



weying in open space

6 poems
by florian fischer

*Useful
thanks to 19/10/14
Peggy*

beginning

at the beginning
there was no end

eversince they decided
beginning forever

over-is-over tells us
it's time for a further beginning

anfang

am anfang war kein ende
so ward entschieden
daß anfang auf anfang folge
immerdar
vorbei-ist-vorbei bedeutet seither
gib raum neuem anfang

wey

yes, we know "we" well
and we know well those people
and what *they* are like

but what about *wey*
someone invites us to try
touching the unknown

well, i'll admit now
that this word is a new one
which i offer to you.

formerly thinking
in terms of identity
significantly

bordered against *they*
guarded to protect the *we*
looking to become

at least a winner
in steady competition
in the marketplace

one day you may get
a feeling that the distance
between you and me,

answer and question,
past and future, we and they
between, between all

could be instead of
separation the very
connection of all.

that idea wants
to become language, a word
which is showing up

and will make working
the very brighten feeling
between we and *they*:

doubleyou and part
of e from *we*, part of e
and the why from *they*:

wey
weying, weyable, to wey,
the wey.

over is over
not over is not over

over may be seen as over
when it seems to be

cause the river is passing by
under the bridge

where upon a manwoman
is looking down and longing for
to jump and to dive
down to the waters
for to be covered withinst
for to travel for ever

yearning for to know
wether over is ever or never

meanwhile
the million of twinkling waves
get dark cause some clouds
are passing the sun above

a sudden gust of wind
causes the manwoman
to turn and to look up
where the motion comes from

and withinst a moment
between ever and never
a rush of rain covers
the eyes and the face
and all of the body
of the manwoman

to give a little bit of an answer
about the question
wether over is over never or ever
between waters
expanding the now.

on the move

but you know
that not the sun
is rolling across
but we ourselves
wondering about the changing light
are rolling on and on
being on the move around an axis
which we never can loose.

on that journey way
in fact even without
doing any step
we are moved away
in every moment
from the place
we had been just before
to a place
where had been before
nothing or no one or another one
or a huge water or a huge desert
or a spring or a grave
or an accident or an incident
or just that one
we had been yearning for
but that one as well
had just leaved
the former place
by doing not any step.

the changing light
from dawn to dusk
the changing darkness
between dusk and dawn
makes us aware that change
is an ongoing process
since the beginning
so we could be
without any fear
about of doing the right
being moved
from experience to experience
which is not more
than being moved
round the axis
from a former place
to a further place

welcome and awareness
to every new place
honor and goodbye
to every passed place
it may touch us once again,
annoying and/or inspiring
unexpected and inevitable.
cause over is over
and not over is not over.