

For Volodya in Moscow

I go to the window—
And turn into a beautiful evening

What do you do in heaven?
Whoever dies is no longer in the public sphere

In heaven they dine on ice cream
And if there are dyes?

Isn't color simply the dream of more legroom
I'm in the tummy of Mummy

God makes a perfect pizza there
When I make it out, there's a racket

Mommy is crying
I is crying

Hell, while I really prefer not to imagine it yet
I'm pretty sure it exists

In contrast to a lot of things
Nothing is the color white

My mothers all come from monkeys
I can't face a banana anymore

All this makes a ruckus
And purgatory, I assume, is being taken to the cleaners

Everything on earth that is, is dying
And if we go on living, say in heaven

is it raining

Removal

The breath moves in
It brought with it a moving van

Immediately the men with the strong cigar arms arrive
“Did you see that babe in the woods?”

Yes
The theatre’s empty

I want to sleep
The dark thoughts come

and pull the covers down
My left arm dropped off

It’s day out there. I’m tired
No one can see me here

“And the girls’ boobies back in the day?”
“Take
'em away,” he says

Yes
After the move-out

The theatre is empty

In This Neck of the Woods

November. Month of the drowned dog
One sees the lolling tongue drifting along

Quite waterlogged

Maschina Vremini

The firm wet fog
this black anthracite of night
in the red cycle of a city

Where you—
there was an earlier
one

and was
an even later one
of afore, ago

fore- and fore- and fro!
and before and before and before
and before—where before

should I
where for
still going there?

and stop! makes
one
where you

still are
a silent day
and nothing is noisy

I'll give it all up
what stops
you and me

And I know how to play the snow white
(there was one before!)
was!

so what ?
so what ?

and one

the ebony—
the time was there
and then swam on or off again

That time machine

Downy

I rinse out a glass.

Was milk.

The daily arming for war.

To stand up for a day.

To put oneself down at night.

What occurs when one stays up?

What happens when you lie?

Diddly-squat.

Really nothing?

I rinse out a glass.

Was milk.

Will be milk.

Tomorrow around this time.

If I'm hungry

and thirsty.