

The Black Dog And Other Poems

(English translation of performance text, june 2016)

Where are we now?

'25th of November 2015

On the Esmarkerveld in Enschede
On the location where a
Centre for Asylum Seekers will be built
Police found twelve half pig's heads'

Twelve half pig's heads.
Why not six whole ones?
Because you can spread twelve half ones around better?
One wants to leave a bit of an impression
With one's pig's heads
Or were the heads already
Cut in half at the slaughterhouse
Was the slaughterer behind it?

'The heads were put in front of
And impaled on
A fence near the field
Where the Centre should come.'

Where are we now?
A bad dream?
A vision?
Are we seeing the future?
Or the past?
Germany
In the thirties?

Who still knows Meyer
With his delicatessen on the corner?

Nobody still knows Meyer
Because we lost him

Where his small store used to be
Is now only a gaping hole
And over the broken glass
Boots are marching

And look at the books they toss
On the bonfire of the vanities
As if for this new age
No further enlightenment is needed

A hopeless darkness starts
And on the nightly firmament
The yellow stars of racial persecution

It is too late
The clouds are coming together and
There are groups of black dogs in the street
And here and there people
Breathlessly
Count the hours
What if this empire will indeed last a thousand years?

Something strange:

'Also
One half pig's head
Was placed on the monument
Of a meteor which hit
Twenty-five years ago
On this very spot''

Twenty-five years ago
A meteor landed in this land

This was the good old Netherlands of before
Van Gogh – Fortuyn was still a gentleman

The country that lost its innocence
We don't even know it anymore

Twenty-five years ago
A meteor landed in this land
So God, if you are listening:
We would like a bigger one this time

The Netherlands. Belgium. Germany. France. Austria. America. We see it everywhere.

A black shadow is crossing our lands
Her black eyes look up to us
Sometimes she already bares her teeth
Like white knives in a black head
Her appearance is appealing to the masses
Although her fur is dirty and cheap
Will you recognise the time by her sign?
The bitch that bore Hitler is on heat again

She likes to do her terrible deeds
In dirty nests, far out of sight
She gives birth to unsightly offspring,
But those crawl their own paths up into the light
Their growling slowly freezes into slogans
The call is becoming louder, the black pack grows
And with their superhuman noses
They instantly smell when something is burning

Time and again the dogs come out of their doghouses
When the black shadow barks: come now, come!
Ever more walls are being built
She backs herself hoarse and keeps the people dumb
The black dog is playing for the gallery

She feeds as of old on our decay
On fear and hatred and resentment
Do you really think she'll never bite again?
How long still before the black dogs again kill
Every little last defenceless thing?
Do you still believe the words of liars?
And how well do you know your history?
Do you not smell the disease they're spreading?
Do you still believe you will survive?
Are you saving your fear for more frightful times?
Are you sure you are not needing it right now?

Do you believe the tide will turn?
That it is too early yet to raise alarm?
Will you no matter what keep stating
That the army of dogs will never rise again?

De Volkskrant, 11th of June 2016

'Six months after the protests
Everything seems peaceful again
How did the government
Take the wind out of the sails
Of the protesters?'

Public meetings are no longer public
People have to show their ID
And can be rejected
There are Military Police vans
And police dogs

THIS IS NOT HELPING!

We are suppressing the enemy
And what you suppress always comes back
The PVV is still on forty seats

And facebook is still filled with racist shit
We have to have empathy for our enemy
Make no mistake:
This is the enemy
But the enemy is not inhuman
Rather too human
Just like us
We know the enemy
He might not live in our house
Or in our street
Maybe in another neighbourhood
Or another village
But we know the enemy
And the enemy is also within us

We have to have empathy for our enemy
We have to contact our inner PVV'er
We have to look for him
We have to find him
And we have to become him
In order to understand him

Full is full!
Full is full!
Full is full!

I believe in the leader
Because the leader says
That he says
What I think
And you can laugh at me
You are smart and I am stupid, right?
Stupid asshole you say to each other.
Don't listen to the stupid asshole
And you get to say where I should live
And with whom.

You intellectuals!
You make the system
And the system shits on me
You shit on me
If you want to change me
You have to change yourself

This is the new politics:
The internal politics
And the new revolution
Will be an internal revolution
The individual is no longer indivisible
We are all divided!
We are all divided!
We are all divided!

This war is being fought with symbols.
Hitler's moustache.
The full scrotum of the refugee.
Cartoons.
Attacks.
Black fucking Pete.
We have to make new symbols.
We have to think new symbols.
We have to talk new symbols.
And we have to attack the old symbols
And give them new meanings
Because otherwise
Only one symbol remains:
A great green field of grass
With a Dutch sky above
A windmill in the centre
And every so often
A pig's head