

The World Will End Tomorrow

*I made a bet with Pascal
that you exist. Yet I was wrong.*

This appearance is the most infernal salvation,
and repetition—the most merciless lesson,
after which you never learn anything.
That's why you are given the freedom
to walk the same roads, to drive the same hospital-white car,
to be a servant to the same meaningless gestures.

To drag a body, seething with hope for life:
back and forth—back and forth—back and forth,
while outside the world remains asthmatically the same:
houses, trees, streets, buildings, from one landslide to another
and again: houses, trees, streets, buildings,
sometimes sidewalks.

But you'll get used to it, I'm telling you, you'll get used to the horror.
And only at night, when the windows exhale your breath,
when the ceiling bends like a galaxy above your head,
something will bleed from your fingertips,
something will howl at the dead in your chest,
will paint crystals with your breath.

But you'll get used to it, I'm telling you, you'll get used to the horror.
And only from time to time, you'll forget your child at daycare,
you'll pour tomato sauce into the washing machine,
you'll stack your clothes in the fridge—
but still just as carefully,
still just as meticulously,
still as if something
continues.

Jericho Is Everywhere

This is the way the world ends. Not with a bang but a whimper.

T.S. Eliot, "The Hollow Men"

You sing for the uncaressed,
for the unspoken, for the unshed,
for the unawaited —
a thorn in the chest, an arrow in the ribs,
ashes in the bones.

But when a sick moon starts to shine, do not fall asleep,
when a flower starts to breathe, do not freeze
with the paralysis of a bird
embraced by the winds.

If you chose to condemn you again to yourself,
do not forget — to keep silent until the grave
with the sorrow of fishes,
with the cunning of snakes,
with the anger of the earth.

But when a flower starts to breathe, do not fall asleep,
when a beast passes, do not caress.
Jericho is everywhere when you are from nowhere:
the world will end with a whimper.

By the Knife, Perhaps, You Will Recognize Me

*Lao Tzu taught me
the highest act of surrender:
not to cause my own self to the others.*

And listen: I have
just one last tale left,
two or three bats in the cupboards,
two or three skeletons in the closets,
one bare knife lost in the night,
by which you will know that it is I.

Two or three things to say,
two or three meats to slay,
and nothing else, nothing.
Deserts — white flesh to tear,
deserts — white pages to fear,
among which without a voice
I will cry.