

Galli

*Pazienza*

13.09-01.11.2025 • GROTT0, Berlin

Making a useless drawing  
everyday  
At least starting  
To scribble.  
Run the pen across the paper.  
Just taking it for a walk.  
From tree to tree, from flower to flower.  
Promenading - that used to be strictly forbidden.  
What does spelling have to do with education?  
It is, after all, nonsense sanctified by tradition.  
That's why I write as my pen  
takes me and follow the example of  
Good Mrs Aja  
She didn't attach any importance to it either.  
Unfortunately, the spelling-savvy ratty heads  
don't know who Mrs Aja was! Oya!  
Make a move on paper and  
then perhaps send my regards to ...  
My (currently acting) bedmate.  
Haunted by the urge to scribble or  
The Moritzvonschwindsucht  
Go out my heart  
And search for something you could devour  
Oooo what would I be without  
My pious upbringing without  
The many stories of the saints  
Whose limbs were chopped off to praise God,  
Of knightly death & the devil on  
Galli come out  
Of the secrets & healing powers of plants  
Of the many books I build around me  
Like palisades  
That I need for my journeys in my head  
And on the screens,  
From the radio  
And again from the books that one  
Can pile up  
That one can throw to Ratzen  
Like Lichtenberg that one can climb on  
When one wants to look out of the window  
And  
It all started with Groetschel  
Who said that she likes my  
Handwriting best -.  
What can I say to that?

9 August 2011