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Three Poems (Untitled)

I WAS in three languages

and I died in all three of them.
So how come you still speak?

I wound myself around the bodies of three

nations and then I sought an escape.
Then why haven't you yet?

I echoed every poem, every word

three times then I fell silent.
Have you finally forgotten about them,

so you may begin anew?

I entered the hearts of three

women and I devoured each.
What have you done with the bodies?

On my third attempt,

I found myself soaring into the unknown.
When will you cast off every anchor?

I was to three foreign lands

and in each I fell into myself.
Dispersed and bright

you fell into me too.

Yes, I’ve began to grow inside you too,

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we'll do it all over again.

SHE WAS BANISHED: her still body

carried along by the water on its skin.
Having a hard time watching, the sun

pulled back its reflection at once.
Has the darkness come? It

probably has. Followed by a swarm of black flies
aching with desire to fertilize

the world. There was something weightless. It lived
in the water and the water

lived in it.
Then something dropped into water,

sucking the mud
in, swimming for the surface. Has

it surfaced? It
probably has. Followed by a swarm
of black fish aching with desire
to thread the edge, silent

passage into another world.
So who then

was banished? Nobody
was banished. Everything

is pure bliss.

A HOMELAND, well, I did have one,

A language, well, I did speak one,

A neighbor, well, I did have one.
It stared at our backs, like a future memory.

It had taken us to where we didn't want to go.
We drank wine together, down in the cellar, until we sang.
I climbed up the hill, but it was no longer there.

I went to look for it.
I buried it, but didn't attend the funeral.
Then I made up a new one, and that one

slipped from me too.
I started stuttering, wrote it down, read it to you.
And you buried me, yet I still
wave at you.
Were it possible, I would've told it to come.

I would've told it to speak its words for itself.
To be its own neighbor, and language, and homeland:
The one, with whom I drank wine.

The one, whose words I spoke.
The one, which I haven't made up.

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