

Dokumentinės minios

katastrofos
jų blakstienose kontūras
pargriauti sutraiskomi
po drumzlino miesto balkonais

valgantys duoną
nutilę bosforo sąsiauriuos
vagia sviedinius

atsiliepia patrankų nutra
nesulaukę teismo dienos
kraujo skriauda

užklupusios miegančius
mirties fanatizmo
kelyje į bedugnę

stringantys laikmečiui
krislais lieka sausį
jų paliegę vaikai

babilono belaisviai
uktose rankose
jų blakstienose
palikta
atsitraukusių

Documentary Crowds

disasters that catch the sleeping
in their eyelashes the outline of death's fanaticism
they are knocked down crushed on the way to the abyss
under the muddy city balconies

 getting stuck in a span of time
eating bread speck by speck remaining in January
gone silent in the bosphorus straits their sickly children
stealing balls

 they are babylon's captives
answering in can non-torn arms
never getting to the judgment day in their eyelashes
the blood-wrong left
 by the retreating

from "The Mutation of Generate Language"

How Today Will Be Written

and the living in the facsimile of the future buried
in the love of bodies and their
only true ground a memorial for tin soldiers
 how today will be written
still yesterday and never
it is better to know what bodies for their love
this muteness will be found
in our voice and the earth
quaking our coming fate

from "The Mutation of Generate Language"

The Surf Raised By A Long Sunset

in the midday camps of the living a surf of echoes
accordingly you are forced to stay
and something keeps going
you await

guards you
on your own scaffold
it's the blade
until the edge ends

the smaller the other me
and he will lead
he
ra

the wider his way
to nowhere
like the surf
ised by a long sunset

from "The Mutation of Generate Language"

Through The Tent Of Fire

they appeared strange and confused

the farther you go from me from the drift-covered trunks in me
the honeycombed spittle in me

all the greater seems the road from which you shrink away
from which you are forced to recede

and the clearer the shore in its reflection the salinity of my blood
and the ocean is burnt up by the sun

and a stronger stream and a stiffer muscle carries
our bodies through the light

from "The Mutation of Generate Language"

Aquarium By The River

we don't have to wade into the river
to take mouthfuls
of blue

so blindingly distant
belonging to the time

when water was vision

from "Lakeland"

E.C.*

these are voices, frozen in a cave of an unknown silhouette;
millions of insects, above the larva of a train

** Pakistani economy class, perhaps*

unpublished

Fullmoon Emptiness

the advent of light after dark
and semen travels on beyond the beliefs
the family genes
and phobias

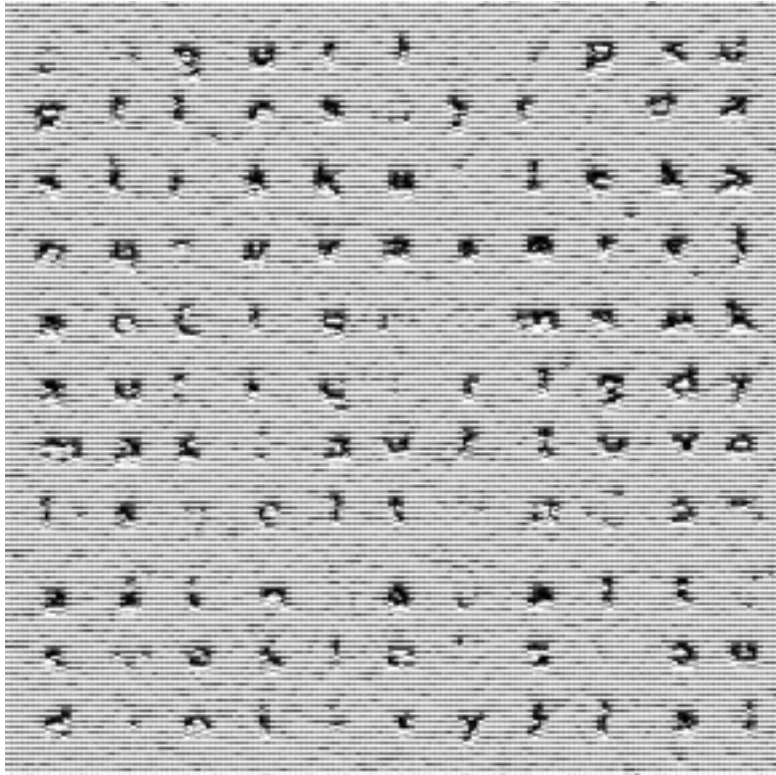
but now only the streets travel on

leaving behind men and women
and all of those who are ignorance

deep down
in the machine's demolished voices

unpublished

Snow Mining
(spring marks version)



vario burnos 1992-2002. workshop of concepts.