

Natalia Panzer's
UL
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Excerpts of a multimedia poem including translations, drawings, and poems linked by a third-person narrative.

ORANGE B

In 1947, The Collyer Brothers,
extreme compulsive hoarders,
were found dead in their New York apartment.

The younger brother, Langley,
was killed by his own booby trap.

His blind brother, Homer, died of starvation a few days later.

MAUS

Something's alone in the bottom of my bone.

A mouse without a tail. But why?

Because it wanted to see the world from my shoulder

(I wanted to warn it that the world was mash)

and later, in Transylvania, it fell off

and clocks clocked into clocks and I never saw it again.

I think your mouse's tail might be what I've been using for cheese wire

and I'm sorry but I left that wire in my will to Maus.

Maus? Who is this Maus? I guess it doesn't matter.

The mouse made for a terrible house.

Terrible because it was mine for the third time,

the time where I was a hall and the walls where I was a hall

and the walls were only there to stop scabs from finding skin

but I was a terrible wall, lazy. And they all got out.

ORLEGNIASDO

I could not fit through one door of the communist hotel
and so filled them all and each bath with milk. Window a god's mole.

I scratch it and catch the blood in my mouth for it is tissue, I think, a thought
but thinking makes me lose it. Limbs, a tao on the table.

Limbs that I left in the house of Gizzi
and his hands hand me my head. Slow, wide came the windows.

LANGLEY

A horse hiked over the earth. Robed.

Lift the robe and find roads.

Tongues on the floor of Tylenol, flapping.

A smile slides sideways off a face
and hangs there midair.

Forthwith, another face comes

on a witch with a stitch but a kitchen's stitch
full of knives shanking each side in the halfness.

Halfness like darkness? someone yells to my left
from Atlantis, in Atlantis

and others in Olympus

and others in Atlantis by way of Olympus

and others at once in Olympus and Atlantis

and Moses in the land of Moab.

The blind sleep as flowers sleep, closed.

Each sleep a step away from the Birdhouse.

NIJINSKY

I cannot go too far into their world.

If I could I would sleep

but soon, Venus will pass by the sun

and all the seams & seers

will glow yellow in the same room.

They unclip their ears.

Long, dark bears begin to infiltrate the kitchen.

I cough up an ankle, my uncle, Urkel

and the sky sheds its mouth from the inside

so upside down I am there.

Itch my tongue with your ditch.

It's me, passing myself.

Upstairs, I do not go upstairs.

Goya, the prince of my medical water.

A ball of arms swims towards me in the river.

ANTI-WALLISM

Almost I am unhigh

a hotel prunes me

and finds plums. I'm a dud.

They chuck me with the others:

an orchestra in an awwchard,

feet the part of fleece,

this is not the police.

JANUS

"We're in the car.
Hands and mouth and teeth."

Night raised the flowers in voices
clicking its alien tongue.
The mouse closed its window.
A whale offers its gloves
on a road, the last road, groundless.
Birds, the featherless elders.
The sleeves I am left with are empty
but anyway I wear them.
Untie alpaca and get A.
Fingernails bite theirs.
A clown performs for its clown, Vallejo
is the girl of the hour.
But she has come from Trujillo to Lima.
But she earns a wage of five soles.

JADWIGA

Once abandoned, blogs, understand you are Suns.

Into and, eventually, out of

hedgehogs learn to ignore their own hands.

But there are others!

and chins growing down and out into slides

because, because because bigos.

Light, your mushrooms have colonized.

Wetas hop along his brainstems. Trains touch noses.

Triangles' points put on pants

and join the pilgrimage to the Pyramid of Pork.

America lights its pipes. Attilas storm the mall. Ulf forms.

Photoshopped by a phantom damp from dipping.

And where is my anti-without?

For weeks I've been a week, a tongue, and you . . .

who are you anyway?

OCAML

I, an elephant, go to your elephant at the airport.

The sky closes over like a side
like a side taken off is a side taken.

A bird slips off the sky.

Surfers sink into the earth when asleep.

Patient, I fall asleep before morning.

London scoops the shoes from its stews.

Copernicus talks stats with a stork.

Slow, my up my nose window cracks
and kangaroos ripple into view, mistaken,
put cake up as a curtain and got bacon.

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI

10^{16} meters = 1 light year

Space alternates between a lot of activity

And relative inactivity — notice, a rhythm —

And in the intestines of orcs there are oaks

I propose to a twig in a wig

Vast the land with awling storks

Delivery boys lost in the Himalayas

Babcias, my babcias

High jumpers in their paper house

WHERE

— I might

Said the wood god

Mud in the stars and food on the ground

Fra Angelico was said to be unable

To paint a Christ without weeping

Julius Caesar was informed of his death

And of who would do it in a letter

That he got but never opened

And by the time of Caravaggio's apprenticeship

Lomazzo had been forced by blindness to abandon painting

This comes in through the window:

Virgil's real name was Virgilio

Brunelleschi had a temporary restaurant and wine shop

Constructed in the highest reaches of the Florence cathedral

While building his great cupola

So the workers didn't have to navigate all that distance for lunch

Emmy Hennings died in a small room above a grocery

Like things go toward me and in back of me

Beast that ate my bike but now owes me

I have claimed that Merlin knew German

Cold coffee, yellow corn, green mass, a germ

Something growing in my arm: a bone, an arm

Count the cows

Cut the grass

Only orphans allowed in the cat town

When Orion said

That he would kill all the animals in the world

The earth sent a giant scorpion to sting him

Began-begun, a yellow-haired lemon

Wide is not a width

Fall off the floor

Any small thing is water

Like Apollo sometimes

Exchanged his god-like status to live as a dolphin

And founded the oracle at Delphi

Named in honour of the dolphin

Aristotle said whales were mammals

Whales have three stomachs

And vomit when harpooned

Bloody emissions from a whale's blowhole

Means that its lungs are injured
Tartini's violin, which shattered in its case at his death

Eyes over there, depths
Look East to the mountain
Eyes touch on the ur-map
Teeth bite forth teeth
Feet under head
A face in the window
An empty curtain
And I have all that I have made:
Pills of hands, beached wave, J.R.R. Sensei
Beside a slow-burning candle
Ulysses rereads The Odyssey in a day

Canoes crawl out of Babel
Winter in a sick wok Trakl died in Krakow
Moth in Latin, mon
Door in Latin, din
According to Vasari
Citizens in Florence
Were so impressed by a Madonna of Cimabue's
That it was carried in procession from his workshop
To Santa Trinita, heralded by trumpets

Holofernes did a headstand
Humpbacks are born with their eyes open
No one has witnessed the birth of a whale
In its natural habitat
Spoons have no size
The world is were
Ducks take wing only in return
An eighty-foot female blue whale
Held by a modern harpoon head
Attached to 3,000 fathoms of line
Once towed a ninety-foot twin steam chaser
With its engine going full speed astern
For seven hours at a steady eight knots
Covering over fifty miles

HERE

The blue eye of a dry-heaving doe.

Unhorned horns, a hole.

A compass points me to those whose heads
grow over their shoulders.

Confused. A Prussian concussion.

Rasputin brought table wine.

Uncles latch onto wodka's knuckles.

A widow emptied of hands
is not a window, a face turned up to smoke
coming down from the window.

A sacred mountain with two summits.

AUSTIN PERALTA

Sun on.

Sun owl.

The Atlantic eel

and eel words.

Cows moot

the sleeves of sleep.

A spider cries on a leaf,

tearspiders.

The great stomach

in the grass.

JAGIEŁŁO

There are saids.

There are the wets.

Heads full of holes.

Buckle my ears.

I am standing on my own two feet
which covers two feet
no feet on a seal
folded into an ocean
on a seal no feet but a tail
a fish no feet but a tail
a whale no feet but a tail
a bird two feet and a tail
a cow four legs and a tail
a bear four legs and a tail
a cat four legs and a tail
a hippo four legs and a tail
a ram four legs and tail
a horse four legs and a tail
a dog four legs and a tail
a pig four legs and a tail
a rat four legs and a tail
a mouse four legs and a tail
an alpaca four legs and a tail
a goat four legs and a tail
a lizard four legs and a tail
a doe four legs and a tail
elephants four legs and a tail
a donkey four legs and a tail
a giraffe four legs and tail
and a tongue to actively repeat all that.

I, O Schwitters, see a cup and a table,
the tableness and the cupness.

The cup is full of size.

No smell, no taste, no teeth, no toast.

No toast, but cake
and coasts of cake
and lakes of cake.

The bed, a cake.

A bowl, a warm box.

A bowl is not broken and fixed.

This pleases a plate, touching a plate

part of the Plates, the Big Plates,
the Small Plates and the Bowls

To clean a bowl.

For it to dry, or to dry it like a cup.

A dropped cup.

A broken cup makes a cut.

The cup now a lump that cuts.

CODEX BORGIA

Potatoes blind but not deaf
carrots deaf, and corn deaf from naming.
Like an onion, I eat a whole onion.
An onion on a chair in the butter, an oath
an oat, I have an oat in Venice
and salt loses its flavour.
What will season the sea?

I put myself on a rock.
The rains descended, the floods came
and the winds blew and beat on that rock
and I did not fall, I was found on the rock
rubbing salt off the rock
I licked the rock
to taste if it was really salt
and, like Merlin, learned German
and so I kissed the rock, to thank it
and something else rubbed off
into my mouth, a word: haus.

I sit up, I sit at the table.
I put my elbows on the table.
I put my head on the table
and hear spatulas scrape
the bottom of the wok, the world.
I get up. The sea is a cave.
A seacave, during an ice age.
An ice cave. Icicle, thee ice-creams cometh.

Open your hand, so that I can be a hand
and so the whole world can be a hand
so the animals can be hands
the horse, a hand
the worm, a hand
a ham, an old hand
the fly, a hand, the tomato, a hand
and even the onion, a hand
and the sky, a whole little hand in orbit.

A LABYRINTH

We always thought alien life would come from the sky

But it came from deep within the sea

Flour mills flouring

I wear my head on my cheek

Humans with heads, humans have brains

Birds have brains, the whales the brainest

An ear in the grass, the greenest

A fly in a bowl of milk

Far away on a road, the edge of the centre

Eyes leaning out on their little connectors

Pyramids rise, sway, flicker, fade

Dogs at the door

Static at the window

ROOMS

Why is there a shadow in the kitchen?
There is a shadow because everything is bigger
Two cups in a box, twice in a pot
In a bowl there are too many holes
A hole does not open and push itself out of a hole
This makes a line not a dinner
One hole closes with a liquid thinner
Water
A potato tower
A potato wall
And the window in water
A glass is any height, it is higher
And when it is placed the table is longer
An empty room is bigger
The corners are gathered together
Tables, glasses, mirrors
And night-lights, what are night-lights?
They are lights that are not from the sun
The moon and the sun
The moon in the cities of the moon

RATTUS RATTUS

A hole in the milk

The oven has an inner hand

A monk in the freezer stirs, breathes in, leans out

Snails in the leaf litter

A colour is any strange mixture

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They asked a farmer for his goat

They took the goat to a mountaintop

They let the goat go and wherever it went, they followed it

They put stakes in the ground

In this way they built a road

MILK

Dried and hulled common wormwood, 2,500kg.;
small wormwood, 500g.; dried flowering hyssop, 1kg.;
dried lemon balm mint, 1 kg.;
green anise, 5kg.; star anise, 1 kg.;
fennel, 2kg.; coriander, 1kg.;
alcohol at 85% concentration, 51 liters.

EELPOT

A lightbulb lowered through branches

Leaves greenly together

A web in the seeds

A worm in the web, green

Ratgoats, ghosts

And ghosts of the rat ghosts

The ghosts go back to the goats

A horse tongue touches the sun

Spiders in the bank

Sparrows on the bank

Arms and everything else: arms

Arms beside arms and in the middle: the center

And at the edge of the center: arms

The edge of the center was everywhere

YOLK

Black candle on a black plate and blue salt

Frogs rise up into a shrub

Milk that flows between fingers that flow

A left shoulder, flowing to the left to the coast

Tidings spread through the land and on toast

This idea stuck until the sea was a loaf and no one the eater

Whole-wheat whale

Scrambledeggcloud

ROOM.1208

Pigeons somewhere above me
Wings flap below me
I — half
You — half
A part of you always unseen
And me, held in a hand
A handprint on the window

I go to the bathroom
Where everyone is full
Everyone is fine
Everyone's a finger
Has a finger, just one
To rub on my mirror
— Our mirror
Someone whispers somewhere
Farther back in the bathroom mirror
My mouth creaks
A door grins wide

Pick up your eyes
See as others see
See how the closet is not connected
But the bed
The bed is not like anything in the mirror
It is not like the same thing that has a mirror
It is on top, a wall surrounds it
And two I-shaped things, legs
One and another
Hidden by the other

A hedge eating apples
The mouth of a river ripped by a propeller

Tied by butter, my toes to toast
A toast to the toast
Talk about toast in it, about the loaf in it
About a word with a sword, sword
And how my house, unfortunately, is a house
The floor, fortunately, where the spoons live
The hypotenuse and its shoulders in the oven
One by one of them bursting from the door

I have a front
I tie it around you
It itches
Inside, a lung
A stomach a spleen
A bean a bean not a thumb
A bean now to date
To date now now and date
And the date
What came first on this date, a whale at first
What came first, whale the first
What comes first, whale first
Whales and all that move in the waters