

The sound of **thunder**
make a broken vase **REFORM** itself,
makes the fractured shards leap up to the precise
positions where they fit and bind.

If one visits a city in spring, one sees another
wondrous sight.

For in springtime the populace become

SICK
of the

order
in their lives.

In spring, people furiously lay waste to their houses.
They sweep in dirt, smash chairs, break windows.

On Aarberggasse, or any residential avenue in spring,
one hears the sounds of broken glass, shouting, howling, laughter.

In spring, people meet at unarranged times, burn their appointment books,
throw away their watches, drink through the night. This hysterical abandon
continues until summer, when people regain their senses and return to order.

