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SPEAKING ALONE

senseless here's the man with the crystal contractions
with the rumor of sand with a doll's past tense
at the hollow step in a bed of distress
nevertheless present at the passage of spring
man as long as he passes his stop is wall
wall of heavy shoulders
and now the light is black
the sun salty
water no longer quenches the children's eyes
their words wooden
voices no longer recognizable in the little space
left ajar in their gullets of sky
and like justice at the bottom of the well
verisimilitude reflects the tarnished gold of summer's escapes
the frankness of their hungers
howling dogs outrageous vacations
dogs with your tongues out
tugging at the rope until you lose
that rainy look in your hempen eyes
lost lost in a fur pelt
dogs who cheat the night
in the well of justice
true forged water
and lose the sparkling stones
the iron of the walls
like never seen before
horrors distresses faces
passed passed over passed away
from earth from potash from vitreous smoke
sludge sludge on the horizon
nothing but sludge where we dock
and islands of grassy vertigo
the cobblestones are deserted the loves uneasy
why love only avarice
and everywhere the void the laughable transparency of the ravine
man among men and the ditch up front
the wind underneath and from each side silence
you entered the dwelling place of dead tenderness alive
and in each step you recognized

yourself as an enticing answer
the world hasn't changed from ash for you
nor has anguish crucified itself
a little loss a little gain it's always the weight of windowpanes
bearing down on your dark forehead
but you are lucid in these hours that look like you
walking among your footsteps which the scales tally
through the starry years on the tree of pain
confined in the horizon of voices
no wall can resist your warm memory
faced with the broken voice
rats can run between your legs
the fine grass has yet to escape your call
with an invisible noise on the mouth and fingers
you came out alive