

Peter Horn The sun is rectangular

for Antjie Krog

Beer soup produces a certain character,
or stinging nettles as cheap spinach.
Maybe that's the reason why I
mistrust people in BMWs
and regular guys with bulges
under their armpits.

*On the steps my son sat
with his father's face in his hands
covered in blood, and he cried:
"Daddy, talk to me!"*

The production of literature
is an obsessional neurosis
of poets who sometimes break their neck
contemplating the astonishing discovery
that the sun is rectangular
a slit between two snow clouds.

*Cut-off hands floating in ether
ears nailed as trophies against the wall
bodies held by their ankles
floating three stories above the cement
in the court yard: and they play
catch me my foot.*

Sometimes you scream
because you cannot stand reality any longer
and then you sit down and vomit your anger
onto clean sheets of white paper.

*No poetry should come forth from this.
May my hand fall off if I write this.*