

March 2020

What a way is paved ahead of you, gold medal in the long
Jump of the species. Poets fill their lungs
With inspiration until
You take its place there. Unless modesty gets first,
Leaning its fresh gauzes
Upon where your spikes would have clung.
Modesty never got me, haughtiness does still.
I capitalize on your sphere-shaped body and fame;
You capitalize on their feeble bodies without fame.

She is here no more. Her voice was warm and coarse
Like whitening nuggets crackling in the fireplace.
She used to stand on her steady
Widening smile, not simply the courteous smile
One has on Sunday family lunches. I flew away
The fireworks would not stop as it was
National holiday here, the tanks
Thirty years back. I flew
Away, got to the gym let's see if my arms
Will end up touching uniting in prayer
While labouring to win against the iron load.
Let's see if my mind will get dull, eventually,
Aping these voices warped by techno synths.
Then home. Reclusion in low spirits,
One spirit will visit us we'll call it
Our Spirit of Initiative, word weighted
For those far apart, warmth travelling via Skype,
Homemade apple pie just out of the oven.

The air is clean, it doesn't seem to carry.
The leaves with their rustle would bring peace.
Were it not for the numbers once they cease
Being numbers on a screen. Were it not
For the emptied bellies of the buses. Were it not
For the red and yellow plastic ribbons
Surrounding the swings in deep surrender.

Recluse of the jungles – the air is clean.
Frenzied influencer – the air doesn't appear
To carry. Jump and sprint, the venues in Venice
The dolphins took them, we do not clap.
All the roads, the empty roads, lead to you. And if
A morning in March in two thousands twenty
It's me clinging onto you if it's me

Call it a Sunday: A dwelling suite

Capitalizing on your body and fame
Then allow me to feed on your fame
To make myself seen and known and inject
These lines into the skin and the breadth of others.

In Užupis

They are known as graffiti but a sweeter name
Is what you're looking for, to tell how a freedom
Of characters came alive and travelled these walls.

His rubber boots on, one hikes down the scarp:
The Vilnia will gain vigour from here, a mini-river,
Whimsical whirlpools we wouldn't want to see tamed.

This is why the swing is resting just above the water,
Two rough wood boards hooked to an overpass
Where one rope is childhood, hanging the other.

Then rolled cigarettes and books and mirror-like gestures,
The self-proclaimed Republic is content with this calm
Hovering far from the buzz of market targets.

You're still in search of a sweeter name, and you find it...
Eglė name of the spruce we've arranged to meet
Among huge dice-like blocks near the planetarium.

I loved Functionalism when I must have been fifteen;
When it was my sketches that made straight lines meet,
Not the affinities between them. You're as thin

As the Vilnia is, and such massive urban design
By your stride is made unreal. To the park then,
We're headed there, name of the spruce old joke

From old schoolmates. But the adorned one is me...
These showy garlands, Eglė, would you shake them off me?
For it's the naked leaves here that glitter for real.

Call it a Sunday

Father he lies down on the grass.
Non-synthetic grass; grass with bugs

Still. Sandal-wearing child glories in
The chlorine spurts of the fountain.

The fountain had long fallen into disuse.
Scarce funds; the misunderstandings.

But now it gives itself, it gestures
Towards the sky. It is the township's pride.

Old butterfly nets, festive dragonflies.
Now and forever we shall call it a Sunday.

Light that I could not

Tuition with Krishnan ends at four p.m.,
I leave and the sun across the borough
Dispels our interpretations and what else,
Light on the inhabitants. Light that I could not
Conceal to you, for how it quietly brought
The puddles to perfection in the uneven
Roads and the mother waiting for the tram
In front of the Deli, her orange lock of hair
And cigarette thrown against the brown
Of the bricks, benevolent in all that light.
My return is brimming with a cheerful tingling.
I pass by a teenage boy, cans of beer under his arm
And staring at grains of light on satellite dishes.