

*Excerpt from the book “Lemur”, Cartea Românească Publishing House, Romania, 2012,  
translated by Florin Bican*

## **Lemur**

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he smears butter all over himself, the texture soaks into the wrinkles of the flesh;  
it takes a while until the quickened pores  
gape even wider apart,  
until their wombs erupt with new flesh,  
fervent flesh,  
until the torso merges  
with the organs.

face to face we are watching each other –  
the blood crust connects us  
all the way to the wrists –  
lips longing to be there –  
for a moment of vagueness or two

you do not exist, I have told you today;  
I do believe you are an incarnation  
of the states of my psyche; don't laugh,  
by tomorrow we're split,  
I love you,  
you know it, at times.

\*

there was not enough room inside me for the sliver of pill  
not to crunch; I'd take it each morning,  
for a spell we'd be watching ourselves in the mirror:  
I'd circle my neck with my palms

and study the way the 75 mg make their progress  
along the trachea. the diminutive hump on the base of my neck  
was reminiscent of a hill excavated in midfield

it ceased resembling a landform  
in a matter of minutes. within that particular time span  
my throat did not weigh more than 75 mg.  
about ten percent of what a prosimian might weigh.  
with one chunk of animal swallowed each  
morning, all these might well shift  
into a state of excessive wellbeing:  
extreme anxiety levels. it'd know it was right:  
looks like an orgiastic-anxious syndrome.  
imminent relapses would be made up for  
with a further few mgs.

## **Day 1**

he stumbled upon me in bed, the top of my pajamas distended,  
knees pulled up to my mouth

## **Day 2**

nothing at all

## Memories

he cannot know and hence he doesn't answer.  
it looks like one of those dangerous games  
with animals waiting on both sides  
of the barbed wire.

for him they go by different names: first death,  
accident next and then murder.  
in their wake: suicide, abuse, transformation.

whence I come, they have been  
packed with care:  
years on end in a body that now  
breathes for a few hours.  
it is pointless just leaving, at the very same time,  
all of these memories.

the attraction between abused animals  
as sensed by the strongest.  
the swill set before you:  
you believe you can feed

my innards exhausted.  
the flesh no longer red  
the taste having changed. not even famine  
will draw you to me

## New

you're unripe,  
in a beautiful house, after a long, long time. it has barely come to an end –  
the filling up of empty objects with full ones, they've been barely removed –  
the old edges. in perfect cleanliness, their subdued laughter,  
their walking on tiptoes. at each of my footfalls they rear  
their heads. they are stretching themselves on my chest as the heart straightens itself  
like an old man in a desert. that's where I stay with them when  
the midday sun is shining at its brightest. that's where they also come,  
their muzzles warm, ask leave to change my unbreathable air.

I breathe into their nostrils, they carry on the breeze.  
here's where the arid lands come to an end.

that's where you show up in a lovely house I have no time  
to roam. nor time to wait, to lay my hand  
upon your heads, to feel the tender texture of your fur.  
I only have the time to move along, to close the brand-new doors,  
to sprinkle the ancient dry edges  
with fruit squashed in my fist, as if it were  
the craving flaring up for tender bodies

## **Plaster cast**

whenever there is nausea, there is a body, too.

it can no longer be removed from this one.

### 36 days

less than 36 days since we haven't talked to each other. by less

than 360 degrees can the body rotate still. and, there -  
when we no longer know.

I had before my eyes the heavy skin. she had uncovered herself thoroughly,  
like some sort of shock-proof wood. she'd developed a sheen and enamel.  
she'd sunk deep in the earth, grew out of it dark and hard.

since the patch I am standing on  
has the hue of a man's flesh  
since my skin's ever whiter

cells are growing inside me  
they separate liquids from bones at long last.

do not wake up. a man's body is attaining perfection but languidly.  
green wood turns to black wood  
the texture gets rougher.

I'd stir my hands and they'd uncover themselves white  
I'd press them till neither the blood nor the lymph

then, after a lengthy detour from my own body,  
they'd fill up my tissues, they'd lay thick, yet no  
induration, nor rubber wood,  
but soft wood we can bang on.

you tell me *watch out what you dream.*  
since the patch I am standing on

has the hue of a man's flesh  
since my skin's ever whiter



## Interdictions

in of all interdictions, he just wouldn't stop.

colors his hair white,

wears three quarter pants.

wouldn't answer, just barks.

he'd occasionally sit in the lap of a grownup, studies his

moves. he should burn every note

on the loss of childhood. he mutters: *such blasphemy!*, while

hiding his body.

their hands move in unison, they're scratching a blackboard –  
the child's body's at rest, no harder than chalk,

the man's body is tense, mimics the lines traced by the child.

his eyes are tied, each of his touches chaotically follows the noise.

it's neither the right nor the left: nothing but lost skills

can't say what is out there. an instant extension of the body a

misunderstanding a primitive writing. his jaw ruminates

calcium and water contraptions akin to a plaster. the scratches

the man made on the slate extend into the child's tissues,

plummet into the innards

round about stands a newly built city.

## Places

this place is bad for me. then

I draw the surroundings like some caved-in roads.

between vital statistics, between confusions and customs willingly assimilated:

I haven't seen the light in over a week –

I can easily induce in myself

a state of vertigo. I do without food, I talk to no one,

I keep an eye on manias.

I hit every day the same fixed spots, avoiding lethal areas:

when ebb and tide are controlled from afar,

when inhibitors and stimulants charge.

\*

had we but waited together for the change of the signs,

had we but passed as if through a pit covered with dirt,

had we but entered halfway.

none of that really happened: the rocking of wheels at great speed bears

hundreds of thousands like us. a voiceless mob here.

had we but waited together

we might still believe that, us rendered immobile,

this would be the last day. in the chamber once moist,

two animals might be coming together again.

what is the scream of recognition

what is your voice

today

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