

Martijn Benders

Lippenspook



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to read this.

Martijn Benders, Mierlo, The Netherlands

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*“To uninvent objects. The comb, for example.
To give the comb abilities of not combing.*

(..)

To use some words until they belong to no language.”

Manoel de Barros

Don't pull that black stocking over your head

Never step calmly, moderately into that good night.

Don't go like the meek sheep when you go.

Don't just leave for that obedient other side.

Don't just disappear into the sweet night.

Don't go meekly into that good night.

Don't go willingly into that good night.

Don't become his friend, though the night is also good.

Do not enter resignedly into the last sleep.

Created from the opening lines of existing

Dutch Dylan Thomas translations

Nothing at sea again tonight

Just the drumming of the stars,
waves crashing against sloppily painted islets.

Another captain
with another mile-long turban.

Tom Waits singing 'Silent Night'.

Standing before our Lord

His only question is: how many?
How many girls did you manage to sleep with, Benders?

And my father would say: one, Mr God.
'Did you like her so much then?' asks God.
'It was the way supposed to be,' my father says.'
God then bites his lip, confesses
he has never slept with anyone.

I hide behind a cloud
in which a plane full of angels is frozen,
all wearing the same wedding dress,
missels in their blonde hair and pitch-black glasses,
and then comes Jesus, in his nasal announcer's voice,
who puts his hand on my shoulder
or no, not a hand. If only it were a hand.

The imagination

Don't like imagination, it gets in the way.

I want to wake up next to you, not to someone else.

And when I'm alone, I want to be without you.

And when I'm lonely, I want to be without you.

Pyroversum

The sun the sun the ever so anxious sun
will one day turn so black, so nickel black, so swarthy
That soon there will be a second, third, fourth, fifth
until it teems with it, the sun stops, a number appears,
you hear the sound of a dying coffee machine.

The earth turns basket black, pitch black,
an Eskimo kid plays with matches, ignites the moon

and it starts firing
as if it's been doused with sewing machine oil
the earth blackens
all the children blacken

and there stands the luminous moon district
at block 272c, in the earthquake
among the endless rows
buzzing black sun chunks
in the housing system

of Great Communist Singers, of Milk Singers.
The moon will set everything on fire,
until there is nothing, nothing at all,
an infinity of burning tuning forks.

Elegy for something like Zierikzee

In the yellow Audi of S.
over the night motorway to Kadikoy.
Slumpy. Drunk, stoned.
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me.

With E. and a huge rabbit,
in the dark forests of the land of flames.

Sober
on the ring road of Rotterdam
with all the people who hate topology.

Zierikzee, Zierikzee.
Tearing across the track like crazy.
It only becomes something when it agrees with us....

There is a town that does not know its place.
Somewhere an eternal flame burns.

Gdansk

Young poets love me,
drag me on stage, my head
so beautiful it can't be photosouped.

Gdansk, I say, the balls of Gdansk.
Gdansk, they shout, Gdansk, Gdansk!

Udders of the left pecker Gdansk, Gdansk.
Udders of the right spike Gdansk, Gdansk.
Gdansk Gdansk Gdansk Gdansk Gdansk Gdansk.

Then, always
the terrible, whispering
Queen Soup Head of Kopland.
Guirlande, Guirlande, a turd has no rande,
we run, we storm, the balls out of Gdansk!

Gdansk Gdansk, Gdansk Gdansk.
Gdansk, Gdansk, Gdansk, Gdansk.

Tabula Rasa

All those wagging souls,
faded to people with destitute opinions.

Who are we? We peer through the thick May light,
under a dormant thundercloud.

Through the hard skeleton of spring,
with a stuttering adults here and there,
and all the blackened souls on internet.

Doll rain without bedroom secrets,
steps trotting through the grass.

The fatherland will rise again.
from a puffy sea of baps,
with pancakes, arias, forget-me-nots,

a golden party aura that kills humbug,
all ganz fucking wubbo halal.

Under the hoary wool of the stars

Under the hoary wool of the stars
The squirrel saps lonely on a beechnut.

And the tree, his home, spills dead.
And the forest, home of his hut, spills dead.

Further on,
A homeless lamb gnawing on a meadow.

And the meadow, no one lives on it.
My land, no one sees the meadows of my land.

Further on,
Four child abusers in a blacked-out Mercedes.

Blacked-out cars in a deadly street.
A whorish road that just wants to be lonely.

The garden sprinkler sings in the dark

Whether he wants to be an ancient bird.
I don't believe in anything. I don't even believe
That death has the occasional coughing fit.

I believe in the magic of film and
worlds that can shoot each other though, Marie.

You look like you've been on television.
I've never seen you that beautiful.
So I do what they always do in films, I say 'fuck!'

Go say something about the sprinkler tomorrow.
Now kiss me softly, in an endless take.

Aju Paraplu

A perfume line for suicide bombers.
In a beautifully elegant and sober black bottle.
Because you still want to smell good even half
opened on the train tracks.
As a final statement.

Base scent: tax envelopes. A measured blue
with a certain stiffness. A tolerable scent.

Then a hint of crushed plastic doorbell, so that an aural edge
hovers around the scent which evokes a certain sense of urgency.
Nearer also a tone of old, neglected peep boxes.

A little further away: the emphasis of chewed-off pencil.
Secret ingredient: the elusive aroma of a grab bag.

The sun dangles in the cherry emptiness of the evening,
an overripe fruit on the last branch, the horizon.
Take another sip from my weathered glass
then we will set out together and the beacons

of the night will let their pinheads
on my drunken body like bewitched puppets,
they will scrawl your name on my belly
with invisible ink, out of nowhere,
The moon will move the stupid hedges,
junkies and dealers singing in the emergency toilets,

then blow up their bulging cheeks,
Luminous sails cover the sea.
Milky blackberries fall from the vine
from the heart like laddered pigeons
and I coo out of the darkness just one word:
*****, the watchword of death.

Dying a brilliant toppopdeath

Televisions start to snow.

Spaceships turn black.

An ambulance full of white flies fills up with milk.

An asshole

disguised as a carrot fucks my wife

behind this door.

Let's get Nickelsunned, Nickelsunned.

Booby trap the cemetery bingo.

Memoirs of a terrace animal

I have turned into a terrace animal.
A stray piece of lichen, good for the economy.
I anthologise existence itself.

Think about out-sized vegetables all day.
Do my best to populate the place.
Planets you can literally hear growing.
Especially if you work in one of those tiefus units.

On the internet, I'm going to find it crappy, planets
who are dumbfounded and are only
brusselling through space a bit.

Genesis

You have no idea
how endless foetuses are pacing
to earn daylight,
in snow-white rain boots
through gouging darkness.

Through drizzly stubby light,
stomping charges out of snails,
in an endless butterfly stroke
through brooding mommonade.

Katja

Thinking of you under a weak Jansaly moon.
In hell it's always time for bed
and it always smells like cherry sweets.

The Devil, with his repulsive rainbow
between endless rows of catnip
leaning on his rake, behind him

that rainbow - I can't think of the colour.
An indeterminate colour. The pyjamas of death.

How loneliness does its number on us.

You wake up from your proppy paper nap,
with marzipan eyes that give light in the dark.
Death rattles off, with pretty pink eyes, the names
of those who serve to perish against you tonight.
You have a doting heart. You were
born with it, like others with egg skulls.

You make me

A mole overwhelmed by bright sun.

An earthworm in a stampede of buffalo.

A bat seeing itself on radar.

A lanternfish in the Dead Sea.

A brainwashed tree-refusing walnut.

A centipede in an expensive pen shop.

That's how I feel

when you pipit into my eyes, love,

that's how I feel when you feel by.

Hand in hand against destruction

See how that moon sticks on my fork. A magnificent duel.
A cruel spectacle. A man against the stars.
A man starred by the stars.

Lands dream nothing.
They just lie there landing in boundless nothingness,
like you and me, once, hand in hand against the destruction.
Soundless against all death. But I exaggerate, you know that.

Conflict

She said to me
I read Lucian Freud
about radical individual freedom
which appeals to me enormously.

I said
Yes, but that man was an artist.
You are a smoking therapist.

She said
It doesn't matter.

I said
Why doesn't it matter?

Nothing worse

When I saw her again, she was so white.
Not from insomnia, or our bitching
but from the shit they were firing at her

from flat Ankara roofs, from scorpion cars,
from behind their wretched ant masks.

Nothing worse
than the toxic cloud of fascism
on the face of new love.

QUESTION TETRIS, A RETREATINGLY BORING GAME

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Euphoric white moles

They wear sunglasses and crumble around
through the baklava of lunar soil.

Then they burn loose - that krapuul, the beekeeper!
Who lures children with his dirty mesh head!

His poo stinks of jellyfish.

It is he, he
who snaps rain stalks in the dark

Bank

Sadder than the half-life of kale,
you rule, on a shrunk leather cloud,
over a kingdom of stumps and over-cycled people.

On the Let's Poo in the Potty-Death of John F. Kennedy

Dobbing is what children's souls do.

Dobbing with Death's little heart in all the bulbous fuss.

Death is called Monsieur Slot, has a paper-thin moustache.

Monsieur Slot with the blotchy moustache.

Monsieur Slot has nothing at all to do with wonder.

World-weird girl with glasses

Gonna dry those way too big glasses
as a butterfly in her little diary.

And then full of unworldly glass
pick that diary open like a box
of one of those Christmas chocolate boxes

Christmas boxocolathing. You know what I mean.
You are, like me, too unworldly for the real word.

BIRDYSM

Me, three robins, a whip.



The black bar your imagination.
Not a photocopied koetjesreep.

Terrible poet with cane

There he is. Dreadful fellow.
A stool. A suit. That mouthy cane.

And that dewdrop.
And that tempo.

Cuckol fairy

At a trot she enters the bed, cuckol fairy.
The sheets slosh across the bedstead,
bottle after bottle slaps across the floor.
She creeps up on me with those twinkly eyes.
Cuckolfairy on cuckol fairy on cuckol fairy.

To the reader

I hope you die when you read this.
Your mum and dad enter the room
with fly swatters, to squash you.

Then mop you up and, stylishly,
wipe their hands with this paper.

Bye bye, scumbag.

(I.M. Bill Knott)

Head

Head.

You have a crazy head, baby.

Head.

Totally sick of it.

Head.

A different one every day.

Head.

Jesus sitting on the anthill.

Head.

Fags dangle between Belinda-coloured angel maws.

Head.

Head.

Goddammit.

Head.

Nowhereville

When you are no more
my voice will become a serene, hushed jinx
in an avalanche of pondering worlds.

I will keep quiet
at endless birthday parties and flatulent funerals,
wanting nothing more than endless queuing.

This world would be the waiting room of a waiting room
and all hope would have a buzzing voice.

And I would become that underground atomic clock
to whose ticking the turf listens.

The white ghost turf, the all-purging grass,
the turf that only the just will know.

Nothing more pretentious than the dead

They don't even exist anymore, you know.
Still a name and a grave and whispering wind.
Clattering windows, strangely shifted books
and finally the roll of film.

Where does the winding path lead.
Shall I say. To sleepy truant heads
who think they can belittle us with their absence
with their terrible fog banks and howling radio voices.

First you let your buddies down.
Then irritatingly rustle through treetops.

What poseurs, what show-offs.
Not to mention the little swashbuckling moon.

Cloud Row 6945B

You walk down the street in the stump of your suit.
Time slips by. You join the queue. At desk you act tough.
Writing rules, decrees, laws. The whole goddamn lot
may reset at its core as far as you're concerned.
Il existe des coups de foudre en amour.

When you die your soul burps through a tunnel of paper.
A self-written tunnel. A Great Lult Tunnel.

An angel flies towards you. Your cloud is
in cloud row 6945B. You float in the stump of your suit.
Time shuffles by. Neighbouring angels speak in tongues.

At the end of time, ever faster there than expected,
high synthesiser music sounds. Jesus descends, sits next to you
on the cloud. 'Why,' you ask him, opening your hand.

'Fuck off to your own cloud,' Jesus says.

Flight

As you get older you discover it.
People are just winging it.
Hardly anyone actually flies.

Sweethearts just winged.
Parents are birding a memory,
flapping out a final pardon.

Vines overgrow
walls that won't be torn down
between galaxies and neighbours.

Dead Poets Scout

ZombieBloem chases me everywhere
for he wants to bribe good songs from me.
At the butcher, supermarket or Gal & Gal:

that dilapidated head,
that wrecking fished-up bike look.

‘Lend me something to sing, Benders.
Dying is also scrapping, Benders.’

And then he always loses something,
a phalanx, a finger, an eye.

And before the dark ones come
with the slow morrowing broom wagons,
to round him up, he has
palmed me a new dream already.

Acrostic

A dowie moon shines over mossy graves,
“Every Dead Boy Deserves Fudge” in milky waves.

Distances hoot into distances,
The darkness brittles against the unlifed light.

Love of darkness, from the fat-starry prose
that baggages the lips with sweet repose.

Do you know what it is

Saw you in the fireside of my dreams!
In the autumn of the wildfire of my dreams!
Leaves coffer through air like it's the bomb.

The sound a bunker buster makes
falling through a cloud
is all I want to hear
when I kiss your crumpled lips.

And don't let that river outside
swing against the window,
I know, the jazz, the release,
the liberation, the jazz.

But you know what it is, darling.
Half the world is on fire.

The explanation

I wake up. My hair is on fire.
Knock the covers off, run to the mirror.
My whole head is ablaze.

Attempt to put it out with my hands
but feel nothing, no searing heat,
just softly shampooed cream-rubbed hair.

The phone rings. I pick up the receiver.
A voice on the other end asks for a quarter.
I say I don't have a quarter.
I say a quarter does not suit this time,
angrily throw in the receiver. My hair is on fire.

That's how it went, Marieke, no different.

My hair was on fire,
all I felt was soft shampooed cream-coated hair,
a hussy called over a quarter.

CAPTCHA

Always painters of still lifes who off themselves.
Fruit can be pretty depressing.

Except the melon.
With its grin,
in its inflated clown suit.

When death makes its still life:
nothing to spot on it except flowers.

A city with fine streets

Give me a city with some fine streets.
Big, small, it doesn't matter, as long as the streets
run fine. And that in those streets

People live, real people,
fat, thin, it doesn't matter
they don't even have to look fine,
may buzz, may bellow, may shout
or stay behind
as the steeled echo of children's happiness
in an empty swimming paradise.

Streets, endless streets.
Streets whose end no one can predict.
Streets you see in a crystal ball.

Finely meshed, magnificent streets,
streets you'd bury in themselves
as they gave their last breath.

Graceful, meshed up, pleasant streets
with simple people with no future.