

## Movement

Movement is a frail occurrence  
To everyman's existence

And the poet's here to testify  
The less than minimal variance

Of sound smell touch distance:  
Fingerprints are to him of more

Relevance than, say, syllables  
Rhymes metaphors chiasms

As far as movement can be divided  
Into expectancy earning delusion.

But things vary greatly if you own  
A car a dog new clothes a credit

Card or if sharing same beliefs  
With some of the aforementioned.

No Buddha will ever escape this  
Statement. Since movement

Is perpetual, its virtues will be  
Those of every other living being,

Except for the literary characters  
The poet's not concerned with.

That's why poetry should always  
Move to tears. *Bambi. Karenina.*

I disfigured my last verses  
With this razor blade.

# Marvellous Catastrophes

*From our ivory tower:*

We're the witnesses  
Of our self-degradation:

Comrades—they may  
Follow, or they may not.

Nor is our position  
Wholly clear: are we

On their side? And, by the  
Way, whose side are they?

Decisions—won't take a long  
Time. We usually decide to

Compromise. So we do not bury,  
We simply sow. Some kind of

Paradise won't be denied,

Even to parasites. Witnesses,  
We are. No part in this drama.

The tower seems solid.  
Chunks of ceiling are falling

Down, but there's nothing  
To be worried about.

## Wind Machine

We whisper each other  
Scraps of sense-  
Less remorse

Secretly groping  
For the humming of beauty,  
Keeps us—oh so

Separate  
Entwined  
Yet so frigid

That could crack.

The whole apparatus is  
Just a love poem about love  
Ceaselessly repeating, a love

Poem of guts and bowels—  
Ceaselessly insofar as there are two  
Of us.

But this time it's only me here  
Swept away by my misconception  
(Props: a door slamming).

## We All Have Imaginary Fiends That Tell Us What to Do

*(Notes for a Russian Novel)*

And blessed with  
Endless consideration,  
Endless consideration—  
Even if there's none

And snow cries in my  
Fist, as I slouch in slow  
Circles. At a library  
I'm crying from all the  
Books I've read.

Full stop where once  
Was my head, oh well—  
My head!

And it's endless  
Endless, all is  
Crying and all is  
Silent, wrapping  
Around my finger  
As I turn the pages.

And blessed is the woman  
Who messed around  
With the porter  
Out of a barroom  
And all figures are weak then.  
Also, the wind is blowing  
From a bottle.

## The Forbidden Chamber

I am the dead lamb that sleeps in your refrigerator.  
Plus, I am the stuffing inside your pillow: indeed I am  
The fucking ferryman to nightmare—ever tried one?

There should be one of us in every home, we live  
For the meaning of it: 'bad trip'. That's the word.  
And of course there's also a key to it: your closet.

I am the wicked lamb of evil that lies refrigerated.  
One night you'll see me heading for the microwave.  
I'll be crunchy crispy 'n tasty for gut's the target:

I'll be waiting for you in my scarlet velvet chamber.  
I'm not evil for the sake of it though—no way, man!  
I am as beautiful and angelic as any other lamb.

It has something to do with your inner self, I guess.  
Here's your life in closest details. We retain brutality  
For later occasions: pictures of you everywhere.

And here are your favourite toys: not exactly.  
I considered keeping the real ones for my purpose.  
And, as you probably noticed on entering, roses scent

Very much resembles the obstinate stench of death.  
It's your stomach, by the way. But that's not the point:  
Your body as a whole is my secret forbidden place

And there your emotions grow, it's pure chemistry.  
Yet I have to add a little theatricality to the story  
Otherwise it wouldn't be a story at all, you know.

I am your pillow, soaked in sweat. Is it really so?  
Where was your family, when you really needed  
Them? Just me. I was the man for hard times.

Also, I was solely responsible for your bad dreams.  
But I think we've pushed responsibilities a long way.  
We won't do each other any harm, we're in here for

A change. Speaking to myself: I am the wardrobe,  
I am the hanger too. I usually come in a dream  
When all your greed lies sedated, death-like.

Call it 'passion' call it 'ambition'. But you're  
Smaller than that. Projecting evil outside of it  
Won't save you for good. Am I really evil?

I am the shoeshine boy, the humble pie that once  
Made you puke your ego out of mediocrity. I am  
The 'Projector'. I wear this grimy cloak to scare you.

I am much of a fairytale character lost in Babylon:  
Now you know what you get out of my service. And  
What else from you? Ah yes, your disenchantment:

But believe in nightmares, don't believe in reality. And,  
Finally, I am the crooked limb of the beggar maid:  
Son, your credit card please. Be blessed for that.