smoke, ashes, rather a rushing,  
chirping (bamboo = bamboo, quotes f. s. the one and  
always other self)

(other once again):  
table: what's missing is  
discovered laid, grows always only  
that way entered (closes here)  
on the sign-cloth something  
impressive pursues itself  
bendedly and spreads something  
up and down layers it  
stain watch it observe it look  
away from the incline  
in the (forest of) colour  
undivided grove it is already sprinkled quite