

Milo Martin

Circularity in the Czech Republik

I.
there are tiny white moths here
dying every moment
giving themselves over to the sad ether;
the Vast Pool of slow-motion steam,
dried leaves and unheralded acquiescence
tear ducts leak into upturned hands

evaporated souls force wet cement
between long-since decayed teeth
worn down in the occupation of a home
that someone else wanted for their very own
but after years of never really feeling welcome
never being waved at
only half-heartedly saluted to

realized

that This Place was not really Their Place
to have and to hold

so they skulked back to the modest Bavarian cottage
drank a beer by the window

while the ink-scarred wrists of the matroushka
warmed up left-over polenta
to go with the rotten eggs
and slices of red and green pig flesh
stewed in the crusty pot of the death machine

II.
Moloch the workhouses of proletarian perversion
no light no light bear down
wrestle for the collective dirty-armed and blind
one hand-rolled cigarette every four hours
with the seven minute allowance for fresh air

cross the Karlovy Bridge on the way back home
apron thick with ash and oil
dragged down by the double gravity of Things
toppled over crossed out pulled down

III.
evening river gnats congregate with moths
around the stone heads of blackened angels

and the prisoners inside the plaster
wail to Nobody

there are ghosts here
there are ghosts here

11th century beings kvetch forever

IV.

the everlasting river gnats know
Everything about Everyone
splendid soul carriers of the sordid past

river gnats do not die, ever

they just become scissor-tailed birds
who speak in backwards Nazi cadence
who become slotted-head dogs
who take boots in the mouth
bought with crowns
who become boomerang-winged swallows
who envelope river gnats circling
in precise figure-8 patterns
around the heads of Wenceslas kings
who inherently know that

there are beings trapped inside
there are beings trapped inside

insisting on keeping them company
paying constant homage
to the gossamer thread
suturing the divine lacerations
lending a cool cloth
to the cracked heads leaking steam
knowing that at any moment
when the stars fall out of favor and the planets collide
when the filaments of the searchlights fail
and the Howitzers seize
when a suitable diversion was created
by putting mud in their eye
they could leap this cluttered chasm
shatter the Soviet ceiling glass
finally dispel the dimension
of bombshells versus bookshelves

V.

lions made of marble
lonely for Mother's wet tongue
yawn

inhale tiny white moths
channeling the darkened nest of liberated swallows
bellies full of dazed river gnats
fluttering the skins of their lids
dream of tasking and circling eternal

Orpheus Slightly Shifted

last evening
he witnessed flies sleeping
sleeping on leaves
leaves of his bougainvillea.

figured they were just resting
sharing a collective moment in repose
before the next important sojourn
the next big circumstance.

moved his finger right up to them
in half-inch increments
and they remained. *there.*
on the leaves of his bougainvillea.

there were eleven all totalled
in the viceroy land of nod
in the pillowy leaf of death.

morpheus listing orpheus still
alpha carrion crawlaway pill.

trundle bed hummingbirds
open chambers into sleep porches.

isolation tanks tingle
with the mangle of zen life.

young fly orpheus dreams
of hexagons and the universe
of obtuse angles and scented receptacles
of the quick lit sheen of cellular wings
of spotted animals and the overhead projector.

enclave of eleven souls
rest together as family or tribe.
congregational berth narcosis.
slumber strength in numbers
repair for regeneration.

there are some things few ever witness:
recalcitrants laying in graffiti tags,

priests tearing away from the cloth,
the automobile actually crashing,
grass growing and rocks eroding.
or flies sleeping en masse.

closed his screen door. felt lucky
for the sighting. drank wine.
thought about his love
wherever she may be sleeping.
had some bread and cheese
then some cheese and bread
and washed it down with the wine.

opened his screen door
to see if they were still there:
eleven flies, unencumbered,
still in the zone.

breathed on one.
orpheus slightly shifted.