

from *a thin line between* by Wanda Praamsma

how beautiful is  
a man whistling a tune on his bicycle  
in this  
this place of moist mornings misty and murky  
which is more theirs than it ever will be mine

*we have tulips on the table  
purple and pink and pink and white  
firm and handsome tall and sturdy  
and then  
suddenly  
droopy and dreary  
wide-eyed and bursting  
falling*

*anne warned me  
at a certain point all the tulips go crazy*

(pause)  
(pause)  
(pause)  
(pause)

nothing is untouched, m says  
everything is designed  
every hill carved  
every open space  
open for use  
open for a purpose  
the purpose of staying above water, mostly

people live in basements

actually                      they're under water, says c

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I try to read between the lines  
there it is  
my mother  
*my hands that wanted to be constructive and now also have to feed a previous  
marriage's children*  
like some obligation  
those children were  
and maybe a little joy  
(the line about the yo-yo  
the child playing with the yo-yo)  
otherwise  
what a goddamn nuisance those children were  
couldn't even change their own diapers

BUT BUT he was a MONUMENT (a monument?) to dutch literature

(pause)  
(pause)  
(pause)  
(pause)