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The Cathedral

Flasks of light are hidden under the skin
of the air.
Dozens of doves take flight
from the steeple
as if the cathedral were laughing.
The cathedral, like a stone fish,
swims, head down,
releasing into the sky
the spawn
of future cathedrals.

The Thief of Bagdad

Well, good morning, the ferocious Pacific Ocean,
a terrible dark cradle where the bottom is dark.
No messiah can walk on your waters
without losing self-confidence,
without going mad with the vast blue of your waters.
Good morning, forefather.
I'm glad we are separated by the leaps of evolution.
I peer into the blue-gray and green, crudely hacked off slabs of the abyss,
into the glaucous, translucent,
turned inside out innards of the monster.
Lollipop-bright windsurfers
crawl about the waves like fleas;
brand-new yachts tremble like cocktail umbrellas.
Here's a suntanned Eve who walks out of the waves, bleeding with the ocean –
a newborn were woman sparkles with liquid silver.
The yesterday's storm spat on the shore the bronchial tubes,
bundles of seaweeds and threads of crystal,
and our smooth footprints in the sand
disappear like cave paintings on the walls
after an expensive renovation.

Here's a fish shop: silty stench, silvery slaps,
the sterilized hum of the fan, fish muzzles
with carnivorous jaws of a bulldog.
The pikes' eyes look like toys,
as if they were plucked out of pretty dolls.
Like Columbus discovering the Bahamas,
I'm discovering death here, slowly, little by little.
One unfamiliar, unsteady island after another.
The shamanic circling of the flies,
spiraling, drives you crazy.
The midday sultriness reigns—
a gold, muscular demigod with the head of a rooster.
The market woman has donned a rubber apron.
Night darkness oozes out of her eyes like tar.
She's watching me.
Suntanned seaside demons drag

baskets of the morning catch on leather straps.
If someone could throw my soul on the shaky copper scales:
the mind, the consciousness,
all the phosphorescent poisonous patterns,
how much would they weigh?
How much do I cost, in money, in love, in senselessness?
But the woman doesn't trust me,
and the silvery sardines watch me intently
from under their eyebrows
because they know that I'm a real thief here,
I am a stranger on this planet.
And each fish has a bell on its fin punctured by an awl,
so that the thief of Bagdad couldn't steal anything.