

Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Hostilities

Those deadly beautiful things...
A bomb rain
or a bursting night-sky mushroom.
An imploding mind...

The empire of dreams macadamises you
with images. The sun is
unbuttered bread; life is oily
under the sunflower.

If your religion is vandalism, your god is
in pieces. Your consciousness,
hillock upon hillock...
Even your language isn't your language.

Your nightmare: the insatiable kiss
of *déjà vécu*.
What do you say to a dynamite ape?
To a multi-knife scarecrow?

Questions, queuing up.

Satiety, pencil-bodied.

An abyss inside the abyss.

Don't Tsar It

Your headlights stop a dozen eyes.
Don't tsar it. Desist.
Be a swallow. Twice a swallow.
Dive into the red of a yellow light, sing
the future's reverse side.

What now? Is "now" now?
Or a goblet full of distress?
A circus of friends, a solo of lightnings...
I'm a motorway. I like
motorcycle brainwaves.

Celery snow... Grease persists;
there's a pail of pain
on the hard shoulder. Can you play the bus?
Like all cameras, I can be cloudy,
but what do you do if you are a cloud?

An Identikit

In the jungle of sticky errors, there are
loose feathers the colour of blazing darkness.

Spilt (split) thunder.

The sky drinkable on the brinks.

If they expropriate lunar-marine,

how green will our fingers be?

We play mouths and apples,
we clock ninety-nine episodes
of confusion.

The air of crevices,

an agoraphobic argument.

Is this the time for wiping mirrors?

Dreams get silenced into identities.

While birds pluck the stars

– cherry by cherry –

we billow towards our hunting grounds.

The sapphire birch, its dignity of a prize.

The funeral ostrich, its senescent scent.

Polonaise

Snow. A takeaway weather
from the sky library. The farm,
seated under the landscape.
No fly, no dig.

Existence, whitesnaking around
prior beings, animals. A sweetmeat smog.
Shadows wearing footprint robes
wander about with walkie-talkies.

Eventuality. Life angles tabled
to the angel cloth. Boxes and boxes
of mouse-quietness. Errors ambered
into the sunrise.

The mud clock clays the Great Thaw.
The voice lights up,
blooms the rooms. Wintry wounds
exhale lifeless saplings.

Log in to your view-finders, to a radiogummy
of your skull. The motherload of dreams
under the moustache-quilt,
a foretaste of purgatory.