

from insomnia

by strannikov

from one horizon
across interim landscapes
thunders boom approach.

Who created our
dust knows how to collect it,
how to disperse it.

his young ambition:
leap from trenches with mortals
or die doing it.

to be fair and just
task the poors with poverties
the rich with their wealth.

soap smells tangy, but
I wouldn't eat it: scent and
nutrition diverge.

impressive shadow
because it figured in shade
just another man.

solitary strolls:
quick mistress of the alone,
Death, paces behind.

arriving for tea
only an invisible
bodiless custom.

domestic landscapes,
not seething sheathed in curled smoke,
littered in blazes.

a tired headache rests
behind dry-tired eyes, pulses
between my temples.

eyes incinerate
in its bag the salted head
the tears starved within.

the cadaver fell
all the way to the floor! then
it began crawling.

what fire will burn out
the stubborn beast flesh crept back
will burn out with tears.

strait-jacketed sleep,
repose in the padded cell,
only a vague itch.

starving men stalking
their deserted lives (maybe
the other way 'round).

what peril? grass grows,
the blue sky stays in its place:
would they change colors?

ancestors root for
posterity: should it die,
they succumb with it.

