

Elvira Bloma
Poetry
Translated by Ieva Lesinska, Laura Adlers

CHEERS

thanks for my room with the white walls
thanks for the ground coffee thanks for the hands feet and whores
thanks for the fervent music for the indifference
thank you mother for your help for your unconditional love
thank God THANK YOU LORD thank you animals thank you kebabs
and windows
thank you eateries and repeateries
orgs and morgues thank you for gazes evil and violent
thank you for the stupidity broken lamps abandoned homes
nutsy girls
thank you and KILL me with electrical current with a stick in a single blow
or maybe in two
strike me strong with a boiled potato with sausage shoot a sunflower seed in
my head
kill me with looks with books or an orange kill me with love

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my friend smokes too much
he chews gummy bears and
has collected a pile of used books
he pretends he is reading and
I say: "I hate your calm and vacuous glances"
just say it
just drink don't drink uniquely
just laugh don't laugh rudely
the sarcastic jokes you throw at me
I collect like crystal behind glass
I pluck them like flowers and take them home
I pick them up like shards and squeeze them in my palm
and they help me stay calm
just drink don't drink uniquely
abandon me at a noisy club
try to pick up girls shout in my ear
and finally leave me so that I'd try all alone
to beg for caresses loud and sharp
hard soft and gentle whispers in my ear
just drink don't drink uniquely

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ORDINARY LOVE IS ENOUGH

another morning I get out of bed
the kitchen no longer has a window
the boy next door
the same one who's afraid of me
goes to work and his window is taken out
by a worker with dirty hands
tall smiling and sexy
"good morning" he says and takes my measurement
"good morning" I say and take his measurement
"we'll do a bit of window changing here"
he says
"I got it" I say with an inward smile
while outwardly still asleep
I am taking a shower is there anything better than you
YOU SAVE ME FROM EVERYONE
O Lord how good it is to get under you
when there is all this drilling hitting cutting and sawing
I hear behind the wall "maybe that girl"
about whom is he speaking could it be me
I drink coffee white bitter good
I don't think about work I don't think
I'm just waiting for them to take the plastic off
so air can enter my room again
air will enter my life
and I'll no longer wake up to the workers swearing
but to someone I love
TONIGHT I WILL DRINK FOR FREE
I am an ordinary unhappy woman
I have to drink
BUY ONE FOR ME
you are so unique it makes sense
BUY ME SOME BUBBLY

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(From the cycle of poems "Dirty snow")

the petite cashier
a servant in Dante's inferno
a promoter of black coffee
she hates me
she hates my tampons
the milk in my coffee
and the damp napkins
my piece of cheese
my unkempt hair
my discount card
my bleeding fingers
how I soil the terminal
and the bundle of plastic bags but
she hated me already before
Her hair smells of
menthol cigarettes and
plastic wrap

and under her fingernails is
the truth
signs from God
and her fingers
are fingers of destiny
and
her nipples
hard from the cold
are touched by eternity

her earrings
those little fake pearls
were stolen from a cheap thrift
store
and her collarbone
is sharpened
and
under the counter
she has a pink pistol
she takes it out
like her chance

and
she shoots me and
everyone in the line

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but that was just a joke
SURPRISE
a shampoo commercial

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(From the cycle of poems "Windows")

Intimacy is warm
She doesn't turn away
She is simple
An evening swim in your arms
Submissive she steals your sleep
She surrenders
You move through her
You are calm as always
You try to grasp water
Gather her in an embrace
Too late
She will not sleep
She has winter-bitten skin

Do not summon fear
Do not summon cold
Be quiet like silver
Like the seashore
The wind will muffle
Your coldness
Let the wind winnow

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The asphalt wears out the car tires
That cut through the puddles like knives
The glowing signs of
Pawn shops and gambling halls
Imprint red letters onto the consciousness
yesterday's exam crib sheet imprinted in my palms
Eyes and legs tattooed on my hands
As I get off the bus
Shoves me and whispers in my ear
I want you
Pay me back the debts
That others have not
Get mixed up in trouble
where others have not
DO NOT LOOK BACK
I do not look back
WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT
I shave my eyebrows
I epilate my legs
I throw up after the party
But all those who could have held back my hair
Have died married or been cursed
Vomiting is no longer amusing
Getting off the bus is no longer amusing
Sleeping is not amusing
To be amused is no longer amusing
sunbathing and getting dressed – so boring
your arm around my shoulder – more than anything else
boring

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(From the cycle of poems "Dirty snow")

her lips like burning rubber
YOU ARE MY DESTINY
she whispers
and caresses
his member
like a flagpole
she is a patriot
she will suck until victory
The asphalt has changed color
The asphalt is gray
come little one
say hello
to your internet prince
on the white computer
her lips
like the tires of moving cars
drive into him
IT'S ALREADY MIDNIGHT
I will turn into a Halloween
pumpkin
I will become a soup kitchen
an obscene little angel
a pornographic chorale
her lips
like gastritis
eat away at his resistance
appoint his member
to parliament
boil on the electric stove
take a selfie
with his
famous organ
renowned
epopee
she scrapes her knees
her knees are like
stones from which
God can
create his children
be careful dear
he says
he is the leading member
the pillar
he thinks about the future