

## ARTIST

He doesn't cut off an ear,  
or nail it to the wall.  
A bucket of black tea's  
enough to make him thirsty for  
a simple way of writing.  
A bug flying headlong  
into its misfortune, humming,  
suffices: the halogen light  
warming the backs of his hands  
and the tiny prose  
of a few sentences.  
He knows: an unknown master's  
happy with a spot of blood  
on the sleeve of his jacket,  
foreseeing every murder.  
A fixed idea  
chains him like everything  
that's transitory.  
Feeling possessed was his  
standard attempt not to  
deceive himself about good fortune.

*translated by Stuart Friebert*