

V

*I know you are reading this*  
 in the privacy of your new privacy  
 as yellowy tinted or as bluey  
 as it is the time of the day  
 as purply shaded in a corner  
 all over spotted grayishly as your device  
 as glistening as your nest  
 in which you're nesting with your devices

*I know you are reading this*  
 while you still remember the airports  
 and what being close to an airplane  
 used to make with your head  
 while you still sense how in big international art shows  
 your boredom could make an impression  
 as fleeting as your initials  
 swallowed up by the sound of the crowd's surf  
*but you cannot leave yet !*

So look at my thrice-folded face  
 three times folded as in  
 three times peeled off and three times drawn on again  
 it's new and I'm all of it  
 I am Die Unbekannte aus München her too  
 I am the body as a function in a word  
 now read me like a book  
 read me like a meter  
 read me like a radio (weltempfänger)  
 recognize me in the imprint of my as'  
 and feed me money when I have a taste for it

Because cover became a difficult catch  
 unlike the days when spit and tags  
 could still protect us from the surplus value  
 which is why my suspended desires  
 need to be found in the clashes  
 between the sanities that each life form  
 seems to project onto the *cathedral transparencies*  
 of our properly inscribed hangouts  
 and because this one doesn't thrive on gestures  
 it resists making sense of the continents we don't know yet  
*cruel blues embroidered purples succinct yellows*

(in italics quotes from Adrienne Rich's *An Atlas of the Difficult World and Victory*)

– Inka Meißner