

I accept your challenge, replies the poet,
I am not handsome, my voice
is monotonous and colorless,
I am no troubadour
with a codpiece, a sword at my side,
but nevertheless I am loved

other times, the traveler says, taking leave,
we descend deep into underground vaults,
we write on damp walls words
we don't want to see
let's drink again and godspeed

TWO THOUSAND YEARS

surrounded by woods a burning city:
open gates through which
for two thousand years gray legions pass
every time I returned carrying you
every time spears of jealousy
would pierce the prey: the young Kshatriya warrior
with no right to eternal life

and indeed I would die before dawn
on the day of the funeral you would disappear
or change your voice: you would turn into Martha
or Mary or the pregnant suburban queen
only my ashes fertilizing the roots of your hair
tell of our bond

will the end of the world also meet us this way
two hands of the clock testifying against each other
and stopping nowhere the city of ash
and the delicate grass of the wood waiting for morning
I liked to count years but always
I started with death: thus begin
all the stories open gates through which
for two thousand years gray legions pass

CIVITAS LUNAE

I
you thought you had guessed the name,
but the creek still runs free,
immersed hands feel the warts
of roots, the water stirs
more and more, every morning it is harder
to wake up: the faded landscape of dream
is incomparable, perhaps
civitas soli, but the city of the moon
would work better, in white shadows
and rounded roofs, changing shapes
but with the hovering singular soul
of its citizens,
what arrow will penetrate the doubt
of the intersection? you withdraw from the continent,
where flows win and ebbs
betray, ontological illnesses
haunt you, scorpio, pisces,
and libra watch you with pity

every word of prophecy
could be turned over and read through
or turned into number, so ancient
hebrew science teaches, but you take
from this home ridiculous old tools