



# I Think About Your Hands

POEMS

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# 01

## I THINK ABOUT YOUR HANDS

I think about your hands.  
Besides your hands,  
there is not much else  
I like to be preoccupied with.  
I have been reinventing them,  
I have become your hands,  
they  
have become  
my gestures.  
I always wait for them  
to move somewhere,  
nowhere in particular,  
just somewhere,  
to unsettle my focused imagination.  
I try to like them modestly,  
but yet each time  
I can't resist  
to slowly lie down,  
to turn into the piano  
under your fingers,  
to play the symphonies

heard hardly  
by anyone  
except my pillow  
and me.

What I think about your hands  
is

inexpressible -  
I think your hands  
are letters of love,  
are music notes,  
are the white swans  
of Pyotr Tchaikovsky:  
they choreograph over my lake  
a never-ending story,  
a whirling tsunami of Mars,  
a heart-stopping waltz,  
particularly when the strings  
enter pianissimo...

Later developing into  
staccato-allegro-forte -  
your swans are flying over my shoulders  
when I carefully trap them  
in a kiss.

# 02 I WANTED IT TO BE SPRING

I wanted it to be spring,  
I wanted to rub you and lie by you  
till you just gently  
sailed off to sleep,  
I wanted to see you when nothing happens around,  
I knew that I would miss it pretty frightfully after,  
and that I would be thinking of you  
every waking moment,  
saying your name to myself  
when others are talking.  
The way you put your fingers on my lips  
- when I am getting noisy -  
I wanted it, I want it.  
I want the moment when you are entering the room-  
meravigliosa!  
I want to run, to envelope, to conquer  
this spring, this world, this you -  
ancora, ancora, ancora.  
From my pillow  
I saw the lake  
or maybe the sea

in the distance,  
the sunburned world -  
fields and slopes and a pile of your clothes -  
all was blurred into soft silhouettes by sunrays.  
How graceful you look in everything you wear!  
How graceful when you are naked!  
I look at all the people and wonder  
how they can breathe on without having you,  
with you away I'm getting too philosophical,  
too mouthful of words,  
too sober.

The spring came in and there was nothing more to see  
except you  
sleeping in sun-rays.  
Suddenly, from being lost in winter lull,  
we are so high  
that we can see washing  
hanging along the courtyards.  
I wanted it to be spring!

# 03 INVARIABLY HUNGRY FOR YOU

Invariably hungry for you.  
I smile silently  
week after week mocked by the memories  
of how you walk  
towards my face,  
dozens of fresh waves  
pass quickly across my lungs -  
there are sensations too fine  
for words,  
and I shall not attempt to write  
how it felt  
to be enveloped by you.  
Some things are perhaps better left unsaid.  
However, in your absence, my only occupation  
is to write poems  
that would make someone smile and speed the time  
along.  
Am I alone in this room?  
No, you are with me -  
your duplicate is on the ceiling -  
I am reliving our first short kiss.

I may be ridiculously absurd  
but that morning  
I felt my whole body  
flowing above this life,  
the moment I got out of bed I knew  
I would be back,  
and I would give no final kiss.  
Fortunately, I have developed  
the unpardonable habit  
of seeing you on the ceiling.  
To make matters more perplexing,  
I have begun a first-class voyage to revive your every  
kiss.

The results are beautiful and well-composed:  
I have developed the spirit of strict and silent devotion  
to going backstage of our grand opera  
where the avalanche of kisses engulfs us,  
where we become stronger.  
Nothing is more right, natural and needed  
to be standing on one of my elbows  
over you,  
almost fainting to fall asleep,  
still with the last ounce of energy  
invariably hungry for you.

# 04 MY DEAR MOUNTAIN

We were in the middle of each other,  
with doors locked,  
curtains sealed,  
with full-open wings,  
almost hovering in the eye of the wind,  
at several thousand feet above the sheets.

A whiff of a desert,  
of something hot and wild,  
feeling how the unspoken  
speaks through the bodies.

I find it difficult to type -  
your take-it-or-leave-it style  
of pleasing me  
leaves a semi-permanent pain  
on my left side.

I am still full of you  
and continuing this flight,  
I guess, alone.

Bizarre, how can one night be  
so isolated  
as if extracted from the heart of other planet;

also strange is the regularity,  
startling, fixed determination of nature:  
how it must continue, must go on,  
whatever happens and whatever one feels.  
Perhaps, the mistake is thinking that  
that curtain-sealed night hides something perfect.  
That night I climbed at your very top,  
I can now claim  
I was once a mountaineer,  
I am afraid of heights,  
but that height I crave to stay on,  
with all the risk on sheer cliffs like you -  
one slip,  
and one is done for.  
Have I already slipped?  
Or am I still hanging inside your clouds,  
suspended amongst your rains,  
my dear mountain?

# SAW ALMOST NO-ONE THIS WEEKEND

Saw almost no-one this weekend,  
which kept my mind clean,  
the more I leave people out,  
the closer to something  
I am.

I looked attentively at the sky,  
at 'You' in it,  
a smile  
must have played on my lips,  
I did nothing to stop thinking of you,  
to play my versions of Chopin nocturnes.

The magnolia tree  
was left in my fingerprints,  
on my knees  
I was listening to the sermon  
of late morning's happiness -  
the soft orchestra of the leaves,  
twisted my eye  
into the pink  
elegy of spring,

I felt like a Sunday painter  
on Mars.

# I SUDDENLY THOUGHT WHAT I WAS THERE FOR

I suddenly thought what I was there for,  
was to see the best of all possible worlds -  
your hands,  
for not playing safe,  
for staying true to myself,  
to be persistent to the point of absurdity.  
If a line is once recited you cannot go back and do it over,  
once I've landed kisses onto your hands,  
I won't erase them  
from my lips,  
your hands told me things  
you wouldn't tell me in ages,  
your hands shook my heart,  
they were examiners of my patience,  
when I see them  
I am momentarily at a loss for the right word,  
short-breathed and cannot swallow  
when there is no prospect  
of seeing your hands,  
when they are further from me than summer,  
when they have trouble

to take me as a reliable  
Russian,  
you hands are a vast country  
that I am homesick for.

# THERE WAS A LONG MOMENT OF FALLING

07

There was a long moment of falling  
as in a dream,  
or like the snow,  
a moment when the world came to a full stop,  
when the universe shrank to a grappa kiss  
that your lips covered me with.  
It took hours to reconnect with my body,  
to establish where we were,  
to continue to compose poems  
by decomposing that grappa moment  
with you.

There are days when I am driving around,  
the sun is shining,  
but in one millisecond I feel rotten  
because you are further  
than my lips can reach.

I go and sit in a cafe on Place Jourdan,  
I order coffee with grappa,  
thousands miles away from me  
the earth keeps turning on,  
something of you continues on

inside my lips:

I re-collect, re-sense your grappa kiss -  
to remember is to feel again,  
to know it's lost,  
to feel your absence like a stone,  
a pendulum heart swings back and forth,  
swings back and forth,  
I am standing on a mine.  
Did I explode?  
Am I gone?

# WE KEEP OUR SEPARATE SILENCES

We keep our separate silences,  
Belgium outside  
is in clouds,  
trembles in spasms  
of rain,  
the skies leak through my fingers  
glued to the cold French window,  
the treetops stir wildly.  
One of those mornings  
when I stand for hours and imagine you  
sitting on the edge of your bed,  
of your world,  
with fluffed-up hair and sad -  
a little knife twists inside my thumb,  
for seconds I am as still as a photograph,  
the salt stings my lips,  
all at once  
an olive bird appears  
to float in the marble sky,  
the floor under my feet wobbles  
and shifts upwards,

I open the window,  
the vases with flowers fall down,  
the rain enters the room,  
the bird lands in -  
we feel each other,  
we keep our separate silences.

# 09 WE WERE ALONE

We were alone  
in all that blackness of the night,  
dry lips triumphantly  
were trying to zigzag  
what they call 'love',  
it felt like we were on a boat ride  
down the Ganges,  
the quieting sensation that all could last,  
that were were more than cosmos;  
you had the muscles of a butterfly,  
I was a pedant - feeling them unhurriedly.  
The most rare thing I've ever touched -  
the grace and power  
of something troubling and undisclosed:  
I saw green vineyards,  
a deep blue sea,  
unguarded gardens of daisies,  
I was a tribe of cannibals,  
getting my teeth  
into your satin arms,  
I couldn't pronounce nothing,

you were proofreading  
my loud vowels.

Yes, I dared to read Paul Eluard's

"Je t'aime",

I was it,

I am it.

# YOU ARE AS EXCITING AS THE PAINTING

# 10

You are as exciting as the painting -  
rich in hues,  
something painful  
and beautiful,  
and what is not understood is happily not understood.

Your eyes  
the most burning I have ever seen,  
I wonder  
when you are looking at the painting  
that anything should be left upon the canvas;  
adjectives  
never failed me,  
but now I can only say  
you are a thunder  
in the middle of my sea.

I am  
with my utter dedication  
trying to understand  
how can anything so beautiful lie near to me?  
I am living in a continuous present  
when in your eyes,

you smile twice as strong as you smile;  
and I will never be used  
to this density.

We sit in the middle of the lobby  
as we are,  
having coffees,  
looking at each others lips  
with no one to see what we did,  
what we feel -  
an exciting painting  
hanging  
in our unexisting  
bedroom.

# 11

## YOU WERE MY WHITE SAINT PETERSBURG

The joy of that black night  
is still alive  
and pulsing in me.  
That joy is also to drive me on  
towards the white nights  
that I am dreaming to show you  
one spring,  
when we land in Saint Petersburg.  
I'd take you  
to the silver-and-blue  
Maryinsky Theater  
to feel the walls  
that witnessed  
the flights of Pavlova, Kschessinskaya, Nureev!  
A little dream that can become a memory,  
a souvenir,  
a reality,  
almost a miracle.  
Dreaming is like rehearsing -  
it brings you one step forward  
to perfection,

to a raising bridge  
near by which  
one  
can trace a fleeting happiness.

That black night,  
in my private hierarchy of nights,  
I place among those  
I spent watching the first snow  
in the deep thick autumn  
of Nizhny Novgorod.

This joy of the first snowflakes,  
covering the mustard maples,  
and of that sudden black spring night  
have something of the feelings  
a tight-ropewalker must know -  
sure that he will reach the far side,  
yet invigorated

with the possibility of danger:  
always a gamble,  
a Russian roulette,  
to survive the winter!

On that black night  
you were my white Saint Petersburg:  
severe, austere, impersonal

and at the same time  
unbearably beautiful and absorbing,  
a city and a person  
which and who  
could subtly  
resonate one's moods:  
nostalgia, melancholy,  
fundamentality of being versus becoming,  
the joy of snowflakes  
playing on the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral.  
I surrendered to you that black night  
with the same passion and enthusiasm  
as when I was a child  
capitulating to the first snowfall.  
Now, I have to build up good firm muscles  
to be able to walk you  
over 342 bridges  
one white night in Saint Petersburg.

# THE POINT ABOUT YOUR HANDS

# 12

The point about your hands  
is that they play Chopin  
in front of me  
despite the distance,  
they are solid and simple  
rhythms  
that orchestrate my sea -  
they make it saltier,  
they put my poor words  
into a perfect novel,  
they go on  
for hours,  
without excuses,  
when I'm at work or in a traffic storm  
struggling to see the muses,  
waiting for the destination unknown  
to open -  
your hands emerge from the oblivion,  
against all circumstances,  
to make me someone  
whom I strive to be

and who would never sadden myself  
and other people.

The point about your hands  
is that they simply extend  
my daily happiness,  
without even being physically present  
in my present,  
though present around my heart.

# MY HEART HAMMERS SO HARD

# 13

My heart hammers so hard  
when I imagine you walking the streets  
we walked together,  
I still don't know how much the gift  
of freedom and trust  
can cost the giver -  
incapable of doing anything except thinking of you.  
I remain in the books  
piled around me on the floor.  
I stare abstractedly into the pages,  
at the lives and loves of characters and cities  
I will probably never visit  
together with you.  
Waiting with all my senses  
for a light sound of your message,  
or your letter,  
that would invite me to - let' say -  
'Le Sacre du Printemps',  
the explosive force of spring:  
we would soak in the pounding rhythms  
of Igor Stravinsky,

sink in the violent Nejdinsky's moves,  
we would go deep to the essential forces of Earth,  
we 'd swim in the convulsions of nature,  
my heart would dance down the solar plexus,  
I'd grip your hand so tightly  
as Dyagilev would do to Anna Pavlova  
after the curtain would fall down...

# 14

## OUTLINED IN PENCIL

Outlined in pencil,  
your hands are dancing  
beyond the margins of my paper.  
Lost somewhat in reproduction,  
I am puzzled,  
not only because of the reduction in size  
but also because of crumples -  
the details that do not undermine the grandiosity  
of those Leonardo hands  
of yours.  
Succeeding  
at what they are supposed to do -  
commandingly  
beautiful -  
they should be read, not viewed.  
They wave the epithets and emblems,  
they speak through me a weird language,  
that I don't speak,  
that I am struggling to get the gist of.  
Unhurriedly,  
I am sensing your skin,

touching your fingers -  
making the holes along the canvas  
of my imaginary piece of paper.  
Unquestioned assumption  
is circulating  
around my pencil -  
that the ultimate destiny of your hands  
is to be in a gallery.  
My desire to pin down their meanings,  
to put them into a museum,  
is greater than the rest of  
me -  
books, words, film screenings, poems.  
Again, Proust  
was correct:  
"If it was something that ought to be seen,  
I saw it!"

# 15 AN ENDLESS PARADISE IS WATCHING YOUR EYES

An endless paradise is  
watching your eyes.  
Every time it starts with me  
standing on a cliff top,  
catching the breeze,  
watching the cyclone  
that blows red clouds over my Mont Blanc,  
when suddenly an enormous wall wave  
crushes down,  
in less than an instant  
I'm swept away in the wake and wave,  
the last glimpse of the world I'm catching.  
Lifted briefly above the foam,  
and then - nothing  
but the sea of your pupils,  
I am in the center of a blue, hazel, olive rose,  
I am swallowed in ice agony,  
in the messiest mess,  
if not even messier,  
In the tenderest tender  
of your eyelashes,

a bonfire  
in which the sea is burnt,  
a journey in a second  
around the world,  
a horsemen ride across Nevada,  
a sneak-peek into your harbour -  
the highest height of paradiso.

# 16

## IN A DARK BLUE VELVET DRESS

In a dark blue velvet dress  
embellished with  
rubies and ambers,  
emeralds and diamonds,  
October midnight sky is shining  
with the famous Orionids,  
the meteor shower of 'flying fires and flowers',  
seen by the night ropewalker  
when the Earth passes  
through streams of debris  
left behind  
by asteroids and comets.  
Lie flat,  
lie on your back,  
face southeast,  
look up,  
take in as much  
as you can hug,  
be half an hour in levitation,  
your naked eye will tune in  
and you will start seeing the show

caused by her majesty  
named Comet Halley.

Chinese report her as the "broom star",  
according to Talmud, she is an actress,  
coming onto the sky stage  
once in seven decades.

Giotto represented her  
in his Arena Chapel as fire-colored flying ball -  
she has been famous for generations.

Despite appearing so white to us,  
observing her in adoration,  
Halley is, in fact, pitch black  
and not too warm-hearted,  
of minus hundred and three degrees,  
she is neither too dangerous:

11 centuries ago,  
she passed as close  
as 5 million kilometers from Earth,  
by far it is her closest approach  
to the ropewalkers.

# 17

## MY SILVER STAR

I see you from afar,  
a silver star,  
a figure in a scarf,  
serious and nonchalant!  
I am flying up the stairs,  
passing through cars and stares,  
landing into your arms -  
wild and stunned.

I imagine all of your gestures  
and how you'll be saying  
words and expressions,  
and how all the people around you  
will dare to be themselves.

And then I think  
how serenely you'll be walking  
towards the park,  
where we hire a blue boat,  
how patient you are  
preparing to embark,  
how perfectly reasonable you are,  
and yet how your being calm

is always unexpected to me.  
By mid-lake we become remote,  
we see no one,  
we are as detached as a Tolstoy's novel  
or the Hermitage.  
By the end of my dream,  
I think we shall have to spend one autumn  
in Siberia one day:  
yards and yards of fresh snowflakes,  
of snowlace,  
of snowsilk,  
and all seems to be washed and ironed  
under the Siberian silver stars.  
I see you from afar,  
my silver star...

# 18

IN THE NEW-MOON SKY

Hazel-colored,  
chocolate,  
cacao,  
nut-brown;  
sepia, mahogany, umber  
is the earth of North Brabant.  
When one ropewalks for hours  
through these flat grounds,  
one feels as if there's nothing  
but that infinite earth altar,  
one feels nothing any more,  
one only knows that there is the land and the sky -  
each retains a thought of his own:  
unpeeled senses,  
unskinned longings,  
raw stardom  
of detachment,  
enveloped  
in a monotonous morning  
of steaming hopes and potatoes,  
a morning when distance stops being the enemy,

because one becomes light  
that travels at about 300,000 km in a second.

"I like so much better

to paint

the eyes of people

than to paint cathedrals", -

Yours sincerely, Vincent.

One is the light that travels

deep inside the

hazel-colored,

chocolate,

cacao,

nut-brown;

sepia, mahogany, umber

eyes

in front of the Van Goghkerkje

in Neunen,

North Brabant.

# 19

## HAZEL-COLOURED

In the new-moon sky  
Mars outshines all stars  
except the one –  
the Goddess,  
the second from the Sun,  
born from the sea foam,  
the brightest.  
In fifteen eighty-one  
(before Christ)  
the Babylonians called it  
'Queen of the sky',  
much later  
the Romans worshiped Venus  
as Goddess of Good Fortune.  
The ropewalker is lying  
on the August grass,  
taking a star bath,  
under the meteor shower.  
They say one day on Venus  
is longer than 12 months,  
the ropewalker is trying

to envisage it:  
to live a day and night  
that last eternity -  
an annum.

What an adagio!  
The falling space-flowers  
form the garden of roses  
where the ropewalker,  
in levitation,  
is being transformed  
into the sea foam,  
into the Babylon,  
into the Romans,  
into the silent,  
loving,  
hate-free  
universe.

# 20

## THE RAIN IS BACK

The rain is back  
And I go back to syllables,  
I am on a motorway  
with unforeseen –  
I'm playing Kurt Cobain,  
I'm raining.  
I am overcome by haze,  
by pastel portraits of birds  
leaving in flocks to warm lands,  
with GPS on  
talking on my knees,  
I am trying to understand  
the pigeons:  
they find their way  
without artificial intelligence.  
The rain proceeds  
And I proceed with memories:  
the feeling of your pinkie  
on my hand,  
what a coincidence,  
but nothing can touch me more...

The voice of Kurt Cobain  
is sailing across the darkness:  
    "Oh no, not me,  
    I never lost control..."  
    "I gaze a gazely stare"  
    out of my car window,  
engaged a little in conversation on the radio,  
    the words are flying in all directions,  
    the distant lantern  
    and the rain  
do amplify the slowness of the moment.

# 21

## THE WEDNESDAY IN BRUSSELS

The Wednesday in Brussels:

The Wednesday when  
eastern sounds  
got filtered  
by a Russian mind,

The Wednesday of orient and occident  
to fuse together,

The Wednesday when an eastern fairy-tale  
becomes a ballet  
of Dyagilev -

the Wednesday of a splendid triumph  
of Scheherazade.

The Wednesday when Syrian heart-beats  
pump our office on Schuman,

The Wednesday when a coffeemaker  
got broken,

but we persisted dancing  
a patterned strangeness  
of Middle East serenity

spiced with the Russian agitation.

The Wednesday in Brussels culminated

with Dalai Lama and Coco,  
ready to be film-poemmed  
in their constant nirvana...

# 22

## ABOVE THE BABYLON OF EUROPE

The Ropewalker  
was strolling all the day  
above the Babylon of Europe,  
over  
the stone waves  
and choppy waters  
of Brussels.  
Barefooted,  
bare-hearted,  
escorted by birds and clouds,  
civil servants,  
uncivil sculptures.  
pigeons  
and sleeping bodies  
of homeless –  
both victims of hate crimes  
right in the heart  
of European justice.  
On the skybridge of  
busy and bubbly  
Rue Belliard

the walker paused  
enchanted by the escape  
of Ariadne –  
the foot misstepped,  
the walker laughed,  
opened the wings  
and  
in a second  
took off  
high-up,  
towards the  
melting sunshine.

# ONE COTTON MARCH

# 23

One cotton March  
I marched  
through walls and corridors,  
behind the closed doors  
of a Victorian hotel  
that overlooks Trouville-sur-Mer.  
I marched in search  
of white:  
clean relics,  
unrendered memories,  
pristine remembrance  
of a madeleine.  
The tea smell  
swayed  
along the stairway,  
sneaked over marble balustrades,  
a phantom souvenir from the far -  
La Belle Époque! Bonjour! Aurevoir!  
The windows suddenly burst open,  
the white wind sabotaged the curtains -  
one cotton March

marched  
through the walls and corridors,  
behind the closed doors  
of someone's heart  
that overlooked Trouville-sur-Mer  
in search of white.

# 24

AND THEN THE LEAVES WENT BLURRY

And then  
the leaves  
went blurry,  
lamps, books -  
all interior  
was rolling  
around my jumping heart,  
my eyes engulfed  
the phantom flocks  
of butterflies  
that melted  
candles,  
my stomach,  
mirrors,  
lanterns  
on a highway,  
blurred  
everything  
except your smile.  
Next, were my fingers  
playing a theater

of unexpected script:  
they danced impatiently  
along your wrists,  
until they almost missed  
a second of tsunami -  
my lips have landed  
on the smiling  
m-o-u-t-h  
of yours,  
the leaves turned blurry,  
the butterflies  
were burning,  
it all got very, very red.

# I PETRIFY YOUR VOICE

# 25

I petrify your voice  
in brushstrokes,  
hues,  
chaotic dots.

Your laughter goes  
in circles,  
sad tones -  
in dripping oils.

Your dreamy  
and naive mood  
is pure blue,  
without clouds and shadows.

Your melancholy  
is mellow  
green  
or dirty purplish aubergine.

Your tender voice  
is pictured  
in silhouettes of black -  
determined  
and condensed.

Your questions  
are sharp  
and monochrome,  
your answers  
taste  
of red Bordeaux.

Your voice in colours  
petrifies my heart,  
your gruff soprano  
is my art  
on canvas.

# 26

## THE MORNING AFTER

The morning after  
I was a desert,  
a grain of sand,  
a shapeless shadow  
on the map  
of autumn,  
serene and numb.

I was a shade  
sprayed over  
a cup of coffee,  
probing promptly  
to restore  
your smell of rain.

Yes, only the rain  
and liquid car mirrors  
have witnessed  
our unsequenced minutes  
of happiness.

# 27

HOT SNOW I AM

Hot snow I am,  
A hungry butterfly,  
A seagull –  
Black and numb,  
The burning house  
From Tarkovsky's "Sacrifice".  
A goldfish -  
Sogni d'oro -  
Watching the stars  
From the aquarium  
Without water.  
You in my dreams  
Are multiplied –  
A thousand of poppies  
Besiege me  
Stupefied.  
You heat my snow,  
You melt my moon,  
You engulf  
into the endless  
Kaleidoscope

Of  
a-n-t-i-c-i-p-a-t-i-o-n.

# 28

## NOT BIRDS BUT AIRPLANES

Not birds but airplanes  
Every three minutes  
Cross the sky  
Above the ropewalker  
Who steps his toes over  
One metropolis  
That smells of Armagnac -  
A cradle  
Of dusky street lamps,  
Dark alleys,  
Smoke filled cafés  
And the famous Inspector Maigret.  
Gruff, but patient,  
The ropewalker is trapped -  
He suddenly embodies the famous Detective,  
He falls into a wall crack,  
Faces the creator - George Simenon.  
The writer carefully lights his pipe saying:  
"Listen! We are fiction –  
with the only difference  
that in a book

they live lives to the full.”  
The street smells of lazy crowds,  
of nights when you stay out  
because you cannot go to bed,  
Liege sounds like New York,  
Sounds of its calm and brutal indifference,  
Of willful ignorance –  
The question of this century:  
Who cares about growing illiteracy  
and  
George Simenon?  
The ropewalker unblinks at things  
he feels he shouldn't see,  
yet cannot stop seeing.  
“The two shake hands,  
like phantoms in the mist.  
And life goes on...”  
The redresseur de destins,  
the silent fixer,  
the rectifier dissolves.  
The ropewalker  
is orchestrated both  
by the logic and by the fire  
of intuition

toward the city center -  
Place Saint-Lambert,  
The legendary square  
Where the birds not airplanes  
Every three minutes  
Beg for bread,  
Where the birds unlearn to fly,  
Where the birds suffer from noise and lights  
And abnormal insomnia,  
Where they try to count sheep  
Whom they have never seen,  
Only the illustrations  
On food boxes and kebab house windows,  
Halal, kosher,  
Chops, ribs, necks, steaks –  
That's how the sheep are being imagined  
By modern city birds,  
Lost in efforts to get some sleep  
When every three minutes  
Airplanes  
Cross their hopes.

# 29

## IN A DOORWAY

In a doorway,  
timid and shining,  
you stood in silence,  
I stood in fire.  
A candle for seconds  
I was,  
the air was gold.  
Barefooted,  
you hovered me  
inside the urban  
archipelago,  
into a dimension  
for which  
there is no name,  
I felt how  
unprepared  
my eyes were,  
I wanted to shut them down,  
to count  
till ten,  
refusing to let the time go -

my hands were getting numb...  
I didn't know if hours had passed  
or whole civilizations,  
I was already missing  
you  
when still sitting by you.  
No dilemmas I had,  
it was de facto the happiest of all the happinesses -  
to see you barefooted  
in a doorway  
of the cotton archipelago  
that I have entered  
one golden afternoon.

# THE BEAUTY OF YOU IS NOT A CHANCE

The beauty of you  
is not a chance,  
it can't be changed by dress,  
your haute couture skin,  
its finest crêpe de chine,  
your inimitable way of walking forward  
in which you leave yourself behind,  
your knack of holding stillness  
that makes one crumble,  
your melting motions  
worth a reproduction  
in sand  
or might be better  
in snow.

Your body is a poison,  
a cloud impossible to follow,  
your choreographer is smiling  
somewhere from above,  
your magma look,  
your lava rises,  
cools,

depressurises,  
and finally solidifies  
in my erupting memory.

# 31

TO THANK THE STARS

There was nothing left for us  
but to thank the stars  
for hearing the keys  
under these hands,  
under the hands  
without the music,  
under the hands  
without the land to land,  
under the hands  
sending the whole world into a drift sand,  
while the fingers  
were hammering the unexisting notes,  
the unpronounced letters,  
were typing over the keyboard  
a silent concerto,  
a stone-still unmovement  
of the heart,  
that didn't have the power  
even to tremble,  
the hands that pounded the keyboard  
as the waves pound a beach,

painting a scene  
of how it feels  
not being capable to feel,  
being only able to burn the candles  
for nothing,  
for the film's sake,  
to sense the rented house  
with its rented sounds.  
There was nothing left for us  
except the postlude,  
except the meno mosso,  
a cadence that leaves  
a question mark,  
an echo -  
a hope of a reply,  
a giant wave rearing up and then,  
at its apogee,  
falling in slow motion  
to smash itself in pieces.

# WINDOWS WITHOUT CURTAINS

# 32

There were the windows  
without curtains,  
arm-open,  
There was an ocean  
without water,  
stepping in slowly,  
vowel-by-vowel,  
inside the me and the cotton-walled  
living,  
where the pink beach  
were the shoulders and the arms,  
where the waves were veins and lines,  
where the lifeguards were flowers  
standing along the baseboards,  
where a jellyfish was an orchid  
paused in a grand-plié,  
where no dunes were spotted,  
neither the wind,  
Only the smiling shoreline  
of lips.  
Snow-blinded,

I could go no farther than the edge of the sun -  
one's heart.



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