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,

Your loneliness

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

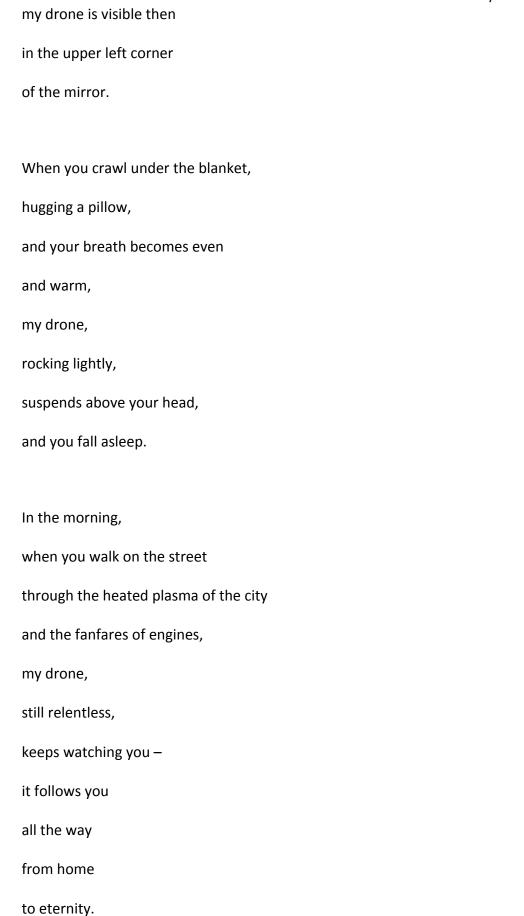
Valts Ernštreits Poetry Translated by Ieva Lešinska

the memory lines printed on the map,	Translated by leva
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,



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

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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!