



## STATES IN VISIONS

when I awake it's already night  
the house creaks, it's cold  
some visions float away  
others replace them  
glowing thread in throat  
how nice and out of place is world looked at  
from within  
snow-white fly sqats patiently  
in the wash-basin  
and wonders what to do with its transparent head  
every time earth turns itself to hide the sun  
I hear screeching laughter and hum  
talk all night through through night all night through till I'm through  
these withered flowers have the face of the crone  
who loved them so  
ceiling of her house blossoms even now  
flower corpses stink on the floor  
you never know what becomes of the dead ones  
but every time she appears to me in Your image  
now You hide the butterflies under Your skirt  
what do I see  
I see You licking Your tail  
oh how lovely  
all the animals are lovely while  
still young  
or very old  
the tail remains the tail remains  
hour has come to confess one's own  
existence  
risking being honest in front of machines  
let me be  
in my own state  
don't want to think about big black water  
I'll summon a vision  
of fresh morning  
I am each successive state

## SECRET TRANSFORMATIONS

I open the window and let the night-dog in  
it understands all  
lays down on the carpet  
and looks at me with bloodshot eyes  
who must be redeemed?  
purple rain dribbles  
    stark naked woman sighs in the dark  
    ears drip  
    I stretch out a hand she's beautiful  
    she divides and there's two of her  
    I want to turn  
    but she's around me in dozens of incarnations  
    not touching  
    just standing  
    bodies glowing and casting a spell  
the black dog whimpers  
they morph into ravens and fly away  
I'm sorry  
dog gets embarrassed and leaves

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This is loners' place, no-man's frozen sea

go back from whence You came  
white soft cold smile  
I know how You swam here in gray waving  
constantly changing

indeed how this  
flowing has changed

I know You are lonely  
togetherness is just an illusion  
You'll blend into the surroundings  
and forget

do we get lost here where's there's no signs  
where it took a nothing to beget everything  
meeting was a chance

seagull sits to our heads

## DAY IS JUST LONG ENOUGH

I transform into a frog bird child  
or a bare wall of stone  
covered by dust of gone times  
it holds back angry waters  
hides in it  
hungry eyes of  
heretics gone to heaven alive  
or maybe I stand unchanged  
waiting for return  
into translucent sea  
and content myself with boulders  
what roll upon me

there's too much air  
consuming all  
suffocation wakes the blood  
to feel it's pathways  
snow recovers in the dark  
and is frightened in light  
withered flowers smile  
wrinkled  
the day is just long enough  
to begin tuning the sight in the twilight

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twilight tightens  
face of the leaving one appears on the wall  
I burn mouldy bread  
during the first full moon of the spring  
curtain teared behind those  
who in the midst of themselves sacrificed to Him

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When bell was tolled You slept  
in the morn of mouse-gray sunday.

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Animals wait for me at the home door  
I wonder if I can sneak  
    past them today  
or will have to wait for morning again?  
    fade into chirp of cicadas  
    there's a multitude of possibilities  
    one only needs to pick and find  
    while playing a jew's harp  
    I become man and kid today  
You cry, after all I'm leaving You  
    leaving towards that thought  
    what left me  
    longagolongagoolongagooo

### BIRDS FROM MY WOMB

    those birds from my womb  
    red lightning in their eyes  
    rushing around the womb  
    looking for a landing place  
    after the first tiring flight  
but this instinct is born in vain  
cos I forgot to give them legs  
things around me are big  
I stand next to the great door  
some giant starts talking to me  
then he goes on to close the firmament  
light from the firmament is bright  
    and birds are flying out  
    those birds from my womb  
    carry the ashes to my head  
    incubate their eggs there  
until downy-feathered hydras get hatched  
    who conquer all the waters on firmament  
and let them flood to earth  
killing the species of whining giant mice  
    and hydras siblings of the womb-birds  
    sing about the seas and heavens  
    what I have't let  
    out of my womb yet

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Your big shivering eyes  
move beneath my fingers  
and try to come out of black caves  
to the midst of green seaweed  
they swim, float transparently  
and grow to themselves a little bells  
what ring to small gushes  
that they know all the melodies  
which haven't arisen to the sea surface

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fragrant smell flew in the wind  
from ways of tomorrow's lights  
when I first saw Your breasts

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Echo came back from the forest so familiar  
that whoop got stuck in my throat from the fright.  
However I try to fill the hollow  
in my breast, where You are taken from, no success.

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from where those things came  
I found cupboard from bread  
table from the bun  
don't throw away the crusts  
bit by bit I found typewriter from them

sometimes i feel at home  
like in someone else's home  
everything is left according to my needs  
walls and the door  
and I feel like at real home  
but it could be that I am welcoming myself here  
know those things as  
they are at the moment without past or future  
and then it doesn't matter  
if they are found from meat- or from jam pie

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Those were last days of February.  
I the cut hole to ice of the well  
at night my drinking water ended up and I went to  
well again. When ice cracked,  
I lighted the candle.  
I daw water from there and when  
water grew still, from the blackening depths I saw myself.  
He looked at me with deep gaze,  
mouth smirking enigmatically.  
We looked at each other for long time.  
He talked to me but I  
could'nt understand a word,  
only had an inkling of what he wanted to say.  
He always had the same look,  
equally clear, troubled,  
and slightly mysteriously joyful.  
We looked at each other until  
water started to freeze  
cos it was very cold outside. I understood it  
when I did'nt saw myself any more.  
I took the pail and went in sorrowful unrest  
of never seeing him again.  
When something twinkled in the sky, I looked up.  
Firmament, which was cloudy moment ago, at once became  
clear, and endless stars  
combined into long words and  
sentences, which had a message what  
I suddenly understood.  
Pain rose to my lips and I screamed  
    my voice sore  
    towards the stars.  
Scream as You may, You'll never empty Your heart.  
All hushed and from the silence I heard singing and rustle of stars.  
Colourful streaks of light,  
aurora borealis twinkled in the sky.  
I was enchanted into dreams.  
It's time to leave each moment.

Those were last days of February and  
I had run out of candles,  
    I found one more black candle,  
lighted it  
and room was filled with black light,  
spirits danced  
joyfully around the room  
but I was sad.  
I sat long time at the stove.  
When light came,

I went to see sunrise.  
New day, like they say.  
For me  
the day was over.

After seeing myself from the depths of the well  
I felt restless.  
And that message, what stars wrote –  
I had an inkling what it was, but slowly  
it fades, I try to catch it by tail,  
but it escapes from my hand,  
but then I understood the stars into the sky.  
Can't stay in warm room any more, have to go