

[Horizon—A Yellow Band—Eats]

*i.m. Ingeborg Bachmann*

Horizon—a yellow band—eats  
Away at nothing.  
A woman's black heel  
Flashes where she skips in place, and  
Fancies herself—the street; the light;  
Nothing. Dusk comes on like Christ,  
Inoperative, contra Eliot,  
Whatever you need Him to be, He is.  
Another letter arrives from you.  
Soldiers were shaving women's heads.  
The word—Post-war,  
Expired, shot to pieces in the gutter.  
There has yet to be a war on prisons  
Except waged by the prisoners.  
Horizon—a yellow band—eats  
Away at nothing.  
Dusk comes on like Christ. Nothing.  
A woman's black heel  
Flashes where she skips in place, and  
Fancies herself—the street; the light;  
Give me some food, Christ.  
See, how hard it is, to be inoperative?  
This is where the light falls, and Eliot  
Comes on like dusk.  
A woman is in trouble. If that is what  
You need. Then what it is will be that.  
Be inoperative, if just for a little while.

## A Ballad of the Sonderkommando

Special duty. Repeat the proviso, you must enter, and  
Here you must wash, be at ease. It was a difficult journey.  
The crowd's keepers promise, room services not long  
After. Drink, food, words; whatever thought need aspire.  
Whatever thought need aspire: you can pray, you can  
Shepherd the dead to God, imagine just how, and, when,  
You will meet your own end. Little freedoms fly from  
One room to another, setting out your path, unto death.

Unto death. Pull at, haul forth, the cherry-red corpses,  
After the fumigation of lives from earth and sublimation  
Of lives unto flesh; at the grapheme, this pornography  
Is unimaginable. Rothko understood: one must imagine.  
One must imagine: as blood itself suffocated, bound  
By the agent, blood tried to breach the walls of the skin.  
The precipice of the immutable weight, the ecstasies,  
Effigy of a departed body, as it enters the field of silence.

The field of silence colors exude through the elected  
Hazes, from fires, burning remains of corpses, in the pits.  
There is no pleasure, since that medium is not paint,  
The medium's distance: the field beyond music's control.  
Beyond music's control, these unimaginable screams  
Pierce the slab, where comes death from above, the can's  
Crystals, via air, sublimate into lethal gas. The bodies  
Cease, all of the signs with themselves, collapse, and die.

## Song

Hexa-vexilla-Fall, striated in  
the striation case.

To dispossess, then displace  
the assets of war.

The Alps are the Alps, earth  
is earth, a motor

pool is a motor pool. Reism  
is Marxist ardor.

Heydrich's assassin did not  
need to believe,

he was a hurler, he tossed  
the bomb case

with ease. Yugoslavia won  
loss by loss, by

a pine needle and attrition,  
by Communism.

Partisans smell like deisel  
and spearmint.

Names of regions stumble,  
who is missing.

Variegated, sacrifices and  
survivals. Harp

of revolution. Snow shafts  
glittering plucked

by wind off trees. Breath's  
heart. Topaz crust.