“Judas”
We entered the room — blind —
And I ended up seeing you:
Blackness and putrid stench,
We penetrated a buba
In Ibn Sīnah’s madrassa.
Plague, vice and ego - tobacco,
Alcohol, perfume of Fathers,
Sons and Absent Spirits.

The Trinity raised its altar
From the underground.
The flowers of the table
Caressed the knees
Of the players who gambled.
Although they did not caress them -
They kept on gambling -
They were seizing them.

Boirs sprouted from below
And darkness that bewitched -
A white wall around.
The bonfire and the feast.
And you Judas, where?
To the right.
You looked at the cards
Like an evening demon.
You sweated drunk and foolish
And smoked - my body wasted away -
Gray Shulamite in the middle of the game.
You threw me to the dogs
A night of white Bailey’s cream.
You longed to win — Norman — cheating
Treacherously and you lost.
That night you didn’t take me to bed.

Chips were falling on the table:
Equal, raise twenty, pass....
Gold for your purse
Heartless mercenary.
That’s why you didn’t hear it:
Withdraw.
You didn’t want to hear me:
Shut up.

You still can’t hear me:
Trio.
But you know.
Three hours we waited for you,
Judas.
Three hours you played with the
Three hours was enough for you —
But preferred to play poker.

And you’re still playing your game.
Treacherously, yes, Judas.
Because you had no heart —
Even if you played poker —
You always cut with diamonds —
To give it all in —
And hang yourself at the orchard.
“End”
A poem to read
At the end of the world.

Running with handfuls of
Cash to the coffin
Covered in weeds we smoke
Singing songs about love
And sex separating
Souls in a mixture
Of colorful polaroid —
Full of foolness.

“Ukrainians murdered at the border”
Said a Russian host never —
And viceversa.
As we turn TV down forever
And meet a new world,
Chaucer coined Twitter
With new fake news
And old real gore
— Every minute —

She waves in the mirror
At me every morning
And tells me how he likes me:
(Pretty thin fumes
Of a cigarette I buy —
A ticket everyday —
A thriller magazine —
Diets on Cola and Coke
To the end of the world.)

But spring flowers
from another’s neck
And I’m lured to live again
And find a world of airs —
Running wild, wild!
I can’t find
One for my own.

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Must stop reading.
-----------------------------------------------
So many lines.
-----------------------------------------------
So little spaces.
-----------------------------------------------
End of poem.
“Imagine”

Imagine you were not a clock!
And ticktack vanished. Imagine!
That silence conquered the muffled voices,
And rambling conquerors tasted at last
The inward ironed wound
That comes from no one and tastes of emptiness.
The nothingness of running beheaded
Bounded by the reins of wants.
Of time hurriedly time-less.
Of life life-less and human aliens
And loneliness personified but unnoticed.
Of light clothing darkness,
And sleeping out of cycle —
And producing, consuming, and producing!
In a whimsical folly!

Imagine the clock hands grasp
Relaxing over your neck —
Like the rope bit by the dog
You walk mornings in a rush and evenings,
Till its tears it into freedom.
But you wither and melt
Into it as you linger
Under the sun on the sand
Of a lifetime beach.
In a blazing summer created
Of punishment ignored
That persists not in memory.

If only you crashed the sphere.
If only you breathed again,
And walked the sphere of Earth,
And felt the breeze of air.
If you rocked the baby,
And were the baby,
And crawled and touched,
And questioned.
And smiled and learned,
And failed and fixed.
And patient like a sleepy baby
Or anxious for the breast,
Groped for the nipple,
Tearing down the mechanism.
Imagine!