

## **Delimir Rešicki**

### **Gravity**

I know a man  
who never saw villa borgese.

when the summer rolls around  
beggars rub silver gel  
into their hair.

every day I visit my doctor.  
on a small scale, softly rubbing my thumb against  
my forefinger  
I'm crumbling the dust from that journey  
into her baby palms.  
so every day she sinks  
one tiny step lower.  
the doctor says:  
see how the streets grow longer and longer each day?  
isn't that like orthography? like economy? like swans?  
a lonely myoma in the convertible  
of its own light?

how come no one bribes the linen of your sheets while you sleep?  
paul celan cannot walk the rope  
forever dead.

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coo! coo! a laurie, was laurie ist?  
big science? golden cities? golden towns!

Happy streets  
*for Roderick*

## II

this square is  
a demented sheet,  
plebiscite of light, cocked at dusk,  
quiet  
soft hum of erotic overcoat  
signed inside your cool veins.

at the outer edge of junkyard  
grows makeshift florists  
selling unforgettable letters:

your sunglasses  
burst of ecstatic fire  
gorgeous guitarresque of the summer  
its long, long pistol-like kiss  
chiromancer cohn bendit  
asleep on the barricades  
inside the boats of your lips  
drifting on the open sea

## III

in the wet sand caught on your arm  
someone drew a sea horse  
yesterday sea spies were selling  
silky shell meat  
for peanuts  
on empty markets

in the atriums of shells  
in glassy voices of babies and mother-of-pearls  
we listened to the saga about the calm sea  
when the sea is like a looking-glass  
when you look at your face  
for another thousand years

that's the story  
of those meticulously rendered null and void  
those September's blue envelopes  
in the discotheques on the outskirts of town  
where your panties get lost in the pneumatic  
blows of the drum hammers  
while the chandeliers are spewing out  
first evening sweat

when the open roadside gardens  
release the red-hot asphalt  
from the Styrofoam sheets  
the entire sunrise  
dreams of the soft debauchery  
of your feet

#### IV

on my spine  
on my tights  
in the entrance where the kids  
draw a rhomboid vulva  
like a chinese dragon in the center of the universe  
where valerian soars  
on my belly  
all over my eyes  
on the maps of the mechanics  
traveling the earth  
purchasing ropes  
made from your sexless vocal cords  
on the back of my head  
all over lovers' aortas  
where taximeters of noble prostitution  
boil  
when manic autumnal excretions  
weep in the eyes of ticket sellers  
for the bronze dust of the divine greta  
walking around an empty theatre all-night-long  
wiping off traces of her lips  
from the crummy chairs  
doomed to immortality  
on the forms in whose pagodas  
IQ and spinal cord  
are specially tested,  
on garlands and gondolas,  
quiet picture-books of suburbia  
in your close proximity  
so I could observe  
how in excruciating pain  
under the glassy surface of water  
corals and genocides are being born

so write me, write me  
by all means, oh street

writing means depilating  
your willing tongues

## V – (Shetland-wool sweat)

my girlfriend's made from the finest Shetland wool  
and the most beautiful she is when in the city crowd  
her warm freedom undoes itself  
inscribed under her eyelids like a caravel  
ready to take off high into the air  
just before leprosy  
kisses the town

her breasts  
are spotty and heavy  
and in between them one drop of sweat  
travels by a sleepy underground  
two stations away from the square  
to the belly  
where it stops  
like a man or a woman exiting a waiting-room  
at the railway station  
in an unknown city  
looking around in confusion  
putting down and constantly glancing  
at two cardboard suitcases  
leaking out slowly but steadily  
the hard smuggled lavender  
the night radio fuck

**(home for heavy-mental rehabilitation)**

loathing and fear.

tread and fingers are knitting the quiet madness of hands,  
the tapestry of a lip.

always in crowds  
(fear of entering, exiting, and the wall)  
white into the wary, into a paint-distorted day.

they have nowhere to go but back, says the first voice:  
drunken sperm pours madness into time, and  
I hear them now, says the other voice:  
they were walking for seven days,  
washing their heads,  
and dipping them into dark.

on the eighth morning,  
they saw the plains.

Translated by Miloš Đurđević and Damir Šodan