

Three Circumstances

#1 THAT EXOTIC, TO E.

*THAT EXOTIC composure
On her infinite grins. Genuine, she
Said, a relation between two that then
Glowed together, genuine as it can be
Given these final years - and them and Europe.*

*But maybe it's always been like that, it's always
Been raining in the summer house, the pines
She strolled under, those other flowers she
Loved, and hid; and disappeared.*

*As if their bones were blind, and counterfactual,
They talked about other people, talked self-
Destruction, infinitesimal little
Blanks. Gently leading the summer away,
In the anyways, in the all-in-alls.*

#2 MI SENTO VUOTA, TO S.

Mi sento vuota, said she (weary voice,
Weary eyes) from under the blankets.
She further pulled the sheet up
To cover her chin, signaled some desire of (still blonde)
Closeness, and reluctance at the very same time.*

*They have just been robbed. She
Was in the process of withdrawing
Money from an ATM, Monte di Paschi di Siena,**
Actually in Rome. Someone watched her typing in the PIN,
Maybe even recorded a video. Then elegantly
Took her wallet from the purse. We don't know
How that happened, reported they at the police station, and
We can only imagine the whole event
To have been fast, and silent.*

*Mi sento vuota. Exactly during that
Heavy evening, I happened to speak that
Foreign language. Sure it wasn't the first time.
But it was the first time I spoke to him,
That way. First thing I notice, my voice comes out
Differently, words turn again towards directions
Other than in English. Sometimes, when speaking foreign languages,
I feel my voice needs to come out softer,
And partly it does. But the final result also sounds
Crooked, don't you think? Also, words line up
Differently, and this is indeed a mind-melting
Feeling. Just because I know I can't be in those words,
Really. Well, you need to get away from here.*

*But. He's also been robbed, perhaps
Even worse than she is. That may sound like
He's being too dramatic, but no one would
Want such a perfectly carved plan to be spoiled
In no time. The plan...bringing the time to a halt,
And doing that with regard I her: since they've met,
Since they've got closer, since they shared
Some things, there has always been for them either
Work, or no space, or no voice, or just not
The right mood. That's frustrating, because he seems
To be wanting exactly rest, space, a bit of silence or calm words,
And all these should coincide with the right, relaxed mood.*

*He has a tendency to mimic her. When she
Unfolds a new gesture (how long have
They been knowing each other? I don't know,
Certainly not very long), or saying,*

*Then he consciously stores it. After a couple of days,
He then repeats it, usually with some sort of coincident
Grin. Fine, that's quite normal, I think. What's then
Perhaps more peculiar, he also copies her abstract, half-secret
Movements: he could spend hours observing what I
Am doing with my thoughts, and that drives me crazy.
Because I don't know anything, and I \\
Don't want to play any serious games. Well, that...bah.
Yeah, it can be serious, but I also need to refrain
From it. And now I've been pickpocketed. How nice a way to be left broke,
In an hostile country, hostile, harassing city,
With the need for going away, and restlessness, and stuff
Then coming back again (more money going out! How am I
Going to make it, I don't know). And he always seems to be very eagerly
Going on a much faster pace. Still, he's contradicting himself:
In that sometimes I don't see what he wants. Tail-eaters,
Both of us. And we both need a job, right now.*

*Mi sento vuota. And aloof, he could
Have added. He didn't know the word (but
Now he learned it). Which he's using all the time! But they are
Different in many regards. Gender, age,
She is blonde and he is not. Their language
Does not coincide. And maybe this is why
They have now gone astray. Maybe.*

*For both, times are hard in several (though
Not in every respect. Right in the middle
Of a financial crisis, they both found themselves
Not really knowing where they were headed.
And not knowing what could have taken them
There. When they tried to know, the two were cast
Years and thousand miles away from each other.
Being alone or with others, speaking to
Others, deciding lives in separated chunks.
But they did find themselves once. They
Grabbed themselves. They found themselves somewhere
Down south, and followed each other into some spotless nights,
Listening to each other's words and sounds,
and folds.*

*This could have been a dictionary,
Little they told, and even less they mounded
Their arbitrary selves.*

** mi sento vuota, in Italian, means I feel empty (the inflection -a denotes that a female is speaking)
**Monte dei Paschi di Siena, is the world's most ancient bank, based in Siena (Tuscany, Italy).*

#3 ON A FORGOTTEN PROVERB, TOLD BY N.

Years.

*If you then jump the duck,
You will retain the past
You'll find yourself unstuck
You'll last to see the pain
You'll go see cities, Glasgow
As well, its present past;
And its worn thoughts – rain, glass-and-glow
Pattern, seamless as thoughts can be;
Then elsewhere there no more
You'll buy yourself some tears
And you will move ashore,
Feel safe anywhere near.
Time and again, the years
They always can come back.
If you then jump the duck,*