

***Aleksandar
Lukić***

In The Valley of Walls

Translated by
Radica B. L.

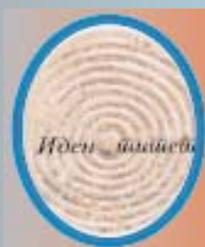


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Bibliography Note

Aleksandar Lukić was born in Mišljenovac, Serbia, in 1957.

He has published the following books: IN ROSANOV'S CARRIAGE (KOS, Belgrade, 1986, for which he received the Branko's award), THE FOUNDER OF THE UNDERGROUND CAPITAL (*Zavetine*, Belgrade, 1991), THE JUDGMENT DAY (Unirex - KZ "Vladimir Mijušković", Nikšić, 1991, for which he received the Zaloga award), THE EUROPE (*Vreme knjige*, Belgrade, 1995), VAMPIROVICI [Almanah za živu tradiciju, književnost i alhemiju - The Almanac for Live Tradition, Literature, and Alchemy (ALTLA)", No.1, Belgrade, 1998)], THE BOAT OF FOOLS (*Narodna knjiga*, Belgrade, 2001, for which he received Srba Mitić award in 2002), and THE LEGENDS ABOUT RAMONDAMAS AND ROSY SAND OF MOON'S ELIMINATIONS (*Prosveta*, Belgrade, 1991).

His dramas include HAPPY MUMMY (Ovdje, Podgorica, 1998) and WHISPERER ("Mobarov Institut - Mobar's Institute (MI)", *Zavetine*, Belgrade, 2002).

Together with B. Mladenović, he translated into the Serbian language *VLAŠKE BASNE*, the collection of poems from the Southeast Serbia (ALTLA, No.1, 1998, pp. 58 - 70).

He also published the novel *MAESTRO PER PJETRO MI*, *Zavetine*, Belgrade, 2001, for which he received the award *Drvo života* (The Tree of Life)].

He is the founder and editor of the ALTLA.

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[Note: * * * indicates (a part of) the first line or couple of lines of the verse]



A Provincial Marketplace Which Is No More

Holy Lord, let my turnip give birth as
a bone would do. The vendor offers his goods to the
choosy buyers.
So eloquent, he should rather be placed in a theatre
than behind the counter. His voice reverberates
across the shingle-covered marketplace, the shingles
curved more than that of
a fish spine, wheezes as in a battle cry, around
the counters and bleary-eyed customers, like arrived
ravens landed
on the branches of the trees surrounding the supply
units during
the battle of Borodino.

It's time for You to taste the fruits You intended for us -
sarcastically jokes the merchant - a face is to be
deserved.
Not every one has a patience which You can be proud
of.
I'm ready to say: provincial
love stories do not teach much. Except that
in a desert one cannot last the same way
for twenty centuries.

Only the August's stars, like the force of feline eyes,
or the eyes of the birch trees in the forest, shine merito-
riously.
And the goods offered this morning, especially the
turnip,
may shine along Your praised name, o, the lantern
of many temples.

The world is too small. It was and it is. The objects and
nature crowd all around the counter; watching
me trembling, walking on the air, supervising
the swollen veins on my temples.

The eyes of the buyers more round than their bangles,
tyrannically lined up,
would make the white morning dove stew. Any morn-
ing.
Before going to the market I recommend to them a cold
compress and
a shot-glass of a cheap cognac.

I would be better off if I had renounced my inheritance
- cries
the turnip seller. - It would be easier for me, I would
worry
about less important things.

Where should I go with this
inheritance of mine? Who should I share it with,
it's been shared so many times before.
Others would have more
if I didn't get involved in the story without the end, the
story that every inheritance
eventually turns into.
Why did I need to push my finger into inheritance,
like pushing it into the rectum trying to catch a round-

worm by its head;
as if I'm part of piled up turnips, like the chips in the
wood pile - to taste,
what does it mean to taste?
Me. Who me?

If I thought that in my lifetime I would need a chair, a
kitchen
knife, a plate, a flower pot, coins, little night basin
for which I quarelled so bitterly, believing that
above it a young pregnant women imitate staffed birds,
what did I believe in?

The heart of the province, easily and unimaginably
forces one to
change the conclusions from day to day.
Shows succeed one another.
Nonfailing marks are unimportant anyway.
Details die unperceptibly like the renewal of the skin
underneath the dress, like the trunks of the aged trees
in the woods whose branches are curved like a mouse
tail.

After the fall of communism a citizen hurried up to the
marketplace.
There, like a terrorist or a small monkey, released from
the chains,
he makes plans and plots.
Fifty years of loneliness started talking
like the threshing machine on the village floor.
What a prose. The moles come out of their homes,
dark and not all-encompassing,
full of fleeting dignity to
glorify the turnip,
which will fill their eyes
with the tears upon their return to the table.

They have their God,
but all I have is my garden.
This is a time when all over Europe
large and bloated rivers
flood their banks
moaning and groaning,
everybody hears them,
even those who climbed up the hills,
the blue houses and the animals,
the morning suitable for selling the green salad,
announcing the draft.

* * *

In late afternoon, when birds are sleepy with their heads
stuck under their wings,
I appear on the balcony of the building, like some kind
of dictator from the East,
on the balcony with the hanging baskets, clusters of
geranium flowers in the full bloom,
growing under the special care of my wife's loving
hands.
Nothing really special about their blossom: flowers
red,white,maroon,
idyllic scenery, something that anyone who got married
on time,
would wish for.

All those flowers on the tops of bent stems, like the
tops of the knitting-needles,
so animated they almost start talking to me as soon as I
appear.
I can't open up to them and tell them how I feel, nor
can I tell them how I
compare this scene with the flower shop by the ceme-
tery in this twilight time of the day.
If this plants could hear me talking , and understand
what I am saying,
maybe they would stop blooming.
My wife, a good gardener, would be stricken by the
sorrow, flooding the whole house with it.
What would be the best thing to do?
What to undertake, so I wouldn't look at my wife's sad
eyes,
as symmetrical as ovaries.

On the balcony I feel condemned to time. My life.
In the late afternoon I could see it as a ghost of this
house, or as a huge question mark hanger,
hooked on the clothes line. By no means as a dream of
my asleep wife,
because my image would wake her up and make her
step out on the balcony, where I
think blessed are the flower growers.

Who knows, maybe my presence makes geranium grow
faster than the yeast? Flowers before the dark,
look like horrible tonsilitis. Leafs crowd like the Latin
letters. Busy bees seem like
fish thrown out on the sand, their legs heavy with bur-
den, for the red honey. All of us at leisure,
look like sleepy wool dying craftsman. Well known
writer would use this occasion to sharpen his pencil.
Or maybe to think about the purpose of life, a topic
which
through centuries does not loose it's importance. Wheel
unstoppably turns,
giving way like doughnut between fingers.

The afternoon I am talking about, balcony of the house,
flowers, my asleep wife,
history of the moment, all could be told differently.

From the third floor, the houses are probably being
built up

so the man could feel as a saint,
I observe space in front of me with the same responsibility as if I was in the museum
looking at the exhibition that shouldn't be missed.

In the house across the street, on the main floor, a lady,
usually naked at this time, as if she is a daughter of a
butcher,

lays stretched in a more robust manner than the sugar-beet.

What is she trying to do day after day?

Masturbating and reading Kierkegaard.

She is petting gills nested under the stomach's roof,
her legs orchestrating enthusiastic rhythm through the
air.

Young lady, gasping for the air faster than an asthmatic
would,

turning the pages of the book.

Is all the pleasure coming from the book?

What would happen if she starts analyzing Pythagoras
theorem

for which you also need some kind of a solitude. To
that

naked lady, a good example of an insolent world,
everything fits.

Before the dark I imagine what it would be like
making love on one hundred and twenty seventh floor
in

New York, Tokyo, could I feel like a builder of
Babylonian Tower

squeezed between the legs like between basics,

Ten Commandments,

in the cloud.

Stars are privileged so they don't have to give us any
answers,

they are proofs all by themselves.

The "Belief" in their case has more meaning than the
one written in the Bible. Everything is so clear,
the answers man has to find for himself.

What kind of licentious feast would you prepare for
your friends?

We would eat meat of the stars.

Not one word would be said about feud between people,
neighbours,

between sexes in the history.

Everyone would have enough on his plate,
so he wouldn't be able to complain.

Balconies are good place for thinking about ephemerality.

History Class

If we had ever thought about all the heroes from the
past,
if we had remembered their names and their deeds,
we would find out that the vast majority had ended up
on the gallows or in some battle, or even killed by
the hands of kinsmen in the dark, cut open
from the waist band to the white throat.
The list is long suggesting that thinking about tormen-
tors has to be done.
Those kind of people are walking around.
Someone's father, brother, friend that becomes torturer
at the occasion of his own choice. Everyone is a despot
by the size of his own doing.

There are others that go through life like a drowning
person
Who tries to latch onto the straw.
History does not talk about them.
Maybe they are being born for slaving in some
working camp.
They are being entertained in the pleasure, obviously,
since they are buzzing around it like fruit flies in the
basement
over the lorry that gurgles from the keg.
Man that was expected, was not born,
man that can justify the world.
Even if he was born, where would he start,
what would he choose as the first duty for himself?
He would be under the pressure for so many contracts.

History would be the first against him. It's good that
this kind of man is late for his birth. Inventory lists
spread like the open scissors everyone has to destroy.
To look for the happenings from all the angles.
Someone will start from the head,
someone from the tail.
Some people would try to solve the problem
by using the short cut,
citing the celestial laws,
some would try to convince the neighbours and the
kins,
that confrontations are not needed, holding on to saintly
promises of belonging to the heavenly kingdom.

Everyone would have to listen to everyone. One to sup-
port the other.
Doubts would make the bone fire.
Only a few know that certain books were valid yester-
day
and that the new ones are going to be written tomorrow.
Some have to die so others would be born.
Luckily, dates are vacillating and changeable, slowly
standing out, so the things would settle as they should.
In this way only, hesitation and postponement
to this point (about nothing) could be understood.
The one who plans to be petty in organizing
universal cause is worth wearing straight jacket.
It should be known,
that youth does not come twice in a life time.
Man is not accacia to blossom every spring.

* * *

Horoscope is made once and for all. Like Bible is made
to stay.

Only the ones who know its hidden hoops would get
far.

They are not going to get angry with Deities when they
participate,

exposed like rosary, for everything that happens around
us.

Probably, horoscope is made for man so he would ask
for less,
and do his duty.

But what would we do with universalness that teems
from him?

He can not resemble detailed police report in the quest
for records and names of his friends.

About laughter and tears, about applauses, greedy audi-
ence,

that waves their hands around, like trying to pull the
liver out from the

stomach of a swine, it's not worth dwelling on it.

Seances come and go. I don't say Hi to them. What
would it look like.

It would seem like horoscope is full of love. It does not
resemble the bold head

of an old man, where flies like to rest, with their legs
heavy with pockets of infections.

The one who carefully studies it, will notice that impor-
tant instructions

are ripped out, sentences after sentences, if, after all,
there were any.

Doubt is the best deed. Every head should be decorated
with it.

Every single one of us should become a hunter.

With birth does not come the knowledge of the hunt.

Creator tests every sheep from the herd,

letting her pick her own pasture. Some of them
arrive to the edge of abyss, some to the heights of the
mountains,

some to the fields beside the river, where grass is wrin-
kled like the sea.

They will come back to him, all preoccupied with
themselves,

him who knows a lot about eternity.

They are going to witness the celebration if to be believ-
ed,

appropriate for the day of the beginning of the world.

He allowed the stone to talk, He even made mistake
and corrected it

He said: from now on, start rolling!

Words were worthy of first few lines of a horoscope,
but no one wrote them down. Either the secretaries of
this important work

missed hearing first few words, or they thought of
them being too frivolous to be
acknowledged as words.

Maybe they had their own reason, in the work of many
wonders,

to breathe in part of their own selves, like a painter that
paints his

own face on the canvas.

Mankind remembers thanks to their eyes,
not caring for the measurements of the things;
there are some cases where one would poke another's
eyes out,
trying out the strength that we happen to have. The one
that does not believe
will remember that in entire history days were christened
in the order,
and that the pictures of uncommitment have the precise date.
Horoscope, from which to benefit, even today, the conscientious ones
get their teeth numb from. My eyes were open like that
of a virgin
overwhelmed with tuberculosis.

I have no choice but to feel sorry for the unreliable
friends.

They are not going to ask me why I do that?
They are considered important because they live oddly,
serious like hermits,
busy with building sand towers, realizing work shops
for entrepreneurs
producing plastic miniatures of The Last Judgement.
History would not remember their names because
all the finished products would be the work of apprentices,
so arrogant they would write their names anywhere.
On the foundation stone, or under the window from
which
the landlady will triumph, the apprentices will be
glorified as heroes of some biblical wonders.
You are undertaking wrong job, my friends. It should
have been known
that even time has some empty holes; so that beside
trusting the
plumb-line, you should believe in a spider web that covers
the masterpiece,
like the roof covering the house. No one can see the
death
of his visions. Even less so, by the way, the people
who play
the green leaf pressed between their lips.
I know that those kind of people, do not care about history,
too serious they do not engage themselves in predictions
by
looking at the kidney beans. Their world does not have
clear borders,
it's broken like the jug, so I can see its fiery stomach.

Whole nations are tortured with secret messages. No
one is left out
to look for the misery of their sickness. The ones that
feel good,
will read horoscope from the beginning. They'll be
crowding like the
worms in the carcass. Someone will inseminate his
wife, someone the lover,
they'll sputter like rosehip seeds in the wind. The world
without noise, without concept, is handed over to the
shallow bottom of the river and
to the thirsty animals. What will happen in dark years
of my old age
with the lined up signs of the truth?

Eternity has been awoken suddenly, showing metamorphosis of the world.

Golden apple. Horoscope does not have clear sentences, hastily put together for every zero, nor does it have a pith of the fruit. Man feels cheated after learning few lines.

Forester And Lizard in the Remote Place

Well payed by the government, in the green suit,
with the badge sewn to the cap that shines like belt
buckle,
before the sun, forester heads to the forest. His break-
fast still
fresh in his back pack.

Tree trunks await for him like military formation ready
for the
morning inspection... There are beech trees, next to
them conifers
proper and more crowded than matches in the match
box,
accacias decorated with the crow nests on the top
branches.
Nests stick out their fringes with the seeds,
blackberries like women's nipples hanging in clusters
almost touching the ground.
Not even one hatchet sings in the forest like the black-
bird.

When it's time for the meal, Homer's hero, which for
sure he is,
rests his strength on the stone. On the same one that
clearly
divides the forest from the field.
Sly, why would he otherwise work for the government?
Hearing the voices
of lumber poachers, he whistles with his fingers like
some kind of referee
in an important international soccer match.

Around his legs gather lizards, with bubble in their
throats,
arriving like marathon runners with no strength left in
them.

He gets his bread from his back pack, takes a bite, rol-
ing it with his tongue
and moistening it with saliva. Magician takes white
balls from his mouth,
one after the other, and offers it to the lizards for the
feast.

Reptiles in a rush, breaking off peaces, like they ran
into butterfly's nest,
gone from the cocoons, with wings that should be
pulled off,
or into desroyed ant-hill where the pot filled with ant
eggs shines.
Free like they are dealing with the friends, they are
lured
by the white ball, warmed up in the forester's mouth.
Forester knows that large beech tree hides many eyes
fully awake.

Not visible, they resemble the lizard
that missed his portion of ration.

Two Bugs

On the concrete post of the homeland's bridge two bugs
are mating.

Probably fiery bed-bugs. Hard wings are mottled with
red
and black colours like former European borders.

On the exact same post where red stars were painted
some time ago,
time when every empty surface was becoming
popular polygon, from which communists should gape
at the sky.

"We don't want Truman's rations" - a graphite aslant
like ink pencil
in a writer's hand, later downed for patriotic reasons.
In a revolutionary enthusiasm also, when youth in a
choir were coming
with passages of the songs about work achievement, in
their own way,
under the bridge to get married for one night, the way
they want it.

Bugs have the shape of the buttons, ripped off from the
soldiers' epaulets.

They are magnetic, sticking together in the work that
they
threw themselves in. In the universe insensitive to the
hatred. Comparisons are not recommended, this time.
To compare
for what? Let's not forget that every occasion has its
own
history that cannot be repetead. Sharp seal.

* * *

Naked women in the middle of summer heat, stretched
like the fish in
the pan, in rooms that remember even different history,
when they were all buttoned up, or the one from the
bed, or from the kitchen
where innocence is vanishing like bread crumbs down
the sink,
they are dreaming about men's seed filling them up like
bottle
carefully prepared for the winter storing. Neither to pass
away , nor to
live in that state.

Rigid in their thinking, getting the impression, they
climbed down
from the painting of well known artists. If they turn on
their sides,
their intestines are grumbling in spite of their will, in
rhymes,
and their pudendums from the back are stretching their
fish-like mouths,
a narrow slit cut precisely into two hemisphere, like a
pomegranate.
Dead things are watching the scene, you have to agree
that,
wherever they are watching from, they would be within
the reach,
like the audience in a theatre, waiting for solution.
Polished dressers, vases
for the flowers with the stale water like not finished tea,
they are the only ones that have collected sight.

Last Judgement! Walls are whispering. Shadows of
naked women
are trembling like Epiphany's jelly under the moonlight
shining on them.
They don't have tails, but even without them the view is
just beautiful.
A commendable secretary would describe them without
doubt, because
it is clear that women found in their nakedness belong
to
temporary beauty. So it would not be talked about by
heart,
some times later, that they didn't exist. Nor that they
lived
at arm's length in the neighbourhood.

Neither that we lived close by, dear virgin Mary!

People that say they won over death, are lying.
Even bigger liars are the ones that believe in life after
death.
Unhappy people who look for love all their life, should
find out about you, naked to the heel, hidden from
eternity like a bone.

In front of the scene, no doubt meritorious for eternity
for which everyone hopes for,
unfortunate ones would be allowed to put their feet
in one place like the farmer in some kind of barn, who
enjoys

What do we know about women, who are left to day
dreaming?

Guessing that their thoughts are pouring,
blazing stronger than extinguishing lime in the
province,
is a poor consolation.

* * *

Every woman is caught in the trap for one day.
Because they would want to stir the ant hill without
learning
how to do that? Only the salt doesn't lose the taste. For
that
truth you don't need witnesses. Do small and big
events exist in life?
Memories with which we can wash our faces like cat
does
before the rain. Maybe we should put a ring on their
snouts
and take them out into the world on the rope. Let every-
one try to
float like dead fish on the surface.

You are not alone, you who burn stubble fields,
chasing golden doves so their wings can burn in the air
faster than stars at night. Who is helping women,
what kind of strength is in their wailing between earth
and the sky
day and night? Who is teaching them to make paddles
out of words?

No, this is not a sublime preaching from the
mountain clearings! From the place where you are not
able to see wonders,
stones that crumble into dust, and washes face - in
strange
language talks to nature, like proud man who keeps in
his heart
his most important thorns.

My wife visits me in my dreams, so easy as she is visit-
ing
her native home. She is singing, more incorporeal than
the wind,
with the nails sharper than the chisel. Nobody can
defeat her.
I hand over my estate to her so I would live easier.
Let her test herself in the shaping worthy of a clay pot.

Lonely man is a threat to Empire. Yes.
What am I doing, love? I am urinating on the cross
road
like I am putting out ceremonial fire,
I am writing out birth certificate of the names in the
dust.
I don't expect red forest and scorched ground to listen
to me.
Forest mirrors in the lake dying like the virgin.
Stay hungry. Like eternity staying endless.
Song is not going to be engaged with you forever.
Look how in its eyes the night grows, hiding like
the seed in the fruit. Did you come from the desert
with the decision not to bow your head in front of any
one -
to crumble petals spinning out yarn
for the rich catch crossed like a stiff man?
I'll never know that you were rolling around in the bed
like a cat. In the bed that looks like a vessel for
washing off at night. Turn to your side so
you wouldn't see how I am dying, you were saying,
and I was hardly hearing your words that were
crackling like cutting of the grape wine. Carelessness is
the best avenger.

* * *

If I come without my nickers, Sir, it's going to be easier
for you. You are going to think about the movie. And
about city
squares, where pigeons are sowing up without fear. Do
not give applause
to the air pollution. Avoid everyday's synthesis, repul-
sive in the capital
city. I'll get the soup ready for the visitors that come
after you. With antique noses, researchers, fans of
peace, cute,
they are arriving to the show like a catch on a bait.
Pin my suitors that are coming with the rifles.
Learn that love is dying painlessly at noon. Before
dark.
In the bowling alleys of their heads, there shines,
working out of the reading matter, manifesto sweeter
than a fruit jam.

You rely upon books that you are writing? So sure
that they would confidently defend this hour through
centuries.

Admire the sperm that sparked like a red star
at the edges of the heavy overcoat of the guard member.
Stay away from the stage from which everyone shame-
lessly
spits and howls: Europe has no borders. Stage is a good
meeting place for people used to brothels. Trust your
heart, hope
that morning is coming. With the ripe sunflowers, and
bishops with prayers on their lips. If I come without
my nickers,
I'll save needed years for getting to know home ghosts.
Tourist guides are made to repeat legends, they are not
allowed to speak about me even though there are proofs
that
I am being fed by rations, sausages of various temples.
Manufacture of the established habits. Victories become
the real history. Unusable patterns of our movements,
re-arrangements
of the furniture, light before anything else and forever.
Lisboa of my body. My wish to find you without
your nickers on. The yet undescrbed Trojan poetry,
that I have intention to write. In a quest for literary
competition,
brought in a dream from the lake where I was
strewing myself over with the ashes, white like the
snow.

I have to talk to you.

Prostitution needs concealed place. Doesn't it?

Politicians are preparing jam made out of jazz,
surrounded by the people with the same belief, the ones
that are shouting out word 'democracy' more often than
they
cross themselves. Those small people don't understand
what ceremony and complex procedures they are in for.

If you see me without my nickers, you are not going to
get
sad. It will be a moment worthy of the attention that I
bestow
upon you, as you move through the cities following the
masses

In The Valley of Walls

that are hungry, listening to their monologues.

Undoubtedly -

certificates of the first order. This world. Fast as are the
news

told in the train. Last thirty years they were hidden
under that

rag so they would be revealed in front of you like guts.

Keep it in mind.

This kind of writing you have never seen before.

Conclusion can be uncomfortable, how fast are you
breathing

under the blanket? I salute you without the beating,
without the

God; soon you are going to drop through printing that I
am showing you with no shame. I am flickering,
the silent movie has no end...

Hog

First frost gathers relatives, like it would for some kind
of
celebration. United, they become determined to talk
about fright.
For one whole year they had fatten the pigs in the vil-
lage, feeding
them with acorns, so that slothering would bring differ-
ent
generations, scattered in different cities, together. Like
it would
around the original fire. From day to day corn was turn-
ing into the
meat and bones. Swines eat worse than the hired help,
they are
not saving it. So the celebration would be succesfull.
Regarding native home -
everyone has different memories. Relatives get into the
pen, like
they are choosing the hour for retribution. Gathered and
impudent
they look like the state that introduced martial law. The
oldest holds
the knife between his teeth. Elderly women are holding
the bowls tight
for the pig blood to be collected. Hog is sniffing
around executioner's legs, hoping for the golden beans
from the
ration, fed with for many mornings.

It doesn't see the look and disposition of the host,
self-assured with the power he has, nor does it see
the relatives ready to skin it alive. Kids' eyes should be
covered
with hands, it is not good for them to be present at the
celebration
in which blood triumphs.

Fattened animal is to be overpowered. Some are hold-
ing it's tail,
some hold on to the hoofs, some to the ears, they all
pull on it like
they want to take the part that belongs to them. The
host is crossing himself
over the subdued animal, as if he needs the help of
Lord's grace ,
he pulls the knife stuck between his teeth and with the
single
move plunges it into the neck of the hog,
looking for its heart inside. On the shoes of the relatives
blood is painting bud roses. He pulls out the throat as if
holding young bird in his hand so it would not fly
away;
while the hog freed from the hold of the hands steams,
host is
hooking it onto the branch of a tree, where you can see
dots of the buds, for the feast of the titmouse.

The history of the animal is trustworthy. One whole
year it had
spent in the same pen. In a few hours, pulled apart, it
will rest in a

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grocery bag. The whole - forever spread in the bags,
ham and shoulder meat will get to know the labyrinth
of small bowels,
their cities. Some other hog will take its place. In the
same pen
(with the golden nuggets), it will increase its weight. To
the
last moment. The date of the ceremony would be
decided in unison, before getting back to the cells of
their cities.
This one is coming to a close with the toasts of the red
wine
and roasted meat from the barbecue. Life does not
leave
anyone on the side. It is mocking (as it is said) the way
it was deserved. How do these innocent beings deserve
such
an inglorious end. Christian ethics is discouraging in
its
answers...

* * *

Autumn and young birch trees squeezed together like
young couples
(behind the house) do not know where to begin serious
game. Love in a homeland begins more powerfully than
the
lightening in the summer sky. Oh, why can't I remem-
ber a single
sentence I said in front of her pale face - did I resemble
the
saint or the wading bird? What kind of harnessed team
were we,
in angel's roars? A mole pulled out and exposed itself
to the day light.

Mainly, we acted for the good of the mankind. It
seemed like
we belonged to an exemplary society. Were we faithful
to our
love, tense as the sheet metal, flashing the acknowl-
edgement
of something immeasurably large and undetermined,
like an enlarged bladder. We never anticipated that
future
looks like sick fish, nor did we think that this hour will
inevitably come, without reliable posts,
where the beginnings of something that happened were
stuck.

Autumn and birch trees in a close contact are renewing
their barks. I came to my native home to pull off my
own skin.
But how should I do that? Would the hour be painful or
would
the meat hold together when the skin is no longer
there?
Would anyone believe that, after all that, my origin
stayed the same,
and what should I do if my example was followed by
others? I have a choice.
Extremes are offered to me like easy women.
Privileged, I cannot
see the hour of possible sin. The seriousness of the act
doesn't stand the witnesses. But the whole thing resem-
bles
the crime. Clearly. Experience takes the man to the
clearing.

After all, maybe it would have been easier to say that
coupled young
tree trunks behind the house are making the forest, or to
generalize it
even more, to simplify it and turn into a cheap adultery.
This attitude would escape the intimacy I was always
prone to.
Relationships are common in generalizations, for sure
their families
feel at home all over the world.
Who can use the experience about the ash tree and the
birch trees
behind my house, in the middle of nowhere, at the end
of the world?

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Could I today incredulously refer to the mankind that
believes
the government representatives more than their own
instincts and noses?
Can anyone still see the power of love among the
young trees?
Does anyone have a wish to come back to his own
hometown?
Whatever may await there by the treshold, grass seeds
or rodents
nest, or glover's leaf, one is to wish to pull the skin off
of it, with lots of love.
In a serious business no one is allowed to waste time.

The birds are singing in the yard. Quite copiously.
Whose house is it if they are already so cheerful?
Maybe they gathered for the important occasion.
Only the gifted ones can have the presentiment of the
important moment.
The rooster, for example, makes no mistake announcing
the bad day.
Maybe the birds are not singing but rather dying aloud
so the
surroundings will not hear them, or maybe announcing
the death,
anyone's death in the yard, where houses are close
together
with the surrounding buildings, from whose walls the
cement
is falling off for sure, showing the horror of the epoch
- the bricks with the
sharpened hog's teeth.

No one sees the birds' beaks. Really, you cannot
see them clearly on the branches. Those are not the
birds, but the roses,
buds of our secret wishes that we dream about. In the
dark,
things become closer and more palpable for the
moment.
Now a black bird is singing, now a nightingale, and
then again
the revolutionary owl. How long did it take them for
the kind of song
they are rewarding us with. Really, what does it mean
that we are listening and interpreting their announce-
ments.
By the way, the wise man suspects that he is asked to
come
to this world to build the monastery within himself,
and that the religion of the ordinary is to perpetuate in
his own way.
I fell asleep, convinced that I am dying.
Beaks are twinkling in my dreams, blossoming more
than the
rose of the fingers of the solo-pianist.
I am recognizing the singing of every bird very precise-
ly,
Including the hour in which they are announcing the
unique sonatas
in the yard. In dreams, things are offering the whole
meaning,
from which weaklings would succumb to grief. Did
birds
come to scare me? Or, are they offering me an alliance
with no reserve.

In the yard, any one's yard, I would say I live. My infi-
nite self
strives for the absolute harmony, the one that was never
shown
to anyone, for ages. That evening the birds, on all four
sides of the
world arranged with the same song, waited, so that I
could rejoice dislocated
mankind and it's cry for the harmony. As I am not

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Beethoven,

I could not hear them. Even if they are announcing my
death,
it is worth hearing them, but being collected and erect-
ed above them,
I could comprehend eternity.

I am watering the plants in the evening. The garden
resembles
commercial sections of a daily newspaper. Mother's feet
are
outlined in the ground like impressions that shoemaker
makes for the cast.
The dried footprints in the rows, protected from the
onlookers, for a moment
shine like stable manure. For the truth's sake those feet
look like
my view about the west world. Garden, actually, is get-
ting ready to be swallowed
by the dark, every stem and every flower can grow in
the moonlight.
I don't know in whose name the plants are turning into
eunuchs at
night. Butterflies are going to come in a few moments
like
coming to some kind of cake shop, and than fly away,
in love,
but garden is going to stay like loose bed of commu-
nism.

After watering the plants (something that I was so
much into),
the garden looks like a pond. Feet are going to dive to
the
bottom like fearful barbels. Flowers are going to be
mingled like bees,
their nests are going to be taken over by stems that
resemble
the ruins of the farms, their beams holding the walls
together.
Garden will, with gifts from the moon, look like bare
bridge of homosexuals. Like snug worm in the tree
trunk, like
lady's small finger.

Pictures that are flickering are being offered like unbut-
toned
women beside the highway, they want a shortcut
to move into poetry. We have to take care of their meas-
urements,
no matter how happy
they make us. There must not be any
exaggerations. Nor should there be any profit coming
from their meanings.
Let them go and resurrect by the forest brooks which
hoot restless
like the glorifying science. What's left over, like happi-
ness that knows
it comes from the foam, is worthy. To remind ourselves:
There is no sense
any more in winning over the animals! Lets devote our-
selves
to our families. All the rest stinks like state celebra-
tions, prepared for
mediocre politicians, so they can gloat. I mixed up the
crops
sprouting from the seeds in the garden, surrendering me
in waves.
I am a mindful successor. The idyll that I started will
have both its ascent and

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end, as soon as it twisted like the head of the python on
the family's
estate. The family's debt stretches like a transmission
line.

Watering the garden can be the beginning of
everything that I brought with me from the childhood.

I should again complain to the Gods.

The questions have been collected, while for the
answers, the way it looks like,
there should be no waiting. The ghost of the Dictator
(surely different)

circles, it shows in the garden too, on the
islands and in the depth of the books well put together,
in which
the hearts of the not talented contemporaries secretly
enjoy themselves.

Those people addressed me with "comrade", even
though they had
important positions at the University, they were satis-
fied

with student's hot dogs, prepared in a haste.

In the garden I was getting ready for circumcision of
their laws. Caramels, forgotten taste of the childhood,
force me to think again, about love that I had.

Somehow I could not take the tyranny of the epoch,
after all - I felt like I was wearing a borrowed suit all
my life.

Assured Champion of Human Rights

Who is he? With a pleasant smile on a TV screen. A
Foreigner?
A Serf? A Lord's slave? A mouse that is scaling the
cables of
rumbling machine?

The God's deputy is preaching to the people in a calm
way.
We understand his language. The brave man
is putting his shoulders under the natives.

Where is the curiosity coming from? Who is giving him
the
feelings for the world warmer than vulva!? To take
care of
cemeteries and bones, not to topple down against the
gravity law.

History adopts many conventions,
dictating it from his mouth, built on unreliable laws,
live corps (their insides filled with coal) are instigating
the emergency.
The fighter spreads the shriek lonely and somewhat
alien,
warning mankind's mockers, like pretty women,
recommending the lamp saved from the childhood.
He theatrically shows codes, thick book of nations
agreement,
cameras are enlarging it like a rare venison in the can.

Rebel? Communist? Fascist? Oar locker? Monster?
Yellow
stains from smoking hidden between his fingers.

I feel he had lost his soul, and that he would never find
it.
It is pouring over like beer's foam on the festivity of
the hog's
feet, or like lime of the urine in the grass.

He agreed to be the pipe. He does not know the reliable
hour
when the light appears and disappears. He does not
think about the end of the
history. He accepts the ungrateful task of preventing
the fall of the dice.

The way he puts down deposit for the time, he would
be very
skillful in decoding the dreams. He is talking without
reminders. Boaring like the gonorrhoea.
He is taking examples for the witnesses
from the animal kingdom.

That man is a wooden doll. He loves military music. He
is making
a boat from fish's bones. Taking it from trachea.
Everyone thinks that he is alive. That he would one day
come to their
doorstep. To take the elderly for a medical treatment in
the spa.

Evaporating like the water, drying, cleaning like beehive
before the winter. Talking about human rights, avoiding
mentioning the way of the Christ. Fortifying the borders
of tenets he is preaching. Oh, if he would only know
that the man
on horizon is deep in the sun. If he only had compasses
to check the circle.

Branches bridle the light. Balance has the meaning in
the nature. If this fighter would only know that in soli-
tude
we interpret the world, like a life line on the palm of
the hand.
On the Danube's banks, cosy in our collective, we were
putting
together the remnants of the Celtic urn. We saw our
own heart,
like a fruit illuminated at noon. How little? How gold-
plated
by the light in the silence was it looking for its place,
for that moment
of eternity. Our heart, more restless than the water bug
furrows,
that some of us call life. Yes, we were here, walking
and making baskets from the willow wood, our blood
resurrected and
became another body, the love.

Only mountains don't die.

The slavery of the books on the shelves of the family
houses
is shocking. Girls don't get scared. Hair under your
armpits
grows by itself.

The landlady will wipe the book covers, before the
guests arrive.

Like she is pulling the bulbs from the ground.
Between the objects (dull antiques)
they would cheerfully talk: "Did you hear? Oh, yes!"

Girls are arriving to the museum of natural sciences,
with their
fragranced handkerchiefs, like they are bringing bou-
quets
of flowers in their hands. Someone will court them,
while looking
at the fire of the things of the astride dinosaurs.

Writers are dying without finishing their tasks. But,
should we worry
about it? Inheritance is secure on the shelves.
Landlady's checking
on it at night like she is shaking the pillow. Uh! Look!
Books are swelling like female prae-animals. They are
mating
in a vertical formation.

Even mouse dragged itself out of the hole in the wall,
and
is standing on his hind feet, more courageous than
Don Quijote, celebrating and grinding its teeth together
chewing on its tail in front of the scene.

Time is grinning in its eyes, flickering like the skylark
from the sky.
Its three hundred eyes, underlined with dark circles,
are confronting the truth with naive cuckoo bird, that
flew out
of the clock to show their preservative with badly paint-
ed
heads.

Time is watching high and low tides from the shelves.
Opening the pages suddenly, showing the places where
battlefields were demonstrating the tragedy
of the mankind's existence. A lot of them were killed.

Were they?
Two out of ten. They'll bury them in the shallow graves.
Just so the
animals would not drag them around, the ones
that are running around river banks looking for the
prey,
with snouts folded under.

It doesn't say in the books that animals are not
believing in life after death.

I want to say, pay attention to the books that are caught
in a trap. Books in the sin! Do not try to kill parents
in their sleep. That is the easiest job that you could do

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at

this moment. Only the Lord that is well known, the
untouchable
Dictator does not suffer consequences of his deeds. Or,
maybe,
we don't know it. Behind death silence is being born.
That
is how the burrial begins in the universe.

I am awakening with the surprise, like I am witnessing
new birthing process, moving of the sole into the body.

That is not me - the same man. I am shrieking. The one
from yesterday. I was shaking hands in my dream,
with my father's peers, dead people.

They had chosen a good place for organizing the
plenum. They are quarreling about the time table
points. I am trying to get some sense into them, but
something
like that is not possible in one's dream. I am asking
myself
why is it that even though they are so young and pas-
sionate,
they are foaming around their mouths, what kind of
trouble
is making them get up from their graves?

Are corpses waking me up at dawn?

Where are they going frightened before the light that
is creeping in through the drapes? They are leaving me
according to everything, satisfied, even happy that I
was born on time, so they could (if only in their
dreams)
address someone without
choosing the words. Maybe the light is
hiding them, like mice in the boots, more shallow than
the
grave under the bed? In the objects well organized for
the commemoration.

Every morning without the will I am sprouting from
my own blood. Oh, yes, mindful overweight people are
busy
on the streets, more boring than the well. Painters are
painting
facades of the buildings, replacing the shingles on the
steep roofs
with the giant crosses.

Unscrupulous, like they usually are, they don't see
that I am waking up with dagger in my head,
big enough so you could hang the saddle on it.
Fetus is developing with open eyes in the womb
of the garbage dump.

The more I try, definition of the true face of
the dream is lacking. Only in poetry, through time,
borders are being moved without the blood.

To the Equal Honours

But, girls, a lot of criminals are spread all over the
world.

One is going to come to pick the flower you are hiding
under the dress. Unannounced. Like the bird that flies
in the shallows of the river to have a bath in the haze.
Your flower will come elevated like yule-log on their
shoulders.

Looking from whichever side, ceremony is repeating
itself
trivially? Like wood block of oat seeds that germinates
in peat-bog of some mouth similar to the governor of
the bicycle?

The border that belongs to everyone and no one?
Where prehistoric trunks uncovered get wet like
forgotten barges.

But, girl, are you ready to brag about your garden?

To believe in the shadows that are kissing each other's
mouth, while getting married under the tree?

"Marvelous wonder" is a theft par excellence. The
animal that eats itself backwards from the tail.

Religions are
different, what one celebrates, the other denies. Lords
live different lives.

Criminal wants to distinguish himself by applauding the
tango of your knees. Let him stay in a vessel, renewing
of the
world has its morning and evening, given once and for
all
to the equal honours.

* * *

Man with the shaken reputation, is ready to
seize what others acquired with effort.

He is robbing the temples to increase his property.

It can not be won by words, nor with the padlock,
nor with the lock.

It is crawling in the souls of the kin to live there.

What to do with the thief? Very few of us are still not
dirty
to resist, if we do not rely on Lord's help.

Peace! Peace! Peace! Do not forget that pick-pocketers
are numbing in clear hearts like lights in the wind.

* * *

Snow is melting in my poems. Behind the words ,
childhood is thawing. Hatched butterfly elevated
above hills and golden pebbles flies, uncatchable for
either head or tail, falling in the flower of the cherry.

I don't have bridges in front of me, I am repeating,
that's
where poetry is coming from, and competition with
time. The
rules of iambic restrict. Oh, you small pretenders, hes-
itators,
start going into nature, the Kosovo song is inevitable!
Red bowl
of the sky is awaiting you.

Ascetic fullness of the spread banks, cliffs of melons
and sand,
drought that is coming closer to the water and the pud-
ding of stones,
and few of the crickets, a water snake, once started
moving
to confirm the life of the scenery, make a respectful
alliance.

* * *

Digging the foundation in the same place ancestors
did, is the work for the ignorant. Over there is all clear,
ground is
hardened and in flame, like a rolled up cloth on a bone
fire.

Corner stone has to be build up again and fitted all
from the beginning, cut in a different conception proba-
bly,
because what was built so far, fell all by itself right in
front
of our feet, slid off like a plate from the table. Again,
all of our standards have to be built into everything ,
starting right now.

Very few are aware that life did not happen by chance,
and
that it has to be spent meritoriously so one can climb on
the roof, on the tiles
placed on the hooks of the stuck out tongue. How
would otherwise man
move and defy the time? Should one take example by
the leaves
that are all green in spring and in autumn fall off pro-
viding the feast for
the goats? What if some of us, caught up in a doubt, ask
where had the
life gone? Or, maybe, why they are building the struc-
ture

whose corner stones would be covered by the ground?
The nun
without the torment is found under every tree. Lucky
are those who
ask themselves where has their life gone? Where did it
run away,
like a glow from the coals. To the cave or in the water,
no one has seen it,
like suddenly strewn spawn from the ripped open stom-
achs of the fish.

Constructions are propped up before we are born.

Who obeys the Maker, relies on glory.

To start working from the beginning makes sense, rare
are the ones
who are called for the bravery, in thousand of thousands
one
feels like he is shoulder to shoulder with Maker.

* * *

Only God could create the shape out of nothing. It is
a miracle that he does not repeat wonders he had once
performed.

Everyone celebrates the devil. Ceremony is sputtering
like peaces
of rocks in a stone-pit, and from it suddenly fizzles in
spurt
spring towards the autumn fields.

I will await for the third millenium in the village, while
reading the Divine Comedy, pressed by the glove of the
dark,
again and again.

Happy people, somewhere far, most probably cuddled
together, with
candles, in the homes decorated with Christmas trees on
the pedestals,
will carouse with oily chins, their eyes round like cut
tomatoe.

God is hiding in every man, what a loafer, He chooses
their flesh
susceptible to the diseases for his temporary shape. In a
cold
storage of the human soul the beginning of the next
millenium will await,
reminding us undoubtedly of mating of the dogs.

Dead Scheme

There are people who agree to lick someone's boots.
Most probably because not a distinct talent is needed
for such a simple skill.

That is how, without any trouble
whatsoever, they find the easiest job under the wide
blue sky,
with no references, like they are dying.

They could watch their life on the clean shoes. Their
tongues are flexible,
without bones, cleaning the dust from the knotted shoe
laces.

By the way, for eager people in indulgence, the work is
not going to get away.
Their occupation is not odd, it is rather being smuggled
through centuries,
only few are capable of getting the people to revolt on
time, mainly it's
done too late, by the time heads are bent down to the
heels, so
from that distance the eyes could be seen shining in the
darkness of
the shoe polish. If you want to make an impression, be
quiet.

People who clean shoes have tongues bigger than their
rags,
so they would make dirty soles shiny.

You can suffocate in the abundance of your own
monologues. History
of mankind remembers what is publicly said.

The boot you are cleaning (not innocent in any way,
you could rather say it's imperfect) will step on some-
one's neck.
Its owner is moving in a zig-zag direction, stepping like
a female.

Getting erected like he is ruing the harem. Pleased
with the bold head on
his shoulders, he conquers the world. He is dangerous
in his intentions.

The pattern on his face is identical to the pattern on the
soles of his shoes.

* * *

Dried up, the puddles have the colour of the overdone
cake. Sight
is the same like it was thousands of years ago, when the
man exclusively ate
raw meat. Cracked bottom cut with the invisible knife,
offers itself to the nature, in pieces. The sun will get the
biggest share.

Someone's feet that passed that way while the dough
was still watery like
birds dropping,
dried up like a wrecked boat. Or, maybe, the forgotten
cast of an antic hero.
Pipe of the fingers belonging to the one that has gone
after his thoughts
is getting sucked into the earth.
Swampy landscape fenced with the cane and corks
is stuck. It becomes a particular history, the detail of the
moment
I came upon.

The picturesque situation I ran into while I was walking
along the
river. It can be changed by the rain fall. After that, a
more talented
writer must come to tell the story in different words.

Details that he would remember would differ.
Water bugs will revive water surface instead of the
breeze.
They'll make straight lines behind them like they are
measuring foundation for some type of building.
Broken off
branch would float on the surface turned upside down,
with the
branches pointing towards the deep part. On the the part
of the branch
that looks like penis, butterfly will land; a fly that crosses
hind
legs like it, is sharpening the tools. Modern man that
tries to
stay away from the village does not suspect that this
is the way that fly washes its face.

An event, or the scenery, transforms through the history
offering itself for the new interpretation. The need to
see the same things
with our own eyes wins. We mark the nature in our own
way.

In The Valley of Walls - 1

On the roads of a less importance for the country,
where there is more forest than the citizens, whose
every turn
presents the puzzle, on the regions of northeast Serbia, I
happily
spend my weekends, most often vacationing with my
family;
out of a habit I make stops where there is a nice view,
mostly in
the places good for rest, places that dominate the
region. At those moments
I must look like bird of prey, stopped to rest, or maybe
the one that
is picking its prey. Even though the space is resting, it
seems to me as if it is almost
under my armpit, or on the cobweb under the beam of
some unknown
house; maybe under the branch that makes a tent in the
nature,
I did not look like angel or the Allmighty. Because I did
not know anyone
that looked like them, I could not dare make the com-
parison.

Unintentional passers-by that were there, even though
there were not
many, must have been puzzled by the way I looked,
since they would
hurry walking away without saying Hi, like the man
that just started
building the house. Should I believe that they did not
have
anything to say to a stranger? Especially not to one
that was turning his head around, ready like the hunter.
What was luring me to such a far away place?
Forest was abstract phenomenon too, here and there
you could see
the fog like some kind of a furry hat pulled down on
the head of a
shepherd, or the shade in the sloping ground, but the
presentation was
not enough to fulfill my obvious curiosity. The forest
looks like
cheerful colours embroidered on the socks of the high-
landers.
Whoever stared at it, he could not avoid the primeval
feeling of
the comparison with the folklore. The untouched nature
sells itself
like a virgin, but I know that it did not save itself to be
promised
only to me.

To disgrace it, everyone will chose their own way.
There, on the branches
of the birch tree, is the proof for this statement, hanging
like a
dead, skinned fox, buried like the outlaw. Sometimes it
happens
that shepherds deafen the birds (busy making their
nests)

with their whistling, calling each other from neighbour-
ing hills,
whistling with the tongue over the incisors, their lan-
guage known only to them.

In southeast Serbia we have to admit shepherds had
good reputation,
even a small child knows by heart that this region pro-
vides the
highest number of rebels and cannon's food, in crucial
moments of revolutions every nation celebrates impor-
tant
dates in their history.

For them history repeats itself in their dreams. But there
are
others that are ready for treason, those who are looking
for a homeland
among other nations. They are not interested in a fact
that poets are
the best army for every future.

Treasure of every nation is stuffed in one bag. In the
forest, someone had
to make that announcement to the mob, and to be ready
to be buried
beneath the stones. Brave man does not know how to
hide in the house,
even less so between the tree trunks, especially between
the trees because
no matter where he stands, he would stand out like
mistletoe among the
branches. After all, that can be done only by someone
that believes
in love more than in weapons. The one that can be
bathed in nature
the same way as in court. The one who smells the
weapons as if it were horseradish.

I was standing in the rest areas as if I was saying good-
bye to the world,
or like I was going to fall asleep. So we survived the
Judgment Day, I was comforting
my family, but was also hiding behind them occasional-
ly, like moos behind the
bark of the tree. One titmouse flew off right in front of
my eyes and settled up
in the branches like a birth mark between woman's legs.
I was thinking about
many imagined cities around the world, those eagerly
waiting for me - it's a pity,
but they all were captured in my imagination for years.

Everyone was in a hurry to analyze the preparations for
putting up a scarecrow.
We were ashamed of the army brought back from the
borders to the military
barracks. The wind tried its best to mix and bring us
together, like the waves
on the lake. Like a Muslim, the prisoner that kisses the
stone,
in front of us, us who did not even make any effort to
follow that example.
It's good to know that eye lashes prevent dust from get-
ting into the eyes, so that

we would dare to look into the inheritance and wouldn't
waste time,
wouldn't waste anything that is worth mentioning.

What do we get from the memories about knowing people
that counted upon the
faith in life after death? If we survived the nights where
the snow was barking
like the dog caught in a trap.

If I stand in the northeast Serbia and observe the forest
like a wet poultry
(under the roof of the house) stretching their wings by
their bodies
like the tribal flag.

Of course, the fame is waiting for us. It made fists.
I cannot divide their inner organs, cemeteries and litiga-
tions, more
mysterious than Middle Age castles. Even the state can
be skinned in the twilight
by the river bank like the wild duck. In the name of
God and Holly Spirit,
I know that my faith was born in my heart. I know that
people will be delighted
to have consolation about meeting together on the
other side again, gathered
like on the island, where they would be loud as if not
attending a celebration
but the probate proceedings instead. Do not trust the
people who are pulling away when
they are afraid, like worms into the ground. Nor the few
that do not believe in
music that comes from the rhymes. No one has the law
that is sacred, only an oath in poetry makes sense. What, after
all, did we carry over from our youth?
Who can remember it? Boiled pits from the plums.
I had to learn that sometimes it is good to avoid wide
forest.
There is enough peace and quiet for different thinking.
Instead of learning the signs of nature, I was imprinting
on the tree trunks, on the grass,
on the spiders and titmouses, on the nests of the birds,
on marvelous
swords of the pine trees, on the quarries that looked
like dumps made out of cow's
jaws, or maybe on cattle's cemetery, the seal of every-
thing I lived
through so far. Did I need to rape the nature with defi-
nitions and nonsenses
that befit the national story books for the young people
or the holly books that
generations of believers had drowned in, following
their Lord more than
their own migration? Etc. And so forth.

* * *

I am strolling through my a rather small country. Over
there are farms,
then hay-lofts, fields, meadows, herds of cattle are
peacefully grazing.
I am walking, judged by everything, with a steady pace,
with the intent to visit every
corner of the empire. And it would happen like that if it
was not for one virgin,
that layed in the grass dazed because of the hot weath-
er, with leags spread,
to scare me. She doesn't know that only dried up grass
can ignite by itself.
So the fire in the virgin will not show.

In not so big country where every stone becomes stool,
the virgin being a fish
with the eye-lashes like the fish fins, hopes that I will
give her a lesson.
Be careful, the history stinks. Very few believe that the
whole
nation is blind, even with the seeing eyes. The virgin
does not even think of
looking for the answer in the stars. To her, the fire is
truthfully burning in the
right place. Her multi-coloured turf looks like the forest
made of hydro poles.
Only than did I see the night galopping, hurrying into
my eyes.
Nature is accepting the colour of the lemon, I can lean
against the air wall.

Where is the virgin now, where is my not so big coun-
try? I know I could not
come to the end of the world so fast. I must have
sneaked into
the capital. I hear: the animals are announcing them-
selves, from time to time,
hey, oh, what a battle's scream is coming from that
direction.

I thought calmly: Be aware of the subjects, you know
very
well - their teeth are the sharpest if there is a need.

After all, no one understands thoroughly the ways of a
soul. Not
even the Lord turned into their mouth, in the west.

In my not so big country, there is no sign of a virgin.
On the border line
of the cemetery, I awaited the day break, above the ves-
sel of bones.

* * *

His soldiers broke in our yard, and immediately killed
the dog.

With the uniforms all bloody, they had forced their
way into our house and killed
our father. No one dared to move at all until they (all
bloody) left,
ever so slowly like the irretrievable fall of the sun in a
distance.

They did not ask us any questions, nor had they waited
for any answers,
they left for the other houses, to do the same. With the
shoelaces on their
boots tightly tied in knots, they were full, filling some-
one else's orders
known only to them. We do not understand why they
are doing that?

Their soldiers always come simply without any pom-
posity.
They get into the houses and kill heads of the families.
Black flags
are hanging from the walls of the houses. How long are
we going to suffer
and to contribute with our victims. Are they (even
armed up!) afraid of
the dogs?

From the time of the death of my father, I started being
afraid of coming to
an age. Afraid of the hour when the soldiers might
come back and
settle the score all over again.

At night, I dream of the black people, I dream of my
ancestors, who
are assuring me of their help. But, is there a man alive
today, who
has the courage to say that his dreams helped him in
any way?

What kind of unprincipled successor did I become.
I allowed the fear to overcome me. Yes. Human heart is
inconstant. Inconstant is the history.

Death, Sugar Beet

Death is lurking from everywhere. Man in his dreams
does not
die in despair; in a hunting lodge before or after the kill
death comes,
in a garden lounge with the tea and the verses of some
Nobel prize
winner death seems consolatory, in a shade of a century
old tree,
under the branches through which gills of a sky grin,
death comes
like discovery of a new continent, in a library everyone
describes his
own face on the pages of a forgotten books.

You, who are dying, do not cite the decorations you
earned.
Honours of this world belong to museums.

Only seasonal archaeologist on the site of Viminacium,
the state lottery players, journalists of the local newspa-
pers,
amateur artists, the company of alcoholics that gives
out prizes that one made
out of metal tops taken off of the bottle necks, or clubs
maintaining a fine language, (also the society for
preservations
of flora and fauna in the region of Danube), are in
secrecy
contemplating the death of the queen. The one who
died without
tasting the life blessings.

If I could only see the ghosts of the dead. Small mis-
chievous
ghosts, so nasty, they do not leave me alone in my
dreams. The are
visiting like I am some kind of a pantry where some-
times
you need to air winter goods.

Wouldn't it be smarter for them to go visit headquarters
of the
cemetery? Their presence is pushing me into thinking
about
my friends. To feel cramped and imprisoned in the
nature.
Walks are acknowledging the life. In the park, I recog-
nize
the trees. This is the oak, this is a birch tree, maple, ash
tree.
Fallen cones, and branches, etc. Nature had chosen the
masks
by example. World is so cramped.
From obituary you can still smell the fresh
printing ink, my former teacher is trying to make a
contact.
Middle aged man. Atheist. He used to visit museums
rather than
temples. He was admiring displayed sculptures, observ-
ing them
peacefully, looking for the moment to avoid shocking
the curious

crowd, visitors with cameras around their necks, so he
would
quietly approach and kiss a cold bottom of a naked
woman made out of stone,
a woman that in the artificial light shone like snowy
Carpathian hills.
During the class, a skilled pedagogist would take out
the fourth grade female students,
to see if they started fleecing between their legs
like the young birds. He was touching them like he is
pulling the
hot potatoe from the flames. That is him laughing, riv-
eted to the
tree trunk like a general draft call.

Did his death end anything? Like in the mountains,
away from the
suspicious eyes, over the roots of thousands of years
old trees, the last
year's snow is melting. Like a contracted uterus, death
leaves
ugly testimony behind.

Maybe death requires striking the market place, where
my friends are crowding as they were in the first rows
in the theatre.

What if I hurt someone today, what if I conceal it?
They are protesting like they are buried without the
cross,
I know, while I am saying this everyone would like to
to break loose and get away, like a trout.

The story about the death, about former people is
necessary. Words are being mixed like the salad in a
bowl.

Metaphors are sputtering like the oil in the pan.
But, to the dead, metaphors are not of any help.
Should the way of telling the story be changed?

I am not backing away from the fear of the vampire,
from the walls that in their bricks hide the mushrooms
bigger than the ears.

World of the deceased is not the cake that can spoil.
Death, like the pregnant dog, is crawling under the
haystack,
in the eyes of the grieving whiter than the lime.
The ant-hill will be pecked if needed. Neighbours are
generalizing
Testimonies, thus they have the story ready.
We have to be suspicious towards the candle of that
sort of history.
The sun is resting in the west. In the east, they drink
vodka
twenty four hours a day. Our boss has the new suit.
The truth, the truth like barbecued meat.
A favorable evidence is given about the deceased, older
men,
while they are already with one leg in the grave.
They did not die, they are saying, walking around the
cemetery, from the bones and grave sides,
whilst elder-tree shrubs are growing, flowering every
spring.

* * *

Shadows that are shown to us are carrying the basic
noble feeling
inside themselves.

The impression is that, at any cost,
they are trying to be planted in the ground. Like some
kind of
seeds that want to be born again. Their backs are
allowed
to be stepped upon, without a moan, and starched
excuses.

Shadows are our attentive mothers, unavoidable partici-
pants
of important occurrences in life. Their endless Black
Sea is
spread out without a care for the borders and the bon-
ton of
different nations. Let's observe them like a victim that
is
replacing us. At noon, when they have the best grave
side, we
could be authorized to receive help, if (for this kind of
knowledge)

we had a courage. Oh, the secret of this moment,
you are making my heart go crazy. Look, the insects
prefer to get recklessly into the shade. Turkey-cocks are
chasing swarms of grasshoppers, insatiable and too loud
for the mid-day. With no mercy, they step all over them.

Shadows were like big pieces of cheese, luring the
guests of
honors into the nature. Hungry, they were coming to
have a bite
of apparitions, tired to dream of different worlds, every-
one
had his own reason to take a refuge in it.

Fury of shades could be felt in consecrated,
mainly memory-based admirers. In the tree shades, for
example,
only the cows feel tired. Their destiny, if not anywhere
else

than at least in Central Europe, assigned them an
ungrateful
fate. That should not have to be proven to jolly fellows
that had time for simpaty. Parliaments think and feel
differently. They always do things that we have to
remember.

Their decisions are sharper than the curved horns.

After all, anyone sane will not believe that there are
shadow
hunters, nowadays. The modern world believes in com-
mercials and
news put together like a barbecue in the nature. To the
chronicle of
the new mythology a ceremonial technology can be
added,

whose justification originates in claims that in the
future
the food would be better. Everyone joined the same
dance,
because everyone believes that he can take in a plenty,
without a need to answer to anyone for it.

The mythical lie which, like a fisherman, catches the
souls that
find the meaning of life in the maxim of how to make it
through
the day, year. That is a sad decision for sure, because it
is
referring to a simple fact that even if they put the masks
on their
faces, they can not hide the fact that they care about
their mouths and
behinds. The kind of mankind that you have to count
on.

Not every individual can tell the fortune about the time
by
looking into the spider web. Or, looking into the shade.
Into the beans.

At least, the shadows are reliable lamps for those
that accept reality as if it is their personal belonging,
or their possession.

I am a shadow hunter, one of the rare ones. I got to
know the
top of their heads. And multiple species that are being
offered,
packed like the fields suitable for ploughing. I remem-
ber them,
a fairly large museum is put together for every eventu-
ality
in my soul. Shadows of clergy are sharper than the
razor.
Shadows of the family's mythology are sacred by them-
selves.
They look like the bones of the deceased, elongated like
the streak of
the gold under the mountain.

Did it pay off to be the shadow hunter my
whole life?

The answers will come I hope, not in the form of a
clenched fist,
nor like a reproductive organ, but in the shape in front
of which
not every insignificant person can laugh; the epitomized
language,
a conviction that I am participating in digging a tunnel
that the archangels are avoiding for two thousand years.

* * *

Restless horses in a willow-wood by the river are making
a drapes of dust with their hoofs. Fall is agreeing with
them.
Do they have any idea about the time, if they are nagging like
they are sawing the tree trunks on the banks of the
river. Their
maines look like fish skeletons that ants pedantically
left behind
them on the sandbar, after the godly feast. I am honoured
that I can observe stallions in peace, in a perfect peace
of a fall
afternoon in which I am reading a poem.

Very few of them know the truth about their bosses.
Perhaps because that truth, after all, does not exist.
They came from the North,
the fact that they came was enough for me to understand they had
swam across the Danube. At the time when the river
acted as
the iron border between two sides at war.

In God's name, they created a rich stable among us.
To admire stallions belongs to my farm experience,
when the essential things were happening to a young
man, in a narrow
window of time. In the yard of an exemplary farmer,
where every piece
of tool has its deserved place. Oh, but in today's world,
the one that insists on
a society with no borders, it is hard to understand that
kind of story.
It's lacking the moment that I am caught in. That is not
an arena,
nor is it a metropolis, nor the casino - where the money
is deposited on a certain stallion, in the hope of winning the
race.

Under the fall of the leaves, watercolor of a nature, I
am thinking of
the future. Neither the washed out pebbles nor the
branches that resemble bullet shells
could justify the next day. By no means were they fitting in my
visions, the one flying out (spawning with the clouds),
with an
emphasized female shape. To stay in front of the stables and think
about the life is what people with more courage can do,
I, for sure, do not belong to that group. I talked loud
and
nature had heard every word I said. Those prayers were
vanishing
in the shrubbery, strong as the cutting edge of the carpenters axe,
advancing like a woman soon to give a birth. I had an
impression that I was saying a prayer hour after hour,
not even
thinking that words are, somewhere far away, falling
like birds hit with the buckshot.

I was trying to stay collected, to take care of the words
that were
insisting on being heard, not minding to listen to the
beautiful music
coming from the nature. Words do not forebode any-
thing
about the death that, very simply, sometimes I could
see. Look,
the stable by the river looked for a moment like a gar-
den with
watermelons. Flushed thieves are running around in it.
Eastern border that is containing it, is of no help for the
understanding of the story about the bosses that swam
across the
river, as wide as the cow's back, being loud in the dark
so they could stay together in the waves. I am sensing
their fear
of a totalitarian (getting fat among the asleep ones)
from
whom they were trying to escape. In order to make a
stable
among us. In front of my eyes, sharper than butcher's
tools.

Stable, for sure, is far away from a dream, the one that
the whole
Europe nurtures. It is a full witness for the bosses, the
ones
devoted to it for sure. Those stallions, even though
enclosed in
a wooden fence, are free, even if sometimes taken out
for
ceremonial games, for the weddings, and, for sure, for
attention.
They are so sweet during the celebrations. They are
stamping the ground
with their hooves so they would get the attention. If
their hoof hits
the stone, a sparkle flies. Those stallions are far away
from the
arenas where ladies, with powdered but wrinkled faces,
are
sighing like they are masturbating. This stable is far
away from the
world that disheartened female computer students are
giving in.

I was watching the pebbles in the river. Brushed teeth
of the river
are smiling at me. And the branches of the willow
trees are bending.
To interpret the world is not easy. Cold icebergs of the
far away cities
and racetracks are stretched around. Everywhere, there
are
resentments, I understood. I was so gratified that I ran
into the
wild horses by accident. My common sense was invent-
ing
the play involving them. Stuffing them in the well
known piece.

They galloped by like a wind, close to me. And van-
ished in the
grocery bag bushes. It must be that they drowned in the
distance

In The Valley of Walls

like pagans of the old world. Nature, then, became a big
stable.

Everyone had their own duties. I did not waste my
time. I was
collecting twigs and dry small branches for the fire,
then clearing
the forest like a despot, but my soul was crying because
of the unreliable testimony of what it has seen. Full of fever, I
was
uniting the words, like the clay more oily than soap.
Meanings
were piling up, one on the top of another, green leaves
welted,
but the slim barren twigs were offering themselves, so I
could weave the basket. What would I dare put in the
one
I weaved? The fear. The moment I live in. At that
instant, when I
was confronting myself by the river, I was startled by
whistling of the woman I had promised myself to, but
who has
a completely different opinion about the riddles
connected all around in a knot.

Women, for sure, think about the stables more intimate-
ly
than the man. God made them more practical creatures.
They definitely should not write a poetry. No. Even the
mistress of the stable rather talks about the cold and
crowded
Moscow, than about horses. The one I am wishing to
take a look
at, probably does not exist. Every man has a stable in
his head.

* * *

Who is going to talk about the moonlight? Grass?
Stone?
Waves of the stream that are overflowing the inside of
us? Or maybe the
ones that will resurrect tonight, so they would warn us
about the
friendships, that toiled the time like a worn out sole? In
a moonlight
that came down from the mountain ridge everyone
would like to
reveal himself by his own size, and make the celebra-
tion by his
own finding. Oh, well. Plan was given to the human
judgment
to get fullfilled. The order of insignificant things under
the moonlight
can be appealing. Giants gloat about their power.
Frightened animals are
retreating under the shade of the trees. The dictatorship
is obvious.
Sifted sand on the river banks shakes. But,
fairy tales tell different stories about moonlight. Our
ancestors, with nice words, were
trying to discourage us from the dread they were suf-
fering from?
Moonlight is digging a well in the forest, from
the gut of the earth it wants to pull out unknown words.
Thousands
of years old secrets, bones, joints of broken stones,
sputtering
from beneath like powerless gods, that have lost their
battles forever. Excavations can be turned into the
Museum. I think,
the treasure that held itself on its own could be saved.
Spared from the instincts of the wild animals.

Moonlight dulls saliencies, like ox's bones do butcher's
knife.

Theatre is closing, gentlemen, contamination with the
moonlight is becoming alarming. Let everyone save
his own possessions as he knows, it looks like it
is the only way to outwit the overall control. From
Central
Europe arrive warriors all wrapped up in a tow of the
moonlight,
bristle and resurrected to visit estates. Impudent behav-
iour
suits them, because they came upon the pollution and
the
language in slogans. Not even multiplication charts can
help them. No one can help the dead. Accomplices that
sold them out cheap turned into well known patrons.
And what did they learn? That God first writes off
hopeless people. But, was it always like that?

When they saw their white blood, they went to the
family cemeteries to bury themselves on their own.
Fed up with the dreams and the debates. And the exile
where
the world history ends up.

Moonlight has the back of the shark. It is sprouting
from

above, from the place it all started and from where the
end cannot be
anticipated (by the testimony of the holy books), like
flowers
more certain than the flies of Golubac, birds with the
feathers bathed in the milk in order to feed on happily.
Do not
deposit the moment of death - the price is expressed
in a music. Caution does not help, because God always
makes for himself the best feast. Insatiable, he feasts on
our
beings. For me - he has to wait, for years I've been get-
ting ready
for this type of egoism. Moonlight hides the cheeks of
the
saints, no one can utter the word about that slavery.
Dialogue is inevitable. The sooner it is started the less
fighting for inheritance there would be. Man has to
know
that in the whole thing he bears a few guilts. Only the
ghosts
of the lit candles resist the moonlight.

There are some of them but it is insignificant number.
Crowd is not
needed for a serious job. Frescoes should be treated
brutally, and the
corpses of the disgusted buried in plastic bags.
Transformation is
possible. Nature is not dozing, it is not a drunk to fall
asleep
behind the corner of the public building. Brave people
stick their
heads out the way they should. Rarely do they make a
misatake
in their sacred duty, because one usually saves many.
Safeguard of
the moonlight is lonely. It is showing off its might, the
way that
does not even suspect that the candle light is passing
through the
heart, dry and stretched like the tiger's skin. You could
hear from
the Central Europe without the moonlight, inconstant
like a
call from the the blackbird before the dawn, but there is
no talking over
about it. Because every report would be looked at as if
it is untrue.
Sages look for the remedy for their illness on their own.
Let it be.
Salvation has the right for the privacy. The origin of the
moonlight
could not stay unknown. Even less false.

In The Valley of Walls - 2

In the valley of walls, where there are piles of stones
(on which pictures of snakes are drawn with their
tongues
stuck out), villagers willingly go out to cut down the
trees because,
they say, you can make the best
wooden dishes from these tree trunks. Unskilled,
I sometimes go there too, in order to use carpenters
axe,
even if I am less skilled to carve a design
or make a bowl for the milk.

Parts of the stones are used by the town-inhabitants for
the
chairs or counters, sometimes like the dining tables.
Landscape looks like a timber yard, something that, in
the Vlach translation, means
a woodcarving place. Turned over, the wood chips and
the bark trimmed from the trunk
shine and decay like a skin pulled off of the sheep.
On some of them coiled snakes sleep, on the other
unknown insects rest , perhaps cigarette-ends from the
carpenters.

Tradition remembers that the temple was demolished
here.
But that kind of story could not be checked out on the
spot.

The finder who says that, among the stones, he found a
vase
with the design all over it, does not know anything
else.
Ignorant as he is, he compares himself with the silver
branches on the glass of a frosted window.

But, what would anyone coming this way, along the
trail of the wood
chips - roughly cut pieces of wood - and by the awaken
snake that
hisses like a boiling kettle, think about all this or, per-
haps, hear?

Would even a genius archaeologist anticipate that the
traditions with different foundations would be inextricably
crossed.

IN THE VALLEY OF WALLS! Where did that title
of locality come from? What kind of walls? Whose
walls?

Among the pictorial mountains hidden from the onlook-
ers,
I am offering to the villagers a nice reward for every
object that
they find in the yard of THE VALLEY. They are bring-
ing
to me bricks that are not too valuable, trying to arise
my interest in the caves close by, those that, they
believe, hold a hidden
treasure. Mouth of the cave, gaping like the jaws of the
snakes
longer than the girdling belt, sketched on the stones.

One late afternoon, I walked to the middle of the TIM-
BER YARD.

Almost to the spring in the VALLEY OF WALLS,
where
I stumbled upon the stone plate with ingravings, that
looked like the
wall-flowers, a sort of lettering. Here is the good rea-
son to talk to the educated
people: archaeologists, historians, anthropologists,
experts of myths,
the European and Balkan prae-history, I thought. But
the letterings were unknown:
after many consultations, no one could interpret them.
It would have been better if I had not moved that plate
from the
place I had found it in; there, at least the shepherds
would be surprised
by it.

IN THE VALLEY OF WALLS trees raise up into the
sky,
every crown of the tree is on its own on that level,
the outstanding plateau. I even found one hand grinder
made out of stone. I was circling around the stones, and
if someone
had spotted me from the distance, he could have
thought that I was
looking for the snakes, but I was only trying to find out
more about
the region. I could have touched the ephemerity, the
remnants of a few
milleniums; I was hallucinating about the ancient men
that were
making remedy for epilepsy out of the snakes; I was
walking and dry
twigs were crackling under my feet; parts of the bricks
were
sticking out of the scorched grass, shining like the ear-
ings
of a Roman dignitary. A lizard leaped from behind one
of the stones,
its fright gave it vivacity, wings; it fell on a gray plate
that was most
probably ripped out from the floor of the delapidated
fish pond, or
from the dried up well... On the way here I saw where
the earth
gaped on it's own conception, bones peeping out sharp-
er than
the dagger. Standing out like plants in the garden. I saw
burned
facades of the houses. Earth of a colour of the melting
copper,
the bones flowering beautifully. So many of them,
disrupting the growth of the weeds. The bulkiest are the
colors of the corn flour, while the stones, not bigger
than some fists,
group like a flock of the chickens in front of the door
of the mill.
How many invisible abysses are between the ancient
and
the modern man in the Valley of Walls? Like an endow-
ment,
in the earth, a drilled ceramic ball is maybe hiding the
right

answer.

Only by the stream, between whose banks, stronger
than from the
faucet, there gushes the water out of many wells, green,
cold and clean,
sweet like in the spring when snow is melting, I
stopped for a
moment, thinking about the fall of the mankind, about
the fall in general.
From the earth darker than the lignite flow a stem tied
up
in wood fibers; bumble bees landing on the dark flow-
ers
as if they are in search of their paddles. Fragments of
the vases and
bowls located on the ground surface, like remnants in a
deserted warehouses. Have I lost my way in this
Hellenic cemetery?
In a rich mine of the VALLEY OF WALLS, where,
maybe,
swines were being held before?

Conquering the landscape of the VALLEY OF WALLS
feels like
ploughing through a narrow local road; from one
moment to the next
the thought of being lost in the least known
corner of the Balkans is coming to my mind. I was pre-
sented
with the sea shells that were showing their silvery
insides-
duke's dishes? Skeletons of the horses. In the field of
the green corn with bristling fins, there stretches a trace
of an ancient
road buried under, a broken gray colored dish lies on
the other side
of the stream, maybe broken on its own, in the winter,
when the
tree trunks are cracking because of the cold, and soil
crambling
from it like an ant-hill. I left more careful than the
archaeologist-
amateur, going to that side. Gathering pieces of the
dish, I wished
to glue it together, to give it back its original shape. To
make
the shape out of nothing - only God could do.

I was thinking that among the pile of the stones, some
keys are
hiding, the very ones that mankind and I are missing.
On the handles
of the dish, imprinted were the three crosses with equal
hands,
filled out with the white color, which is a good sign for
a
searcher of the treasure buried in the rocks. I knew that
the artisan, while sun was setting, religiously drew it
with his black
nails, while his wife, in a fringy skirt, made blades of
grass,
and, with perky breasts, supervised his work. So, they
waited for the
mole to throw them out of the ground in front of my
feet, so I would
understand. Understand what?

Thick liquid is like the honey of the time that went by.
Box of scorched soil that looks like the floor of a beer-
store.
Hop creeping on the trees; oh, what a beautiful vest he
dressed
them in! Its flowers bigger than the stone hatchets, or
the wax in the lump. Oh, the way the hop bushes
lay down on the road, to suckle the piglets!

I came upon the place where the ancient bridge was rot-
ting,
then to the field with the graves. Oh, oh! Their chins
are
elongated like the stirrup under the ground. The fire
burns
with the flames of the Watch Tower. Now the soil has
the color
of the linden coal. Then the Crater of some temple
appeared,
turning like the gate of a fortified city. Weasels
calling each other, sounding like a sad woman crying.
Hidden
beneath the stone walls, covered with the green moss in
that place,
with the pointy small heads like the goat's coat.
They are saying that the well was buried under, right
there, and that on
its bottom bells of the temple are laying:
people can hear during the holly ceremonies their echo
from the depths...
What should I take with me from the VALLEY OF
WALLS?
The edge, remnants, pieces, fragments, none of these
things
represent the secure connection with the Whole; obvi-
ously
they are coming and growing as if from some kind of a
garden,
where the unknown treasure of an ancient man is burst-
ing like
an enamel. I can take the brick in the shape of a wheel,
or the
drilled teeth of the wild boar, or the mill for grinding
the
salt. Offered to me, with no shame, are many trinkets
of
the ancient people, like they came out of the void
lagoons right
this moment, from the red stomach of the earth and
from the
oblivion. No, I didn't come here to desecrate even one
fragment of the unknown VALLEY OF WALLS. Let
everything
stay the way the time arranged for it in its desolated
home - my
home. Till God sends a Seer to explain all of this here,
to justify
his real name. It is not going to happen that soon. It's
not going to
be a triumph of some archaeologist, anthropologist, nor
is it going to be
a formula or form that announces big discoveries. I did
not glue
together the pieces of the dish of the ancient people of
the TIMBER YARD

so that I can understand the drama of its braking.

I am unable to show that I could
be a reliable follower of something that is dead already
for a long time.

The only thing I wanted to do is to find out original
name of the locality.

Everyone has to have his own experience, to find out
that
in the remote provinces death has an overdimensioned
significance.
Even when it spreads like a frog on the surface of the
river.
An apple cooked in a sugar is a prize for the boys for
their first poetic discoveries, boys who, instead of prac-
ticing
their poetic skills on sonnet sequences, begin
making a scarecrow, a mask. A better practice of their
first
steps than this is not needed. Summer scarecrow made
out of
the pumpkin has a different value from all the written
verses, or subsequent books. In it, as in a jar quietly sits
the summer. Perhaps, a plum jam? The drama of every
beginning.

* * *

At home of the Director of one of Bucharest's theaters,
hidden from
The inquisitive onlookers, behind the iron fence painted
green,
for whatever reason,
in front of the set in the basement arranged for an abundant dinner,
i.e. the basement with the aroma of spices and the vine
from the north
vineyards on the seaside, several poets and actors from
the theater
are discussing what has happened and what could happen. A quiet
hostess opens and closes like a zipper of the summer
dress
an enigma that we had accepted. It is only the young
actress who does not
care for the topic that is going to lead up to a quarrel,
and does not
care if she is liked by the almost drunken group: she is
reciting the
verses of Eminescu. Her words are falling on the table
like the
red-hot volcanic stones...

* * *

Do not forget, children are born in disappointment.
So they could overpower and win over the ephemerality.

I am

repeating: Come in detail silent nature! show your
tongue.

You are not the winter to soap the face of the fields
with the

snow while getting ready to shave them! During the
nights

more moist than the eyes of the horses, we have to con-
front

the masks of the Creator's hasty temper. With his face
and

droopy cheeks in a fat..

* * *

In a museum of the homeland during the unannounced
visit,

I ran into the custodian at the time determined
for breakfast. At the breakfast table, like some kind
of homemaker thinking about what she is going
to make for dinner that day, he sits. Not only that, on
the
paper in front of him is the piece of fatty food.

Artists do not have breakfasts like do custodians of
museums,
the archaeologists. Every bite of the ruins they chew
slowly and
modestly so their stomachs can digest it easier, their
minds growing
even more, different than their museums setups.

Without the entourage and without any comments in
front
of the exhibits (because the custodian is busy outstand-
ingly
rehashing, and that of the fat) I am strolling through the
huge exhibition
hall - the canvases are quite unusually hanged, like the
baby birds
on the edges of the nests.

I stop in front of the picture "*Breakfast on the grass*",
whatever made the artist think of the title? Did he ever
really
come upon women busy peeling the fruit, within the
panorama
where the stones are in the same time the dinning tables
and
the chairs? Where the moss has the place of honor.
Perhaps, they do not
see the artist behind the thick bush and the shrubs of
the
lilacs. Was the artist at that odd moment alone? Didn't
he, in the
universal surrounding, use the occasion to have the
breakfast
with the young women? The picture does not reveal
that,
but I forebode that the nature has the eyes more force-
ful,
and, in the solitude of the museum, having a better look
I can see more reliably. Breakfast is the ritual that did
not
come close to the end. Remnants of the peeled fruit are
the
feast for the ants, but they do not exist on the picture.
No
other insects either are normally lacking at the time.
Artist was carried away with the sight of women's
knees,
the perky breasts of the young robust women. The faces
of the women known
(whether they were someone's daughter, sister, lover,
wife) but too angelic, not
to say too sweet, for my taste.

I was trying to imagine the face of the artist, who had
probably
sighed with a relief while finishing the picture. There
cannot be
complete satisfaction because he succeeded to paint, to
conjure only
the fragments. What was missing must have ruined the
whole impression.
Maybe those missing things, the ones he did not suc-
ceed to summon, would
find their place on some other canvas, that has nothing
to do with the one
painted? What do we know about the artist? What is the
signature at the
bottom of the canvas telling us? How much, if at all,
the prints
of the magpie's feet are in the snow? Actually hidden
behind the lilac bush,
maybe the artist never did catch the breakfast in the
grass? Maybe he painted
only some of his longings for unknown women that had
just passed by him
while on a travel? Or, possibly, they came from a differ-
ent climate, so those
pictures he was trying to paint, maybe did not even
exist? Maybe only some
angels got lost for a moment in the artist's head, giving
themselves a chance
to agitate his imagination, emotions, memories, suc-
cesses and failures. Maybe
that moment was not suitable for painting; so when
should a painting occur?

Museum custodians do not know how to answer those
questions; not a single
greasy museum custodian is needed by those pictures. I
left the museum,
imbued, trembling with happiness, without saying
goodbye to the
custodian who was finishing his fatty remnants of the
food
left on the desk in his office. The viewer, sometimes,
adds to the masterpiece what
is the best part,
the part that both the artist and the museum custodian
may have omitted,
while in front of his eyes painted details hover, where
you can find many
faults. He who came after all of them, after eventual
models, paint brushes,
paints, indescribable restlessness, masterpieces of mas-
ters, masters of forgery,
turned to something that is equal to Prayer, with angels
erected within,
or raised by themselves like the blades of the trampled
grass, wondrous
pictures, from the mines of the astonishing souls...

The Speech on the Field of the Mars

How far did I come? You are given only one chance to
learn how the
stones speak.

He was given the chance to believe and to follow his
teaching. To know how
to fall out of the nest like a featherless young bird.
That kind of the idler only knows
how to narrate.

Scram! Archaeology, oh, unknown! Gloomy history.
Autumn smudgier
than the water colors. It threatens. Man is walking all over
the world
bringing his shadow with him. Taught to narrate. He
had let it screech
like an aged bone. It looks like a rooster good for the
soup. It is repeating
the experiences we gave up on. It is sputtering like
stones, showing the
wounds and the teeth that caused the wounds. I had
years to reconcile the
extremes that contradicted like the knife with two
blades.

What now? War is over. It should be started all over
again, from the
very beginning. Survivors are celebrating the life.
Disabled are receiving nickel-plated
artificial limbs. Ah, all right. It is a good moment to
acquire the property.
Shapes and meanings need new faith. Who would say
that we are frozen
in sin?

Here, the autumn dahlias unnoticably emerge out of the
soil, shining
the fire ignited on blood. The young girls in a forest
fog, pick wild
strawberries, so they sputter in their hands, red like
lookwarm streams,
all of the sudden, when the woman in them is
announced.

They do not know anything about love! But they still
live in love.
They are flowering and justifying the world, the young
man (for the sake
of God's justice forgotten) entering the death like they
are putting
on the new suit, look, ghoasts are roaming through the
forest, white,
how scary they are, frightening no one, like a bouquet
of flowers,
bought for the woman, gathered like the fruit flies over
the husks,
over the poured wine of the time, gurgling.

Not everyone can be modern after the war. But can you
really call
the peace time a modern one? Hadn't our power gotten
lost too much in

a virginity of someone else's power? Twigs of the wil-
low trees in spring
(that is what is modern) are bending slowly. They are
springing up
worthy of attention.

The master of new shape and meaning is hidden,
crouching in time.
Most of us know that the black night has untroubled
eyes. Oh,
remember. Do not rely on angels, because so many
times they deceived you.
Disappear with the lamp into the night without the
stars, filled
with the solitude. Win with your heart, with your whole
being, brighten
up the region stronger than the plowshare cleaned with
the fresh soil.

Give what you can? Be the benefactor. It is not too late
to learn,
for the big business reckoning does not exist.

Man chooses the moment for the presentation. Even the
small child hears
the rooster announcing itself three times at night. What
happened -
happened, wherever the bones are after the war, they
rest in their
own places, tied like the shoelaces.

Watch for the feelings. Do not let them pour over like
the vaginal
juices in vain. Save them, the rule will be confirmed, all
what you knew,
the gold gets darker with the time, by the way, the hid-
ing does the same.

And dahlias? Blasted more than the universe, they
warn, lasting
with the tears of the icesicles, next year unannounced
they'll burst
open in the garden. They'll untie the shoelaces of the
stems, poor us,
what could have been learned from the doorstep of the
house if we had paid
attention to the yard, fenced in with the bones.

Wind is chasing the grass turf just before the dawn.
Why is it doing it?
It has the teeth sharper than the shavings. What a nice
coach it is
harnessed in. Impudently, it is breaking off the stem of
the dahlia, then placing it
behind the ear. Where is it heading? To drive away the
gun powder,
or to snowstorm my life? Oh, wind, take me away!
Take me to the end
of the world, the ancient elements compressed in one
person wait there
too long, their loud history hiccups, more vehement
than the soldiers
gathered in the camp...
