

Five poems from last winter

Hope is a vacant curse
as it's nowhere,
sitting at a time of never,
and hope is a curse of vacancy
of *all that time* you won't fill
otherwise than
waiting
daydreaming
expecting
from your future self,
and your past self
a miracle.

I used to be
that kid that had ambitions,
and people did tell me I had to have some
- though maybe others, more *productive* ones.
Yet,
the same people would also
beat me
down, constantly.
I guess that: if
I had ambitions
I should have also been
tough enough
to handle all the beating.

And I pushed
and I binged
counter-stream golden dream-rushes,
in a frenzy of efficiency.
me, me, me, *!!*
have to reach *THAT !* point.

And I purged
and I cleansed,
high-knee skipping the steps of
an ivory tower I built along my plans:
just to
fall back
roll down
in the mud-pit where I am.

My only ambition
- *if I still have one,*
is to
be someone,
at some point,
not the centrepiece of your attention,
nor anyone worth to be remembered,
not shamed nor ashamed,
not expecting
nor daydreaming
nor waiting
for this vacant curse to embody a present,
for this emptiness to become flesh, but
embracing a *now*
where miracles do happen.

A childlike ingenuity is the best antidote:
to let myself wonder
for those little miracles of the everyday,
for that distilled magic in a raindrop,
and realise
why should I ever *hope* for more.

the essence are
pebbles of gloom
smoothed by the wind,
and I wonder
whether Existence
is *that* cruel
not to allow
a mortar-god,
to bind us in a hug.

the rain will come, wash
away from the bridge steps
the salt we laid to melt
the ice that never froze,
the snow that never fell,
this sun-bathed winter.

cold, but in our noon strolls
we did not mind to scratch our path,
crunching over salt grains.

Ha zman hu pele.
Time is a miracle.

Yet, I've stood still, unresolved,
years,
though I could not resist
poke my ulcers,
and let,
beating the resilience of the flesh,
my body be a temple
of open wounds,
delaying by constant strain
my original scar
to ever heal.

And drop spilled after drop spelt
of blood I filled my concave soul,
an open niche,
a baptismal basin.

Perhaps, this punishment
this body leaks,
amending the *hybris*
of acting as if not a body,
will quench the thirsts
of those faithful paying visit,
stepping beyond my door sill.

I for them stand still, a chapel,
the fossilised architecture of my wounded carcasse,
an empty throne, stone-cut,
left unseated till the season
my vitality of the self that dissipated
will come back, claim its place,
till the next season that'll convince me:
time is a miracle.

in yesterday's clothes,
unshowered, true to my body traces:
sunday morning home.

awake, but at my pace,
I walk about an inner space,
taking shape around the rhythm
I decide to join the world along.