

Miroslav Kirin

A SWISH OF GLITTERING creatures in
the air: a school of fish, a flock of birds, a swarm of flies –

they deprive me of heaviness of walking,
they deprive me of compulsion of breathing.

Have you seen them?
You know, you just open the window and, if you're lucky enough,

you'll see them. No,
I haven't seen anything.

Did you open the window? Yes.
Well, you do have the window? Yes.

How come you haven't
seen them? Are you

blind? No. Are you
happy? No, I can

not answer this. You can
not answer this? Yes.

THE READER OF THE TOUCH was fired.
Actually, he forgot his own language.

For there where the touch was
now a merciless clutch coils,

python-like, crawling in the bed and stammering
instead of talking, strangling instead of caressing.

The speaker of the body was fired, too.
Actually, he never really had a job.

For there where the body mattered,
words were overflowing,

caressing instead of strangling,
talking instead of touching.

A BIRD WITH SCORCHED wings makes its
way on the wire:

winter dream:
wind coiled

around silence:
there we go hard

in our persistence:
we pick up rocks

and murder all
that remains:

while we murder –
there is some hope:

while there is
some hope –

THE BOAT WAS PACKED FULL,
the coast deserted, soon to be lost from sight.

We were rowing for hours,
we were departing and arriving.

It was a useless job,
it seemed that time stood still.

Yet, we sailed into
the heart of a new land.

And someone has
already been there:

a boat brimming with blood,
bobbing in the dead calm of the sea.

60.

my tongue falls out of my mouth
it is no longer the tongue it is a huge liver of a calf
the calf we slaughtered day before yesterday
assures me the butcher in my favorite butcher shop
but I didn't go to the butcher shop
and neither do I have a favorite butcher shop
it is my tongue that has fallen out of my mouth
this huge liver
I'm putting it back pushing it into my throat
I give up when I realize it's choking me
and my tongue falls out again
hangs on me creeps up my neck licks my body
through my tongue through my tongue through my most grievous tongue

Translated by the author and Miloš Đurđević