

Jul Awake

I was sitting in my car
reading a new translation
of Dostoevsky.

It was time to proceed.
I closed my book and got out of the car.

A blonde woman
stood before me.

“Jul,” I said,
“it’s you.”

In a Gray Coat

One who knows you
is here.

He is standing
at the door
in a gray coat.

You pretend,
make some coffee,
put on a recording,
relax – do not listen
to the fear in the air –

He can wait.
He has time.

He has all day
for your appointment.

Love Is a Gypsy

You learn things
in these trades:

and how did it feel
to go east
with ashes in your mouth,

red footprints in the snow
walking away?

*My love-yearning grows
thick as summer grass:*

*one may mow it or rake it,
but it soon goes wild again.*

Luna

“You were shut up like a nun.”

“And when the letters
began to arrive

they were only to complain
of my thin lips,
my uncharitable nature.”

“What did they know?

You sat in your tower window
watching the pilgrimage of the mutilated
in ordered rows across your lawn.

The most pathetic faces were your own.”