The Difficult Sunday

Since morning I’ve gazed up at a better bird
since morning I’ve enjoyed the snake coiled at my neck

Broken cups on the carpets
crimson flowers the fortune-teller’s cheeks
when she lifts the skirts of fate
something will sprout from this joy
a new blossomless tree
a pure new eyelid
or a worshipped word
that won’t have kissed forgetting on the mouth

Outside the bells clang
outside unimaginable friends are waiting for me
they’ve hoisted a dawn high and wave it around
such fatigue such fatigue
a yellow dress – an embroidered eagle –
a green parrot – I close my eyes – caws
always always always
the band plays false melodies
such passionate eyes such women
such loves such cries such loves
friend love blood friend
give me your hand how cold

It was freezing
I no longer know what time they all died
leaving me with a dismembered friend
and a bloody branch for company
The Fever of Joy

Electric curtains in another age
electric chandeliers
two morning windows
two lighted eyes
the man’s shadow flits by
as if day were night
and the voice: Don’t run don’t leave
I love you
La voix du rêve
The Dream

*Notre voyage à nous est entièrement imaginaire. Voilà sa force.*

L.F. Céline

The immortal dream
strokes its white hair

Children undressed in the light
tossed the ball and crowed in triumph
a Catholic priest points toward Lycavittos
a naked child smiles at the girls
who clamber into the branches and shout
he’s lame he’s lame
then plunge ashamed into the red waters

Young women undressed in the shade
frightened on the endless wharf
on the balcony a surgeon toys with his scalpels
tired dockhands stand waiting
to cut the ship’s cables
to tear the unsullied dresses
to mutiny to hang the captain
from the great mast of the sky
and the women will wring their hands
will close their eyes will sigh
will show their teeth and tongues

The journey of joy is beginning

The suffering woman undressed in the dark
scrambled into the squalid house and
stopped the futile music
laughed in the mirror raised her hands
painted her face the color
of expectation saw the sun
in her watch and remembered:

– Look the poem came true
the bastard boy and the color both
give joy
and how can they photograph this place
it is a place of hypocrisy
it is a country where children who have lost
their innocence lie in wait
stretching arms through open windows
to drop sick kisses
and new orphaned babies
who fall crying from the windows
clutching in their wounded hands
a tuft of white hair

From the primeval dream
Beauty

He sprinkled ugliness with beauty
took a guitar
took a path by the riverside
Singing

He lost his voice
it was stolen by the frantic woman
who cut off her head in the red waters
and the poor man has no more voice to sing
and the river rolls the quiet head
with closed lids

Singing
Cloud Cover

*for Thanos*

This black man beside the radiant woman
has a deeply pained heart
unlike the white men with their ebony canes
who pass by
laughing
nodding hello
and the friend came back from Switzerland so humbled
so sad for the naked people on the rooftiles
there isn’t a single really fine dessert
but there are endless sweet women
though each has hung a gray cloud from her shoulder
that keeps getting blacker
and everyone forgot their raincoats and umbrellas
the cloud raises a black finger
– Humble men we’re not sweet
for you
cry the sweet women
wandering salesmen where will you hide
chewing wads of mastic
or a curse
everyone stares surprised
at the paintings hung
on the streets of the walls
startling colors red and green
and the rain is late in coming
and the smile is late in coming
and joy is late in coming
everyone holds hands exchanging sweet glances
though they know it has already fallen

the first bolt of Lightning
The Savior

I count on the fingers of my severed hands
the hours I’ve wandered through these rooms of wind
I have no other hands my love and the doors
don’t want to close and the dogs are unrelenting

With my naked feet sunk in these filthy waters
with my naked heart I seek (not for myself)
a sky-blue window
how did they build so many rooms so many tragic books
without a crack of light
without a breath of oxygen
for the ailing reader

Since each room is an open wound
how can I descend again the crumbling stairs
between the mire and the wild dogs
to fetch medicine and rosy gauze
and if I find the pharmacy closed
and if I find the pharmacist dead
and if I find my naked heart in the pharmacy window

No no it is over there is no salvation

The rooms shall stay as they are
with the wind and its reeds
with the howling shards of glass faces
with their blanched bleeding
with the porcelain hands that reach out to me
with the unforgivable forgetting

My own hands of flesh forgot they had been severed
as I counted up their suffering
Three Tears of God

I
Here in this house they take out the windows
break the doors into a thousand pieces
three happy men came in through the doors
five crying women went out
colorful birds fly through the windows
they speak – my friends – like people
then gently and quietly die
later the pictures on the walls become birds
and one by one they spread their wings
    the sullen shapes
    of a lost world

II
This mountain so close
I stretch out my hand to uproot
its bushes and trees
its utility poles
those aching teeth
of a hopelessly lonesome life

Clever sheep run on its slopes
– if sheep can ever be clever –
but these sheep have suffered much
and their bleats are inhuman

The people here became one with the stone
they strike the stone and tear their own guts
are surprised and don’t even know how to cry
Today
look well at this mountain
look well at this tear of god
for tomorrow it will dry up

Tomorrow you’ll be seeing nothing at all

III
Before me high on this mountain
a white man is picking daisies
heaping stones in this sack of god
every so often he turns to look at me sadly
throws me a flower and goes on his way

Flocks of daisies sprouted from my chest
that man is me