

walks from to walks to

by strannikov

dogs' gods

high god of Cynics, Anubis: we've learned
the creed of dogs to their crosses bound fast
their growling teeth gnashing with barking bites.

what did Anubis once do for a dog?
—fill water bowls in Osiris's house?
—netherworld tours, mummy dogs on two legs?

what dog crucified in Rome prayed to his god?
before Anubis, Cynics growled and gnashed
their barking teeth howling with snarling bites:

with no dog letter prayers could not be growled.

filling thirsty moats

her cups held more spirits than Dylan's drinks,
his oxygenated pints of beer the same
discipline of drink (but for the proof—

and the volume). Dylan tossed thirsty gulps
to drown dead his cruel exile from green youth,
refused decades' distance from his green child.

Caitlin never lost her tongue, it grew stiff
and grew more stone than some men's coddled spines:
her tongue stayed sharp but for blunts from her bites

and burns to her teeth competing with thirst
intended to drown escapes from green pasts.

uncertain silence

the silence we hear this rain has rehearsed
for rinsing those corpses hiding outdoors
(more than we know do dead lie afield).

this silence the rain leaves for the alive
doesn't last like that that covers the dead:
our silence can be glimpsed through windows brief.

rain in all truth washing away the dead
is rain when seeing silence we look through.

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hands slide into gloves unseen
eyes disappear behind glass
the crank turns the flywheel spins:
every octave has dropt low
sub-sonic shudders within—
die Zwischenwelt und Nungeist.
die Nunwelt und Zwischengeist!

whatever may have leaked out
the odd leakt in to replace:
'twixt attraction and repulse
racing from red desert rusts
velocities steered to sink—
in this unique and fresh day
beheld only with fresh eyes.

our alchemists are alive
the ones before Marlowe born
those who've given us today:
'twere their eternal intent—
ACCELERATE WHAT GESTATES—
to hasten every event:
so now hasten this world's ends.

there'll be careless days again
brilliant clouds will cross bright skies
strange waters will float downstream
much less tumult to go 'round:
some vegetation will thrive
some animals may survive
most cities will lose their voice.

no one dares to breathe one step—
anvils droppt could have sure aim
to punish future intents
(no tomorrows guaranteed
ever offer money back):
may sun and moon walk us through
the speeding moments that can wait.

