

TOY

in any case a conspiracy to say the least or propaganda
for the fossil fuel industry why else this constant obsession with
cars, rockets, planes
environmental apocalypse stamped onto the chests of millions of toddlers
cash registers with the barely audible musical underscore
of some saccharine Hollywood movie nostalgia
plucking at the heart strings at the touch of the object
its tiny gendered nooks and creases a toy is an object minus
its danger childhood handed out in increments
each stage fanning out into an infinite number of expandable markets

I read I still read
I certainly overcomplicate *there is a wealth of*
historical comparative and ethnographic evidence that the biological and
developmental universals of childhood occur within specific social and cultural
formations which set the limits and possibilities of what children can be, or as
the fashionable jargon of social theory would have it, "construct the subject" in
different ways (Beryl Langer)
precious paragraphs the sky blue trabant, green tractor and
sand buggy and bright red lamborghini are parked on the balcony
covered in a thin layer of pollen
small porcelain plates ready to serve duplo cakes
covered in flowers a carpet with a rural landscape
streets past fields of carrots, salad, corn and sunflowers
the duplo train headed by cat and dog, elephants and giraffes as its passengers
is on the move past the cows, horses and sheep in their neat
enclosures and inside

a kitchen as if abandoned mid gesture the dough left on
the stove raw onion half cut
mutilated magnet animals in primary colours
a still life cluttered with tiny things awaiting classification
the doll house discarded on Jahnstraße some time last year
J + B = heart
scribbled on its back in red wax crayon windows painted onto the
wooden walls with blunt landscapey strokes in lilac and blue
its first inhabitants were little elephants that came in the post one
day from portugal
and a larger doll, come from brazil, via angola, the gift of a friend
now some more wooden humans moved in
fruit of the move of an acquaintance's kid some of them missing limbs
two legless children one adult or teen brought along all
their furniture, downstairs the kitchen now
old little stove for heating with fire on the first floor the bathroom
we have everything twice
handy so elephants can enjoy a bath together in separate bathtubs
two toilets and two sinks to go along
under the roof a veritable dormitory
mattresses and bunk beds the red roof
which is also a slide for little elephants dressed in human clothing
and kids with missing limbs picture the sanctity of paraphernalia
flimsy vulnerability
of bourgeois interiors out-dated and worn down
now reorganized into some post apocalyptic cohabitation