

traumGEDICHT

} by *Michael Palmer*

At the Café Revolver they were playing Mahler.
No one was listening other than Mahler

himself, to my left. It is deeper than Strauss,
wouldn't you agree, he remarked

to no one in particular. He owns
the present but the future is mine. Outside

trams rolled among the bright shops
with their gilded façades

as the sudden drumming
of a hailstorm began.

Listen to that, Der Mahler said,
is not the unexpected always best?

Shall we throw dice
to see who survives?