

## Branko Maleš

### Crystal

hills are of steel combs  
whose tunics are cuneal tongues  
metal—you battered rug!

like a rubble the clay splayed  
the cracks stuff themselves on candle  
in the dark ice of esophagus  
bees line up

photonic hive is—a leathery word  
in which darkness comes together  
on an ashy meadow!  
with it peasants comb their swords  
and their words are listened like herbal letters

in the morning lather  
a face flies  
everything happens like in a white sail  
and the lather's risen—like a lace a curl

like frost sizzles the rope pikes  
a fingernail of silver brakes bit by bit  
an owl and a pot steaming by the crook  
the brook—the staff of winter

merchants whose slanted eyes  
speak loudly and carry the saddlebags of  
young algebra—and rug's ears  
to the strained skin

oh silo, how you glisten  
like a salmon  
colossus of letters!  
like a stranger—the oil spills over porcelain

## **i'm making a text**

the fist that closes and then opens  
that's the pump that's the heart-the muscle-fat  
that's the rhythm-good-hoot  
children from school when you hopped  
you played the cortazar's hop-scotch  
that's the fist that throws  
(in the sky)  
a piece flat and squat  
the sky is above 7  
the sky is a circle's slice  
(why is it always a circle)  
the best of pupils arrive in heaven  
the fist that opens like wire into 5 senses  
growing blooming lily is quite  
good that we know the two of them: if and but  
(this eliminates the possibility of a single truth)  
our hairs are gray  
and we make a story out of this  
caoutchouc like a gaucho cheeps  
that's the throat's delight

## how should i address you?

my wife fell asleep in the bed!  
the tv turned off on its own and became  
furniture, i took a deep breath and  
now i'm diving!  
in such silence everything works!  
like a thunder, freed from the nylon  
bag, my wife's chin flashed!  
when she turned, she had a beard like  
philosophy!  
how much hegel in bed!  
i gave her roses and said:  
what a day!  
we avoided the denouncing syntax,  
we, actually, didn't know who talked to whom  
and who slept!  
i was so courteous that the light went out!  
shall we? i asked, showing her the dark  
the light finally became our topic!  
i didn't know if she were leaving me when she moved,  
when he moved toward the exhausted bulb?  
perhaps she'd already become a saint!  
perhaps someplace they celebrate her as a date!  
perhaps she's salty under the beard?  
who knows those things, honey?  
plumbers are bright people, but where  
can you find a bright plumber so quickly  
in zagreb  
croatia's business, political and cultural  
center?  
i've got to head to the moon right now! how much junk?!  
haa! i'll yell toward zajčeva!  
my wife's dreaming, and i'm watching her dream!  
i'll wake her up,  
the picture's getting worse  
the colors are hairy!  
if she wakes up, we'll talk about vcr!  
everything's a topic!

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i drew my brother  
it's weekend  
and he speaks 500  
languages  
they get into an orange, be meat  
for the lips!  
food is kissing  
hunger is loneliness  
zit is pain on letter A  
if pain falls in love  
there's an epidemic!  
that's a party!  
you look at me  
and i eat you like  
god!  
we run! together!  
earn the space  
look, there's the sun, a cow  
in the middle of milk sinks into  
pure justice  
it's white! it's still white!  
here we'll get sick  
everything fits into a few  
seconds!  
bah, even less!  
what's less?

## two little times

at 1 you live  
at 2 he drinks air  
and thinks in kilograms  
here a big mouth for you  
guard us from  
clouds, shapes, characters  
cures  
everyone steals our texts  
they play them in heaven for  
who knows how many gods!  
let him be fat!  
for now, he eats and memorizes!  
there will be a collision in the sky  
little daughters  
surge from your mouth  
they are smaller than mice's dreams  
they run in the wool! must hide  
life! happiness!  
out of him bursts the home  
of sons!  
they're still fat, they still say their prayers to  
the shell!  
but, the first ones hurry into cyclones  
sails are their sex!  
the second ones are bears! there they are on  
the strawberry! crying!  
the third ones spit in the mouth, suddenly  
lose weight, run away from their father in  
unknown tongues!  
counties, counties in the small blue  
asia!  
but, many would come back from the father  
they yearn to get into your mouth  
into the wool  
the bank  
that's where you live exactly from 1 to 9!  
what shall we do with them?  
nothing?  
you mean, nil?

Translated by Tomislav Kuzmanović