

"Städte, die leben.sterben.Berlin"

Teil 1

Innocence

Danae kommt zum ersten Mal nach Berlin.

Einen Tag zuvor hat sie ihre Mutter tot unter einem Baum gefunden.

Das dachte sie zumindest, ihr Entsetzen und ihre Trauer sind groß.

"Kannst du zu diesem Gedicht Musik schreiben?"

hatte ihre Mutter sie eine Woche zuvor gefragt.

Wer war ihre Mutter?

Und warum hat sie dieses Gedicht über Berlin geschrieben

vor vierzig Jahren?

Teil 2

Die Genealogie des Bösen

Berlin in den 80er Jahren

war eine der Städte

in denen Künstler

mit politischem Aktivismus in Verbindung gebracht wurden.

Was ist mit diesen Menschen geschehen?

Danae beobachtet wie auf einer Kinoleinwand

die Geister der Vergangenheit ihrer Mutter

die ihre Unschuld belagern.

"Deshalb sind wir nur einmal jung.

denn als Erwachsene

begraben wir, tiefer und tiefer.

den Leichnam unserer Jugend

Sie denkt, als eine Frau, die wie ihre Mutter aussieht

ihr mitten auf der Straße begegnet.

BERLIN

*Don't be fooled, friend, visitor of a decision
of separation and redemption
do not believe in the cries of the nations
I feel you that your soul
is like a red dirt pile
like a hill of sorrow in your van of exile
here in this city overlooking the lake of sighs
Take a break, the stream is clear
And the swans are white as innocence
that you have not seen in any flag of civilizations
Who said they cared for you
What is your city, castaway?
In what dream did you sail in the dream of your youth
Rushing like a bicycle wheel, sun of waiting
I have a badge with the city of Berlin
It's a paper waterproof boat
Inside it in bold type run fonts
of history, Berlin Alexanter Plutz
After 12 o'clock it gets dark in the ghost village
is the film noir on the screen that keeps you up all night
the city beckons like a bus stop so lonely!
Don't stand there is the monument of the dead
Your shadow cools their ever sharp breaths
peace in the respect of the righteous
Berlin is a city in time
that forgets to live like a rat
The shining sewers echo
the music, they yearn for the ballerina
with the look of a red chalapeño
fist in the stomach of the kneeling submissive crowd
the city shapes like dark tornadoes
all the labyrinths of the violence of formations
of the battle tanks of the lust of the victors of hate
bouncing on the yellow tram of old fear
and rests on the surface of the deepest lake
and builds with mastery like a swallow*

its earthen nest

*It sounds like the metallic gold bar of the alchemists
to a city of the magic of contemplation
That the beloved hidden in the arcade
like a bush foliage of the age of true heroes
Walter Benjamin grows everywhere, unpredictably
behind and below, in front of the architecture
of the children of the miracle of a teenage lottery
that he said and called the galleries of indelible wounds
little permanent birth slits of new memories
of those that again and again like a persistent concert
of the young musician who did not hear
but spoke of what the city whispers
resist the abusers
With their shiny windows
initiate yourselves into the rivers of peace of souls
Of the cities that form
the last traces of civilizations
collecting whispers of strangers
familiar and melodious
as strangers in the cities do not exist
there are strangers in souls
who pile up like red dirt
On hills of sorrow
In the loads of our exile
that we love as they lead us
To the fairest cities of future humans.*