

Jānis Tomašs
Poetry
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the destructive air raids of unfamiliar fingers
on the slender Gaza Strip of your stomach
and all of Rīga's abandoned women
push strollers like tanks
there's Latvian jihad under the black domes of their hoods
holy scriptures sit on the shelves of Narvesen convenience stores
men disappear without a trace
crossing the mountainous lanscape of naked breasts
the dry climate of your skin makes things worse and worse
desert sand stings the corners of your eyes