

The Bouquets

Should one say: I'm going to die some day before too long, so farewell - - - and then meet up again some day before too long? So final and yet so vague?

Preferably not.

How can one get language to that point that clearly hovers between life and death?

And why hovers? Walks and talks and stands and acts between life and death.

Is there anything better than bouquets to determine just how things hover and blossom between life and death?

But all the same one wants to say adieu? One must! and thanks or sorry – but how?

How does one manage in such a trap to have one's say?

It became as clear as day after he plunged in that obscure hour from this life: the bouquets! Quite recognisably so!

As a contrary pattern simultaneous to and wide of numerous activities, tenderly and urgently in their midst, pushed surreptitiously forward into the surrounding field – the illegible signs set so that they would decipher themselves once he was no longer there. For then suddenly, but not before that given day, the gifts flared up as tokens of parting, the bouquets simultaneously blossomed all about at any number of places as tokens of farewell, and his intention became visible as a gesture at the back of the gift, in keeping with the long, entrancing tradition of the floral artist. And of the traditional gravity of funereal wreaths, albeit vice versa! Flowers placed on life.

Is there anything better than bouquets to show that hovering between life and death?

So these scales also fell from one's eyes: as it was accepted, the gesture was still wrapped invisibly inside the gift; was already a metaphor, although initially for the unsuspecting this was only in certain places, and only afterwards recognisably so – being so wonderfully embedded mimetically perfect and with a time-defining precision that defies all vagueness. That worked magnificently!!

How can one get words to the point where this was to be said? It took a long while.

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