

## NEGAR II REVISIONS

13

Fate's snowstorm circles,

covers black hair with snow.

My friends memory is a carousel

sings to me with dear voices as I go.

Paths rush from year to year

throwing before me new roads,

round the planet I try to go

and not avoid my loved ones' thresholds.

And in every home at every window

I light a candle and decorate the walls

so that youth should not get old alone

there, to pour friends into torn veins so that

those could slide up the arms with the blood

putting down on pages of paper

giving inspiration to the lines

in once born moments...

## A PEBBLE'S STORY

The stars shoot, entice and fly, the stars don't know why...

In a puddle on the ground the unneeded one is found.

No talents shine: it's uncouth,  
unremarkable, grey and smooth.

It struggles at the bottom in vain  
while by day it's kicked in the spine.

Hope and waiting  
for a meeting will linger...

It knows the hour will come  
when the heavens us too will remember.

The ringing of heels will fall silent,  
the horizon will darken  
and far from the bustle of eyes  
the light of its star will rise!

Magic with its transparent light  
will be mirrored in this puddle's site  
and dreaming up dreams in a swoon  
it will reach to the Moon...

... stars shoot, fly,

captivate, stars don't know why...

TO SING OF FLAME:

is to burn,

is to burn out,

catching the end, not feeling pain!

And so from the tips of your toes to the tips of your hair

raise a scream to a hundred voice-power.

And so to trust its disordered

sounds,

        thuds

under rib,

under wing,

*under the axe of the stranger...*

Nests, trunk – all to the fire,

Ah, my head is whirling.

I feel a song...

Is this really Love?

These slippery glances,

these groans of silences

of a heart adored...

I will open my eyes.

I will try again

to fuss with outfits,

to polish crowns for us

so the door should click open

between us two.

**Is this really Prayer?**

Cold shoulders

surrounded by numb yet hot arms.

I blow out, I light once more

exhausted candles,

to catch the light in shadow –

Are these really eyes

dark blue as the sea,

their pupils' fingers

reach to the bottomless depths.

I love the feel  
of long dresses,  
ones whose hems linger  
to catch heels.

Is this really a Dream?  
Strange faces look strangely  
how we seem to cancel each other out.  
Days, nights binding blood in lines.  
Headless from headaches.

We grow dull.

I'm tired, or perhaps the opposite –  
unkissed mouth crammed with silence.

Loneliness casts off my shoulders  
to feed a fateful prophecy:  
sacred hands don't shine  
on the paper woman from the pen.  
And if my head whirled  
that means I didn't rot in boredom...

Amen, I'm grateful for the full dinner,  
for the good walls and roof.  
I searched for a miracle for a thousand years:  
I went blind – found it – and cannot see...

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Rain drops its trails on the windowpanes,  
night prophecies their sliding down them  
and no one is nearby  
and something tears with tatters  
under the breast of the former woman,  
hours remember young days,  
those same ones that once  
howled like a she-wolf at the full moon.

With hands in half-sleep  
to discover, wrap up, be forgotten,  
in that distant country  
to become princess for the prince.



## WHITE

Snowed

white

and white on my heart,

signed in chalk,

clouds left tracks – white pages.

I am a line of ink – long eyelashes

and on each of your eyelashes

your letter – a snowflake.

I drew outside

little white pictures with white snow,

with a man.

The snowstorm will dance,

feather thread,

I shake my eiderdown,

swan winter

is building now in my breast

ice houses,

paints a colourful woman

in white to white, a white colour.

If you wish I'll copy myself

and give you the portrait,

and on it:

white, so white, a white page.

I am a line in ink – long eyelashes.

Under the layer of make-up of the slender skin  
to breathe in the fragrance with an effort,  
desire can get lost  
when no one enjoys it.

A smile, salted with a tear,  
makes others' hearts happy,  
an overgrown mistake in the chest  
interminably eating away with its roots.

Hand over the scissors and the bodkin  
to cut – excise – and shape  
all that is, all that was,  
for all that was a lesson.

## ANDALUCIAN GYPSY WOMAN

Strike – feel

hurricane of heels,

over eyes, lips,

hands on hips.

Flows silver

over breast and ribs

like a river.

Wild mouth

sings out...

Over fingers, veins,

castanets reign.

Again she yearns over

him who doesn't yet burn her.

Just to light a fire...

Another attempt...

do you remember how on the floor

heels in blood beat out for more!

## FLAMENCO

Scratched my breast!

Teased my thoughts with its comb.

Somewhere hovering above the earth. . .

a beautiful essence.

Dress weeps –breathes passion,

passion groans under heels.

What lost happiness

is up your sleeve?

You tousle the night

in the shameless colour red.

Do you remember, you sought out

a pair of arms in a stranger's arms...

Do you remember an alien bonfire –

Ah.

Time for heart to firewood,

how my head whirled...

My heels beat out raw memory

so that it never again dared wound.

I beat it out in a hurricane

to cast my Wounds into oblivion.

Scratched my breast!

Teased my thoughts with its comb.

Somewhere hovering above the earth . . .

To remember

line after line,

the danced out dance,

the rhythmical rhyme?

To steal...

Memory of resounding moments?

I acknowledged then wiped from my face

the damp impression

of the Muse who's visited.

It seems I can endlessly

sing of these bonds

of mine and this maiden,

but I don't want to.

As king and Petrushka in the hall

to make money and drown the people:

I didn't climb onto the stage for these,

I didn't test out my voice for them.

I'll run away

from the bazaar trill:

to where they couldn't manage to shit me out,

those who drank and ate me

for twenty long-tailed weeks.

Clouds into clouds – in a cloud  
of oblivion, tearing off from the earth,  
wings hold where legs could not.  
And to Him Himself into nowhere  
for moments that are years,  
leaving after me –  
oh my God.

67

‘Where is your king?’ I asked her.

‘Where is your paradise? I can’t see it.’

‘I will weave him a tunic,

only I haven’t enough thread.’



Eyes are naughty,

wrinkles cry.

Dreams, hopes, thoughts gallop

Who means what and why?

And in her tiny skull there's not enough space,

for a third,

that she has to face.

Hair falls out – the leaf is autumnal,

but it hovered in spring's memory eternal.

Her eyelashes flash

again in the mist.

to the right hand of a stranger.

She will wake,

and when she will wake

she'll be older.

## SERENADE TO THE SEA

I long for  
your salty lips...

for the slipping of foamy fingers,  
for the penetration of skin in them  
and deeper in blood the scream in the heart...

For eternity! For just a moment!

My sigh is in your depth,  
in my breast is your whisper...

The flowing together of two moist hearts into one.

I sank to the depths at the altar,  
to farewell...

## DIALOGUE

She:

My lips were sealed – I didn't speak a word,  
I'll greet you with a glance. . .

He:

You see we smiled at fate again  
and now we're together. . .  
I waited for you.

She:

I searched everywhere.  
Calluses ate my eye sockets.

He:

I am so tired it hurts. . .

She:

My darling I'm so tired I feel no pain. . .  
Do you know – I put so many candles  
by the battened down widows. . .

He:

Let me cover your slender shoulders  
and kiss your curls.  
Soon we'll forget those roads  
that drove us out of our minds.  
Presenting us with strange thresholds  
they led us into houses. . .

She:

I leant my head on  
so many doorways  
believing I'd find a new You!

**At nights over the earth**

by the light of the Pole Star I flared  
so that in the dark of burnt up hope  
your look should not be extinguished.

He:

**You are even now that star as before,  
only stars burn like that.**

## TO THE ARTIST

*Can I tell you about yourself...*

A strange wanderer away from her home,  
for a minute, a moment, I was carried away by the wind.

I'll listen and you tell me

what our craft means

today –

to go naked? To bare the heart?

To wake and wake up – rubbed eyelids.

All this without beginning or end

and we are all only human beings!

I will listen and you sing without songs,

casting light spells over time

your little ray kisses others' dreams

on the canvases, granting them immortality.

Why words – you're far beyond these sounds,

more bright than your own icons hanging here.

In heart beats and bitches you cherish

and torment your groan, drowned in wine, utterly sober.

TO THE CASPIAN

*Oh for an inch of blue sea,  
for just enough to go through the eye of a needle!*

*O. Mandelstam*

Without you – this summer is lonely...

I rushed around the wide world,  
in the tracks of sounded-out poets,  
stirring in my little skull

that which breathes...

As in your young-grey kisses,  
in the whelming foam of sounding hair,  
I slid in dreams – I got properly drunk,  
I groaned from happiness in a hundred voices,

without screaming

and it seemed in the captured moment  
you will hear in a distant land  
my voice becoming foolish from longing,  
my voice with which I sing

of the salty, shy little toes  
drawn down to the very sea bed.  
I drowned in you so long ago  
in a sea story for boys...

but today

in the misty, cherished land,  
having flown over a strange shore  
I whisper to the oceans of now  
that I will run off to the sea king.

Love

is not a gesture, nor desire, nor a whisper,

love

is the admission of all helplessness and power,

not to dreams, nor laws, nor the divine,

but to sighs.

Under the left breast is the dust of heavens,

the confessional quiver of veins.

Love

is never sorry to have knelt,

when modesty tears off its belt

and voices flood the body.

Love

is not the heart but blood

in waves – flooding corners in the dark,

the head missing from the neck.

Constancy of heights and wings,

infinite spaces under ribs.

It teases, guesses, heals,

branding the shoulder with a seal.

Love

is when flesh, peace made with soul,

tries to tear itself apart from the whole



for the chance lips' tremble,  
for the fanning eyelashes' rustle  
for the defeats' pain and joy  
in the depth of the eyes.

## Love

When having swallowed the raw sky  
you set yourself up in the clouds on high,  
to circumvent your tracks  
sacrificing ages to moments.

I will gather a mosaic  
with the taste of woman and sea.  
I will bide my time and build  
four letters – with one sigh filled:  
love.

Under the layer of make-up of the slender skin  
to breathe in the fragrance at a cost,  
desire can get lost  
when no one takes joy in it.

A smile, salted with a tear,  
makes others' hearts happy,  
an overgrown mistake in the chest tears  
away at its roots interminably.

Hand over the scissors and the needle  
to cut – excise – and wheedle  
all that is, all that was,  
for all that was a lesson.

52

DUST

The dead ringing of distant steps

Dust

The first breath in, the last groan out

Dust

Cruel laughter at time

Dust

Sin holding sway over the world

Dust

Unbuilt granite of walls

Dust

That light attracts

Dust

Now the lament of yesterday's heights

Dust

The convicted and the executioner

Dust

The rainbow crown of its beginning

The end of which was never dreamed

Dust

Nothing over nothing

Dust

That is called fate

Dust

## **A PEBBLE'S STORY**

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unremarkable, grey and smooth.

It struggles at the bottom in vain  
while by day it's kicked in the spine.

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for a meeting will linger...

It knows the hour will come  
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and far from the bustle of eyes  
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Magic with its transparent light  
will be mirrored in this puddle's site  
and dreaming up dreams in a swoon  
it will reach to the Moon...

... stars shoot, entice and fly,  
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