

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Psycho Kanev
Palmistry

After
the bright day
one by one
the stars appear
like fireflies in
a bucket of darkness

I look at them
with the clear eyes
that the night gave me

Then
I look at my palm
and my life line

It is like a full circle

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Inviolable

The clock in the dark hallway
That stopped a long time ago
Always reminds me: "Memento Mori"

So I filled my glass to the last edge
(there is only one last edge in front of the suicide)
Or so I've heard

At the end the memory is a mirror
On which someone has breathed

Outside the window the poppies
Turn their bloody heads towards me
And I throw my self like a bull
Towards the red nakedness of the sheets
And her long legs

The meadows like green dials
Show me the first hour of spring

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Narcissus

There is a fly caught in the lampshade.
There is a fly black as the first particle of darkness.

How long will it live in this murky room,
In this white room,
In this grey house,
Under the bright sun?

How long it will continue to irritate
The dawn with its blackness?

Simple.

As long as the moon is alive,
The fly will continue to admire her,
And feel jealous of her.

That is why every day the black fly
flies into the sack of flour.