

One day it hadn't rained for a thousand years  
a mansion rose with red scents  
expanses for the mind to gallop  
happiness from boredom  
the cat roosted in the chimney  
birds crossed the horizon  
the well speaks too  
and a seashell in the dream  
gently burns  
and a bridge is being built  
between brow and chin  
listen to the light  
an eagle on the tiles  
its beak is the mansion  
I also dreamt of  
his hunting blossoms in your mind

He casts nets into fortune  
to catch disturbance  
stems of pain and pleasure  
fresh appetizing  
soot pearl old  
carpets kings  
in marble gardens  
subtitles on everything  
with the end cut off

Jumbled  
you speak  
fumblingly  
with riddles  
you use  
allusions  
metaphors  
silences  
you paint the clouds  
not naturalistically  
illustratively  
ethnographically  
no no no  
encircling

with passion  
to pierce the why

So everything ends  
there is no triumph  
there is no one  
just a smell  
the oldest one  
sharp as paper  
white and silent  
like the world  
before the dog barks  
when the pebbles were untouched  
and the sea brand new

I think of life like surfing  
when I'm doing well  
when I'm not doing well  
I want to die  
not literally  
just to not feel  
but when I'm doing well  
I'm really good  
and I feel like I know everything  
it's a terrifying feeling  
to be very good  
and to know everything  
it's like hell  
okay, and the burger is hell  
when it's unsalted  
I remember a fairy tale  
the hero discovered a mountain of salt  
and everything became tasty  
and his wife loved him more

The poem of the last page  
is always deprived  
because it has no space  
and it's anxious  
because it's the last

but it doesn't know it  
therefore the poet is unlucky  
because he has to decide  
where to stop  
it's like knowing when you'll die  
everyone reacts differently  
some heroically others wastefully  
or like turtles  
the most tragic thing is  
that it doesn't matter  
perhaps ultimately the last poem  
of the last page  
is the best  
not literarily  
but as a memory of death

I overflow with ideas  
wear black glasses  
engage in romantic adventures  
translate literature  
drink seven espressos a day  
write books in my mind  
travel in the city  
shave daily  
fall in love easily  
cut my nails at the office  
like a Zen exercise  
as life passes

Yesterday Vassilis was grilling seafood  
on a grill on the sidewalk  
Vassilis is a lord  
he has a sweet wife  
I like him  
he's cool  
he believes in something  
these guys interest me  
I remember  
the night my mother died  
It was Easter  
the doors were banging

somber melodies echoed from outside  
Vassilis has children  
a body a touch  
a nothing

You are beautiful  
like a delirium  
like the mentally carved  
edge of a cut burglar in a house  
flying celebratory

You are beautiful  
like despair  
facing the blank paper  
before there is time  
and butterflies  
and cigarettes

You are beautiful  
but dreadful  
because you exist fleetingly  
in my mind  
and then I fall asleep

You are beautiful  
but you don't frequent  
the mazes of the city  
that flies  
in the ideal Peru  
of sensations  
you range from twelve  
to fifty strokes trip  
in the inner waterfall  
and you wear a question  
why should I be said  
why should I seem dead  
and this existential hysteria  
although absolutely legal  
and erotic when you paint yourself black  
it buries you and you restrain  
my anxiety before it rains

You are beautiful  
capriciously  
like ancient painters  
mix colors

You are beautiful  
telepathically  
as dawn breaks  
on the barren line  
and someone is lost  
forever  
in a lump of impatience  
at the traffic lights  
towards the sea

You are beautiful  
and hesitant  
when you tell me  
I'll consider it  
meaning never  
and if ever you accept  
I will have become a cyclops  
the song will be sung  
upside down with deathly drool  
and a scent of incense  
will hang the minutes

You are beautiful  
even with eyes closed  
when you take a trip  
and your fingers  
draw rhythmically  
a new existence  
the totem of Adam  
the divine goat  
the manifesto of the ages  
amen

You are beautiful  
in your own way  
like hesitation  
before exams  
and then you pour out

adolescently onto streets  
non-existent until then  
that your mind weaves  
from nostalgia for something  
secret  
fragrant within your blood  
and forbidden  
while the composer gives the hand  
to the conductor  
and you are deified as a symphony  
of monsters  
and wild anemone  
repetitive and beastly

You are beautiful  
having dealings  
with earthy lies  
pirate glances  
scents of moss in the bottom  
wells  
Smyrna's oceans  
rivers of Bursa  
they conspire then  
and a fatal dawn  
garlands you  
your believers flow out  
like notes  
you close the window  
no one knows  
what century you live in  
on which rock  
you hope  
dark goddess  
unknowing  
cyclical

You are beautiful  
cause there's no other way

**Unpublished**

Marcus Aurelius said  
only now exists

I don't understand the vibe he's speaking with  
if the hour has a sharp note  
tastes are a mess  
only the poet's scents make sense  
the ceiling has some lovely solipsisms  
like the coils of old bordellos with a piano  
men shiver womanly  
in the language of other genders  
we, ouzo and backgammon  
some rape some national mishap  
theatricals like Medea-gagnant

is it possible for erotic poetry not to be political  
is it documentary poetry to enumerate  
itches bugs and failures

The devil went on vacation to the island  
he took very few things with him  
three changes  
Marcus' "Meditations"  
his espresso machine  
he didn't take razor  
he didn't tell anyone where he was going  
it was an inward journey deep down  
an opportunity to celebrate a thousand years of psychotherapy  
which helped him accept his satanic nature  
and publish his autobiography  
the centuries had done their job  
yet he spoke and danced diabolically  
the old devil  
didn't understand why she started to scream  
the woman at the bar  
after all he didn't drain out her soul  
only Don Julio Anejo  
and licked the salt off her ear

I need to check what  
entropy  
activism  
means  
why they exist

flies cockroaches  
why do people separate like that  
I feel sorry for the diminishing  
bears  
seals  
icebergs  
the ants are too many  
you say a word  
and it turns into a holocaust  
what does bond mean  
what is silence  
why do you keep asking why  
the answer  
whatever it is the question  
is love  
    then we switched channels  
the topic of identity will occupy us  
in the next episodes  
    I is another on the island  
something wrong was happening  
it's impossible to translate  
    Jukebox has many  
scents  
with the right sequence and spelling  
    so much pain  
    makes sense  
and the garden will bloom  
if you have thoughts about it  
    let the music play  
then I got lost  
    in the dream  
is clocking kilometers  
    smells like iron  
    tastes like iron

I'm always regretting  
that I didn't do things right  
I don't do anything right  
I'm always hurting someone  
I'm always hurting myself  
I don't do anything right  
but I love you



I love you so much  
and you and you  
and you  
I say it I embrace you I kiss you  
I love you so much I say that  
I would sacrifice myself if  
I had to choose  
that's how it goes  
either me or the other  
we watched a movie with a blanket at our feet  
Duel in El Paso  
    how much I love you  
    how much we said  
then everything ended  
the movie the blanket the sweet talks  
now we meet by chance  
you look elsewhere  
you're always regretting  
that you didn't do things right  
you don't do anything right  
you're always hurting someone  
you're always hurting yourself

It bothers me that her eyes  
don't laugh  
banality piles up  
specks of wisdom  
in the end  
love's the monologue  
of a clot of happiness  
from ignorance

Ave Mania  
mistress of Fire  
in the most Eastern  
of the North  
cape in the South  
and a dash in the punctuation  
of your knee  
with tamarisks of the West  
and thyme honey

the citrus of your cherry

Riders in the wind  
the braid of your buttock  
and the trumpet of the inner path  
with the grace of a predator  
a thought for hat  
before the thought is defined  
something that cannot be experienced  
spreads like ivy  
it has music for a name  
every four hundred odd years  
the planet Hyperion  
and Holly Author of the wave  
chop a slice of agreement  
a new type of sex is born  
and the trisyllable is vindicated [...]