

## 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

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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

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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