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From *Multiverse. New and Selected Poems* (2020)

### Wonder Detector

Detector of dark matter. Homo ludens loves

toys, plasma balls, flashes of light, embracing,

gravity turns galaxies into universes,

so teamwork plays a role after all.

We constantly prefer to play against each other.

Soon we will face a switch in the game

but exactly when is ninety-five percent secret.

So secrets frame our world after all.

It’s all drifting apart, curiosity and dark ambition

are driving it, still everything stays connected,

embedded in the dark substance of our wishes,

documented by the aesthetics sensor.

### More Future

*Present: starting position*

The skies are pierced

by the eyes of telescopes

and the anxiety of mobile phones.

We haven’t yet found dumps for the inherited

garbage of crashed satellites, but we persistently

scout the relationships of binary stars

and pry into who goes into gravitational holes

to fertilize the universe.

We discover a planet that resembles ours,

X million light-years away, with water

and temperatures between 30 and 100 degrees.

We find fungus spores in the clouds

of interplanetary spaces. Emotions

are modulated every day in our hearts,

and I'm not sure if this hurts the skies

or if they enjoy it.

I simply continue to write letters, but

I’m certainly not sending them to aliens,

not yet, not today.

*Future 1.*

*First possible future*

World’s resurrection

from trash

Methanogenic archaea

Plastic-eating creature

Natural stock

Anachronic

Other evolution

*Future 2.*

There are no pink elephants,

I say soberly

and immediately imagine

a pink elephant.

I am human.

Unable to survey

the consequences

of my actions.

Unwilling to admit failure.

Able. Willing.

A new evasion from knowledge

seems imminent.

*Future 3.*

We need repetition,

we’re in need of another moon,

we carry the necessity of inventing

an outer-space-bike

that we can ride on two lunar wheels

longing to emigrate

to a place where there’s only one moon.

And we need

to tell someone about all of this.

*Future 5.*

*An original version of future*

Stages of Matter:

Big Bang egg.

Through fire inorganic and unconscious.

Through water organic and unconscious.

Through language organic and aware.

Through knowledge artificial intelligence,

organic and inorganic cyborg.

Growing up, finding a loophole in the mask,

complete transformation to imago.

Fully inorganic and very conscious.

So God becomes its-her-him-their-self,

sorts its-her-him-their-self out

after we have created it-her-him-them,

after it-she-he-they created us.

We are God

as a larva.

*Future 7.*

*Perhaps a reality*

Aliens—

A. come and help

B. come again and destroy

C. come and cause something in between

D. do not come

The autochthonous

backbone

is often a subject of examination.

*9tth chance for a future*

Geologically only a layer of processed material will remain,

bits of inorganic stuff, some concrete rubble, but acid

will decompose these as well, a small cemetery of rare earth

metals perhaps, ordinary dust sedimentation, the keyword for it:

mega-volcano. We assumed the right to shape the earth,

but we are not the future of the Earth’s strata.

It’s about us now, and directly about the future of our children.

It’s about beauty continuing to exist as we know it and life

still full of colors. It’s about sensing snow, touching skin,

watching whales and dolphins, bees, tasting honey, flying

with birds, sailing in the wind, breathing.

Can we finally open hearts and eyes instead of mouths?

*Future after the three seconds*

*that our brain can supposedly feel as present:*

A smell of split wood, freshly brewed tea,

a poem, a friend,

a vision, crisp air,

fulfilled dreams, new dreams,

and back to work.

### Elementary Needs

Raw materials in the focus of the sun,

photon bombardment on rock.

A flood of light evaporates everything,

makes way for more than one god.

Jupiter pulls back and Earths,

Neptunes, Mercuries are born, and so on.

Gaia will need Mary later on,

and Luna,

the moon is probably bisexual.

The main point is that it’s a companion.

Then main thing is

that the tumbling gets tamer,

turns into attraction, breathable air.

Storms become more and more violent.

Stabilize, stabilize.

Loneliness brings death.

Everyone needs a companion

and a free horizon.

It can’t be done alone.

(Apollo 17, Houston.

It’s still too early for that.)

Time is running out.

Come, stabilize,

give birth or collide

with another body.

From the debris of the union

a new partner will emerge.

And finally the embrace

of two dancers in harmony,

then new steps.

One body chooses the distance,

provides the necessary stability.

Trial and error,

the relationship’s fine tuning,

complex and frightening.

Sun, moon and stars,

without them no Earth,

no lanterns and rebirth.

Sonne, Mond und Sterne,

Ohne sie keine Erde,

keine Kinderlaterne.

*Laterne, Laterne*

*Sonne, Mond und Sterne.*

A lucky variety of coincidence

that saves us.

### The Dark (Loutrophoros)

*1 : rim - 2 : neck - 3 : handle - 4 : shoulder - 5 : belly or body - 6 : foot*

The dark in the pupils

is the same as the dark

between the stars. It

soaks everything up,

can accept everything,

transform

everything,

is the deepest

origin,

a prerequisite

for the genesis of

life. Deep,

manifold,

narrow passages,

tight, cloudy,

murky, we belong somewhere

else, we belong to

a later era. Always liquid

water, water that is not yet

clouds, ice or steam,

water as we like to

drink, as living

water, just like

that. We need this

information.

In the space of the dark

many questions remain:

Where did the cloud go? How

did we get out of the cloud?

At first drop like a stone, then

as water. Oh, how many

more skills should a woman have?

Strong Interaction

*Преблизко си. Jestem blisko,*

*za blisko, żeby mu się śnić.*

You are too close to me in your sleep.

You are dreaming of the gas station attendant

who gave you the fuel that you call dark energy

and think you need more urgently than ever.

You are dreaming of the waitress

who served you the coffee,

which you call dark matter and devour

believing you achieve inner cohesion.

You're dreaming next to me

in our marital bed, more honest than

those of love affairs inside hotels.

The interaction force puzzles our bed.

Closeness and attraction are a weak duet.

The larger the distance between the quarks,

the stronger the force between them.

“All quark and baloney,” you say.

“So far free quarks haven’t been observed.”

You smack your lips in your sleep.

Your hand feels my shoulder, my hip.

You make love to me while I’m almost asleep

and beset by doubts about closeness,

having no dreams, while I believe in emptiness

which we always have to fill, each time anew.

*In memory of Wisława Szymborska and Blaga Dimitrova*

#thestringsofthemultiverse

the strings of the multiverse

and the strings of guitars

do not differ

in our imagination

we need music

desperately

all this music in the ghettos

all these colors around the globe

all these smiles and tears on the road

refugees meet migrant-hunters

and the music nonstop

a collision

noise inside blood

rhythm in legs

in the penniless days

amidst cultural shocks

black white other and more

voices and fingers voices and fingers

and the guitars are the same

red and electric ones

the hat of the singer

the guitarist's fingers

the pianist's forehead

the drummer's cheeks

my lips my pen the heart of my hope

tangled in string theory as an excuse

### #stageddesire

### staged desire backstage back pain sigh

painful fulltimejob munkahelyi ártalom harm

replacement bone replacement csontpótlás костен

мозък brainstorming буреносен облак над облаците

седмото небе felhőtlen a szeplőtlen ябълката

божие докосване или голямото инсцениране

constructing a part of the divine detail

a part of the whole lanc load drawers боли

 staged desire, backstage, back pain, sigh,

 full-back, full-time job, fully replaced,

 substituted bone, marrow in bones, spinal

 cord, cordial drugs and cordial thanks,

 cordials in a brandy glass, belly brain,

 brain fog, bedlam storm, brainstorming,

 on seventh day be on cloud nine, there’s

 a near-touching hand, great show, big shot,

 apple, constructing a part of the divine, taking

 apart, fragments loaded in drawers, it aches

### #mymothersdog

“My mother's dog was modern and funny.

He peed only in the designated places.

He was castrated and frustrated,” Maria said.

kutyapisi пиши бриши l'etranger ширина

родината пасмина псета pesetta Euro Europe

rope and rape appe тихо се сипе първият сняг

галено щипе всички ни пак, the dog е oще

малко кутре, може ли Шаро да разбере, колко си

глупав half-breed сега how anxious гледаш снега

visitor viitor gate of the genes megalomania megjelölni

 a dog’s pee writes on the white, wipe the wide,

 learn to mop and to mob the migrant, mother

 tongue, father land, wolf pack, dogs in the manger,

 what a mess, hoggishness, human stress, decimal,

 euro in bar, rope and rape, be an ape, megastar,

 puppy dog, don’t be pissed off with your first snow

 or dodge the frost, crossbreed, take a step, look ahead,

 downstage, mongrel, anxious eyes, ice’s yours, so am I,

 being dogged, you crash into the gate, stay ahead

 of the pack, you’re the genes’ gatecrasher, a megahit,

 blast! brand: a human who hotdogs megalomania

Tremors

It's shaking again in Turkey and Italy, in Indonesia.

Continental plates caress each other,

measure their strength

so to speak, not only politically,

but I prefer to define

in a feminine way.

The Canary Islands will soon break loose

to love the Statue of Liberty.

Quaking is mainly a matter of Earth,

but the filth in the water and air

is purely caused by us.

We enjoy and tend to suicides.

In our own tower of fog

we do not see far.

Maybe birds and photons

will show us the direction

and teach us to fly

without fears and machines.

*English originals.*

*Translations from the German and from the Bulgarian into English by the author*