

Wet fresco (Whisper of Virginia Woolf)

Water reflects in front of me

such as metal, which I should understand, it does not melt
still frosty silence on the sensitive skin of light,
masses are rushing into each other, in bursts of flames I can feel

their ubiquitous breath

and only lament pulsates in the gaped mouth
in vast inability to speak a word.
Trimming of his robe is eternal touch-

the time

learn to listen to a weak ground wind
ear attached to the unsuspecting water level
and wait until hits the first grey voice

jerked out from the space above existence.

My hand traverses the crest of the waves
I see the open sky surrounded by a high wall,
I guess a sense of each movement of eyelid:

see,

meanings are lost in twilight, which enters into
their precarious walking, colour slowly gets dry,
its smell is felt after each step less and less,

it is certain

that if I put into the gaps in the wall, even an empty one sentence
somewhere on the other side a cold stone will be released
and falls directly into the outstretched hands of God.

Walker (etching)

You bite your tongue
and it will be night
copper and sulphur
pain which is visible only to you
that night will be crystal clear
and your steps will be cool
without echo

you put them into sand like coins,
looking for how to make sense of things,
and of extinguished voices
as that tranquil and unnoticeable;

from all imperfections
you confess as a heretic,
feeling for the walls
your room is a cremation furnace
where the unknown planets burn
and meteors slowly shake dandruff
at the feet of women

until the container is filled

until you feel lunar eclipse
the hard
until its invisible ring
spins to insanity

Romance

Federico
hot Andalusian sun
has screwed in your skin

on the tongue you feel salt with blood,
zip of dry wind
against which you were warned

you go a step slow to the point
where the old gypsy sees off
all the restless souls of Spain

at the intersection you say farewells
but his smiling daughter
will sing for a long time

in your language

Painting

Klimt must have gone crazy
when he dressed them in gold
and left them in the pose
of kissing. She,
with closed lids,
the knees bent. He,
certainly passionate lover,
too captivated, we could see
his face.

All flowers from her hair passed
Blossoming to the feet
He perhaps stretched the curtain
of their bedroom just
at a time when the woman body
was more tangible.

Somnolence

I.

I feel good as if I were of the same word
as if your white fell into me it might be
so vivid and clear

I can hear it budding on the leeward side
in abdomen

(I'm learning to listen to things
that means something)

II.

we make (ourselves) inside (through skin, breathing through it)
looking through the spacious emptied
corridor

in which we are only sounds, effervescence (the deepest one)
the fragment of bird feather, getting through
hands, breath, through light

from storm clouds, somnolence
ejected against each other

III.

History is in the move, to move history
towards history, only we stand with knitted
mouth against

when germination was created only for germination
what does the constant repetition mean?

if germination moved, if moving is
towards sprouting, what does history mean
compared with our mouth?

IV.

Among the liquid state is foam
as a parable about the purity and effervescence,
and out of it you - the deepest one

come out on the bank (from the opened shell)
with too free hair
hurled against breathing

but what with the light
you are walking in ?

V.

I feel good, deep and clear
if your white might come into bud, gets plump and fits
the horizon as a feather

slowly

getting through hands, through breathing, and through light
I observe as the gulls learn to understand things
which mean nothing

AMULET

In the church, about a ten year old boy
sat in a pram;
the boy was jabbering incomprehensibly
and when his mother tried to
wipe flowing saliva with a tissue
rapidly jerked.
In a niche of gothic ship
candles died away
we all were staring into emptiness.
The heads of Saints at wing altars
ruled on the opposite side
humbly chanted psalms
up to the rupture of the stained glass;
I have never known my mother
although that time she kept my head in hands
I have never heard glass fragmentation;
I miss nothing;
I know only when she planked me down
spit glittered in her palm
like magic amulet