

After Some Hits · *Stavros Deligiorgis*

I

“to parathyro kleisto”
(the window is closed)

sulking aperture and all
you are perfect in that fear
your cloying petits mals
your petrarchan sneers

an antiparaclausithyron

*

“arga poly na zontanepseis”
(too late to quicken)

tears and tricks
in goliard morse where was
your god when mine
burned kit-kat and john bull
to purple cinders

what was his name before the

what’s a wake

*

“evgala to symperasma”
(I have reached the conclusion)

you’ve never been stood up

cartesian cunnilingus
but you see y’se’f
dump slick
locked in phase time
to rubber daggers paint-on
heat

you taught me time
I'll teach you

*

“ekapsa tin kalyva mou”
(I set fire to my hut)

first it looks like your
fleas have turned
against you

then you crave for
visions
herostratian fire
enveloping one cubic
meter of blank

then you withdraw
things go back to what they
fenders to feathers doors
to

and then you're even
grateful french greeks countrymen

II

“o zontanos o horismos”
(parting and living on)

His best is not in words
he wished his mother's berth
had floated some
he fantasized nepenthic
states before the fact
he also swore to keep that
whore no matter why