

POEMS

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architect-poet

the heat of a boring saturday
stepping into a garden for a second

what are you trying to say?

– nothing

what do you mean?

– that crumbling
piece of rubber
torn at one edge
at the end of the clothes-line
flapping vaguely
in the wind

– swaying damson branches,

– the sun flickering
on the mossy grass
littered with pine needles and rotten berries,

– the no-man's-land
of a partly cloudy sky
stretching between seasons,

– the frozen randomness
of colourful objects
scattered in neighbouring gardens,

– in incandescent warm light
guests and flowers break
into a vertical swell
behind big, beautiful sloppily grooved
soviet window strips



Jevgeni Zolotko
One Day of the State Archivist Life (EKKM, 2011)
Installation from substance produced in the course of
decomposition of different printed text materials
5 × 9 × 3,5 m

ANAEMIC FREEDOM

you could have everything,
but instead you have this
anaemic freedom
pale and cold
the light of fluorescent lamps,
the vertical stoicism of poplars,
the silhouettes of chestnuts and elms
with their indifferent yet suggestive
personalised presence

the leaves rustling on trees

through your dulled olfaction
faintly sensing
strong smells:
chestnut,
Aegopodium in bloom

corneas
flooded by an unearthly breath
of a cool nightly breeze
stroking
the exhausted edges of your eyelids,

between
the food shop and the bed,
the day job and television,
marriage and self-perception,
beer, coffee and
cigarettes smoked
on the go every day
there was a strange crack
an inviting passageway
and now you are h e r e

and it is no
unreal escapist fantasy –
the place actually exists
you are here now
and later you will know
that you have been here

you have always been able
to make anything happen,
but now you can walk
through backyards and parking lots at night
houses and streets crushed into gravel
or surfaces with artificial grass,
under which the spirits of lost apple orchards lie

you have this anaemic freedom