
I feed hand to mouth mouth to hand
snow does not fall and that's good
for my shoes won't dissolve
and I won't end up
with bare feet
blushing with shame

someone abducted november someone kidnapped
december

january keeps cracking jokes and chaste
passers-by wrapped in loneliness
pouring its snow-white blood back and forth from one
communicating vessel to the other

an experiment as senseless as the month

I want sun
I would exchange it for the world
for branches tossed about in the wind's swell
and static stones on the northern highway

I desire the artist of the black sky of november
this charcoal
juggling with my nonessential
essence

tree branches do not drift past each other as our glances
turned on each other and
there is no chemical reaction in the mirror
when the sunbeams revive the dust

we could look this way forever if life
were not so short and and so full of small-talk
inviting us to discuss everyday
joys and ploys and the bitter coffee
we swallow at breakfast the sandwich
we've eaten and the sugar caddy we open
automatically despite quite clearly
knowing that it's almost empty

but suddenly the april winds wake up
and the sour saltiness of dust
is no longer absent from our lips

the rain turns to her window
licks the glass
looking for a crack for the only way in

and I envy the rain
knowing it does not know
only a snowflake will find the right path

we describe the invisible
that which
hurts people
without damaging the monuments
erected to them while they are still alive
in their spaceless and timeless
dark courtyards

where lining up for plane tickets
are birds with their wings severed
or un(for)given in the shell
while others are always marching southward
always south with every step
but never quite getting there and
we are watching this film never shot
precisely defining frame after frame
but then immediately forgetting
we learn our sincere words by rote
already wiping dust with our eyes in exactly
one moment the sky will fill with light

we sink to the very bottom
our toes feeling sticky carpeting
and we set off for parts unknown
making sure never to rise to the very top

our glances are damp with languor
like the chimneys of underground bone factories
disgorging mud
preparing the groundwork for our next step toward
a faintly fluorescent stop
because we have met by chance the factory owner
who reveals to us
that there is something lower than what we had
estimated
to be the lowest point

a lift creaking its symphony is taking us there
chord after chord
instrument after instrument
and our sharp vocals thrust into the glove of the dark

a new terminus
but in the distance burn the windows of new instructions

we were born in complete silence
father's hands dirtied by their labour
delivered the bodies to the face of the earth
but left the spirits in the darkness and despair
of cold interstellar space
in the cracks of the vessel of the cosmos
broken and stuck together many times over
with a sliver of gold somewhere
in the distance and then those black ones
found lips in its flesh
and poured in the oceans

we are afraid to write the end lest
we return to the beginning
to the mighty hand of the sculptor
and his breath that sets in motion
the hands and tongues
of the puppets which bear our names
suspended in spider-webs
jerked by flies
dying on the next window-sill
while petals gall
so slowly we don't notice
this has all happened before

without meaning to
you marked a full stop

the world is packing its bags
ready to fly away
from the songs our sleepy voices sing
about weathervanes
which spin like mad dervishes
forming whirlpools which suck in good and evil
and which force us to
immerse ourselves in words
in notes pressed into our hands
in drawn in claws
and minds let out to roam free
where airplanes have the wings of wasps
and stingers buzz with memories
number one of the summer shorter than life
of pages of rain bound in chlorophyll
of our hearts ebbing and flowing
number hundred of immersion
when the endless storms of circulatory systems
and the herds of clothing have dispersed
where every man is for himself
and every man is for each other
perhaps we will stay here
waiting for it to fly back

the rain bathes unhurried in the blackest of blood

a scarecrow sits beside my sister
hooking with his crooked fingers evening after
evening century after century because he
has no one to scare anymore

weaving his advice to the loner
how to get on with my sister
kissed by the sleep of eternity
and the door that opens to the silence of the outside world

those who knew how flew away long ago
those who didn't time has buried in the shallow ground
but even after wilting the dark flowers
continue breathing
and traffic goes on moving without drivers

snow replaces rain
whiteness becomes soiled
he puts on socks scarf and hat winter gloves
and melts warmed by my sister's breath
departing with all the pointless suggestions in the

blackest of blood circulating my alpha and omega