

NKL1202061010

Liberec – Fügner Street

for hours

I've none but inner impressions
outer impressions are no fun
a brown building

Mill Road

hoping to survive this
I've got to adjust myself
oh, the mill road
wheels that crush me
it's receding further away
nothing to be had from me today
those rules of yours

Textile Mill

I'm not going to talk no wait
give me five minutes
a moment five minutes
so that it can be opened
then it'll be possible
at that car over there
it could be possible
we'll see
you stress me
whiteness nothing but whiteness
nothing to be had from me
whiteness desolate landscape
the same inside
Easter stick eggs void
masts
on our way somewhere upward
Still I am drawn downward

At the Quarry

I'm lost for words
nothing to do with the landscape
ladders taper upward
one can climb all the way upward
skip off somewhere over the birches
become absorbed
scars birches treetops
house windows
people are far away

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Jablonec n. N. – Tyrš Orchards

I'm a large guy & so
my world is such
if only I could stand normally
but then I couldn't see outside
I've got to stay crouched legs apart
head leaning
forehead already bruised
against the glass
conductors extract money
from a lady & three
gypsies & whoosh off we go
prefabs with little houses
decorated by ads
hustle & bustle

Liberec Road

gorgeous wool from the roof
like an ice-tongue of a glacier
gorgeous the way it
slides downward
nicely downward
into the valley

Brandl

traffic lights with the "J" inscription
a request stop
a little boy has got off
where is he off to here I can't tell
might get rapped over his knuckles
apart from coal unloading
there's just a chimney which
in diameter
spans twelve metres or more
maybe it's even wider
up there than down there
as the perspective
narrows things down & over there
road workers are cutting
a felled tree
we start our rapid descent
some desperate type
next to our tram

New Ore

we stand stand then go
don't try to form me
don't suck out too much of me
orange colour
snow vast windows a hole
one could squeeze oneself through
inside sublimate oneself into the room
to people asquat & asleep
but I don't want to
white landscape
path railway cars tree
skies without rules with clouds
we are on our way upward
the trees aim to outstand it all
enroot you drag you down

Old People's Home

on our way downward
to people in flatlets
with tellies & slippers
we'll live with them for a while
for as long as we can
then a plain leading upward
beautiful emptiness

Brewery

cars white & green
green colours a-changing
wheels wheels letters high "C" notes
reflections upward of green red blue
flag movement undulates
the impression of the flag transports me
I can't just stick to dry description
otherwise I'll be dead by Jablonec

Pharmacy

lady running late lady can't make it
poor thing what a bitch of a day today
couldn't get up the kids were a bother
then to kindergarten impressions all
car chaos lunatic asylum all peeled
aquapark impressions devour vibrating
puddle I keep bumping with that thing
everywhere there's a harmonious house
I feel extracted we slow down & stop

is plodding through snow

Substation

a mister is happy carrying
a vast yellow sack
what on earth might he have in there
he's carrying it in one hand only
perhaps it's light perhaps
he's carrying home some
rubbish cardboard
for kindling or such
another one is lugging
some planks for kindling
or for the windows

Green Valley

a request stop
passed without stopping
the tram on its way
equals it out
with its huff & puff
puffing up a thin layer
of so-called puffings

New World

chimney still that chimney in the hill
and a forest tree nursery this is where
one could pinch an Xmas tree
for there are many little trees here
with the parameters of a Xmas tree

Proseč – Substation

greenhouses many small
empty greenhouses & the roofs
insulated by plastic the avalanche
slowly sliding off the roof
into the picturesque ruins

Proseč – Post Office

textile mill almost suited to fit
another ramshackle textile mill
nice little three-storey house
with no storeys the interior all
fallen through full
of snow & debris all around
walls clock one sesquipedalian
in diameter
the dial gawking into the forest

Vratislavice – Church

what now?

gorgeous ornaments

the cross recedes to faraway

then pisses off for good

man trees nothing nowhere

we're utterly lain bare

grey building green orange white

windows ghastly square new buildings

how can anyone live in there

pointer pointing somewhere up

but nothing's up nowhere nothing

skies nonsense where am I going

why on earth to Jablonec?

yellow space with a renault

pillar nowhere nothing

a building old decrepit trees

the city vanishes is gone can't take any

more railsrailsrailsrails

orange red buildings

one is vertiginous

gazing downward

then upward again

Vratislavice – Substation

here a lady

there a child running

a red child running

to wait at the stop

Sparkling Waters

fruit bottle water

the Vratislav sparkling water

icicles prick me

yellow house with a top

houses water bridge

green white white trees

we've stopped

Proseč – School

wasteland traffic light water

street island far away

group of birches growing together

tables warning us to beware

last year's foliage holes old building

windows bricks grazed orange

that's what's called cool-hand

a lady with a dog

of the stately sort with all those

rolls of fat the Proseč title completely

defaced probably a completely

pissed-through tramstop entitled

Miss Such-and-such is a cunt

Proseč – School

a gift wrapping of garages

two twin houses

galloping forward we overtake

an express train, probably

the Liberec - Železný brod

3pm express

tram can take care of that

squaring it off two three houses

the chimney askew then sheds

a patulous Art Nouveau beech

silver spruce we stop

Sparkling Water

sparkling water seldom a stop

valid only

in case of traffic closure

recreation object floors

twenty square meters times five

times four with an extra storey

a hatch toward the floodgate

Vratislavice – Substation

traffic lights with the "J" inscription

the driver takes it away

and so we dance

all that's needed is a solid posture

and spaces for rent

beer driving around us

a mister travelling in beer

a beer salesman

another purdy little factory

that's where I'd like to live

in such a house simply

have a hangar what an area

I could put a pingpong table

in the middle

or a volleyball basket

something reflected in the windows
Proseč – Post Office
green eleven proseč
request stop
yellow sport building
someone laughing
people living terribly close to the line
watching people drive by
green growth old building
curtain coloured with holes
icicles cage full of snow
at which we stop
Proseč – Substation
pillars green
climbable
nice in here
icicles no people
all at work
tin hut with a window
covered with snow rusty
departs then gone
New World
we've swung over
red buildings gorgeous
recede further away trees chimney
let oneself go turn black
road water bathe swim
it keeps going
Green Valley
trees
people getting off & going
lady wearing red trousers
looks fiercely cheerful
someone working over there
us loafing around
drone sounds sounds
sounds sounds
Substation
we change every moment
and this trip is increasingly the same
houses tree blue containers
plastic red signs white
red frame white field

in the toilet for example
Vratislavice – Church
the small church of vratislavice
parking lot with a bow tie
well-kempt furniture
centre of healthy sleep
Western Club
Goal Restaurant
Pharmacy
Ms. Olga Melčová
sells newspaper in a garage
with nobody around
just broken arborvitae & a silo
Brewery
the skies blush
slopes peer from the mountains
on our upward way
up toward the old people's home
Old People's Home
kids sauntering from school
a portentous mister
cheeks all crimson
a lit-up store
with automobiles where one can
purchase a car like in a shop
hand me this red one, for ex.,
and add those goosenecks over there
New Ore
a loaded branch hangs over a billboard
panting under the load of the branch
the dusk is slowly growing one can say
it's dusking darkness falls we descend
in the liberec direction round the aerial
of a mobile operator the sky is low
the occasional road toward the garages
what a gass in that snow they probably
garage it & let it stand there till spring
At the Quarry
graffiti in Chinese bus full of beer
some twenty passengers
everyone travelling in beer
we pass a turn to
Železný Brod & there's a fence

red streaming with regulations
red triangles chimney wow
wouldn't you see a lot from up there

Brandl

we've reached the sign
a mister in a cap
is waiting & bored
someone's crawling
along the pipeline
may it be spring soon
this snow makes me
everywhere it makes me
white delicate ham
language already
falling apart
colours varnishes
chemist's everywhere
leave me in peace
actionactionactionaction

Liberec Road

so many people
all living in a crammed flatlet
escaping to grab a pint sometimes
getting away from the monstrous wives
bird feeder a lady in a cap
quite something
post office at the boulder
where's the boulder?

Jablonec n. N. – Tyrš Orchards

with barbed wire
defending nothing
protecting nothing hollowed-out
pits fallen-down trees
traffic lights with the "J" inscription

Lord of the Dance

an awesome dance show
a plain designed to be built over

Textile Mill

then this here those buildings
nice without the windows
the way it's through&through
translucent through&through
glass attempts that as well
but never quite reaches it
glass always catches gunk
gunk that blurs the view

Mill Street

wine vendour taped up
by Art Nouveau stickers
stoves fireplaces boilers
a Lime pharmacy
mattresses on discount
for immediate purchase
tram not slowing down
even when crossing
the crossroads even when
it's all finished Liberec

Liberec – Fügner Street

