

A

Berlin

Entrainment

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Innsbrucker Platz

lines begin to merge the intercities
& the undergrounds the dozing off &
coming to in half-imaginary

neighbourhoods all rhythmic & hypnotic
sort of simmering to lunch & music
a rag and bone merchants' convention

the bent satellites cruise by observing
vacant reflections & the warm-blooded
travellers dreaming deep inside their phones

Hard to synchronise your habits to the rhythms of this town. The background noise throughout the hours of darkness makes little sense as you keep moving but it feels blue and vital. We're dancing with imaginary partners and the sales team is looking on, taking notes. See what parts of us to steal, rename and then sell back. In the daytime people recuperate in corners and relate to their toothbrushes on charge. Then the contest starts again to see who can be elsewhere in as many ways as possible while staying put. A forgotten drama layered over the next and so on. Company. Signs of life from all around the world are thickening the blood like wine.

Bundesplatz

a little swig of chilly Wein von Wien
& out into the vacillating streets
to check out all the apothecaries

Alcatraz & scary neon florists
then into another windswept station
where a canvas bag has been abandoned

he's says: I'm just another King's Cross fox
who can't stand coleslaw or blue celery
I want to have what he's had but too late

The ecology of the underground is changing as we see from these new growths. It's getting younger as the years go by; we're not sure how many there are left. A new student movement flows away from the old wrought iron gates. Less relish these days in listening to the latest killer track. We go around the ring again *tschilp tschilp* we're entering the bend and looking for a white line where we pass on the baguette and flute.

Heidelberger Platz

witnessing the storm of wings descending
through glimpses of the ghostly breadcrumb trails
that kink towards the entrance to the mine

the rim rings & echoes in our hollows
headlines scribbled on inflatable dolls
rise high into the air & drift away

we step around the weatherbeaten guy
skirt around the never to be written
& stalk towards perhaps an hour later

A costly musical based on a cartoon version of a fairy tale. Let's say a miniature princess with a haddock's tail who loses her voice, is trapped in a thorn bush and enjoys the hospitality of several tiny men for whom she cooks and cleans. A dragon made of lengths of 2x1 covered in the skins of big cats and flags, operated by people in black who can't be seen. Here comes the messenger with this evening's news which has again been generously provided by the palace. Turns out approval ratings for the palace are higher than ever so we are to have a big parade.

Hohenzollerndamm

they move to guard the borders of the air
we continue to pretend we hadn't heard
about the banishment of strangers

in these unexpected conversations
we find ourselves the last ones at the bar
then sit a little longer in the sky

outside we watch each other watching slow
encroachments of blue abstracted shadows
installations around the theme of home

The arms industry and gun lobby are feeling particularly patriotic and expansive this morning. They'd like to teach potential customers a thing or two. It's complicated. Watch out for infiltration. If any of your neighbours have ever done a kindness report it to the church or clan. We donated a bazooka to the janitor, don't mention it. To enhance safety. Dinner ladies keep a Glock behind each pot. Eat your greens junior.

Halensee

the other driver might be waving back
dusk remote in the glow of snow
three chimneys on the skyline

a bigger brother wreathed in navy cloud
by the station a lamppost winged with two
great lights is a weird apocalyptic

bat impaled on our forgotten oaths
go below the blue bridge who played on that
did I have the album & let it go

The blue tango and the blue tangle well we never did find that address. Crippled by wondering what would have happened if we had. Now I have room in my drawer. The trees continue to lose and find their leaves. Unfamiliar species are provisionally identified, gasping at low tide. Some die of their own weight in this strange setting. The first waves of the revolution will be filmed on phones, turned into an unrelated cartoon then made into a musical which features life-size puppets and a homemade dragon. It's already a set text.

Westkreuz

skinny helter-skelter on the skyline
bleak & disused maypole requisitioned
for dark arts what now inner squatter

awkward white gazebo departures
are acid we hear them burn through girders
& continental icepacks monitored

by stained bears with huge paws & the faces
of exhausted gods north ring & south ring
meet at Westkreuz where a sky is dying

Too late to counterfeit shares in a fine New Zealand bunker plus hobbit handyman and gardener. Foreigners wear horns. My unchanged way of life is what my father fought for. My personal trainer is teaching me to breath underwater. First the cinema shows us the way and then the police take up the baton. The whole place is now a recreational facility for those who worked so hard to inherit. You can pay to sit next to me in Burger King.

S-BAHN-RING BERLIN

