

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/2

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the cat walks along the cemetery of smiles
the mimicry of memory plays the piano of silence
four-legged foyer of the human soul in search of the owner of the hotel of death

what will a cat find in a place where there is nothing
the grave exists for the sake of absence
memory exists in the form of an absence

flowers of dead views grow near the monuments
the trees sway their leaves and drop their leaves down to die
crunch of foliage-bones under the cat's paw

cat childishly playing with a leaf
adult cat plays with someone's soul
the wrong side of the universe in the cemetery

the cat freezes and calms down
the cat falls asleep among the graves
a leaf that has fallen from a tree whispers a request for help to the wind



Someone covered the tracks with snow
Someone inappropriate is out of sight
The eyes pretend to be a bird flying into the unknown
The path is the essence of the bird's path
Death and birth of grass
Every person is grass
Every person is an animal
Snow fangs bite travelers
Where did the travelers go?
A trip to a fairy tale is like a trip to Kafka
The boy stimulates the imagination with caresses
The girl mentally turns into a mermaid

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The impregnable stone sings an ode to silence
Delimiters are converted to spaces
Ragged shirts of syntax envelop the syncopations
A little man is looking for happiness
A small person plays with happiness
The dwarfs look at Snow White to rape her
Wolves feed us minced meat from grandma
Babysitters pretend to be adults
A boy stimulates a girl's prostate
The girl becomes a thought
Torn skin shirts envelop a heart lost in bones
The eyes are looking for a mirror
The lips silently repeat the same thing:
Please



The knot on the neck of the rope is compressed
The crunch of bones that cannot be filled with any passion

Someone in a golden gaze mask stands by a silver fire
Someone pours semen on the mint from which we were born

The latex of the night sky puckers at the hips
A casual smile puffs with mystery

The heather rises up like a phallus
The clouds part in front of a couple in love with life



girl asks her mother to become a priest
but the priest is a man

girl asks her husband not to go to war
but the war has already come to their house

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girl crying
the girl does not ask for anything
the girl has nothing to ask



Red Sky. The birds went south. People flew into the abyss.



pain
pain
pain
pain pain
pain pain
pain pain
pain pain pain
pain pain pain
pain pain pain
and now it's over



Every morning
I suck my rifle's dick like
There was no war



After use
A liquid dripped onto the machine gun: blood or sperm?



i want oratorio gas
i want to catch the color corpse syntax
I want the tree to get hurt from the leaves of a famous herb

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GRASS is glass

GRASS is a house where you are expected

at dawn in the forest we collect the guts of the dead soldiers

at dawn in the forest we collect the rustle of dead leaves



i hate things because they can be missing

I hate things because they may not live

red

a black swan swims up and waves its wing branch

blue

white air is transparent and pure

black conscience is empty and transparent

orange

more than anything in the world I love porn actors and when world-famous directors die



stone-ruin instead of houses

houses built of stone became ordinary stones

back to the stones that started it all

be patient and silent like stones

be a stone

soldier sucks blowjob with his gun

time to change and grab shovels



she was called narnia

the word was hung with thorns of roses

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the word was broken on the air spaces
of people

weighty
rises up the bell without hearing

an eye without a miracle a word without a voice
where are we flying?

she was called narnia
every time I go to the zoo I skip three lines in a poem

once
two
three

to make sure that in front of me is the same lion
that this is the same world in which you want to escape from reality



the bird accidentally dropped the heart and broke it on the rocks



heaven turned inside out and swallowed the rain



my mother did not return from work and became a seagull in the eyes of
the beholder



the house turned into a horse and blew away and commotion

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a lot has changed since the beginning of the last war



On a piece of unexpected despair
Searching for the source of the pain
Tearing out of the body either the heart or the liver
Be an ataria be an ataria