

Renoir's canvas

I am writing you a letter, it's night and a little lonely
the words run, and the fog has spoiled my handwriting
a dog pines for a dog in its sleep,
but I fail to get closer to you
my eyes opened by longing stare at the horizon –
the sunrise like Renoir's canvas slowly and painfully
draws a line of absence between
two bodies

We are peaceful in each other's memories
Like horses in the field before sunrise
And the sun rises like a knife
That grandfather cut bread with in his dreams

we are far in each other's dreams
like hands disturbed by wakefulness
a farewell and yet one more life
our memories are an entire bus station
where a stranger finds
the lost mitten of a child
and doesn't know what to do
until he suddenly sticks it in his coat pocket
next to the other things
he meticulously saves
but doesn't know
why

we are old and festive in each other's memories
like Cathedral Square in Vilnius
and at night, when it's overtaken by emptiness
and darkness like a foreign army
we are not the only ones
who can't fall asleep

and the sun rises like a knife
that grandfather cut his bread with in his dreams

time has dug up our memories
like Mozart in the paupers' graveyard
we will continue to stay silent like an abandoned
orchestra pit and
we won't go to look for them anymore
now it is only in our dreams
that Salieri is waving
and I can't tell anymore –
whether it's hello or goodbye

W. Szymborska Motif

No one feels good at four in the morning
she says and touches the blanket like a flag
under which it has become too stifling
a fly buzzes in the dark, after waking up at that night hour
when there was nothing yet, just started and unfinished dreams
streets undisturbed by sudden steps
a square in the center of town
which was crossed by a lone passer-by in the dark
as the station's clock
looks at him
indifferently
damned to repeat
itself forever

Dance me to the end of love

a song comes on the radio
which someone forgot to turn off
the song is accidental
and the words are too predictable
similar to someone
you can't seem to forget
like a wardrobe
which starts to collapse from the inside
from the weight of unworn clothes

Do you believe in God?

Sometimes, at night.

Ernest Hemingway

Somewhere near the ocean
there's a stillness outside
and the darkness of summer's end.

A tranquil light
falls on the table from the bedside lamp.
Someone in the dark talks
about life and its bewitching
folly.

A mosquito buzzes in my ear. You pull
back the thin curtain enveloped by darkness
and tenderly shoo the mosquito out
into the cool, starless sky.

Somewhere near your heart

Is the ocean and stillness.

Someone turns off the bedside lamp,
puts their palms on your ears
like two seashells,
and there is silence.

You could image the ocean's crashing,
but you don't want to imagine anything anymore.

Heart,
forgive me for this cigarette
the wind blew out.

After roaming about the rainy provinces,
You sit down at the end of the day
On a windowsill cracked by time
And the azaleas.
A written-down time seems
Decent and beautiful.
While it's raining, she remembers
That she hasn't set her alarm
For a very long time.

She will always be beautiful.
She is patient.
She is written down
By the rain.

In the darkness of lit matches.

A star falls.

Night is a beautiful poem.

The end is a strange place.
Like a letter forgotten in a mailbox,
Which someone tries to
Read with binoculars.

When they turned off Tchaikovsky's music,
The composer excused himself and ran out.
She found the composer sitting at the piano
And holding a cigarette in the fingers of the dawn.
You got something burning there, he said.
Wait, she answered, and left to put out the cigarette.
When she returned with her hands freed from the flame,
The composer was no longer there.
Leaving only the piano,
Which had heard everything.