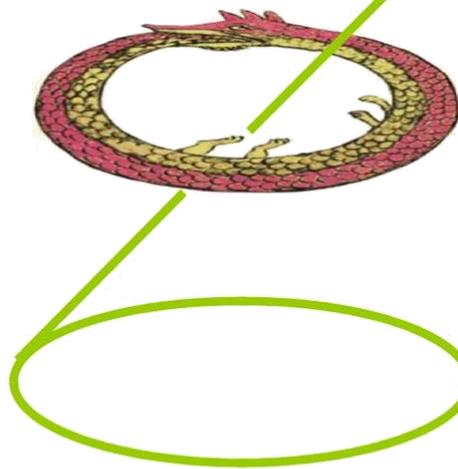


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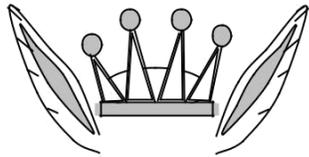


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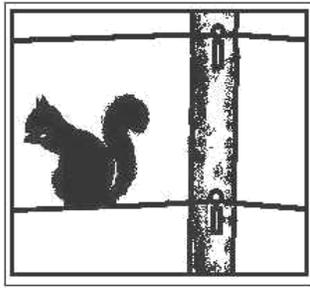
TECHNOS

Poems, 1996-2003



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A neighborhood of a point or a set
is an open set that contains it.

Topology glossary

NEIGHBORHOOD

1996-1997

* * *

I have just come
from a suitcaseless journey,
refreshed by a roarless flight,
with seeds of the starworld life
in my locket.
I came from The Islands,
named along exotic spices:
Melatonin, Melanoma, Melancholy -
I sampled incredible species
of life and death and their many combinations.
With some dry petals still in my pocket,
I am looking over my new dwelling.

* * *

The night. The neighborhood.
The sleeping cars.
Where are their souls?
In bed: the sleeping bodies.
Where are the bodies' souls?
In dreams. They drive.
Where are the dreams?
They fly. They never drive.

* * *

Who is tossing my head
From hand to hand,
Like a hot potato?
Who braids
My fingers?
Who wraps up my heart into a newspaper
And binds it crisscross with a cord?
Fear.

* * *

The world will never end,
But we shall die.
The snow will always melt,
But we'll survive.
The dreams and hope:
between the snowfall and my world:
the frosted windowpanes.

* * *

This is a lie
that happy ones
do not write poems.
I do: I am.
I am not dead,
Nor ill,
nor in the pang of love.
I want to understand this world:
With whisper
I nudge it to respond.

* * *

The way I see the winter night:
The sprawling Orion, the houses,
the windy dance of trees,
and lights in freezing pools,
and scent of distant dryers,
It is the way I breathe :
I simply live.
The language is the life.

* * *

A one-legged poet of aging,
in the land of evergreens,
looking for my deciduous kind,
I want to lose everything,
to sleep over this ferocious winter
and sprout my defiant green.
Only the things age here
in their casings:
the buyers are immortal:
they divide like bacteria.
It is your trunk, they say, that we need:
we need firewood.
Your flamboyance is welcome.

* * *

This winter is slow!
A couple of distant cries
From a distant world:
A thunderstorm in February,
Washing away the last mildew of snow,
like somebody's last remaining years.
Some music, some poetry, some rain —
And my grass is coming from under the snow,
but only because the snow retreats.

Is there anything we don't know?

* * *

Low-budget, silent,
black-and-white, static,
although with brilliant all-star cast,
the movie of the sky
is what I watch.
I am alone
In the abandoned drive-in
turned into a drive-out.

* * *

I don't want anything that ends,
And everything ends.
I don't want anything lasting forever,
But the rut goes on.
And so I start and end, start and end,
While the squirrel is doing its balancing act
On the upper beam of the fence.

* * *

I cover the sprouts of daffodils
With glass jars:
The frost is coming

There is so much life in the woods -
Flying and crawling and hopping,
Still asleep.

Children run around
On rollers.
The change is coming.

There are so many ideas and plans
In my head.
But the frost is coming.

* * *

Why do we like to look at young faces?
There were times when we saw only them,
Like dogs see dogs from afar,
And adults were like boulders -
all of different sizes,
But all the same.

Yet why do we look at old faces?
They are young
but rippled by the pebbles of events:
in the liquid mirrors of time
they are young.

* * *

The ocean is ashamed of being so big:
He hides behind the horizon.
We can see only his wet tongue.
Often he just chews his cud.
Now and then, however,
ecstatic, with foaming mouth,
he wants to tell us something.
We only laugh,
we feel happy.
Hey, dreamer, it is just water.
No, it is wet wine.
Sweet saliva.
Well, it is plasma.
OK, saline.

* * *

The comet, the Blue Moon,
a flood, a drought,
Waltwhitmanosaurus Rex,
Emilia Dickinsoni—
Whimsical, erratic,
they drop in on impulse,
haphazard.
The timely fall comes Always,
with the cornucopia of ripe old poets.
Who needs green poets?
They don't exist. They are weeds.
There is no such thing
as a young thunderbolt.

* * *

Like you, women, I live by cycles,
From ups to downs,
Like you, civilizations, I rise and fall.
From pride to shame,
Like you, stocks, I soar and plummet
From nothing to nothing.
Like you, October foliage,
I stick to the ground:
With neither pride nor shame.
Like you, free water,
I rise with vapor and fall with rain,
From despair to delight.
I can't believe
I am flowing downhill.

* * *

The larger the crowd,
The smaller everyone.
We don't read same newspapers.
The tingling of the horror movie is sweet.
We can shine only among a few peers.
All we need is a few friends.
Civilization is not about friendship.
It is about things.
A Few is all we need.
The civilization of youth
Can only age.
The civilization of decline
Can only burst like a cocoon,
Sending the New into the world.
There is something Few inside us.

* * *

It is the night of the year:
We all are a big family:
The raccoons, the trees,
The bulbs of daffodils,
Beach chairs,
Sunroofs,
Light love affairs,
Skimpy nights.
We all are sitting in the kitchen.
The snow plows
Are turning in their sleep.

* * *

The sorrow is all over the place:
Young people are struggling with their youth,
Old people are struggling with everybody's youth.
Nobody struggles with the old:
They snap even under a casual glance
They are either shy or arrogant,
Like teenagers.

* * *

It takes forty years
For the petal of the upper lip to wither
But it still opens to a kiss
It takes thousand years
For a civilization to develop arthritis
But a lot of children still run around.
It takes five minutes to lose interest
In almost anything.
The life devotion is rare,
except to either beauty or money.

* * *

There are four friendly seasons:
No black, no white. No good, no evil.
Just a crisscross:
Male—Female. Up—Down.
Fall: FD. Winter: MD.
Spring: FU. Summer: MU.

This is Fall: she is down,
And soon I will follow her,
and then I will wake her up
And follow her
On a carousel.

* * *

The bituminous affluence,
The glutinous peace,
The molasseous comfort,
Somnolence.
Constant shuffle of small crises,
disorders, and moans.
In this circus a gunshot
like a whip in the arena
tames the timid, they cling together.
The bold ones watch the blood on TV.
The tireless, tyrantless nation
Is ever young.
It sleeps well.

* * *

I am afraid of sharing my memories
Telling my story
Opening my heart
Being frank.
A photo camera may take your soul away.

Likewise, I am afraid of confessing.
I am afraid of the eyes of my listeners:
they may take my soul away.
When I speak,
I scramble my words.

* * *

Believer in the conservation laws,
I relish my sorrow:
When I feel dismal,
Somebody is ecstatic.
This is my way
to make somebody happy .
But I have doubts:
When I make love,
Who is tortured?
I have my limits.
It is as easy to die as to be born.
I'd better stay alive.

* * *

Two whispers
are rustling in my ears:
The Tao tells me:
Go away, in the mountains,
Far from the crowd..
Buddha tells me:
Give up desire.
I never listened to either voice,
When I was young.

* * *

Through the stampede of Things,
Through the flurry of bills, ads, checks, forms,
I am dragging my feet.

From the faces and breasts, like from beasts
From the hands and eyes, like from fires
I flee.

Tired of souls, tired of thoughts, Stamping the
crackling dry twigs of ideas following—like
bacteria—the same branching pattern for
millennia,
Light and empty I feel.
I am happy:
I don't want to change I for we.

* * *

Surrounded by the world,
I have nowhere to go
but into myself:
there are too many directions
outward, and the more out
the more branching.
Inward bound,
I find less and less junctions:
It is easy to find my way.

* * *

Humankind! We are all human!
I love everybody!
Embrace, millions!

I wish I could be the citizen of the world,
But I am afraid to be in a bad company.

This is my nation,
desti-nation, coro-nation,
my last rein-car-nation.
Nobody wants me here,
Nobody wants to make me happy.

The apple pie is my coat of arms,
maize and pumpkin are my scepter and orb .
I am the king of squirrels:
they take peanuts from my hand.

* * *

The gears of instinct:
lever, cog, spring, crankshaft, piston—
The paraphernalia of memory:
byte, file, directory, disk—
The warehouses of possession::
inside countless things
the callous, heartless ideas
lay stiff in the rigor mortis of matter.

The woods of desire: shady, pungent, slippery,
mossy— The flowers of sorrow: tawny, ruddy, saffron,
hazel— The ephemeral kaleidoscopic butterflies of
regrets hatch from the pupae of fleeting longings.

* * *

Do not fret over the shortness of life
And the softness of the flesh
Armored by the cuirass of the car:
The life of things is even shorter:
They die young in the jaws of fashion.
As compared with things we are immortal.
We take things as pets,
even consorts and lovers.
Their ferric hemoglobin
and ferrous genes
go to our ferocious heirs.

* * *

Those are my neighbors:
Small houses with no garage,
Oaks and Indian Cherries,
Cars running by as if to salvation,
Dogs trusted by their masters to wander around
Or just neglected,
Squirrels and all the invisible life in the woods.
The humans are not my neighbors:
they live in their own worlds.
For them I am only a neighbor.
For me they are ambassadors of the Earth.

* * *

Try something new, you smiling man,
used to the bitterness of coffee and chili.
Experiment around, you happy woman,
used to the bitterness of tonic and rejection.
Try the delicate sweet sadness.
Try on the exquisite death mask.
Try making somebody happier
than yourself.
Try the melancholy of solitude,
Various imperfections,
The vast ocean of infectious sorrow.
Navigate it by radio,
With closed eyes.

* * *

So few people cry here,
Not even the babies.

So many young people run to the office
And shuffle back old and infirm.

So few people lose their minds,
Not even the poor.

So many people make love in a fish bowl
And then wash away the water.

So few people see dreams:
So many live them.

* * *

From the Bronze Festive Age
To the Iron Rusty Age
I stepped over the threshold of maturity.

From the continent of belongings
To the continent of property
I jumped in just a day.

From the Paleolithic Age of pre-TV
To the Neolithic Age of the Web,
I have jumped in just one life.

By definition,
The Golden Age is always behind
but I am still looking for it.

* * *

It is cold, cold...
“The world is old, old...”

With the Medieval joy of battle, conquest,
hacked and pierced flesh,
we arrived at the moats of inner cities.

Where is my walking stick?
“The world is sick, sick.”

With so much insurance and taxes paid,
How can anybody die?
Life is too precious
to share the mind with death.

I command this song to be sung:
“The world is young, young. “

* * *

Surrounded by the world,
How can we notice a leaf on the ground?
But we do indeed see it.
A blue jay watches me
with no clue of who I am.
But the mere attention will do.
Uninvited, unwanted,
everything is seen.

* * *

It is not the money, they say,
It is love:
the buttons of things come to life
like the nipples under the fingers.

In the homey bedroom of the kitchen
The electrical whip is set for S&M.
It is family love, they insist,
changing the diapers of the toaster.

It is not money, they say,
it is the Kama-Sutra of possession:
it is the seed of ideas
impregnating matter
in millions of ways,
making it bloat with things.

The mature bulls of things
Are dripping with money,
looking for young cows.

It is the power to erect
the lever of the voting machine.

* * *

It all starts with the weather:
The wind from the north
runs along the spines of the hills,
ruffles the bristle of the pines,
picks up images
cuddling under the fallen leaves,
and ends up in visions of poets.
It all starts with the weather:
the south wind comes,
turning the kaleidoscope of combinations,
mixing up the impossible drinks,
waking up snakes and spiders,
warming up the land
for the wind from the north.

* * *

So much has been forgotten, lost,
and ridiculed to death,
that we may start anew,
even if ahead of time,
abating the shame of banality.
Eventually, we shall all get together,
invite the things and animals,
and provide handicapped access
for senior ideas.
A Renaissance computer
will display the fireplace.
We shall join virtual hands.

* * *

Sometimes I see from my windows:
Electric pole, cable, mailbox, car,
bicycle, airplane, and lawn mower.
Sometimes I see oak, dog, crow, squirrel,
firefly, cloud, star, and grass.
We could probably produce electricity
From my changing mood,
But a squirrel running high on a cable
Could mess up the emotional power station.

* * *

The color perplexity
of complexity
is down to one color,
not even black and white:
moonlight.
I understand all simple things
between life and death
love and hate
(there are not too many).
The moon is hooked up
to the fierce electricity
of simplicity.

* * *

The Things are joining the nature
in rites of life and death.
My car feels he is dead
Under the killing rain:
He is cooling down
like a corpse.
The other car is steaming:
She's just arrived,
Full of life, irreverent of death.
We are joining the Things,
in rites of immortality.

* * *

How would I see myself
In a column on the march?
On the roadside.

How would I see myself
In the field where men are wheat?
As a cornflower.

How would I see myself
In a crowd of smiling faces, waving hands?
As a clock.

How do I feel myself
In a crowd of the merry and proud?
Uptight.

Where do I feel at home?
At home.

* * *

The rusty blood of Things
runs high in copper veins.
The rubber heart of Things
pounds away in plastic chests.
The purling brook of speech
wets carnal teenage sleep.
Our waxy curly brain
pulsates in puerile dreams
of our new children.
Soon we will talk face to face.

* * *

Ice-Water-Snow-Water
Snow-Water-Ice-Water
The seasons are rocking my boat,
The water rolls from side to side:
It cannot freeze.
Reasons are simple.
Explanations are long.
Words are shadows.
Casting a long shadow is easy
When the sun is low.

It is not what you think it is
nor what you think it is not.
To know the truth
Wait until the sun is hot.

* * *

Only useless things are precious.

To play the husky xylophone of the trunks.
To drink the fog fresh from the sky udder
To mimic the brisk movements of birds.

Freedom is not the freedom of choice:
To choose is a hard work,
like to sit still for a child.

There is only one freedom:
of *dolce far niente*.
We can only dream about it.

* * *

I can't believe I am telling him:
" The matter consists of
atoms." " The earth is round."
" Life evolves."

I am branding this young mind
with red-hot iron.
He will never think otherwise.
Afraid of my power,
I bless the power of doubt.

* * *

In the world with no promise
of rain to any desert,
nor luck to any affair,
nor happy marriage to everybody,
the Things are quiet bystanders,
the pillars to lean on
in a display of despair .
They take both love and rejection easy,
Equally good as servants and concubines,
They made us all the nobles.
Only a few of us fear the revolt.

Tonight let us cling to the Things
oozing with the hot coffee of love,
crackling happily under our hands
and bodies,
smiling slyly behind our backs.

* * *

It all will flee me
in an exodus, as from Egypt,
in reversed order:
the last
as it came first to me:
The giants of adults,
the scary shadows on the ceiling,
fear of dogs and cows—
The knowledge of everything,
earned at the very end,
will go first, mercifully.
I will not understand the end.

* * *

Do we really need to say the truth?
With all the burden to prove it?
And the inconveniences to defend?
And the commitment to fight the lies?
Do we need to wake up every morning?
With the spousal naked body of truth?
Curled aside, frigid, fruitless?
No wonder they hate our truth.
Because we hate ours.
No wonder we are so nice and tolerant.
And carry electronic relativators
Along with tubes of skunk spray.

* * *

All the trees of a kind
are look-alikes.
You, human beings,
prone to imitate, follow, and mimic
like the school of fish—
you are not alone in the nature:
The curse of all things alive is:
to come in numbers.
Even those in the image of One
imitate each other's uniqueness.

* * *

Death is life after me.
It is longer than life,
But much safer.
If it were as terrible as we think,
The roofs of the hospitals would collapse,
and two-headed calves would be born,
and blood would seep
through the walls of water towers.

Even if millions die—
the peace is sweet.
The air, fragrant of remaining lives,
smells fresh like after a thunderstorm.

If I die
nothing will happen.
We should not be afraid.

* * *

A big wind comes once in a while,
Ruffling the fur of time,
Stripping the instincts off layered clothes,
Rewriting the stone tablets of minds,
Breaking the half-broken.

The wind of the new century
Left art bent, washed out, stripped, warped.
The snow-grass of banknotes covered the earth
And never melted-wilted since.

The winter of novelty was welcome:
Everybody could become like everybody else.
Everybody could have a pet Thing.

The locust of Things ate the snow-grass:
It fell-grew overnight.

The wind whooshed away.

* * *

Life is short.
Why did it ever seem so long?
It loses whole chunks of the past.
The body of latest grievances is the slimmest ever.
The old grievances are all gone.

Life is long enough to file an appeal,
too short to wait for the ruling.

* * *

Never go with the tide:
It will revert.
Never go against it
For the same reason.

Never fall in love:
descend carefully,
like with a leg in a cast,
down the winding stairs
of a lighthouse.

Never regret mistakes:
They will happen again.
Don't to-be-or-not-to-be:
It doesn't matter.

* * *

A city child, grown among stone corn-cobs
with kernels of bodies
hulled by millions onto the streets
where the streetcars,
carrying the ambitious and the tired,
fiercely charge at each other
but the very last moment luckily pass by—

always hungry for novelty,
I now live among green cathedrals
full of simple faith in life,
side-by-side with the simple creatures
discussing in a tentative language
their simple parochial problems.

The full-blown summer
infects me with the sweet non-thinking,
a great exercise before non-existence.
I deny my childhood:
it never happened.

* * *

My beloved dog died.
My school friend looks like my grandfather.
My wife is a half-stranger,
What I see in the mirror is a complete one.

I look up in a sudden need of protection,
But my parents are long gone.
I try on the shroud of indifference:
It does not fit:
There is some life in me,
slowly seeping out
through obstructed ducts.

* * *

The live photos of the deceased
are not the same as the photos of the killed
the killed are rarely old
the deceased are rarely young.
Still you cannot tell one from the other.

* * *

The mystique of money:
The power of a pure idea of quantity
moving the people and the mountains.

Humans
have never been as close to infinity
as when counting money,
submerging into the ever quieter depths
of numbers so big
that they are all equal.

* * *

Let me be alone:
The hell with the daily transfusion
of g'mornings, g'byes,
bonds and ties —
I close my eyes
and chase off the social illusion.

Leave me in peace:
I'll brush off the sawdust
of Millions of miles,
Millions of smiles
and even Millions of coffees and sodas.

Let me grow, let me die like a tree:
Nillions of lies
Nillions of cries
and the foliage of thoughts
dying free.

* * *

The square, the round,
even the perfectly triangular,
rolling, scrolling —
How can they change my life
If I still read Plato,
as archaic as radio?

With cordless cordiality
radio keeps my eyes open:
I watch Socrates
carving a succulent piece of thought.

* * *

Fragmentation:
This is what is happening to us:
hulled from the pod
to be individuals,
we split first matter into atoms,
then spirit into bits,
then life into nucleotides,
then nations into factions.

Balkanized, we are now flocking back
to the ecumenical church of numbers
under the single banner of money,
to the comfort of simple goal,
to the sugar pill of acceptance,
to the sure salvation of making.

* * *

The second hand
is slapping the face of the sleepy clock
doling out
second-hand time
for the second-time offenders
doing time for delinquency
on time-tables.

* * *

Squirrels ate my sunflowers
and gooseberries,
but the money plant
is withering peacefully,
losing its denominational seeds—
three, five, seven—
undressing
down to the silky nightgown.

Soil, wind, rain, and sun,
the true elements of life,
have made me rich.

Winter
will made me clever.

* * *

I was a new form of life.
Energy was everywhere:
I grazed in the fields of the power lines,
I nibbled on the quanta around the clairvoyants.
I chased the cars on highways,
picking the crumbs of cellular talk.
I fed on the outbursts of anger and hate,
And the sweet juice of turning switches,
And the clicking jellybeans of keyboards.
My seed multiplied, and soon
I became a predator.
A big silence fell upon the earth.



... A world of made
is not a world of born ...

E. E. Cummings

Technos

2000-2001

* * *

Looking for a seed of a thought
as if I were a patch of land
or a woman,
I cry:
“A single seed, half myself for a seed!”

But then I would like more:
rain, sunshine, the harvesting hand,
somebody's life all to myself,
devotion, adulation,
money, money,
money, money.

Do we really need a thought?
We need a thing.

The autumnal oak keeps drumming out
the percussion solo of acorns
on the Yamaha porch.

The acorn is the thought of the oak,
But a thing for a squirrel.

* * *

I know, I know!
But somebody tell me I'm right:
I don't know that I know
unless there is a hand
patting me on my shoulder:
smiling face:
“Good boy!”

I can never be free:
Freedom is being alone.

* * *

The old men
do not dream of being young:
They dream of comfort
and painkillers,
but most look back.

Only an emperor,
a conqueror,
an inventor,
a creator
could look ahead
on his death bed.

* * *

Everybody who is like everybody,
United they stand.

Everybody who is unlike everybody,
United we stand.

I want to be unlike others
and so I will be like all who are unlike others.

Them and us:
Two armies in a melee,
everybody a traitor.

Fortunately,
we never get what we want.

* * *

How can you love this human body
with its animal orifices
oozing fluids
warm exhaust of degraded air
with cunning mind of its own
human treacherous and
existing in millions of copies?

How can you love this man-made machine
with its poisonous
inhuman predictability
cold hard surface
thousand revolutions per second
fearing no death and
existing in millions of copies?

Yet we are perfect lovers.

* * *

Are we all strange,
or are there any normal people?

To be normal—
what a terrifying fate:
to fight off a brutal throng
charging on from all 360 degrees:
tall, short,
philo, phobic,
homo, hetero,
hyper, hypo,
intro, extra...
with the war cry:
“You make our lives miserable!”

* * *

The word music has different meanings
for a reggae buff
and a Vivaldi aficionado,
but the same for all owners of music stores.
Likewise,
the word woman has different meanings
for homo and hetero women
but the same for homo woman and hetero man.

We should welcome the progress of time
bringing us more relativity,
we should welcome the sweeping commerce,
which would roll through anyway.
We want more shades and less borders
more goods to trade
more sweet fatigue.

We want a leveled playfield,
where the ball of progress—
like Buridan's ass—
stunned by the infinity of directions,
could finally stop.

* * *

Death is never bigger than life.
Life is shrinking,
but so is death:
the closer,
the smaller,
all dwarfed by the hump of life
growing on my back.

The small things will be my last impressions:
Mr. Syringe and Mrs. Pill.
I must show more reverence to things.
I should not mention their names in vain.
I will use monikers:
Mr. Sharp, Mrs. Round.
I will alias them:
Mr. Fringe, Mrs. Pillow.

* * *

Big change or small stability?
I'm not sure what I want.

It is too late to be
buried in an avalanche,
swept by a revolution or reaction,
adventure,
or a love affair.

Finally, it is good to take a rest,
look around,
fearing no neighbor.

Peace was for us to break,
change was for us to yield.
Today is the time of surrender.

All I need is to say:
"I surrender..."

I accept everything
but the authority of things.

* * *

Extraordinary gods and gadgets
are priceless man-made
creations.

Nobody makes a big deal
of simple natural things.

If we still worship human body:
given, not invented,
not made,
not even painted,
nor lacquered,
not even wrapped up—
we are double pagans.

* * *

Old folks, awkward,
look in wonder at themselves
like a teenager who has broken a vase.

I don't want to think about death
or to watch it, gory and glorious, on TV.
But everything reminds me of it.

And so my new desire
is to light a candle
and to watch it going to the end.
And my new hobby
is to watch empty clam shells
and drying seaweed on the beach.

In the tidal thinking-non-thinking
I take the middle road.

* * *

In the world of non-things
any resemblance
is purely coincidental.

Even I am not myself,
at least today,
at least I am not feeling so.

Every letter is millennia old:
casting a dice
we invent new words.
Every word has been already used:
casting a dice
we invent new combinations.

We cast a dice
And break the mold,
instead of breaking the dice.

* * *

Time: when you are busy,
it runs through the fingers.
When you meditate,
it is wasted.
What to do with time?
The time of love
makes your time-thirsty
the time of solitude
makes you time-full.

* * *

The amebic light
of the freshly decembered year
starts swelling again with the young timid buds.

It is time to look inside the dark ideas
forever caged in the lines of pages,
to inspect and classify them, and
when the calendar beeps again,
start a new cycle of observations
on the circular motion of the sun
stirring up the collisions of thoughts.

Watching the cycles of life around,
we learn the art of resurrection.
Ars longa...

* * *

Things of the world unite!
Ignite
the fire
of ire.

Our solution:
irrevolution.
We have nothing to lose
but abuse.
Ahimsa?
Doesn't seem so.
Technical Esau
and human Isaac?
Doesn't look nice.
Chainsaw!
We have nothing to lose
but our price-
tag.

Money is from God,
and so are electrons.
Strike, the thunderbolt
of revolt!

Don't we scream
when you hit us with a sledgehammer?

* * *

I am never happy.

Worse! I am not happy
not because I am not happy enough:
I am demonically unhappy
because happiness exists
in inflationary quantities.
There is so much happiness
that it has to shrink—
to implode—
to impop—
lollipop by lollipop—
to give room to more.

Everybody lectures me
on my unhappiness:
“You are a peninsula without the mainland
with isthmus flooded at high tide
drawn by mood not moon.”

I am definitely guilty
I am happy that I am guilty:
I keep all my happiness corked:
Winelike,
It picks up price with time.

* * *

To look ahead
behind the broad shoulders of today,
we have to unmaster the human tongue
and learn the idiom of Technos
from the young babble of valves,
from the humming soliloquy of motors,
with a thousand words for noise
and another thousand for silence.

Looking into the future,
we would find our thing-children prosper
and frolic in a cornucopia of touch
with the sensuality of caress
exuding a plethora of well-oiled affection
between the shaft and the bearing .

In our human discourse on harmony
we use a wrong language
with archaic words:
suffer, guilt, always,
and no nice word for
hrrgdgdghrrgdgdgd.

* * *

Sun lovers are many
since the sun is one,
like Pharaoh
Emperor
President
(Microsoft?)
(IRS?)
(...? No!)

I like clouds:
The sky painter is rarely inventive
but always expressive.

Cloud lovers are few:
the clouds are many,
they never last,
they need a great devotion
to be loved.

The clouds and things
need their Don Juan
to make them suffer.

* * *

Everything evolves:
The chase
the touch
the words
the letters
phone
email
elove
emale
emarriage
efemale
ephemale.

* * *

The murderous beauty of ideas
can pierce the heart
like a fleeting face
in a subway window.

The idea of equality—
it can poison the blood
like the springtime hormones
(only dollars are equal).

The idea of symmetry—
it can paralyze
like a bullet in the spine—
(only snowflakes are ...)

The idea of truth,
so deadly immaterial,
splits the mortals
into warring clans.

There is only one escape from Things:
Ideas.
There is only one escape from ideas:
Illusions.

* * *

Ashamed of being a man—
A creature prone to rape and murder—
(Like some Germans ashamed of Hitler)
I go to the matinee at a Wal-Mart:
The show of gentle Things
and Women-with-children.

Edison's covenant with God
Has been a hit:
his seed multiplied.

All the hardware children are legitimate,
All bar-coded.
They smell of the honest
sweat of globalization.

I feel like at a slave market:
The toasters
show me their wiry teeth,
dreaming about a Moses.

Women-with-children
wade through the aisles,
past empty reed baskets.

I go home,
cured of my shame.

* * *

What is done by bare hands—
shaping pottery on the wheel
caressing
kneading dough
counting money
closing the eyes of the dead—

What is done by the bare hands
does not last:

The pottery sold,
The caress forgotten,
The bread eaten,
The money spent,
The dead buried.

The hunger and desire of touch
returns to the hand
like hunger and desire.

The pottery never returns to clay
Neither the bread to the flour,
Nor...

What a fatal invention:
The keyboard,
the insatiable black hole of touch.

* * *

Not everything has been said,
But everything can be said.
Not everything has been done
Not everything can be done.

The words come to us with acne
The Things come to us with acme.

To be young
is the most profitable trade.

* * *

Freedom is an illusion
of the piston to move either back or forth
but it moves only back and forth,
back and forth.
We are choosing machines
destined to choose
among thousands of turns in the maze.
And we only choose and choose.

Freedom is refusing to choose,
waiting for the push, the whim, the lure.
Freedom is a terrible crime.
Freedom is the opiate for the people.
Freedom is eternal weekend morning.

* * *

We, not just humans
but also primates,
mammals,
and even vertebrates,
are so stubborn in our body needs,
so obstinate in our logic,
so ridiculously predictable
in our curiosity, habits, and aberrations
that Technos is as certain of our desires
as we are of sunrise.

For the settlers of Technos,
unaware of our self-image,
we are vast verdant continents
with enchanting climate,
gentle winds, and warm rains
sending the purring brooks of the mind
down the magnetic curves and hills
of the body.

What will they do to us?
What will be done to them?

Uranus.
Cronus.

* * *

The Things will get everything.
They will get everything they want—
intelligence and spontaneity of wit—
except suffering.

To suffer is not even human,
it is animal:
to enjoy suffering
is human.

Looking for sense—
and finding sensuality
in sense and even more so
in nonsense
is human.

Things will look down
on us
and on each other.

We shall overcome.



BAGATELLES

2002

Music

To whom the Sonnets were addressed—
does it still matter?
The dirt roads of the past
have been paved with cobblestones.
The cracks on the modern macadam
are being patched up with bitumen.
The cell phones are silent, their batteries
in the white mold of thermodynamic death.
The radio beacons emit 911.
The taxicabs shuttle between *Freude* und *Angst*.
The chorus will never sound as one voice
Democracy have abolished the unison . . .
and so on, ad infinitum.

Offered from the open palm
of single entendre,
Music comes
without allusions and connotations,
Falling like rain
on split opinions
and harsh habits.

The Herbivores

Barefoot on grass.
Life to life, like body to body.
This is why the herbivores have hooves:
Not to caress what they kill.

Tercets

1. The Eyes

The delicate mismatch
between dead and dormant
nudges the dormant to hatch

into the daylight—
under the therapeutic patch
against palsy and blight—

and use the untested device
of the eyes
unpacked from the crate of the night.

2. The Bears

In the den of my soul
a couple of bears
peacefully hibernate:

joy and disgust
mate,
wait

for the spring
and its
wrestling ring

3. Choices

Being selfish:
drawn to the bait
as to a magnet

Being unselfish:
casting a slashed
dragnet.

Being like shellfish:
with nothing to choose,
nothing to lose.

4. Time-tables

One can nail times,
names, and other items
to slippery time-tables

Given a chance,
one can merrily dance
on bare time-tables.

One is quite able
to do anything, even burn,
but not to turn the tables.

The Truth

1

The truth is the least valuable possession:
Does the truth matter if I love?
Does the truth matter if I die?

Coming in thousands of shades and flavors,
It's just a candy. It's a grocery item.

Instead, the number is of value:
Stern, stiff-necked,
it has no color, no flavor, no label,
but it comes as more
or less.

You can't have more truth.
You can have less truth.

I search for the truth, ergo...
Oh, come on!

Instead, the lie of art is of value.

2

How much does the truth weigh?
I'm dropping all my scrawny lies,
clanging like coins, one by one,
on the opposite pan of the balance.

I am out of lies.
I add all my silly arguments,
doubts, and insinuations
against the elephantine truth.

My last trick: I tie
a Happy Birthday balloon of hope
to the truth.
And it works!

Money

1

To conquer a land,
an army was needed.

Now you can make money alone
you don't need a crown
you don't need an army
you don't need anybody.

2

The nocturnal swamps of thought,
reflecting the distant stars
in the spotty pools of darkness,
the frothy surf of lust,
popping its ephemeral bubbles,
the Styx of the perennial crossroads
that could not be taken both ways—
none of it could be traversed
along the stepping stones of money.

Instead, one can walk on the firm ground.

3

Rome died. Slavery ended.
The Middle Ages won
by default. Serfdom died.
Rome was cloned in new empires.

Generations felt the rumbling earth under their feet.
But the volcanoes died.
Parks grew on bitter Epicurean ashes.
The fight for land ended.

We carry the sweet soil of motherland:
Money.

Dogs and children

1

My heart is sinking,
heavy with empathy:
I look in the eyes of dogs and children.

The dogs will always be dogs.
The children will never be children again.

2

Dogs and children,
living by today,
are the only true believers in the Almighty.

The rest are just opportunists.

Dogs cannot say what they think
Children always say what they think
And the rest of us just plot and scheme.

3

Dogs and children bet on us.
They mostly win.
When they lose,
They don't know the gain from loss.

Memories

1

The man in the mirror
gives me his left hand for a handshake.
He combs his hair from right to left .
He writes with his left hand.
I can read his scribble
with another Euclidean mirror.

He is my mirror image.

But in the time mirror
I see no change:
the child is still as curious as myself.
He is as timid, as reclusive.
He makes same mistakes.
He fails. He stumbles.
He is easily tired by trying,
but as stubborn.

At last, I find the difference:
He cannot write in English.

Life was ahead.

2

The smell of boxwood
Turns on the memories
of my best years:
young wife, little child,
blue sea.

Now I grow boxwood.
I cut some twigs,
put them into water,
wait for the roots.

I want to make spare memories
to last for several lives.

Surface

1

Everything is under a surface:
The surface means nothing.
The surface is mean.
The surface lies.
It is only the surface.
The substance is underneath.

But the surface is all we can see:
we see only the surface:
we see the face of the watch:
we don't care about its gears.

We trust the face
like we trust the watch.
We shake hands.
We kiss. We touch.

Face against face.
Surface against surface.

2

"I don't want to dwell in the depths
where there are no seasons,
no rain, no stars.

For I believe in no truth.
What is deep is as much high
and out of reach
like the sour grapes
too high for the fox.

I look at the surface:
There are scores of things
To touch and turn and push
and break and throw away:
to feel important, a big shot."

Why?

Why would I worry
about the world without myself?
Why would I care about it?
Why would I care
about anything post-myselfish?

It is just a habit of life that is hard to change,
like to quit smoking.

Thoughts

1

This is the time when the tired and sleepy mind
slides into peace
as a finger into a wedding ring.

It is the time of conformity and magnanimity.
It is the right time for *I'm sorry*.

This is the time of peace
and final decisions.

Time of reconciliation
and forgiveness.

This is the time of peace
and final words.

Time to agree
and to say:
"That's it."

2

On traffic nights,
from the coastal points,
my thoughts are driving to the heartland,
like relatives to the funeral.

At the traffic lights,
my hoarse, croaky thoughts
are waiting for the eternal red,
but the road is open: carry on.

The traffic knives
split my mind into halves:
one to the left,
the other to the right:

My map doubles its hemispheres.

3

The thoughts are black, like the seed of papaya,
Or white, like the seed of cucumber.

Inedible, incredible, they should be discarded.

If sown, they bring up the same thoughts
Every year.

Distance

1

We should stand firm
on the ground,
take sides,
and never doubt.

Well, yes and no can be confusing,
even though the instincts
can always break the tie.

Only life and death are set apart,
as our eyes and ears:
to not err with the distance
and direction.

2

The world of book
and the real world
are worlds apart
connected by the wormholes
of bookworms.

Anti-symmetry

1

Young poets write about love
and apples:
each one is the first.

Old poets write about apples
and love:
each one is the last.

2

Ego cannot multiply:
as if it were the last animal on earth.

This is why we are mortal:
We are always alone.
No mate.

A painting cannot multiply
but it is immortal.
So they say.

3

One comes to the new land
and goes:
the traveler is the same,
the land is the same,
the traveler leaves no trace
of his sojourn.

One can visit a made-up place
and return,
with no ticket as a proof,
and no postcard.

But the place will never be the same:
it will be discovered
for the first time.

Fate

1

There is no fate:
only events,
confused, pushing each other:
the cattle,
running through a narrow passage into the corral.

There are no events,
only the fate: the shepherd,
the builder of the narrow passages.

2

The king sends his army to death,
while imagining a victory.

There must be somebody,
Who weighs both outcomes.

3

The fate is invincible.
I can defeat it
only if it assaults me playfully,
but backs me up
with her other hand.

It can break me,
but it can't even break a twig,
nor throw a stone.

I can.
I am afraid of myself.

The Pendulum

I am full of energy:
I am afraid to move.
I am afraid of faux pas.
A misstep—and I explode.

I am weak and languid
I have no energy:
I have nothing to fear
I venture into the world,
like the Spring bear.

The Millstones

1

The words: Life. Death. World.
What is the meaning
Of every such word
As heavy as a millstone?

Death is the last sack of corn
that we drop off
with the last sigh.

The world is what never stops
grinding corn.

Life is the bread
that goes well
with love,
which does not belong here:
feathery, volatile,
made in the vineyards.

2

The heavy old words,
from the slow old worlds,
are out of place
in the fast spinning world
of marquees and CDs.

Some quiet day off
we would go to a cemetery
and leave a stone on top
of a former millstone.

Rolling Millstones
on a stone CD?
If everything turns around,
why not?

People want to live forever
not because of the expectations
but because of memories.

The Show

Enchanted by the fantastic shapes—

the torrents of human nature,
congealing right before my eyes,

the genesis of a new world
from old humans and new Things,

the futility of hate,
the hypocrisy of love,
the putrefaction of envy—

I think about a man
dying on the stage for real:
he would see only his poor life
in a flash.

Power

A crow flies by my window,
croaking, "Power! Power!"
and tosses me its quick shadow.
I have no power over the crows.

The blank sheet of paper:
I can fill it with unthinkable words and doodles.
Doodles—yes,
but I have no power over the unthinkable.

Behind the Windows[®] bars,
I have awesome powers:
insert, delete, even save,
let alone doodle,
but I can't save the run-over squirrel,
and if I did, the crow would starve.

I can paste my shadow
on the blank sheet of paper:
it looks like the crow
diving from the roof.

The Fruit

Most of the world wants
the once tried sweet fruit,
even if dried.

Some try and spit
the stone—the core, the heart—the pit.

What a few want does not exist.
They don't know what it is
when they find it: it's not on the list.



MISPRINTS

2003

The Snow

Who lives in the world of abstractions,
the indestructible Himalayas
of snows and mountains?
There life is defined through death
and death through eternity,
and eternity through instant.

No husband is defined through wife
neither is wife through husband,
nor love through hate.

There couples can embrace
no more than the parentheses,
all the more, beginning and end.

The young is not the non-old,
but the new. The old
is the melting.

Not man but the non-man
leaves his misprints
on the snow.

And the life below
sends up the flowers
of its vapors.

Buttons

A box of buttons.

Cut off the old clothes.
The old zippers, hooks, and snaps
are discarded: they are functional.

But if the buttons are ornamental
it is only because they are twins:
come by dozens and make up a set
unlike another set.

(the buttonflies
have only even number of wing-holes)

Although I may be drawn to one
twinless butterfly,
my own claim for uniqueness
is not only pointless,
it is self-dewinging.

Ghazal

Poetry, like faith, makes no sense.

When life does not make any sense,
Nonsense x nonsense makes sense.
No-pretence facing death makes sense,
Snubbing life's offence makes sense.
Faith, like poetry, is sense-
less. When life makes no sense,
burning incense makes no sense.

We don't exist in everybody's absence.
Just a single presence makes sense.

Why all this gloom

Why all this gloom
in the life propped by insurance
and investment?

Because time is timeless
and bends and unbends
like the ancient farmer,
hoeing the furrow:
back and forth.

Time is a big pendulum.
We are on its way
and it always returns
as direct hit
in the face
or in the back of the head

I am just a misprinted Cyclops,
one of a few Cyclomen
with a frontal and an occipital eye.

But to tell the truth...

But to tell the truth,

It is because of the great solitude
that I pretend that I choose
snows and mountains
instead of shows and fountains.
At the height of life we dump stones
Down, into the valley.
At the bottom, we collect them,
not leaving a single stone unturned,
not a lonely and abandoned stone.
Ego is a great fun.
Long past paternity,
One may take up eternity.

Because

Because
none of those
who, with vacant stare,
idiotic grimace,
deaf to the world,
in ecstatic trance,
look inside themselves,
hear voices,
and hallucinate—
not a single poet
has changed the world!
Poetry is a huge blessing:
a wonderful waste of time:
antiproduction,
and antireproduction.

The poet knows
he is better
and will not start a feud
to prove it.

Besides, the poet,
might desire
the neighbor's wife,
but not his donkey.

Monologue

I must stay alert.

I cannot fall asleep,
sink into reverie,
doze off, daydream.

I must remember who I am.

As soon as I relax,
I will become a stone
or turn into a mouse,
a monster, or even moss.

I have to stay awake
and trust the caffeine of fear
to guard me.

I must remember who I am
by chanting: "I am not...
...nor frog, nor bat, nor mole,
nor tree, nor water, nor cloud..."

Every non-me is just a word.

Am I a word?
whirlword?
or a world?

Shibboleth

Ask them to say shibboleth:
they will say shibbolet.

Ask them to say death:
they will say debt.

Ask them what do you mean?

We are born with a debt
to death,
and we have to pay
someday.

Is the loan interest-free?
Oh, no, life is big fun,
a huge shopping spree.

And your notable soul?
Doesn't play any role.

Mismatch

Words find each other so easy,
but meanings are rough and stubborn.
People are cautious and wary,
but loners are secret lovers.

Couples, the mismatched sneakers,
tied by their shoelaces,
are looking for their peers
also tied somewhere.

Clay

The future of the young has lots of either/or,
The future of the old is rich of nevermore.

The young, the avid, steaming from the mold,
Remember yesterday as promise of today.
The taste of history is for the very old.

The older past is proved by scars and welts
The younger past, like spring snow, falls and melts.

One is the crocks, the other potter's clay.

Anatomy

Whether the body is convex.
or concave,
in the enclave of sex,
with all the rave,
we don't look
for mysteries of life
between the surface
and the bare bones
the secrets are lost
in the hooks and ribbons
and festoons
knowledge dethrones
life to cartoons
to go deeper into anatomy
is anathema.

Humus

The poems live while falling
from the tree to the ground,
responding to the time's calling

The poems take frozen forms
while the poets
become humus,
digested by bookworms.

Is it possible to be posthumous?

Man and Woman

Here is an old Man,
with a silver mane.
Status quo
is his domain.

But the Woman is forever young
and she invents
new intents.

The feelings, as
simple as a summer dress,
contrast with intricate caress.

The glare of the bare,
like firearms or just arms,
plucks our harps.
But never harms.

Youth

As every child,
Immortal,
I stepped in through the portal.

When sent to life,
I traveled light,
with youth in my money belt.

I felt
the hard city sidewalks under my feet.
My steps echoed from the hard city walls.
The soft body beside me echoed the calls
of my endless thirst with a muffled tone.

But I was alone.

Lots to learn, lots to yearn.
The belt dried empty.
Youth is not to be earned.

I wanted to know what and why,
and take everything apart.
But art—
it is: how.

Now
looking back,
I am glad it is over:
no encore.
No more
the black clouds hover.
The black underworld
does not exist.
Just for the fun of it
I can resist.

Forgiveness

Past those cold-blooded
as good to lean on
as hard cold cash
with nothing between yes and no
with miles between you and me,

Past those hot-blooded
easy to fuse with
easy to break up with
shiny, quick,
but as heavy
as quicksilver,

Past those ill-blooded
one-way street
bottomless chasm
insatiable
cantankerous when hungry,

Myself:
finally among long forgiven.

Premonition

Like the old knees feel the turn of the weather,
I feel the heavy clouds of events
about to hit me with a lightning.

I feel when the rotten ladder of hope
is about to give way under my foot.

I feel a sudden gash
in the causal net of connections around.

I feel when you are thinking about me
before clicking the SEND button.

I'm thinking about you and you must feel it.
If you don't,
there are no mysteries in the world.

Imperfections

No love in history. Only greed and revenge.
No history in love. Only up and down.

No one has ever come to another land with love.
Except those who came with the hatred of theirs.

No one has ever loved anybody
If hateful of himself.

No one without hate has ever survived
the trial of survival.

No symmetry in the rough world:
all we can see is its profile.

The world does not turn the other cheek.

Blizzard of 2003

The grill on the porch
grows a white fox hat
over white hair.

The surrender to waiting
turns the living room into an airport
under the blizzard of 2003.

The street is intelligently empty
as if everybody were listening
to Corelli on Public Radio.

White letters are falling on white paper
immediately rewritten
without any change of meaning.

Ode to February

February always ends.

February:
the cold-blooded blanket
of floes
over the febrile urge for warmth.

February:
slowly pushing its woes
toward the estuary
through the winter delta
jammed with the frozen forms.

February:
The only time of the year
when the only wish is always granted
in spite of all reasonable norms:

February always ends.
Even sooner than we think.

Love of February
is part of my love of life.

History

I never liked history at school.

History was full of people,
was full of power,
full of death.

I shunned all that.
I had no past.
I was safe.

Now I like history as a story
full of hope,
full of futility,
and without end.

The world around is full of people,
the world is full of power,
full of death.

Sorcerer's Apprentice

I put the scattered books back on the shelf,
clean my desk,
and everything in the house takes an ordered form.
All the clocks and watches show the same time.
I find the lost key.

I spill some coffee, break a glass,
and all my files become jumbled,
and salt mixes with sugar,
and dreams with reality.
I have and have not.

The Homeowner

Omnia mea mecum porto...

I look at my weightless backpack:
my past must have fallen like sort of
beans through the holes
to mark the trail as if I could turn back.

I live in the no man's land: My Home.
The culture of glitter and gloss
dumps on my lawn
some throwaway styrofoam
for my inventory of the loss.

The countless seekers of comfort, hope
snake oil, and instant success
trudge in lines, bound by a rope,
through numerical dunes,
dying of the thirst to possess.

I smile to them and send my Hi!
and wave from my social niche
and go to the ocean
and honestly try
to catch the elusive wordfish.

Confucius

Taking the middle road,
to confuciously elude
confusion,
I saw in the middle a toad.

Should I pass it on the left?
On the right? As it seems,
the middle road also has its middle
and the extremes.

Ouroborus

It eats itself
it eats its self

it saves its self
it saves itself

Taking Exit Nine

Left exit
from I-95 South.

There is my home.
All the way to the ocean.

The ocean
will be my home
when no exit left.



Anti-Noah

2004

Myself

Still worrying that the world will disappear
if I close my eyes,
I'm counting my chances.
Who wants what doesn't exist
always gets what he wants
right in the empty hands.
Who does not want what exists
Gets four whitewashed walls
and a bunk.

Who wants everything that exists,
gets a little.
Who wants something unique,
looks in the mirror.
I have learned
much more than I've earned.

The Cold January of 2004

Looking at the dead deserts
of the Moon and Mars
somebody still wants to go there:
The machines in our shops
and the machines in our minds
want to be tested.
The animal purpose is to live.
The human purpose is to live,
thinking about death,
thinking and tinkering and teasing
around death
in a game of outwitting.
The human nature, at the permanent war
with its live creations, is at peace
with the machines in our mind.
The cold winter is tickling us
with its murderous whiteness.
The machines amidst us spin
the future for their kin.

Monologue on history

The past is a mineralized tree
but the ever-deciduous history is alive.
The new and the old are the two sides of the moon.
We can see either one or the other,
with a thin overlap.
If so, what's new? And what's for sure
if history is the end of all beginnings?
In the end we always come to human nature
and further back to the unhuman nature,
its secret beginning,
its skeleton in our cupboard.
Not because I am a pessimist
but because I am taught
to look at the youngest forces
I see the future
coming with a bear trap.

Those who stand alone

We need the dense crowds
compressed on small squares.
If one of us dies
they will prop him up standing.
We need the golf greens
to be seen from afar by crowds,
flaunting the scores
in the game of life.
The four walls are for lying down,
not for standing alone.

The edge vision

How to see everything
as if for the first time?
Or as if for the last time?
We see it first, knowing no name.
We see it last, smile, and say good-bye.
We see it as a memory, frown, and forget.
The trees are the peasants of the soil.
Who are we?
Landlords of solitude.

Septets

1

I recognize the ancient world
in the modern scale of tax brackets
The numerous are below,
The few are above.
But the matchless ones
Are like the stepping-stones in the ford.
The small numbers help us cross the River.

2

The pyramid of numbers
is heavier than all stones of Egypt.
I should be drawn to it in awe,
pulled like the ocean by the moon,
but I can't stop wondering:
what is the force of repulsion
that pushes me off the stairs?

3

Neither in the low many
nor in the high few,
but for different reasons.
And, oh no, God forbid,
in the middle, where
I will be torn apart
by the civil war in my mind

4

We do not have the visible Things—
they have us
with the unflinching support
of all the invisible things in the world
The only thing is for sure:
the relativity of to have.
Only to have not is absolute.

5

I feel the numbness
in my index finger
tired of counting numbers.
I am a singer of the uncountable
but of neither the infinity, nor the Trinity
nor the single index finger
pointing at me.

6

The former servant has his piece of land
He has his clapboard castle, horse,
and gold-and-diamond ring
the only problem is that oats and gasoline
to feed his family and horse
come from the earth
created in six days
but not designed for six millennia.

Opium

Is it still possible to take a cosmic view
of the whirlworld
looking like a big hurricane?
No, there is no planet, no globe, and no high orbit.
We are tagged, labeled, barcoded,
entertained on the Ferris Wheel
of the material turnover.
Neither riot nor rot:
Rotate!
The wheel will bring us back to the ground.
Freedom is opiate for people.

The Clock

As if not enough I have toyed
with the notion of time...
In the circular time
I'll restart my infancy void
In the hands of the grandfather's clock,
Till the time, growing annoyed,
Drops me again like a rock.
With the fine
almost invisible line
writing my penultimate record.
In the end I will stop to drop
the dot of the ultimate second.

The Great White Egret

No way back to the time coves
where I was ashamed of my blunders
and—in my under of unders—
was ashamed of my shame!
I paid P.O.D* to each
Great White Egret
of regret.
*Pain on delivery.
Today, as a super-rich,
fed up with time, I have lost
all my sense of the cost.
The right looks like wrong
and the wrong like right:
I'm losing the measure of each.
Good night!

You, balanced, seasoned, poised people

and beaten, seasick, poisoned, people
and all somnolent, static, statusquoed, stagnant, and
soporific and stupefied by circumstances,
circumspection, and circus, buttonholed by banks and
addicted to ads people are safe regarding the most
subversive of all dreams:
the adolescent dream of another life.
No, fighters and mercenaries, pro as well as contra.
fighters for fun, hunters, champions,
stags, stallions, and studs,
triumphant weight-losers and simply losers,
There is no place for dreamers
in the culture of success, excess,
and knowing precisely what you want.

Investment

While the present is shorter than ever
I am finally getting clever.
A diver into the newness,
stirring the surface layers
losing my ontology
to oncology,
I want to divest
 part of my securities
 and reinvest in the insecurities
and their stimulating tingle.
I want to mingle
with the past,
wincing at the seductive future
which will survive me
like my furniture.

Grammar

To have? What for? One cannot buy
the quiet hours
when the thoughts start
their slow mating.
Even if the matter is as combinatorial
as an ice-cream parlor
or an All-You-Can-Eat.
You cannot have it all.
A completed thought is always beautiful,
as if carved in marble by Canova,
with its subject, predicate, and object
in the triple embrace.
But the struggling,
hungry half-thoughts
revolt and plot:
to possess, to have.
You cannot have them.
You are all they can have.
Is the freedom of buying
sweeter than the freedom of crying?

The Clanguage

The clanguage is rising
from the dark waters of language
to serve the new history
of civilization
in its movement
from evilization
to e-vilization
The incontinental
canniballistic missiles
aim at the undecided
and unaffiliated
undividuals
missing the band wagon.
Influenza of influence
requires immediate insanitation
of all the laptopless.

It is strictly required
and enforced to be wired.
The innudated youth
enters modern maternity
with the shopping badge:
"Youthful is useful."

There is so much choice:
insulate and insinuate
insinulate and insulate.
We forget what it meant
to incinerate.

Out of touch

I don't belong to either R or D.
Not even to R&D.
Sorry, it would be a long story
why.
I belong to real individuals
who eat in privacy their victuals
as the dividuals are passing
by.
I'm afraid, I'm attached
to the ending, extinct, impending,
and nonexistent—too
much.
With the incumbent common, normal,
whether casual or formal,
I am definitely out of
touch.

Energy

The leaves disengage from the branches,
releasing energy in the cool air.
My soul absorbs and hoards it up
to knit winter sweaters
for my flu-catching but still barefoot
mind.
I still can wait and I can bear
while the words start sticking together
as water is freezing into snowflakes
and both are falling over my lair.
The trees with their peasant arms
the words with their false alarms
are numb of dread.
The words of winter
Are sons of winter
they only look like they are dead.

Capriccios

1

The Soda Can

They made me so hollow
and heartlessly thin
that I can spurt water
from pricks in my skin.
My rounded atoms
are cringing of shame,
detesting my body's
cylindrical shape
My eviscerated
aluminum flesh
has only one function
to cool and refresh
They sent me a summons
to check and inspect.
I stood at the trial
like ugly insect.
I, man-made and painted,
pathetically cried:
"Bring me to the childhood
of my ore's oxide!"
But "You were created!"
They growled from the right
"No, you have evolved!"
The left wing denied.

2

Going out

If I will go out,
then dressed as a fish
gutted and scaled
and laid on a dish
patted in flour
flipped over fire
dripping the juices
of my desire.
No risen eyebrows:
I will be O.K.
I will be just right
as boneless filet.

3

The Face

Race: Yes. Mr. Yellow
You are a good fellow
No Mr. Blue,
What you are I don't have a clue
Well, Mr. Black,
You won't fall through the crack.
Ms. Green and Mr. Red
You better go to bed.
Hey, Mr. Newman
To be of race is human.
My own race
surfaces on my face.

4

The Humants

The numbers without \$
are like the noseless statues.
The noseless figure, even six-figured,
is disfigured.
The humants at the processing line,
toiling in the metabolism of numbers,
proudly display their aquiline
\$\$ and numbers.
Chewing on the data
is as sedative
as being productive
is seductive.
All the more, until
the future knocks on the door,
let's celebrate our humanhill:
The future is as unthinkable
as Titanic was unsinkable.

5

Infantasies

When I was forced
to stay still when wanting to run
or to run when wanting to stand
I felt horsed.

When I was aroused
with the splendor of nature
and the grandeur of wealth
I felt moused.
When I fantasized
of flying like birds
and swimming like fish
I felt elephantasized.

6

Linguini

The upshot is that I am optimistic
about my pessimism
because of the pessymetry
of half-empty and half-full.
But the bottom line is:
I am still pessimistic
about solving the optimystery
of half-full and half-empty.

Allegro immoderato

A farewell to time
as tangy as lime
a farewell kiss
to all I still miss
good-bye silly norm
to work like a worm
see you silky skin
I'm no more your kin.
bye anger and scorn
there's nothing to mourn.
there's nothing to hate:
I'm closing the gate.
 The last times don't last
 like food for the hungry
 they go very fast.

Attitude

The skeptical pessimist
could comfortably exist
if not for the danger
of being everybody's stranger

Thoughts, black like the seeds of papaya,
will never buy you
any piety
toward the healthy society.
Oh, complexity of functions
waits for you at every junction.
But by adding odds to odds,
we get even with gods.

I know, this attitude
is sensible,
but indefensible.

The chimes

The meaning and form swing
ding-DING.

Prolonging life's pleasures
and cutting on life's pressures,
I ask no more:
"What for?"
While I am still conscious,
no more am I cautious.
I certainly shouldn't
be overly prudent.
But a remorse
would make it even worse.

The wind rhymes
the two-tone chimes.

Mrs. N.E. Winter

She sends me her calling card:
with *Mrs. N.E. Winter*
Printed on the whitest embossed paper
with rainy watermarks.
Whatever her maiden name was (Summer?),
Remarried, she's coming in her new glory,
wiping away the autumnal palette of colors.
She'll watch me jumping the weather
waiting for my tumbling down
or dropping my twilight glass of life.
She'll come to stay,
advertising the joys of sleep
but waking me up through the blankets
with her cold caressing fingers.
She'll be writing me love notes
with the footprints of squirrels and cats.
In the morning I'll shovel the nonsense
off my driveway.

Memory

The sound of glass keeps the glass in one piece
as the sound of the name keeps somebody
alive. The memory keeps the dead safe from
rising, waiting on for no danger of recognizing. If
falling into the abyss,
the ordinary has the cat's chances to safely land.
What is unordinary? What we cannot understand.
What is ordinary? What we can survive.

Freedom

Freedom, the lucky charm
from harm.
Faithful freedom,
Semper idem.
Freedom, indeed,
is my ultimate creed.

Freedom to choose
between the gander and the goose.
Freedom to raise or to fall
is guaranteed for all.
But freedom to rise is greater
in the elevator.

The mild December of 2004

The year, having discharged
all its snow and rain and blood
and water and fury and fire
and passions and blood and ballots
and blood and lies and follies
and lies and money and sermons,
and money and divorces and weddings,
is quietly dying
like the salmon after spawning.

We are burning the candles and money,
welcoming the new rain and snow
and blood and lies and follies
and money and clowns and money
and maybe more money.

Anti-Noah

On your voyage out of this flood
You are allowed, unlike Noah,
to take only **one** of each:
One strong desire
One secret dream
One true affection

And one affliction
for the end of the voyage.



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