

**Your loneliness**

is light and soft

like a rug –

the sound of footsteps is muffled

and dust gathers,

fine

and invisible.

When a glass falls

it does not break;

the liquid is unobtrusively

soaked up and held by the fibers.

Everything is O.K.

No one

has seen

anything at all.

**These streaming pictures inside my head,**

the cold fingers,

the unrolled cigarette.

That rattling of rain outside the window  
and silence on all available  
communication channels.

That incomprehensible movement of time  
through the front door,  
across the living room, then out over the terrace,  
without leaving a trace;  
moments  
slowly soaking into the turf.

Those days that effervesce one after another,  
the play of chiaroscuro on the ceiling.

Those interminable strings of frames,  
thoughts and memories crashing  
into my brain.

Come and give me a kiss.

### **Darkness**

is a lengthy interruption  
of the flow of signals,

a dissolution  
in time and space  
and a splitting up  
into basic elements.

Darkness is awe,  
breathlessness and immobility,  
which sets in  
near absolute zero,  
when even molecules freeze  
and nothing is happening anymore.

Darkness is blood,  
raging,  
it tears off the roof  
and prevents  
any return.

And darkness is silence.

A paralyzing silence  
in the muzzle of a gun  
pointed at your head.

**All of your peculiarities**

are benches on a rocky sea shore  
for those who vainly try to preserve their physical shape  
to catch their breath  
after their morning run;  
where children play on sunny days,  
and chiding mothers  
lower glossy magazines to their knees lost in thought;  
where lovers sit, entrenched, on warm summer evenings  
dreamily looking into the unfathomable distance;  
or men gather to drink beers hidden inside paper bags;  
  
or, on the boardwalk at night,  
    where the glow from streetlights dozes  
or the homeless do as well.  
  
You see, all day long,  
more than a banal view of the sea  
and grayish-brown  
rocks smoothed by the sea,  
someone is in vital need  
of your peculiarities.

**My brain still fails to turn off,**

even as the life-sustaining devices

have stopped working.

My mind continues to analyze, splitting

into basic components

all the land between Caracas and Bangkok,

plotting trigonometric points,

drawing lines between spots of strategic significance,

joining together girls, hot asphalt, summer rain,

the clinking of glasses as the train moves,

the roar of plane engines, the aroma of coffee,

the swishing of the blades of a wind generator,

the flickering of lanterns in the mountains,

the shadows of palm trees,

the bouncing of chestnuts against the pavement,

the touch of a naked body –

it continues to remember,

to get lost in memories,

remembering

and

getting lost in memories.

With a whiteout stick, my mind

keeps erasing

the memory lines printed on the map,  
rewriting brainwaves  
and calming the cardiograph line,  
straightening it,  
then curving it,  
and then straightening it again.

— — —

Now I am away.

Do not expect me back.

**My drone is following you –**

when, in front of the mirror, you take off your clothes  
and stare thoughtfully at your image,  
pushing aside a strand of hair,  
squinting  
and sliding your fingers  
over that light  
curve of your neck,

my drone is visible then  
in the upper left corner  
of the mirror.

When you crawl under the blanket,  
hugging a pillow,  
and your breath becomes even  
and warm,  
my drone,  
rocking lightly,  
suspends above your head,  
and you fall asleep.

In the morning,  
when you walk on the street  
through the heated plasma of the city  
and the fanfares of engines,  
my drone,  
still relentless,  
keeps watching you –  
it follows you  
all the way  
from home  
to eternity.

**The red light**

on the hotel room door

will keep glowing.

Kilometers

will remain on the highway –

the double separating line

of that plane

stretching between big cities.

And on the clock's face

between six

and nine thirty,

the hands will flare up.

But the transmitter will keep quiet –

only a slight hissing on the speaker,

the flickering and flashing of minutes

in the wastes of airtime.

This could be the end.

No one can get in or out.



**They rise from the bogs –**

entangled with algae,  
cloudberry roots  
stuck in their hair;  
impregnated  
with the thick, cloying odor  
of hot stagnant water.

They emerge from deep forests:

one by one,  
their eyes glaring black  
in the gray-brown  
shaggy clumps  
of wolf skins;  
backs stiff  
and their hands cold, predatory.

They dig themselves out

from rain-soaked,  
sticky, muddy tillage  
full of bones,  
abandoned deposits  
and putrefied flesh,  
hemp ropes

wrapped around their wrists,  
their legs heavy and sharp  
as ploughshares.

And it is not marsh water in their eyes.

No.

It is the steel of clenched teeth  
that tastes of blood,  
it glows  
and smolders,  
cold and hard,  
exactly  
like my heart.

We are all here now.

We are waiting.

Attack!