



**DIOGEN traži čovjeka**  
**2012.**  
**DIOGEN is seeking for human being**



**Craig Czury**

**The Book**

I don't know what this book is about but I'm writing it with one eye on the page  
and my ear to what my readers say the page says about them  
I have to trust what you remember of your life while reading that you become its writer  
my eye blurs when you turn your page I turn my page and keep writing

I write this from my picnic table between blindness and vertigo  
there are sounds that mimic birds make from birds long extinct  
as I sit up in the dark fishing around with my feet for slippers  
also an ancient gesture before clicking on the lamp

I've carried this book in my hand in my pocket in my satchel a very long time  
before opening it knowing the blindness I'd need to begin reading  
the way listening to a faraway deep song one has to silence each of his or her own songs  
this form of blindness  
for the eyes to caress and the mind to formulate each foreign letter into syllable into word

I'm in 6th grade

I don't know what the instructions are and I can't ask because I was just told  
so I make up something that has to do with writing or looking as if I'm writing  
and then look as if I'm reading listening carefully to what everyone says they've been reading  
and when it comes to my turn I just rearrange what everyone's been saying a little cock-eyed  
and I sound as if I've been thinking about what I've been writing as I'm (psych) reading it

## **It Wasn't Always The Same Night**

the familiar words written without paper  
they aren't always the same words

dialing your number in a phone booth without coins line to line  
posted in the vase at the end of the bar

somebody asks what dedicates itself to you what guides or sets your direction  
I look back from a line of poetry drawn across the window

line of poetry across the horizon drawn across my eyes  
and speak directly into an empty room

and I hear you talking in the next room on the other side  
as usual I answer faraway garbled

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## Beautifully Old Among The Apple Trees

one of us is dead by now  
I'm sitting on a green hand-painted bench  
composting wood smoke and clipped grass in the whining white night of my harmonica  
it's the spring birds that wake us widest  
hearing the first lone *click* no matter how defined  
you can't blame the brightest for leaving or shimmering underneath  
waking the others into interchangeable language of

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## Here

let's write this place nowhere  
and the one writing it anyone  
and make it simple nothing  
and make it simpler everything  
to do with nothing  
for no one the reader  
anywhere no time

let's place this writer nowhere  
and his thought simply  
everything inside the reader  
anyone to do with nothing simpler  
than the times of a word  
every time no one's spoken

let's write this word everywhere  
to no one in that place outside the writer  
listening to the times no simpler than  
anyone anywhere  
nothing to do with you the world

and write this world nowhere simple  
in its word read by everyone  
inside their nothing these times  
everywhere without thought  
its writer its worm

## Occasionally I Have Insights Into The Mess Of Ideas Further With No Apology

on one end

and everything on the surface the other way handwriting deteriorates down the page

I live among the noises repeating what I don't know which is worse  
having an inner sense of what to look like in the end or

the kind of conversation gleaned from a different sound  
intrinsic part of unraveling already shifting outer space where I am between conversations

disappointed

my silence comes down to this abandoning all for a series of strange decisions

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