

EVERGREEN (ganz ganz/ the sound of music)

## TOKIO BLOND

Like on a plying card: lying on artificial grass, shibafu, the lawn, with flowers spread, like a Brahm's lullaby, covered with roses, crawl under the covers: two women, woman and woman, like we sometimes crawled under the covers as children, feet to the other, feet to head and head to feet, like a fall into emptiness, the hand of God, that arrests all those falls, floating soft, landed, no, carried from this idyllic field: blond are the curls, my Japanese angel. Dress of poverty: a little too short, a little too tight, a little too wide, a little cutout in the "wrong" places, the shoulders hanging over. The pants wrinkled, like those from the older sister. Sibling love, sibling dress. Why isn't it called brother pants? Here lying two girls. Dreaming in the heaven made of a field of flowers, withdrawn into themselves. Center of gravity, the axle to heaven comes out of the navel. The beginning of the world. Not seeing, but the unseeable. Star taler girls, that spread their aprons, Cinderella and matches.

One sweet the other tangy: white chocolate and dark. Red socks, green. Eyeing over. Her windsack in hands flying away. Moccasins, embroidered and sown by hand, to knock over, throw over, flower pattern, friendliness. Why do you blink so? A little buttoned up high, a little in front of you. And then this sitting ballet: carousel, legs flying pink and heavenly blue, with golden leggings. The Sound of Music, thrown out in waves on a canvas bag, the other black. We can't hear the music, we see it in the clothes. The hills are alive.

Lace from the borders: Folklore from times long past, easterlike, whitsunlike, you grab my hair: like this we spread flowers as children, flowers sprinkled before the Procession, golden rays of the Monstrance, heaven above, carried on gilded posts. Hand on our stomach, this is warmth and trust, Edwina, says the bag gold and blue. Mongol pants and evening skirt from a country ball. I love the belt from braided cloth worn with the blue-turquoise coat. Sound, it calls out under the heart. Listen!

There they are lying. Strong, tough, the legs bent in a double-A: Goose/ Goose, double on breast and bag, crossing in a diagonal out of the picture. Spread out and concentrated, formed and dissolved, in this double relationship, the shapes plying, a triangular composition of bodies, that together again make an A: Yes – affirmation, agreeing, acknowledging, leaving Time in desire of privacy, into the small dreams, into the great without.

Should I remain here? Will you look up? Are you there? Will you notice me? Look, I dressed for you. Look at me, you little animal. We are floating, over the fields, hovering, one says to hummingbird movement (hummingbirding?), but we aren't flapping, no air turbulence, no tiring flailing with wings, no beating of wings, no how-to-keep-yourself-over-the-water, no falling to the ground: We are floating like a cloud. We are here like a cloud, looking down, barely over the ground, in artificial grass.

Grandmother cloth, grandmother kitchen. Enamel and porcelain. Dishes with flowers and pots with handles. Kitchen cabinets and veranda. Apple tree garden and flower garden. If I walk on my head, says Celan to Buechner's Lenz, I have the heaven as abyss above me. If I walk over the abyss, the lawn becomes my heaven. You float, on ceiling-lawn, and look down at me: Space capsule, weightlessness, my lawn-astronaut!

There you are lying in lawn firmament, I look up to you: pink stars, strewn, you are the dark Milky Way, the blue West, in the East gold the shoe. Is there a shining flowerstar? A brighter sun? Small planets, constellations, celestial images, flower heaven, flower children.

Edo and Vienna: Wien. In your name are both: U-in. U-i-na. And E-do. Edo-Uina. Edwina. Like in names, fairytales and reality meet. In names you find yourself and decide: EH, as embroidered, in green drawn picture frames. The Global Village Girl lies on the lawn and reads The Village Cry. The cry for heaven reaches the village. Dark velvet flowing. Like a journal from another time. Quotes and memories. And everything consolation. Resurrection. Rose buds on the branches. Ash Wednesday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday. Ume and Sakura.

Hit while running, as in jump: sleep, child, sleep. The small ball on the point, white. Soft moccasin, like rice grains, spread around the girl: fertility. Every egg a gosling, every egg a birth, every egg a possibility, a thought, a fruit. Or a fear: breaking open, spluttering. Flower feathers. What will become of us?

And then the flowers shoot like a summer fireworks, August on Edo-gawa. Thousands on the banks, hundreds of thousands., Edo-gawa, Sumida-gawa, Tama-gawa, everywhere gigantic summer fireworks with their blooming giant flowers lighting up the dark night, they wilt as fast as falling stars, and they bathe the sky in all colors: violet, silver, white and green, then everything sinks again into inky night with cicada sounds and the people are dipped like wet brushes in warmth: Birth and forgetfulness, nearness and sleep (what, I want to ask, are you carrying in your black bag? The sleep glove? And what in your black dress?)

The golden cape: brocade. White like a wedding. Solemn, like holidays. Festive, like Sunday dress during childhood in the country. When we still attributed specialness to certain days. First communion, ritual, the profane sacred. Candidates for confirmation, that's us! We slip into sibling-clothes. We are getting old. We are renewed. We shall, like peeled out of an egg, like born again. We slip into old identities, cloth ourselves playfully new, almost playful, in great tenderness. Something warm wraps us up. The warmth of the night.

And then the surprise: school dress. School blue. Girl skirt, girl bag, time for the twelve year olds, awakening to becoming adult. The rice grains, amorph, between the trapezium form: thrown, fallen. Like a doll pushed into a sitting position, the legs almost spread eagle: stay seated, dumb doll! Don't fall over! And out of the circle, plate-dress, your lovely mouth.

The clothes are lying there. The clothes pull me on. They show me, what leafing is: I can read them like a book. A story, that you tell, silently, only with cloth, with cut. And then at the end, another sign. In light blueberry the dress, and buckhorn-orange the soft coat. In a great A, the girl lying in a wreath of golden hair. Lushly she lies, golden Medusa, no snakeskin, completely open: Little Prince. Little Princess. (The thin scarf. The soft finish.)

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