



[worg]

RADIO KLEBNIKOV WEEKBLADEN #59
uitzending op 18/12/2021



Het Programma van de Vrije Lyriek



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Kris Pollet

RADIO KLEBNIKOV WEEKBLADEN # 59

uitzending op 18/12/2021

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Lees Mij

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Hadewijch

lied 5

Al droevet die tijt ende die voghelijn,
Dan darf niet doen die harte fine:
Die dore minne wilt doghen pine
Hi sal weten ende kinnen al
-Suete ende wreet,
Lief ende leet-
Wat men ter minnen pleghen sal.

Die fiere, die daer toe sijn ghedeghen
Datsi onghecuster minnen pleghen,
Si selen in allen weghen daer jeghen
Stout sijn ende coene,
Ende al ghereet te ontfaen
Si troest, si slaen,
Van minnen doene.

Der minnen pleghen es onghehoert,
Also hi wel kint dies hevet becoert,
Want si in midden den troest te stoert.
Hine can ghedueren
Dien minne gheraect:
Hi ghesmaect
Vele onghenoemder uren.

Bi wilens heet, bi wilens cout,
Bi wilens bloede, bi wilens bout,
Hare onghedueren es menichfout.
Die minne al maent
Die grote scout
Haerre riker ghewout,
Daer si ons toe spaent.

Bi wilens lief, bi wilens leet,
Bi wilens verre, bi wilens ghereet;
Die dit met trouwen van minnen versteet,

Dat es jubileren,
Hoe minne versleet
Ende ommeveet
In een hateren.

Bi wilen ghenedert, bi wilen ghehoghet,
Bi wilen verborghen, bi wilen vertoghet,
Eer selc van minnen wert ghesoeghet
Doghet hi grote avontuere,
Eer hi gheraect
Daer hi ghesmaect
Der minnen natuere.

Bi wilen licht, bi wilen swaer,
Bi wilen doncker, bi wilen claeer,
In vrien troest, in bedwonghenne vaer,
In nemen ende in gheven,
Moeten die sinne,
Die dolen in minne,
Altoes hier leven.

vertaling:

Al zijn het seizoen en de vogels triest,
toch kan de echte minnaar zich wijden
aan de liefde, gepaard met lijden:
Hij weet maar al te goed
-Zoet en wreed,
lief en leed-
wat de liefde met hem doet.

De trotsen, die daartoe neigen
om ongeremde liefde te bedrijven,
zullen op elke wijze
stout en moedig zijn,
en gereed ontvangen
de troost en de tegenslag,
die de liefde schenkt.

De liefde beleven is wonderlijk
voor wie haar kent en wordt bekoord,
 omdat zij het alledaagse verstoord.

Hij kan het amper verduren
wie door liefde wordt geraakt:
Hij smaakt
vele onnoemelijke uren.

Somtijds heet, somtijds koud,
sommijds bang, somtijds boud;
Haar ongedurigheid is veelvuldig.
De liefde zadelt ons op
met schuldbesef
omdat zij de macht heeft
die ons beheerst.

Somtijds lief, somtijds leed,
sommijds ver, somtijds gereed;
Wie de liefde goed verstaat
weet maar al te goed
dat de liefde taant
en kan omslaan
in haat.

Somtijds geloofd, somtijds gehoond,
sommijds verborgen, somtijds getoond;
Eenieder die door de liefde wordt gelaafd
beleeft een groot avontuur,
als hij wordt gegrepen
en de smaak proeft
van de ware liefde.

Somtijds licht, somtijds zwaar,
sommijds donker, somtijds klaar;
In vrije hoop, in bedwongen vrees,
in nemen en in geven
moeten de zinnen,
die dolen in liefde,
hier altijd leven.

><http://users.telenet.be/gaston.d.haese/hadewych.html>

Hazrat Inayat Khan

Music

WHY IS music called the divine art, while all other arts are not so called? We may certainly see God in all arts and in all sciences, but in music alone we see God free from all forms and thoughts. In every other art there is idolatry. Every thought, every word has its form. Sound alone is free from form. Every word of poetry forms a picture in our mind. Sound alone does not make any object appear before us.

1

Music, the word we use in our everyday language, is nothing less than the picture of the Beloved. It is because music is the picture of our Beloved that we love music. But the question is: What is our Beloved, or where is our Beloved? Our Beloved is that which is our source and our goal. What we see of our Beloved before our physical eyes is the beauty which is before us. That part of our Beloved which is not manifest to our eyes is that inner form of beauty of which our Beloved speaks to us. If only we would listen to the voice of all the beauty that attracts us in any form, we would find that in every aspect it tells us that behind all manifestation is the perfect Spirit, the Spirit of wisdom.

What do we see as the principal expression of life in the beauty visible before us? It is movement. In line, in colour, in the changes of the seasons, in the rising and falling of the waves, in the wind, in the storm, in all the beauty of nature there is constant movement. It is this movement which has caused day and night, and the

changing seasons. This movement has given us the comprehension of what we call time. Otherwise there would be no time – for it is eternity. This teaches us that all we love and admire, observe and comprehend, is the life hidden behind, and that life is our being.

It is owing to our limitation that we cannot see the whole Being of God, but all that we love in colour, line and form, or personality – all that is beloved by us – belongs to the real Beauty who is the Beloved of all.

When we trace what attracts us in this beauty that we see in all forms, we shall find that it is the movement of beauty: the music. All forms of nature, the flowers so perfectly formed and coloured, the planets and stars, the earth – all give the idea of harmony, of music. The whole of nature is breathing, not only living creatures, but all nature. It is only our

tendency to compare that which seems more living with that which to us seems not so living which makes us forget that all things and all beings are living one perfect life. And the sign of life that this living beauty gives is music.

What makes the soul of the poet dance? Music. What makes the painter paint beautiful pictures, the musician sing beautiful songs? It is the inspiration that beauty gives. The Sufi has called this beauty Saqi, the divine Giver, who gives the wine of life to all. What is the wine of the Sufi? All beauty: in form, line and colour, in imagination, in sentiment, in manners – in all this he sees the one Beauty. All these different forms are part of the Spirit of beauty which is the life behind, always blessing.

As to what we call music in everyday language – to me architecture is music, gardening is music, farming is music, painting is music, poetry is music. In all the occupations of life where beauty has been the inspiration, where the divine wine has been poured out, there is music. But among all the different arts, the art of music has been especially considered divine, because it is the exact miniature of the law working through the whole universe.

For instance, if we study ourselves we shall find that the beats of the pulse and of the heart, the inhaling and exhaling of the breath, are all the work of rhythm. Life depends upon the rhythmic working of the whole mechanism of the body. Breath manifests as voice, as word, as sound. The sound is continually audible, the sound without and the sound within ourselves: that is music. This shows that there is music outside and music within ourselves.

Music inspires not only the soul of the great musician, but every infant, the instant it comes into the world, begins to move its little arms and legs with the rhythm of music. Therefore it is no exaggeration to say that music is the language of beauty, the language of the One whom every living soul has loved. And we can understand that, if we realize and recognize the perfection of all this beauty as God, our Beloved, then it is natural that this music, which we see in art and in the whole universe, should be called the Divine Art.

2

Many in the world take music as a source of amusement, a pastime; to many music is an art, and a musician an entertainer. Yet no one has lived in this world, has thought and felt, who has not considered music as the most sacred of all arts. For the fact is that, what the art of painting cannot clearly suggest, poetry explains in words, but that, which even a poet finds difficult to express in poetry, is expressed in music.

By this I do not only say that music is superior to painting and poetry: in fact music excels religion, for music raises the soul of man even higher than the so-called external form of religion. But it must not be understood that music can take the place of religion, for every soul is not necessarily tuned to that pitch where it can really benefit from music, nor is every music necessarily so high that it will exalt a person who hears it more than religion will do. However, for those who follow

the path of the inner cult, music is most essential for their spiritual development. The reason is that the soul who is seeking for truth is in search of the formless God. Arta, no doubt, is most elevating, but it contains form; poetry has words, names suggestive of forms; it is music only which has beauty, power, charm, and at the same time can raise the soul beyond form.

That is why in ancient times the greatest prophets were great musicians. For instance, in the lives of the Hindu prophets one finds Narada, the great prophet who was at the same time a great musician, and Shiva, a godlike prophet who was the inventor of the sacred vina. Krishna is always pictured with a flute.

There is a well-known legend of the life of Moses which tells how Moses heard a divine command on Mount Sinai in the words: 'Musa ke!' – Moses hear, or Moses ponder – and the revelation that thus came to him was of tone and rhythm. He called it by the same name: musake. Words such as 'music', or 'musik' have come from that word. David, whose song and whose voice have been known for ages, gave his message to the world in the form of music. Orpheus of the Greek legends, the knower of the mystery of tone and rhythm, had through this knowledge power over the hidden forces of nature. The Hindu Goddess of learning, of knowledge, whose name is Sarasvati, is always pictured with the vina. What does this suggest? It suggests that all learning has its essence in music.

Besides the natural charm that music has, it has a magical power, a power that can be experienced even now. It seems that the human race has lost a great deal of the ancient science of magic, but if there remains any magic it is music.

Music, besides power, is intoxication. When it intoxicates those who hear it, how much more must it intoxicate those who play or sing it themselves! And how much more must it intoxicate those who have touched the perfection of music, and those who have contemplated upon it for years and years! It gives them

an even greater joy and exaltation than a king feels sitting on his throne. According to the thinkers of the East there are four different intoxications: the intoxication of beauty, youth and strength; then the intoxication of

wealth; the third intoxication is of power, of command, the power of ruling; and the fourth is the intoxication of learning, of knowledge. But all these four intoxications fade away just like stars before the sun in the presence of the intoxication of music. The reason is that it touches the deepest part of man's being. Music reaches farther than any other impression from the external world can reach. The beauty of music is that it is the source of creation and the means of absorbing it. In other words, by music the world was created, and it is again through music that the world is withdrawn into the source that has created it.

from **Khan**, Hazrat *Inayat*, THE MYSTICISM OF SOUND AND MUSIC,
Boston - London 2014, ISBN 978-1-57062-231-1, p. 17-21

Jim Leftwich

if you don't like this, say so, and I'll send you something else (pt 2)

(...)

I had a dream once, back in the 90s, of living in The House of Poetry. A large house, with several stories and hundreds of rooms. Some rooms were quite large, others quite small, but most looked like fairly normal sized bedrooms. Of course in reality I have no idea. I seemed rather social in the dream, wandering around, visiting, chatting, comfortable in my skin, like a ghost. I knew pretty much everyone, though I'm not sure that I knew anyone very well. It was warm and the windows were open, dust particles floating in the sunstreams. No one seemed overtly or explicitly suicidal, though we all knew better, of course, having read the biographies and seen the films. I didn't want anything, or wanted nothing, as if I was sitting on a wooden bench in Death Valley at twilight, civil twilight, as a waxing gibbous moon was rising in the first week of an ancient February. Everything we have ever thought has been in the past tense. When I was young, I thought I could write my way out of that. I think I was right about that, but it's hard to tell from here. The angles are off, and the darkness is thicker than it needs to be. Still, initial conditions, as I recall and/or imagine them, were not required to produce a clear path to The House of Poetry. There has always been a little chaos magick tucked away in the corners of chaos theory.

clergy conspirals
with the families
of dark sluice

surroundire independeep
clearly setting up the
set of the settled tingler

For it is our
Thursday
before, too
excited to
below.

Trails to get / from the
river to the / Day, and
to see the sea / combing
in a cup!

spice for the lightning / what
corn cone of questions
testimottled / and stamen
what crucible / challerants
as a permissive conduit
from / the dawn of the word
to its very verb-foam
combing the
St. Lawrence River

Juda Conchetroux

faits divers

er bloedt een ander in het bloeden dat ik doe.
mijn hartslag klopt aan vreemde deuren.
in smalend wit herteken ik getrouw contouren
het is dat sterven weer dat mij zo rillen doet.

het woord wordt waarheid rond een uur of zeven.
het zijn haar ogen die mijn ogen breken
het is mijn stenen mond waarin haar tong
het lullen van mijn lijf betast.

ik weet niet wie dit schrijft of zegt.
dit woordenlijf is drijfzand voor een stem
die slechts de taal der doden spreekt.
er bloedt een ander in het bloeden dat ik deed.

winter

ik woon in dit huis
maar waar zijn de deuren
waar zijn de ramen?

ik woon hier niet alleen.
er zijn muren die scheuren.
er is een tuin die rot in mauve kleuren.
“de muur vertegenwoordigt wonen,
de tuin het rendement”.

generaties plukken bloemen.
kinderen boekweit in het veld.
op elke foto zie je alles net
zoals het wordt verteld.

en ook dit lege huis is echt
een dichtersgraf zoals besteld.

Narcissus

vlak is dit water.
geen plant schiet door het oppervlak.
ik zie in één moment
de volle ledigheid van mijn bestaan.

Fred Moten

from ‘The Universal Machine’

Meanwhile, the discovery of such accent, affect, and what Guattari would call the “a-signifying economy” they intimate places formidable demands on the reading of racism in Levinas and in general.

This is to say that if racism is also to be understood as an aggressive and expansive drive to comprehend the other and thereby to reduce the other to what Levinas would call a thing, it must also be understood—precisely in its unintendedness—as a submission to comprehension that immediately places an ethical demand on those who read it, we who must both disavow a certain temptation to comprehend, envelop, and reduce the racist’s or philosophy-as- racism’s field precisely by engaging what remains truly thingly and otherwise—a certain phonochoreographic performance—in Levinas in particular and in the text of philosophy more generally. We want to resist comprehension in order to get at, to allow some passage to, to translate, the thing in Levinas. We want to get at things— at the things themselves that evade us precisely to the extent that our attempt to get at them is an authentic gesture of incomprehension, an authentic expression of our own residually evasive thingliness—to get everything and everything else in Levinas, not for envelopment’s sake but to remain open to the possibilities that attend letting the Levinasian thing continue to get to us. This openness demands recognizing that Levinas becomes the thing he denigrates in his disavowal of the thingly by way of a liquidation of the thingly in his own work that cannot be fully accomplished. Perhaps the thingly is the animative madness of Levinas’s work and of the necessarily unfinished works that compose—the irreducibly disruptive (non)works that do, or at least initiate—the work of philosophy. We must appeal to another way of thinking of things that is offered in the social aesthetics of black radicalism and its improvisatory protocols. Perhaps some critical inhabitation of the other, dancing civilization black radicalism is and calls, some consideration of how that other thinking animates the whole history of mourning, of goodbye, of farewell’s relation to (antepolitical/ antipolitical) morning, is the disorder that is in order here. Abiding with and in this boogie-woogie rumble—this underground, outskirted, fugitive deferral and differing—will constitute something like an out-of-tune and out-of-round so long to Levinas from near and far away; an ante-solo long-song and an antiphonal love song, antinomian

to him and to itself; something like a burial with music that is open to ascension, to repetition of and with the animateriality of différance, which is what blackness *is* (and *ain't*).

From **Moten, Fred**, *The Universal Machine. Consent not to be a single being*, Durham/London 2018, ISBN 9780822371977, p. 10-10

Giordano Bruno

from ‘On Magic’ (meanings of the word ‘magic’)

As with any other topic, before we begin our treatise On Magic, it is necessary to distinguish the various meanings of the term, for there are as many meanings of ‘magic’ as there are of ‘magician’.

First, the term ‘magician’ means a wise man; for example, the trismegistes among the Egyptians, the druids among the Gauls, the gymnosophists among the Indians, the cabalists among the Hebrews, the magi among the Persians (who were followers of Zoroaster), the sophists among the Greeks and the wise men among the Latins.

Second, ‘magician’ refers to someone who does wondrous things merely by manipulating active and passive powers, as occurs in chemistry, medicine and such fields; this is commonly called ‘natural magic’.

Third, **magic** involves circumstances such that the actions of nature or of a higher intelligence occur in such a way as to excite wonderment by their appearances; this type of magic is called ‘prestidigitation’.

Fourth, magic refers to what happens as a result of the powers of attraction and repulsion between things, for example, the pushes, motions and attractions due to magnets and such things, when all these actions are due not to active and passive qualities but rather to the spirit or soul existing in things. This is called ‘natural magic’ in the proper sense.

The fifth meaning includes, in addition to these powers, the use of words, chants, calculations of numbers and times, images, figures, symbols, characters, or letters. This is a form of magic which is intermediate between the natural and the preternatural or the supernatural, and is properly called ‘mathematical magic’, or even more accurately ‘occult philosophy’.

The sixth sense adds to this the exhortation or invocation of the intelligences and external or higher forces by means of prayers, dedications incensings, sacrifices, resolutions and ceremonies directed to the gods, demons and heroes. Sometimes, this is done for the purpose of contacting a spirit itself to become its vessel and instrument in order to appear wise, although this wisdom can be easily removed, together with

the spirit, by means of a drug. This is the magic of the hopeless, who become the vessels of evil demons, which they seek through their notorious art. On the other hand, this is sometimes done to command and control lower demons with the authority of higher demonic spirits, by honouring and entreating the latter while restricting the former with oaths and petitions. This is **transnatural or metaphysical magic** and is properly called ‘**theurgy**’.

Seventh, magic is the petition or invocation, not of the demons and heroes themselves, but through them, to call upon the souls of dead humans, in order to predict and know absent and future events, by taking their cadavers or parts thereof to some oracle. This type of magic, both in its subject matter and in its purpose, is called ‘**necromancy**’. If the body is not present, but the oracle is beseeched by invoking the spirit residing in its viscera with very active incantations, then this type of magic is properly called ‘**Pythian**’, for, if I may say so, this was the usual meaning of ‘inspired’ at the temple of the Pythian Apollo.

Eighth, sometimes incantations are associated with a person’s physical parts in any sense; garments, excrement, remnants, footprints and anything which is believed to have made some contact with the person. In that case, and if they are used to untie, fasten, or weaken, then this constitutes the type of magic called ‘**wicked**’, if it leads to evil. If it leads to good, it is to be counted among the medicines belonging to a certain method and type of medical practice. If it leads to final destruction and death, then it is called ‘**poisonous magic**’.

Ninth, all those who are able, for any reason, to predict distant and future events are said to be magicians. These are generally called ‘**diviners**’ because of their purpose. The primary groups of such magicians use either the four material principles, fire, air, water and earth, and they are thus called ‘**pyromancers**’, ‘**hydromancers**’, and ‘**geomancers**’, or they use the three objects of knowledge, the natural, mathematical and divine. There are also various other types of prophecy. For augerers, soothsayers and other such people make predictions from an inspection of natural or physical things. Geomancers make predictions in their own way by inspecting mathematical objects like numbers, letters and certain lines and figures, and also from the appearance, light and location of the planets and similar objects. Still others make predictions by using divine things, like sacred names, coincidental locations, brief calculations and persevering circumstances. In our day, these latter people are not called magicians, since, for us, the word ‘magic’ sounds

bad and has an unworthy connotation. So this is not called magic but ‘prophecy’.

Finally, ‘magic’ and ‘magician’ have a pejorative connotation which has not been included or examined in the above meanings. In this sense, a magician is any foolish evil-doer who is endowed with the power of helping or harming someone by means of a communication with, or even a pact with, a foul devil. This meaning does not apply to wise men, or indeed to authors, although some of them have adopted the name ‘hooded magicians’, for example, the authors of the book [De malleo maleficarum \(The Witches' Hammer\)](#). As a result, the name is used today by all writers of this type, as can be seen in the comments and beliefs of ignorant and foolish priests.

Therefore, when the word ‘magic’ is used, it should either be taken in one of the senses distinguished above, or, if it is used without qualifications, it should be taken in its strongest and most worthy sense as dictated by the logicians, and especially by Aristotle in [Book of the Topics](#). So as it is used by and among philosophers, ‘magician’ then means a wise man who has the power to act. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the word, when unqualified, means whatever is signified by common usage. Another common meaning is found among various groups of priests who frequently speculate about that foul demon called the devil. Still other meanings are to be found in the common usages of different peoples and believers. Given these distinctions, we will deal generally with three types of magic: the divine, the physical and the mathematical. The first two of these types of magic necessarily relate to what is good and best. But the third type includes both good and evil, since the magician may direct it towards either.

Although all three types agree on many principles and actions, in the third type, wickedness, idolatry, lawlessness and charges of idolatry are found when error and deception are used to turn things which are intrinsically good into evil. Here, the mathematical type of magic is not defined by the usually mentioned fields of mathematics, i.e., geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, optics, music, etc., but rather by its likeness and relationship to these disciplines. It is similar to geometry in that it uses figures and symbols, to music in its chants, to arithmetic in its numbers and manipulations, to astronomy in its concerns for times and motions, and to optics in making observations. In general, it is similar to mathematics as a whole, either because it mediates between divine and natural actions, or because it shares or lacks something of both. For some things are intermediates because they participate in both extremes,

others because they are excluded from both extremes, in which case they should not be called intermediates but a third species which is not between the other two but outside of them. From what has been said, it is clear how divine and physical magic differ from the third type.

NKdeE

end of fashion

het ene ik is het ander
e niet in dit verhaal wat ik
aan had toen ik haar griep riep ba
be Het speelt zich af in ander
e cycli van de tijd dan die
waaraan wij zeiden nog ik geef
haar zomaar met een ochtend druk
ken streek pastel over 3
118 uur over om
te zien hoe het kan ik krijg ik
was wel verdrietig zijn vriendin
samen met een dode gezien
die andere vrouwen van vroe
ger kende die mij meer dan sa
men Waar waren die andere
vrouwen over de kinderen
zich niet mee End Of Fashion en
over sociale en of
station NOS Fashion live en
de einde van de sessie en
van de 3 Once I want to
want to speak pieppiep Wie zij is
of was heeft geen belang dit ver
haal deze leugens bedrukte
enkel mij [zeg uw naam] wie
of wat dat ook mogen wezen

Ik ben geboren Dat is zeker
maar hoe ik was aan het Ik was aan
het en op een ochtend riep het haar
Ik was en had en op een ochtend
riep had haar en zij kwam als geroe
pen en het zag haar en alles als
wordt het ooit maar verzonden had werd
Voelt echt en waar het kon het mocht het
klopte het werkte het was meer Er

is niets zo moordend voor de geest Als
een mirakel Ze zuchtte maar de

eerste zucht en had werd woestijnen stootte
zich tot straks was zo verliest te doen elk
woord van haar was het een Vonk die zij in
de basis uit waardoor de pootje ba
den in het heilige water is dat
zich zo te redding wordt het zag haar amper
Markt zwarte gozer dagenlang van elk
moment van haar complete taligheid
gevoel kunnen van dat contact vertak
te zich Echter en sneller in het geloof
van de realiteit waarin het zich
voor school dan het ooit voor mogelijk had
gehouden zij Steeg capillair tot het

moment er was dat de derde en alles
in Extase vonken Had gevoeld het huis
nu dat het verloren was Maar desondanks en
dwazen Ron en Freddy Blues zich of van nader
tot god in de Eifel aan en lokte veel
kleurig met de slappe knoesten vlees van de
Weijer kwistig met dit nieuwe vuur het verbeurd
verklaarde aanspraak elke dag met zichzelf
als een ander het gaat zichzelf dat niets meer
was maar niet beseft totaal aan haar Zij
deed er goedlachs alles mee wat je zoal
met een niets kan doen soer de in het niets het
zuur werd Merel gezooit het loog werd in een
laag van kalkepoxie ik gehoord dat zout
en zout was zo wel goed genoeg voor te ha
len en wonderen zij had het op en raakte
graag en nauwgezet het wel zulke ik-vorm
bloed en wonderen waar het om vroeg smalland vol
trox het valt me zwaar het zelf omhoog Wat zei nog
dat ik echt was nu en zij zei net Daarom
goede massage

Olchar E. Lindsann

Big Blot Fracks Prose, Blinks Hoops, Paints Files

It fixed the bricks with pickled sticks
but missed the minty kit of splints.

'Tis not that hot, but lots of tots
want pot, and hock up knots of rot.

This shod kid got rid of potty-lids;
its codgers' frigid dots kill dodgy fish.

These packs of yacking pandas hack
up racks of cats, then whack their fat.

No oboes know the show's slow notes
but go condone more showy goats.
A slack hose can't flow back: your mac-
-aroni's black, cold, lacks old tatty folds.

The pink minx slinging dinky things
at kinky shrinks? It winks and thinks
too soon of looming school rooms, cooled
by loony goons whose brooms are moons.

Blink fool, link boots to sphinxes' rheumy wings
with inky tools: bring cootie-poop to fling.

Eight ways to bait a plate of slate
await a mate to scale the gate;
my tiger finds me fine wide wire
while tired buyers sign my flyer.

Why late guys ate flies makes Brian smile;
Slight weight might wait miles breaking bile.

Hit shoddy pigs, get potties big on rigs
of lonely bat-bones, slathered gore-rat roses.
Ring pools with kings; choose chinks of moody sinks;
fly plaits of kites; die flailing; bite my crazy dial.

William Shakespeare

SONNET 55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

The 1609 Quarto Version

Not marble, nor the guilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnſwept ſtone, beſmeer'd with fluttish time.
When waſtefull warre ſhall Statues ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of mafonry,
Nor Mars his ſword, nor warres quick fire ſhall burn:
The liuing record of your memory.
Gainſt death, and all obliuious emnity
Shall you pace forth, your praise ſhall ſtil find roome,
Euen in the eyes of all poſterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your ſelfe arife,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

(><http://www.shakespeares-sonnets.com/sonnet/55>)

SONNET 56

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allayed,
To-morrow sharpened in his former might:
So, love, be thou, although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love, with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
As call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.

The 1609 Quarto Version

Sweet loue renew thy force , be it not laid
Thy edge shoulde blunter be then apetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow sharpned in his former might.
So loue be thou,although too daie thou fill
Thy hungry eies,euen till they winck with fulnesse,
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
The spirit of Loue,with a perpetual dulnesse:
Let this sad Intrim like the Ocean be
Which parts the shore,where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes,that when they see:
Returne of loue,more blest may be the view.
As cal it Winter,which being ful of care,
Makes Somers welcome,thrice more wiſh'd,more
rare:

(><http://www.shakespeares-sonnets.com/sonnet/56>)

EPILOOG

door Sig. Brunacci

Che si può fare?
Le stelle rubelle
Non hanno pietà.
Che s'el cielo non dà
Un influsso di pace al mio penare,
Che si può fare?

Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri disastri
Mi piovano ogn'hor;
Che le perfido amor
Un respiro diniega al mio martire,
Che si può dire?

Così va rio destin forte tiranna,
Gl'innocenti condanna:
Così l'oro più fido
Di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene,
lo raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene.

Sì, sì, penar deggio,
Sì, che darei sospiri,
Deggio trarne i respiri.
In aspri guai per eternarmi
Il ciel niega mia sorte
Al periodo vital
Punto di morte.

Voi spirti dannati
Ne sete beati
S'ogni eumenide ria
Sol' è intenta a crucciar l'anima mia.

Se sono sparite
Le furie di Dite,
Voi ne gl'elisi eterni
I dì trahete io coverò gl'infernì.

Così avvien a chi tocca

Calcar l'orme d'un cieco,
Al fin trabbocca.

What can you do?
The stars, intractable,
have no pity.
Since the gods don't give
a measure of peace in my suffering,
what can I do?

What can you say?
From the heavens disasters
keep raining down on me;
Since that treacherous Cupid
denies respite to my torture,
what can I say?

That's how it is with cruel destiny
the powerful tyrant, it condemns the innocent:
thus the purest gold
of constancy and faithfulness, alas,
is continually refined in the fire of pain.

Yes, yes, I have to suffer,
yes, I must sigh,
I must breathe with difficulty.
In order to eternalize my trials
heaven withholds from me
the final period of death
to my lifespan

You spirits of the damned,
you're blessed,
since all the cruel Eumenides *
are intent only on torturing my soul.

Since the furies of Dis *
have disappeared,
you spend your days in the Elysian fields
while I molder in hell.

Thus it happens that he who follows

the shadow of a blind god
stumbles in **the end.**

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Laatste dagen Café Amedee – foto Arnout Camerlinckx 2013

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