

* * *

*This era
you measure in sinews
which tense
when waking conquers the night
You walk behind the falling autumn leaves
with a torch raised high
and play the madwoman
for whom nothing on this earth seems strange*

*in the morning
everything again will be fine
my dear death*

*You whose elbows in sleep
lie helpless
by your side allow me
to deny
the dream*

*What use your high forehead
when belief's empty caravan chases
its horses downward
into a Triad
and the only thing human in you
is quick anger*

*You! slave driver Eritrea
I fall at your feet like
cool dew on a linden's
forked branch*

*Craving water
great bodies of water love
and ships*

*

I've been shown for a long time
what blood is I've been advised
to begin all from the beginning But
heart-clean The Lord's whine
sounds and the silver button
in her lap wails a path Don't
she says My fear the Night's
epic window No one
has set foot here except for buffalo
the buffalo like dawns crash
over me just the tenderness
of night narcissus draws me so irresistibly
memory slips away through my nose
and I am a small red
god absorbed by grass

* * *

*in a masterfully nailed
Cadillac I drive
ever deeper inland and farther
into pale sufferer country
my hair windblown
like a torch You
come just in time! Suddenly
in my mind heaven
shrinks and wrinkles
darkness floods
in joy over wide open
eyes but freezes
in expectation As if I have
died ha brothers sense
my horse hit in the nostrils
by the smell of formaldehyde and
sparks fly into Mary's
lap Where are
you in this beyond-the-grave
country where palms sway above
crag of cliffs and the moon
hangs in the branches By
the spring where I
must drink and
water my horse? Hey
lift your heads*

*from the beyond death bowls
of peace soup Here
we'll crawl
out*

* * *

We two alone are
colored antinational baroque
saving our will
 for something supernaturally simple
we dissolve in emotion

I
a bystander
gladly sneak into our presence Without
 a sound to flow away into existence
 together with our ancestors
after a battle with the sun.

 We two
whose souls can't keep together
discarded like the Pope's Bulls While
 cicadas susurrate about lyrical milk
 fed pigs in distant Jerusalem
and crowds of daisies

 right here
in Archbishop Meinhard's rational cell
opposite the Daugava Boulevard

I
don't want to take a break
having fallen for your levy
 like a blossoming cluster of heaven
 like a Slav stork
atop a heartpole

 Let it happen
to my remains
let every grain of sand be like a pain
 plaster I am an empire
 you – the ruin
we're made for each other

Note: During the crusades in the twelfth century, in 1186 the Pope appointed Meinhard as the first bishop to Latvia (then Livonia) to christianize the Baltic tribes. He was eventually made Archbishop and canonized.

* * *

then touch me here
right here Where
nothing can be changed

My mountains are higher and mine
abysses deeper Metaphysically
limited I plow the field
I covet
the heart I plow
once more

everyone has their own mythology love

No one comes home
the same way My essence – mine
the boundary no matter how far
I would see if it were not
for heaven intervening

Time ticking and time mute
heather rust-hued dark brown

wordiness
your dishevelled hair shakes out a crystalline grid
of significant answers
while at the fingertips
of my eyes your infinity
ends

What will you do I ask once more
with this heaven where there is not
a single minute
nor a spare hour
nor any indicator remnant

What is this fedora
wherefrom this yearning, these horizons
that so damned carelessly await reality
at the edge

of our bed

Then touch here
right here Where
nothing can be changed

* * *

*if the end is the middle I'm here Cook up
something transitory for me Nothing
lost yet the stalactite spirits
and souls Ephemera's flesh All
draw inward like eyes in the dark Let it happen This
she wants my eyelash Even
the greatest heights go off track
and mess up heads gone empty
peace with peace time with time of hate
with hate. Everything evens out to the measure
which existed before Grimm's Graal and
Snow White And is this what
now you hear this returning moan
or the desire to separate yet once more fear from
Colossus' joy To go out into the street like a jungle
and to repeat the first line Yes
as always from the top down ahoy!
brew some tea now and I'll stop
adding you in And the world once more will walk
in pairs*

* * *

forgetting her initial appearance
she sleeps in comfort
in a place
woven into lace
marvelously carved elbow joints
every woman is like a syllable she comments
and continues pasting
her golem love
love not

the magnet of immortality
draws my eyes shut
a visible light punishes all
changing to a Phoenix
just to fly! Fly!

she repeats She who is
wing's down to whom a castle from the middle ages
has gifted its Gothic trapdoor She
for whom ashes are a featherbed
while the present sours and becomes intolerable

That's all ... at least for a moment the heart beats as if eternal!

but you laugh You
stand tall in front of me
Lord that is why
she can't see me

* * *

I won't be Either
a memory or
the will
to continue thought
of the initial
vastness With
yet more screaming
loneliness
Bird

the Place
choose by yourself Your self

despair at your muteness
absolute Your self
get up to decide
to overcome
all

I won't be
beside you Bird
in the final
moment

I WILL BE
YOUR SINGLE
STATEMENT

uktah lulu

* * *

Distilling
alcohol from red
marble
slabs strong Like
the white-hot
absurdity
of life While
every cell
in me is Created
human *welcome*
it's an honor
to live And
the ambiguous
situation opens
flood-gates to all
eras which
have not yet
been
in me Uktah
lulu

Drink these
interims drink dry
the moment from
life To
life

to the lees like
an object
that suddenly
in its accuracy is
eternal

* * *

when I talk about light
I keep the moon in mind
though light is unknown
even unnatural for it

but how does this relate
to sense that like a child
hop scotches in a playground
and the child pleads with me
to say nothing for a while
to wait until the next
day

which will again flood into my bones
like an interminable time smothering
whirlpool and words will be as large
as silence and my mouth
so full as if stuffed with yet another
birth

and again it will seem to me
that distance is the single
full circle a linear framework
around me and I'll dance like
infinity tethered to the axis
of a toy spinning top – all
I want to understand
has been discovered and all
I want to discover
has been understood