sleep I five windows in a row and a door to the daugava a polish landlady a man with gun two milkmaids chairman leitāns caspar melchior balthazar and I in an important historical dream the polish landlady with the deadbolt the man with a deadly gun two running milkmaids chairman leitans with sheep caspar melchior balthazar

white as chalk

and I
busy in an important historical dream
the polish landlady fails to bolt the door in time
the man with the gun grabs her arm demands money
the two running milkmaids move off across the field toward the woods
chairman leitans with sheep still in the pasture
caspar melchior balthazar outside white as chalk
and I
busy in an important historical dream that will determine
what will happen when I wake
in the house
with five windows in a row
and the door to the daugava
when I awaken
the afternoon
is cut as though by a knife

the corn crake cuts through the field behind the old barn	
cut as though by a knife	
I cannot remember	
I cannot remember	
why above the forest	
chalked onto the sky by the sun	
is an invisible	
+c+m+b	
avec que la marmotte	
avec que la marmotte icy sorcery hamsun hamsun	
icy sorcery hamsun hamsun	
icy sorcery hamsun hamsun a morsel a butcher's mongrel	
icy sorcery hamsun hamsun a morsel a butcher's mongrel a mother's heart	
icy sorcery hamsun hamsun a morsel a butcher's mongrel a mother's heart french bakery small hostelry	

goethe wagner god sleep immortality
and always with the marmot
Shoe
I lie naked
buried in my dress
dress wind sand
outside metaphors
someone's got my tongue
telling lies with it
quick vibrations that the mouth throws into warm summer air
round bombs
explode silently before reaching the ear
I lie by the sea
my body — my eternal home
a feeling conch shell between colored cardboard covers

once opened
there's nothing to read
algae and bits of amber
the murmuring conscience of the sea
tosses about a capzised shoe
someone's got my soul
living with it
autumn
the pond is full of leaves and days
I'd like to be a Russian
I'd like to be a Russian something forgotten between the floorboards
something forgotten between the floorboards
something forgotten between the floorboards a little drop
something forgotten between the floorboards a little drop
something forgotten between the floorboards a little drop of something unfathomably large

summer in the country a flight in afternoon sleep with a green airship above a shimmering river highway where entering a different lane shiny fish overtake the current hot bubbles the courage of a torn petal along with July above the sunken city hanging suspended in wind losing altitude sacks of sand poured out in mid-river long, serpentine grave mounds shallow shoals of a sad dream

where with six bent pistons
air kicks fallen into water
a wingèd locomotive
with protruding eyes of faceted mirror
and knives of gray stems in webs cut apart
a straight awakening
on the shortest distance between a heron's neck and a sewage pipe
from the collection "Happy Lies" (1998)
buy me some yellow roses
nobody has betrayed me yet
can anyone say
where someone from nowhere
can possibly go

nobody has betrayed me yet
it all hangs fifty-fifty
push the right button
and the lifts will fall or soar
nobody has betrayed me yet
what an obtrusive refrain for life
it's no fault of the holes in the ground
if someone falls into them
nobody has betrayed me yet
except for myself
buy me some yellow roses
oh, how they stare at me

from the collection "Black Serpent's Bakery" (2003)

II

* * *
I
fear is like the berlin wall
that I can't get over
although
I've seen those who have
and it may have even been torn down already
in fact they may have never
even built it
fear was enough

what can it be compared with	
fear is like the berlin wall	
sometimes it seems like	
it would be enough just to kill the sentinels	
and I begin to stalk myself	
without letting my guard down	
III	
fear is like the berlin wall	
and I stand in front of it and scream	
and scrawl	
poetry	
on the wall	
if I don't get across	

it will serve as the only evidence
that I have lived
IV
fear is like the berlin wall
I still believe
that I am
berlin
april
the earth has been set a-swinging
the earth has been set a-swinging
explosions of fear at each end of the swing
explosions of sap in stone in iron in wood
explosions of buds, the ice that blooms in floods

the earth has been set a-swinging
and I take no part
in memoriam
I realized only tonight
that they are all dead
I'm like an old person
left alone
in a world
populated by others
but my people are scattered here and there
they work get married build houses
read books play cards
drink and hang out by the Daugava
some of them are really dead
but what difference does it make

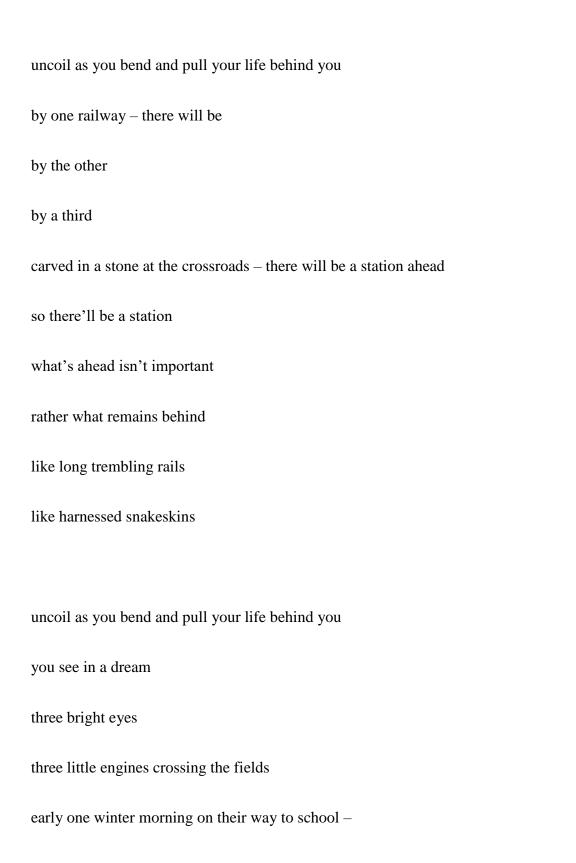
I've buried them
without farewells
without candles flowers or wakes
without even a grave
like nameless victims in a remote forest
and on a moonlit August night
as I climb out of my bed
as though out of a warm and habitual grave
I feel
neither longing nor loneliness
only sand from the seashore
that falls quietly and simply
onto the floor
from my sheet
the place where I meet them
where I receive their kisses

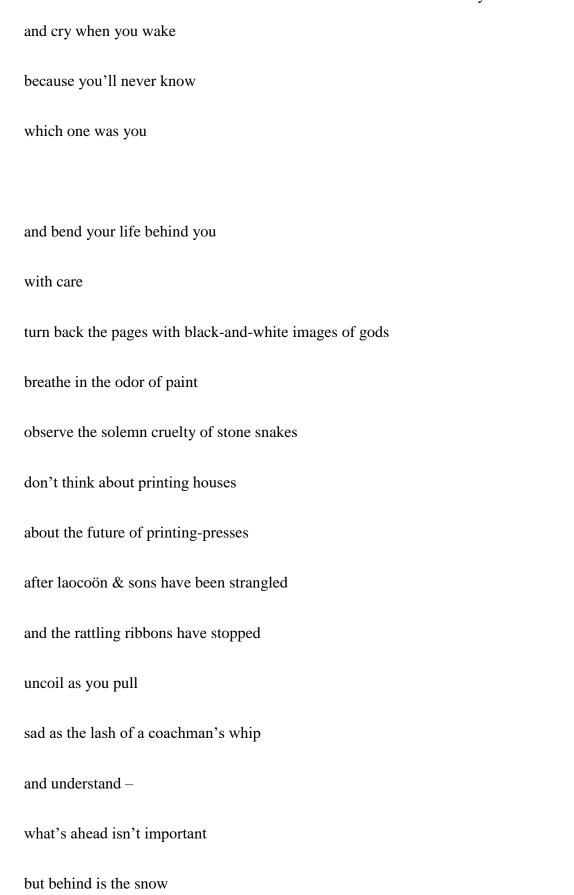
where finally there is no difference

between lies and love
can be called the beyond
but here
I've died every time
in order to live
* * *
if you find a street that begins
right here then take it
and if you see a woman who is
standing right here then love her
and if you hear a word that resounds right
here then say it
think positively and spatially
fear wrapped in timeless blue rags
wades the sea of time
far off, the coast of a rocky island

and transparent water are seen
bursting green bubbles and crustaceans crawling
around its naked toes
and you'll have time to live and die
before it comes ashore to dry
its wet clothing and reach out a hand
through the wall of your room
letting in
the slowly welling sea
you'll have time
if you march ahead without looking back
at the sea that quietly follows behind
wiping away your footprints

team of three





my hands are so cold
that I could warm them with ice
the three wishes are hidden
out of fear
that they might come true
breath held back for so long
it emerges not as steam
but as silver
I don't have to choose any longer
There has all at an an
I can be all at once
heaviful harry and amont
beautiful happy and smart