

MONDAY

Attention, attention, Monday approaches
I will wring its neck and send it to Sunday

Where it can serve the starved classes
Where it can serve prayers for breakfast
Where it can be short green grass
On which one can sleep a heavy, the heaviest sleep

BENDS OF THOUGHT FROM 4 TO 5

I'm really bothered by this thought
This endless thinking
Bending easier than rubber
I take on all sorts of shapes

Today, for example, I'm a woolen vest
And you a steel pole
I rub against you from the right
I rub against you from the left
Bzzzz it's so electric

SEARCH

But how how again
But how our brother father son husband brother-in-law
But how our sister mother wife aunt
But how all in one and nobody anywhere

But how as if fallen off the face of the Earth
But how when the city plastered with posters and even on the radio
But how when now everybody knows that face
But how when the photo's so strange and how unknown

But how when dressed in blue tracksuit
But how when dressed in white T-shirt and black sneakers
But how to be different and yet recognized
But how when it's all anyone talks and whispers about

But how when only for a few days longer
But how when someone similar is already waiting
But how when there's no good enough reason
But how when a man is nowhere to be found

YOUITHEY

I said today is Wednesday
You say Wednesday is not today
Today I had some fish and greens
You say – beans and sausages

Bankers raised their voice against morality
You claim – they were even more quiet about morality
And now the students rebelled as usual
You claim – they mistook these for years of turmoil

You acquired confidence by hard lies
I – softened them with a wooden bat
You said today is not Wednesday
And I – I ate your fish and greens and sausages and beans

A REASON

My reason is good enough
Good enough to beat you all up
If I beat you all up will I be
Will I be myself enough to stay

To stay and live with my reason
Reason that won't let me rest
Rest from the morn' till the evening and then
Then I'll start a revolution, brother

Brother, find yourself a good reason
A reason good enough to unite us all
All who from their birth have searched
Searched for their true peace

MEDITERRANEAN

A man was in the sea, out of the blue, yes, he was, and those on the ship were wondering why, why, and on top of that, and on top of that, they were asking the man in the sea, in fact, asking themselves, why he was in the sea, what the hell? Who is he, where is he from, goddammit? And at this hour? And then somebody else, maybe a proud philosopher, muttered, what for? From the sea, yes, right from the sea the man in the sea can't ask any questions, no, no, the distance too invaluable, why fire a precious sentence only to watch it fall down, dog-tiredly, right beside the ship? Watch out your breath and heart and innards, son! But hey, hey, the fellas on the ship, they simply tossed one question, and then another, and another, but he did not hear them, the wretched man in the sea, for the simple reason he was the man in the sea, who honestly wants to but does not hear those who are not with him in the sea, you see, because there is, there can't be any closeness between him in the sea and them outside, no no no, no intimacy, the thin line that connects them just an illusion; it is the line drawn by them, them outside the sea, those selfish perky hegemony, cocky scholars in Armani's jeans, but no, no, no, they do not understand the sea because they are not in the sea right now, never have been, you have to be in the sea to understand it, to know why, for Chrissake, why I jumped into the sea, why I fell into the sea, why I ran away from the land of my birth, why, why alone.

YOU, WITH YOUR HAIR SWINGING LEFT-RIGHT

They don't allow me to read on the tram, especially you, with your hair swinging
left-right.

You're tossing it onto the page I am reading, *splaaash*, all the words vanish
and I have to look up at you.

What would Jane Hirshfield say – why did I stop reading
in the middle of her poem *To Judgment: An Assay*?

You change my life with your hair

“as eating an artichoke changes the taste/ of whatever is eaten after”, says Jane.

Hair is of a rather odd nature, seemingly dead: you can cut it, you can burn it.

Yet, still grows.

And then my lively fingers comb it, get entangled in it, their life gets entangled,
someone else's life does, they change their taste.

Suppose I suddenly wish to see your face as you're tossing your hair.

At its best I can only hope to see

the flash of your hands, that will come out of the blue

to raise your hair, comb it with the fingers,

and then let it mercilessly splash

across the pages of my book,

like foamy water from the bucket thrown out into the street at the end of the shift

at the barber's.