

tristesse in bone, tristesse in flesh
tears out what's left of heart
(not yours as you ain't got one)
what's left of one we've got between us
and we share it, we marvel at it, we try to cling to it,
this one little bundle,
heavy as lead
falling away between our fingers
as little streams of quicksilver would

 this one little bundle
 we have,
 we know
 this diamond of a while

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>

geography of love

i have loved you in the palaces of Buda
and hamams of Pest,
i have loved you in wine cellars of Tokaj,
almost
getting married
to an uighur in Tállya

i have loved you head over heels in Keflavík
and in the bookshops of Reykjavík,
i have loved you under the cries of krías
and in the early morning herring smell of Sigló.
i have loved you when dumpsters were flying like seagulls
and men played football in 8-knot-wind

i have loved you in a country, green and abundant,
perfectly fit for dinosaurs,
i have loved you in Tokyo.
there is no Tokyo

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
for a very short day,
i have loved you in Helsinki.
that one was rather a fling

i have loved you in z,
the world capital of arab poetry and sleeplessness

i have loved you in Berlin,
o, i have loved you in Berlin,
for the world to come i have lit the now,
the fire turned red the whole district

briefly and fleetingly,
i have loved you in Stockholm, twice,
in between those two times,
i have loved you in Visby.
that was the sweet love of small town bourgeois,
full of forget-me-nots, to the point of amnesia

rich, full of scampi, gelato and wine,
was the love i had for you in Bologna.
i nearly forgot you.
that's Italy

for the week
that was shorter than seven days,
i have loved you in London.
the baby volcano was almost erupting.
we really wished that it would

passionately but not for the last time
I have loved you in Paris,
in the windy rooms
above the boulangerie & patisserie.
there i had to share you
with incredibly jealous and vicious
bedbugs

but most of all,
yes, most of all i have loved you in this town
wherefrom snow ever leaves,
whereto sun ever comes,
and where longing
is the most common feeling

Darkness of love

I

Between light and light
the atoms of darkness split,
taking over
ångström after ångström.

If you make holes into darkness, will the light protrude?
Is darkness the sieve of light? Does it purify the light?
Of darkness? Or light?

You say words in the dark become scarce.
Darkness, the great consumer, will ingest all sounds,
and keep to itself every wee little squeak. Therefore no sounds.
If you need to speak, come out. Come out and say it. Say it. Come out.
Come into the light and be brave. Into the broad daylight.
In the dark there are just dark soft touches,
hand by cheek by neck by calf by back by shoulder by blade
<http://www.dogemip8.com/2132015---world-poetry-day.html>
by the unimaginable by the untouchable, by body, by.

Can we take the sun back tomorrow?
Can we?

II

Mother Earth keeps light in her womb,
letting it out every now and then,
every Eyjafjallajökull and every St Agnes
is the perfect evidence of her intentions,
her power. She is the allmighty and undying.
We are temps,
we are temporary warriors of darkness and light,
meant to conciliate the two.
I'll wait for darkness,
for bleed, for blade, for bone.
For bleed, for blade, for bone.

I am light.
I am light.
And I will go to the great darkness.

III

We choose the kingdom,
we choose the day,
we choose the dark.
We enter the no man's land
where anything can happen.
Anything. Shame will leave.
Everything. What will come?

Give me the darkness under your fingers.

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>

IV

The stream of dreams, one after the other.
Big ships, dead and free.
The darkness, the wind, the sea,
no you, no me.

We are nothing, and we are everything.

my love laughs at me

my love laughs at me
when I get a new teacup to replace the one
i had broken after 18 years.
it is black
with polka dots.
it's the size that matters.

my love laughs at me
when I go to an island, alone, and close myself into a simple room.
it's like a middle way monastery
and church bells chime every hour.
i write a novel and knit a sweater.
i finish the sweater.

my love laughs at me
as i pale when faced with hot-blooded people
starting fights over saving others.
he says that in the parliament of his country
people fight every day and have boxing matches.
in my country they're never there,
and if they are, they sleep.

my love cries behind my back
when it's the last evening, and morning will put us on the plane.
separately, c'est la vie.
on the verge of the day he writes
a poem on me, in his language.
he says these are the magic words.
i laugh at my love.
and cry. on the plane.

Sonnet

Crammed into seconds, minutes and etcetera
these counted moments, worthy of all diamonds
(will somebody believe me if I say
to have remembered and dreamed
each one of them
before they chose to happen),
you take me off the coast, off all the Rivas,
and offer queendom (not the one of bees)
of your inherent grounds.

I have not begged for thee (and yet I take you
as my own, an apple and a tree,
a garden plot,
the new reform of ways of old, infirmity), nor any key
out of these rooms. There are no eloquent
ways to explain the inner rhythm or gear
that hasten change. Behold! Reminds of quite

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
not of what your mother told of breaking
out of boundaries (or father, sister, brother,
anything is out of range
of this 'quite not')
of burning flesh.

It is with hands and fingers of your rings,
new territories will be rebuilt afresh,

before the time of temporary bliss
blends into terra cotta walls, amiss.

Translated by author and Merike Safka



<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>