

# Sabine Lenore Müller

## Hare's Cathedral

### The Names of the Hare

I'm calling you by your names  
All-shifter and swift-pacer  
With my elbows down in the furrow,  
My chest pressed into the soil

You are the harbinger of yourself  
Not evil-and-turmoil. Wide-eyes  
The Easter-connection,  
Love-and love-that-will-be  
Milleniae in reflection:

Into the dark forest, side-stepper, I see  
You melt, bold-expectation: It's tragic -  
You're leaving, hesitant-gee,  
Me to the magic.

My eyes (brittle-and-fur-neck, as ever  
Fixed upon your spells,  
The powers that bind and sever,  
Now-here and now never-never)  
Run, while the water swells,

Run, while the moon is keeping  
The golden stars in their bough,  
Run, while furrow and plough  
Make beds for the softly falling,  
And keep you  
Back-check from the pack  
White-speck out of the stew.

Yippedy go-god returning

To heaven with tearing thighs,  
Run safely, slim-skip, from the burning  
Alleyways of my eyes

**Egypt, shiny end** of our  
Every atom is dirty  
Black, tarry yuck liquid  
Stuck un-cleanable  
Bad accident the god  
Empty eyed wanders off  
The blocks of stone  
Step by step, head held high.

Where is the fertile cell to breed it all anew?  
Horus raced off in one direction to nowhere  
Oh, Ra-explosion, death of the sun in hubris,  
End of the ocean

In the pyramid: Veins of blue light pulsing,  
New technology for the electro-man,  
King's life everlasting,  
And on the streets:  
Anarchy.

---

God was born through  
the deeds of his son who  
took the dirty soil in his  
hands, the flower of  
destruction – the ends of  
empire milled to sand  
and god spat on it  
real spittle

---

All temples are tombs  
Their pillars skeletal remains  
The grave is open and the  
Sun shines

Egypt, end of our  
Every atom is dirty  
The high priest handles  
Emptiness with staffs and plugs and  
In the dark is darkness  
Black tarry yuck liquid  
Stark hard Barbara turns her back

Of the past we live, the hare said,  
Rising from the lake side at sunset  
And we die of the past,  
Pointing out nutritious green  
By the wayside he invited me not to mind  
His withdrawal, he longed for:

1. the dark colour of home soil
2. that can only paint
3. the substance that matters
4. and signify the voices
5. that speak

I had to rage against that darkness  
Like the Inuit against the cold.  
I remembered his eyes  
Green-brown-grey-and-explosion  
Of brightness, blowing my features out  
Into the void

—

And god ran through the hands of his son  
who took the repulsing dirt,  
spending an hour or so  
building a new and perfect bird  
the immaculate form of god-head

—

And the reporter asked  
If he was happy standing  
In front of his car in Alberta.

Sure, said he, no high-voltage towers,  
No people, nice skies and lets go,  
For collecting a storm  
You must not be right beneath it.  
Today is our lucky day:  
The lightning strokes we caught  
Were in real time. To look at them frame by frame  
Exposes the signature of god

---

And the bird inside the hands of the son of man  
began  
to flutter, it gave  
a weak chirp – too shy to think of leaving  
too tired to remember the losses of Egypt  
still shaking with the blow it said:  
“Don’t eat me!”

---

A tourist gives up her camera,  
Walks up the great alley to the chamber  
Of the kings to there in silence and the smell of piss,  
There in the dark, dark, dark of the empty sarcophagus  
Pray for all immaculate things

--- As a man opens the dome of his hands.

So let us sing to the hawk in  
his wild and violet dance  
most transient chance  
of Shan -  
kar's  
hand on the sitar.  
Our voices bow around  
each other to the star. So let  
us cease the idle bitter talk  
for on the winding  
stair up and  
up I  
heard him  
walk: Hesitant as the

hare, jubilant as the hawk

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### Asking the hare

By the end of his way  
Which animal he'd choose to be  
He said: A horse! For sure,  
To run free

A horse! For sure, as Harras was such friend he  
Ploughed the field and never threw me off  
when I requested him to carry me. And I was with him  
to the end.

I would be like Harras, he said, a horse  
Can understand

### Hair tossed ah, ah

Radi  
Calgal ah, ah  
An eye pillar at marble  
The whole Karnak temple  
The Marduk  
Eye, eye, eye pillar  
Cold hard marble slither in  
Outer appearances is  
Nice now? Is it?

Surely, shu, shu surely,  
So surely churned goblin  
Of the monster hollow the, the  
Echo the epoch of Marduk

Her white dress about her wrapped and up  
Undone up oh, oh open so  
Open, shu churned in the

Oh, oh open of the sugar mamma  
Dance within the temple marble  
Cold against the  
Summer of our discount, wrapped her  
Ah, ah, arms against the pillar of our  
Discount, *endlich* in the temple cold  
Hard marble moon unfrozen

Hair tossed ah, ah  
Radical ride on the  
King's Sirius,  
Andromeda  
Shu churned in  
Her laps  
Undone her dress  
Up all about her  
Wrapped and oh, oh open  
Wound come comfort Pharaoh  
Upon the tomb oh open  
Goblin of the monster hollow, the  
Echo, the epoch  
Of Marduk

**Lift my head first,**  
forming a line:  
Chin, breastbone and belly  
paralleling the spine  
and on this railing lead, Lord,  
the transcending locomotive,  
images and tunes up,  
half-formed and votive

Up falls the angel hair  
heaven draws strong, Lord,  
veils of smoke earthward  
where Salome  
danced in a thong

Steadily frankincense,  
toc toc toc music  
swings into immanence,  
rotor of Horus, god the acoustic  
veils of song into song  
exiting the body  
and deliver those who annex it in  
shiver after shiver.

## Dome of Cologne

I  
Cascades of water frozen  
Hill-side January brook  
Dates collected unconscious  
Doors in the oracle book:  
Craftsman Jack has his hour  
To carve from the falling rain  
Tower over tower

Precious bottle of envy, trickle  
To the sky periodical signals  
Gradual bye-bye  
Centuries caressing  
With quickly perishing hands  
Stalagmites from fickle  
Earth into undying lands

Loving hammer of water  
Rhine's white gold ring of the sun,  
Wedding gift to your daughter ending  
Where it begun.

Terribly anxious structure close  
To the final wall beyond which none

Can be thrown, splendour of those  
Who loose all they were able to carry  
Dropping beyond the horizon their  
Heavy berry.

||

What can be said about the silence of the *Bahn*?  
May I speak, may I?  
Today I flew the bird of pollution past god's  
Throne and he suffered that, too.

I wish there was no forgiveness  
For we wouldn't last any minute,  
Any minute now the cold Dome collapses  
The arch I drew across the sky  
From Berlin to Cologne  
Of prayer is too fragile.

The kerosene plea for forgiveness,  
A white line beneath us:  
Honeysuckle and sweetness  
Fuelled the rose across the sky,  
Phaeton to Cologne where the light  
Vanished under clouds  
Only the Dome perks its ears up,  
Sits snug from no enemy  
Inside that hare: |

There was something about the *Bahn*  
Some white flowers commemorate  
And some copperplate – what was it?

Any minute he may jump up  
from the furrow dragging centuries  
like roots from out the ground and underneath  
who knows, Rome may be found

Yes, Miss Dior, we all were young,  
Most of all Mary – navy lady of Ylang  
She rose blue but so yellow  
Silence in the cold cotton her thermal hello

An arch of airplanes was her bright tiara  
And bands of cold kerosene were her veil  
Thus ever present was *la mia cara*  
Above the clouds and sent beneath no trail.

Eternally up there angelic strata circle  
So slowly I would not return from crossing  
Them inside a pressured cabin to  
Spread my wings like them and own  
And burn.

III  
No, no, release the horses  
She walks on the high balcony  
All around the gallery  
The apple core  
Kernel by kernel she smiles:  
The trees of earth will re-grow.

No, no, release the horses  
The 5 disparate forces tied  
To the cart, release the discipline  
That strains the heart

She walks up on the balcony and from her eyes  
Cascades of water descend so high  
That I may drown me in you.



## Notre Dame in the water

A love that binds our heads to a leaved clover  
A love that binds our soul to laugh out loud  
A moment we embrace – and then it's over



