

from Seven False Starts

Poem Beginning with a Line by Kacper Bartczak

with this set of landscapes

sanity is out is a piano lost
of the question to Siberia

or pyrodiversity

is a form of dissent the filigree of secret life

in this set forced into a new
of landscapes antagonism

the *bok-bok-bok* barnacle-close
of a bike ride

the heaved sidewalk resets this landscape
 or this sanity

long understood
as elegy undresses the music

as reptile rail
as bird wheel

the merged shadows subtle erratic reentry

that redress this set
of landscapes

like trees growing out of sheer rock

across rooftops where sanity is

a question of mistakes
a taste for the machinery

clay-courted or the living bread
 absent landscapes

the point where
the sky told you nothing

where you divested from

all the furniture of time and weather

the petty facts the conceptual supplies
unhinged

or unmasked by this set of landscapes

Poem Beginning with a Line by Aleksandra Byrska

I'm building an ark on the edge of the bed
all awobble with your doubt
the luster & the lamprey & the lute

heresies woven from question marks
like roundels with a projecting tongue
the city within made of red porphyry

& skirted echoes of every emotion
not unlike a mathematician's orange
the axiomatic marl always perfect

Poem Beginning with a Line by Kinga Piotrowiak-Junkiert

like stuffed walruses from a Viennese museum
the hum of cut ribs

divested of a past life

like a piece of bread laced with caves

tiny particles that swarm together
or apart

like a person who aspires to disbelief in the face
of immutable fact

the violation meticulous, windmute

this barrenness

like a gurney without a corpse

which gradually becomes a cliff
the invisible fame

of the moment the world
stopped smiling

like some kind of grief-priest
that hibernates inside the ribs

bread-like or cavernous

a catalogue insufficient for the task
blurred by transience

the way mice live in our car seats

the event space of aporias & epiphanies

that allows a bird bottle or amoeba
some unfurnished privacy

Poem Beginning with a Line by Katarzyna Szaulińska

because sidewalks in Berlin always look wet
& the fonts too familiar

because all roads lead to Warsaw or a chicken coop

because Philip Larkin was a real motherfucker or
maybe it was Otto von Bismarck

the way curls & coils are extracted from motherhood

“rock flower on smooth water”

velvety blue like Holyfield’s ear
surrounding ferroconcrete

or when cork is not equal to cork

the shimmery cloud of particles

because on the train home
somebody smeared what I can only hope
was a booger on the window

the antipathy for mushrooms very real

because English offers no feminine form of pelican