

*At Death We Forage*  
*by Quin de la Mer*

At [redacted]  
[redacted] death  
I took [redacted] a compass  
[redacted] a duffel bag [redacted]  
My boots [redacted]  
[redacted]

[redacted]  
I came on foot. [redacted]  
Alone [redacted] myself [redacted]  
[redacted]

[redacted] strangely [redacted]  
[redacted] desire [redacted]  
[redacted] outweighs [redacted] dread [redacted]  
the door [redacted]  
[redacted] omitted

[redacted] my first stop [redacted]  
[redacted] I [redacted]  
[redacted] jumped [redacted]  
without [redacted] hurt [redacted]  
[redacted] tried again [redacted]  
[redacted] with [redacted] bridges [redacted]  
[redacted] tiny [redacted]

upside down  
Smashed-up

in rhyme  
now

My steps firm  
earth trembles  
I move  
a mountain reposes.

rain-sodden  
mud  
rages

a bit further  
Maps center  
On  
transit station  
dry paper  
swirling  
a long time  
the train gone

I feel  
bent into  
paper  
my heart  
ripped apart

Imagination  
mothers their  
children

One  
very new  
Slice

an overpass  
beneath me

I am  
heading down  
a  
barricade between  
some string  
shouting, "Detour!"

real  
doesn't worry me

slowly  
absolutely  
With glee I express  
all of a sudden  
without  
being there

from my  
burning  
soles

my mind was  
hanging from a yoke

the snow

collided with

a wild animal

a huge  
mountain

tired

blind

hovering

The lights

will soon be gone

incredibly sad

Stillness

the cold

moved

flying east

behind

fields

forests

fear

ringing

I am

between the  
rattling past

the horizon

a denial building inside me

Don't look

No, don't!

those ravens!

A glove  
soaking wet

lying in  
tracks

moving  
in synchronized motion

unharvested  
monstrous and threatening  
Hoping to run

I stand firm

support

I hear

a forest

The transparent moon  
Halfway toward

the Dark

I am standing  
black orange

determined  
the arrow  
inert  
The region  
infested  
soundless  
above me

Onward

rotting leaves  
hearts painted  
I know a monster  
will attack me

silently  
soles  
pass by me  
ashen  
white  
blank  
empty

so hot  
my blood  
invites  
No One to Nothing

reaching  
I broke into  
praying.

the bottomless pit  
open  
dark  
black birds  
swarm

I am inside  
candles burning  
red wax  
wine?  
rest  
a place  
beyond  
here

Fog  
icy cold  
membrane  
my steps hollow  
hanging  
bitterly

A host  
accompanies me  
I've lost my way.

Mythical

mist

emerges

anchored  
along the River

at the edge

the entrance to  
madness

within a red streetlight  
a loudspeaker  
rises

all dreary, cold, void.

The journey is

miles across

far away The land bleak frozen

the sand  
unreal to me

a shelter

Up above

was enough

Outside  
it is  
grey

a shrine  
with  
a sunrise  
requires  
care

fire  
colored  
a wall

the River  
noticed  
this.

a detour  
in the bank  
I have no map.

sitting there  
wrapped in  
thoughts  
loneliness filled my breast

Blackness  
crept forth

my reflection below me  
unexpectedly  
rough

I take  
The shortcut  
the road  
wide  
foreign

following my instincts  
I crept past  
a cave

behind howled  
the sea  
its mouth wide open  
rivers converging  
a sudden, otherworldly  
whining  
From  
the slopes  
where thunder  
was rumbling

mysterious  
shrieks  
no one can hear

shrouded in clouds  
they scatter  
days passing  
at the  
edges of the universe.

wandering

moving forward

night falls

a different face

was I born

Eternity draws nigh

I was  
still human  
wings  
drowned left uncrushed  
no longer sharp  
forsaken

further on the  
wind stalks  
a house  
majestically  
swinging and swaying  
then  
borne aloft

Staring  
into  
a procession

I recognized

gestures

advancing  
all at once

everywhere  
vast black deathly

the pit  
filled  
in flattened down.

ice on  
walls

loneliness has come

a crossroads

a  
train station

full of woe

I

shake  
frightened

higher up

road signs

a landmark  
turbulent winds

a solitary tree  
exposed  
completely horizontal

uphill  
Downhill  
forward

I  
don't stop  
don't look

my heart  
still beating  
it's ticking  
it hurts  
sharp burn  
scattered over  
comfort

the post office  
an inn  
a  
telephone booth

it  
plagued me  
paralyzed  
people  
disfigured  
joined  
systematically  
one  
to the next

the road below  
Resolution:  
the footpath  
clearly visible  
directly  
over the heights  
past  
Creation

ashamed

things improve

[Redacted line]

my shadow  
cowered  
around  
me  
scattered  
between  
strange sounds

It ignored me  
I grabbed it  
but  
something falls  
lies  
forgotten  
I feel it  
Felled

order  
along the chain  
without warning  
my route led me  
to another  
imaginary line  
past wet snow  
the road beyond  
shortening  
to  
slip away

In darkness

I  
grew trustful

the truth  
depressing

dampness  
hovers

vaporous  
clouds

dripping

empty forms

going on

A  
lantern  
sways

directions  
come

at the border

I can see  
my way through

the sky  
orangey-yellow  
foggy-grey

black

a red  
crater  
in red water  
a ghostly fire  
the end  
glowing

\_\_\_\_\_

fathomless space  
the universe  
Unimaginable  
worlds  
a single point  
blackness like light  
silence like thunder  
Nothing  
is the  
Yawning Void  
Un-stars  
flash  
below me  
all dead

Rankness  
gathers  
at the sea

finding  
the night  
I lost the compass

waiting  
for  
the ferry

a crossing  
meant to  
digest  
the Thirst  
myself  
my mind

shrieking crows  
along the horizon  
the plain below  
deserted  
my resting place  
empty

the final stretch  
gave me  
branches

no pains  
beyond fatigue

I have a feeling  
I might walk the River

Settling for years

The water  
has the  
idea

Only he who walks  
Across

between  
serpentine traces

sorrow gnawing

opening  
from inside

burning  
like  
fire of frost

creates  
thought.

Lights  
flickering

signal

the end of  
the same thing

between sun and moon

smoke rises

the backbone  
at the edge of  
harmony

floating  
beehives  
beautiful  
tangerines

blue  
grass

This  
world

trails above me

Sighing

my shadow  
far in front

runs nonsensically

the path ends

deathly  
direction is

around me

the map

an empty

road

a lighthouse

barely believable

two between roads

I love more already

protected from my mind

I shelter possibilities and enter sleep

I an outlaw tired drained of sense surely the glow outside coming

drunk on

loneliness

I howl

mysterious artificial alive?

a bit further  
I shelter  
in lingering gloom  
railway tracks  
drawn around me  
hardly help

I pretend  
to laugh  
A rainbow  
fills me with  
confidence

a stairway  
had been open  
I went  
which caused  
anxiety.  
inviting at first  
the  
feeling dwindled.  
the hole  
getting bigger  
despair  
alarmingly inflamed

I stood  
in line  
waiting  
to pass

the ground  
the same place  
ends here  
uninhabited  
spacious  
it doesn't matter

confused  
expressions  
on the faces of  
people freed  
of everything

warming up  
instantly intense  
an exhibition of  
lonely forsaken  
others  
were stopping  
with a single jerk  
standing lopsided  
pointing skyward  
giving a look of  
incomprehension

sizzling soles

I retreated to  
one end

the edge

the long march

the red-hot core  
the earth's interior

loneliness

can leave a person blind

Not this again!

losing every  
battle?

I set out  
demoralized

merciless

desolation

sadness  
lasting-forever

I went on

the  
abandoned place

devoid of

order

intact, but

dead ships

motionless

creatures

white

peacocks

screeching

I hear

furious fighting

I

Drift falling forward

the River

beside me

the old railway

below

mist hovers

red berries on

the threshold

beyond the door

overgrown with

algae

I breathe

standing

by

an unknown

king

buried

within

the background

is

haze

the river

touched me

summoned forth

once again

carelessly

cross

I  
the bridge

being watched

shrouded

Death walking

in semi-darkness

a

wedding

cried down

then

lapsed back

already

the earthworms

underneath

deep

hills

are my companions

ahead I  
follow him

Droplets bluish-black  
growing in the endless  
echoes  
in the interior

come along  
the River  
is dying away

from afar  
I  
imagine  
human loneliness

In the  
stillness  
a haunting  
grabbed me

alone  
abandoned  
the whole earth  
beginning to move

Then the mountainside  
hissed

where  
was  
I  
across  
the river  
I  
died.

the situation  
dissolves  
I'm indifferent

along the rim  
he  
followed me  
I looked back  
he  
behind me  
whenever I looked  
he vanished

at last  
I saw  
a field  
in the distant mist

birds rising

from the womb

where gravity is

The road

endless

impossible

to hide

since

death

sits

enclosed by a

fence

Truth

wanders through

a joyful feeling

boiling

up to the sky

won't revive a soul

This stretch

straight

uphill

far away

the rainbow  
Beyond  
time  
without  
wonder

a  
brief  
relationship

Suddenly  
a horseman  
moved  
closer  
uncertain

In the obscurity  
I  
crept around it

giants  
stormed  
fiercely

The region  
interspersed with  
huge  
swampy  
soil

I  
find refuge

halfway protected

I grapple  
from cover to cover

senselessness

enormous

Infernal

swept over me

I could swim

Why not

?

swim the distance

I hesitated  
finally creeping over  
the gate

an entrance

quite large

to drift  
at the edge  
became uncomfortable

I wandered  
for miles

The will to end  
this  
makes it  
a little better

a thousand years  
empty over me

the background  
passes through  
without explanation

the water above  
has no  
connections

I reached  
the edge  
so tired  
I had no  
consciousness left.

on a beach  
my gaze strayed  
powerful waves  
to end  
the breath of danger

I  
pushed  
a thought  
through my head  
and smiled  
delicately

I was alone on foot

unprotected

understood for one  
moment

onward I fly

Primary Source:  
Werner Herzog  
Of Walking In Ice  
Munich-Paris  
23 November-14 December 1974  
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