

The Turin Horse
& other poems

Borderline Ars Poetica

I was born in a desert, below the sea level
purple and bald. Third grade teacher
made me draw the same tree seven times.
My classmates hid a set of Care Bears
pencils under my desk.

I believed I was superman and my best
girlfriend so ugly I skipped the kissing part.

I wish I could steal verses from Keats,
Hughes, Pizarnik and get away with it.

A Greek guy called me a female version
of Bukowski , I rather be Ritsos,
Sabines, Zbigniew, Lorca or Catullus.

At 37 everyone is aware
of my craziness and I see why.

Long distance phone call with my mother:

*Remember you're old and you haven't done
nothing with your life. Don't get married
just have a baby, you'll remember my words,
you will regret it for the rest of your life, if you don't.*

I hung up as quickly as I could. Disquiet
in my bloodstream, what kills me gave me life.

If witchcraft works, I have to congratulate
my first drunkard macho boyfriend.

Our four years torrid love was pure and ended
with a curse: *she will not be for me, the devil or any man.*

I write poems as weaving lacerations.

Universities rejected my poems,

and I write poems with guts and all my heart.
I am not American born and I have an accent,
but I write in English and my passport is dark blue.
Last winter I made the decision to dedicate
the rest of my frenetic, voluptuous
and desolated life to poetry.
Poems scare my lovers away,
still, I want to fornicate with dead poets,
because the only thing I can give birth to is poetry.
For my poems I traveled to a pathetic
poetry conference in Italy, and spent my savings.
Sometimes I replace writing poems for my dildo,
it takes me no more than 10 minutes
then I return to read and write poetry.
I want to drink poems urinate and drink them again.
I want to tattoo my entire body with my favorite verses.
Instead of talking to people, I'd love to recite them poems.
My madness is no different from the Syrian refugees,
and there is nothing romantic about me.
I do feel the dread of others, radiation of emotions
traveling at the speed of light inside me,
impossible to write them all down in paper.
Alas! I lack what the famous female poets
don't. Lack for friends, autographs and fakeness.
Like when my mother says look at your deranged face
and my actions said, I am your slave.
I'm sorry but I don't have a mirror, I loathe them.
Mother you are thousands of miles away
the farer you are, the closer I am
to my poetry and myself.

Etesian wind I

Santorini sunset dies out
and we in stasis embrace
sitting on the white sofa.
Elegy of ashes, red blanket,
chocolate and condom wraps,
my suitcase in your bedroom
by the main door, up the hill
you carried it up. Your solarium back
with scars in my ankles too titanium
plates. Tectonic was our embrace.
The one who flew over was me,
you flew to Australia and the U.S.A.
I know I cannot be
anything more than what I am. Beggar. Deranged.
I emptied the drawers, let my head hang.
It crossed my mind to steal one t-shirt, but I did not.
I wanted to turn to stone at your bedroom door
or at least by magic usurp your dog.
Is it that rain? Heavy misted sea drops
in the ferry window, from the balcony
you and your dog are almost the same height.
I screamed your name, you heard me and waved,
I stared and stared and stared
and the wind revolted my nipples and my hair.
I didn't feel the cold and you were so tiny
until the port swallowed you pitch black.

Etesian wind II

Summer fog above the Aegean
years ago blue windows slammed
by katabatic winds. The bitch was in heat
and your dog disappeared. Was it my fault?

Every night you inhabited me
like Etesian wind
thrusting of hips- mushroom anchor
and your Teutonic glint.
Awakenings of the white room
(yours preferably) t-shirts hanging from
the closet doors. Plants in recycling plastic
pots and you named a crimson one after me.
Hold it on your fist until the end,
sperm is pearl hue, fell on your tan belly
and on the whiter area of your scarce pubic hair,
all photographed, they are saved with me.
My kingdom for your hands,
the silver square ring, the fat fingers
rolling cigarettes and your touch
arrived in the most desolated summer.
Would you laugh if you knew
the rest of them still are
dreadful summers, only silent owls.
Would you laugh if you knew
nobody beholds their huge blood like you
only the flesh carcass semi hard semi soft.

The Turin Horse

In 1889 Nietzsche was living in Turin, Italy with his mother. He witnessed a crucial event of a horse and his master, that affected the philosopher's last days.

I

Mother says, I am an idiot
for misplaying the seduction game.
Mother, I am stupid,
Mother, I am stupid,
Mutter Ich bin dumm,
said Nietzsche
to his mother, too.

II

Mother, here are my failures.
At the end of my futile wanderings,
like a horse tumbling down
I repeatedly arrive at your feet.
Under the scarlet sun and the pockmarked moon
I am transparent; men see my sadness
and they don't want to pair with me.
I lengthen my bachelorhood rapture,
but in my heart, solitude loomed out.
I have no secret or fair regret of an abortion,
nor the sorrow to have buried a dear one.

III

My dearest wish is to have been the Turin horse.

I am putting words in that horse's mouth.

Hear me out.

Nietzsche held my neck to protect me

from the flogging, his hands sweated,

his fingertips wrinkled. I didn't blink.

He saw the open wounds on my face and beyond,

and I didn't blink.

Nietzsche wept for almost an hour,

or two. He slipped my neck and fell

to the ground on Piazza Carlo Alberto.

He got up and walked to his mother's house.

She opened the door, he said to her:

Mutter Ich bin dumm.

IV

Dusk of his mental breakdown.

Black horses carried him to different psychiatrics,

the clinic bells echo through the bitter hour

of partial paralysis. Loss his talk, unable to walk.

Strange defeat. Burning stars stroke him twice,

The Self named Dionysius was eclipsed by pneumonia.

V

What wrong have I done to you mother?

By now you make me feel that God is dead,

but moral is not what you thought, Nietzsche,

and I welcomed your embrace.

Oh, pity! Oh, deceitful pity!

The Psalm of the Unknown Onanist

After George Oppen's 'Psalm'

In the colossal *beauty* of the web
Somebody is sitting or lying down-
They and their melancholy is there!

Their eyes

Senseless, the puerile mouths
Badgered and the Adidas and the cherry polish toenails
Knocking rainbows

The mélange of

Pangs and shrieks on their voice timbre
Bolstering loneliness in the strange age
Of disposable affairs
They who are there.

Their genitals selfies

In the bathroom, in front of the mirror
They fawn over to her nude photographs
Skype or Facetime playgrounds of isolation

Crying game

In this in which the cuckoo girl
Startle, and log out.