

# Mutter

## Positano

The tears of a crowd of very old children  
I string them on a white hair  
I throw the wet chain into the air  
And wish that I had a motherNo sun shines for me  
There was no breast that cried milk  
There is a tube that sticks in my throat  
I have no navel on my stomach, motherI was not allowed to lick any nipples  
And there was no fold to hide in  
No one gave me a name  
Fathered in haste and without spermFor the mother who never gave birth to me  
I have sworn tonight  
I will send her a sickness  
And afterwards make her sink in the river, motherAn eel lives in her lungs  
On my forehead, a birthmark  
Remove it with the kiss of a knife  
Even if it causes me to die, motherAn eel lives in her lungs  
On my forehead, a birthmark  
Remove it with the kiss of a knife  
Even if it causes me to bleed to death, motherOh, give me strength

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