

**Tomislav Raum**

**I would walk on my hands**

Translation:

Dubravka Rovičanac

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**I would walk on my hands**

*"Not this troublous  
Wringing of hands, this dark  
Ceiling without a star."*

*Sylvia Plath*

I.

I stand still  
but I would walk on my hands,  
as a twin I would talk about fear.

From the window of Tübingen tower it could be seen  
- the master is coming back in grit sandals  
repleted with metaphor of the sea.

II.

In a tiny sun rose  
faceted crystals of pupils  
disclose the blood under the skin.

III.

Let the ephemerality be stopped,  
uncatchable dreams captivate me,  
blades are mowing.

IV.

The unchangeable has growing, surrounded me  
and captured me. My lost started to be  
my only joy, but soon  
I became numbed and morose.  
I became a handful of dust, abstention  
of unmoving, insensibility.

V.

The pain in my feet forbids me  
to carry you on my back.  
The sea is mowing over the sand.  
The waves are wrapping the feet.  
Leniency engrosses me.  
The fact persists.

VI.

My finger ankles  
have to be broken, loosing  
the golden spot of mowing  
and shapes, loosing measure  
and proportion, unavoidable  
cruelty.

VII.

To Walt Whitman

The eyes which are looking back to me are disappearing, I stand  
here now on my place  
with my time, the floor is black  
and firm but water is getting low and gushing out.  
High above someone's head envelopes mortality,  
participating and not participating in things.  
I am looking for safer place for overnight stay, I don't find  
it senseful, but I don't find it meaningless.  
I can see in myself the same old law causing  
hundreds of consequences, it is funny  
fagging to express them:  
the bright suns as well as dark suns are going over the ley  
and they extinguish as the moon.  
When I get up in the morning, none can talk with me.  
Everything I meet and know is sick of wicked love,  
not catchable neither by the faith nor by the sense.  
They ramble, holding each other for hands,  
the fever is inflaming and destroying them.  
Prevalence is no any useful machine,  
not the rich heredity,  
only a short look into the passing part of day.  
Processions are going the streets along neither to east nor to west.  
In the throng  
a shadow looking like you  
is secretly choosing divine  
simbols, someone more thoughtless  
then myself.

VIII.

In the cellars  
the Roman foundation were discovered  
the structure of soul  
archeology of destiny  
the house as well as the ark  
in the middle of black laguna  
in theatre  
of sleepy man  
in unpleasantly squeezed  
frame.

IX.

Somnambularly were bred  
spotted by the creeks of strange heat  
duplicating meanings  
the pain before the feeling, obtuse suffer  
the comets in July night  
of fantasy and memories.

X.

He saw with joy  
the new, flittering and wide world  
through the casement towards the Sun  
in the moments alive and truthful  
once and forever.

## **Not a bit nearer**

I.

I am sitting on the chair  
till I sink into the sea.  
I can not comprehend vanity of obvious.

In the endless liquid  
the animal awaked in darkness  
is bristling.  
I am wetting my shoes in her womb.

Huge smelly tree  
is burning by strength of unmovable voyage,  
got wet by a hard hug.

It could be the sign, those sheets of darkness,  
those cut eyes and lunge between the tights,  
in the middle of pillow which is hooking you,  
when the time slips down the back into limber,  
when flickering light  
runs away through your fingers,  
into reflections on the table,  
into the most round touch  
under the skin into nerves,  
into blood, into slime  
and is seeping away  
and is ticking off  
the drop and the clock.

II.

Closed into the night,  
frightened of the dawn,  
they are putting a pan  
onto my left shoulder,  
the pan of tardiness and pain.

On the mown meadows  
they leave the smelling traces as bugs.

In the illusion they have just come on the market,  
have tightened the invisible strings;  
by illusion of beating to curve the heart,  
to flicker sadly in the throat  
possible nonsense of tear.

III.

In the boxes of darkness I pull bells,  
the things which have leaked into scabby bark, -  
cracked fossil of angels,  
shiny spheres which are rolling  
under twilight shower  
on the bridge called into memory.

IV.

The prickles of the dream in return,  
the thorns for barefooted legs.

Neither ashes nor pollen,  
but it is climbing into hands.

V.

Everything that can not be watched by look:  
to see the landscape as prone woman  
with the Sun in the touch point,  
who was turning a ring  
around imagined finger,  
who will lay down on her back by my side  
on plinth of death  
not frightening me  
by smell in her nostrils.

VI.

I have plotted by my changeful body  
as by a stick of coal  
with no particular sense  
hardly seen fracture under my legs.

Trembling plume has started to flitter  
on fields of twilight.

VII.

Sneaking out  
I am imagining space of forgiving  
for echo of liquid voices.

Multiplied thirst  
is burring the hands of time  
backwards.

Stuttering I am spelling  
the bridge over waters.

VIII.

I am eroded by the light.  
In my bed I am talking blasphemously  
about overslept dreams.

I am attenuated by the past.  
I am raving about opposite pictures,  
about golden inside of bitter fruits.

IX.

Accidentally lined  
human semblance in peach flower  
in garden without sanctities  
is being spent as a bird in breadth.

More cruel then death itself  
the things which were to be told  
tie my hands  
in dark speaking.

X.

On whose hands drowse  
those ones bruised by love?

The strange illusion  
is the face of awaked memory.

## **A Portion of Darkness**

*"Es ist ein Licht, das in meinem Mund erlöscht."*

*Georg Trakl*

I.

The pieces of the dark are gliding through the fingers  
into fusty water in humanlike jug.

Theatrically is rocking the sandy floating  
of my headache. Invisible beam of kindness  
would split me.

In jumps in spirals

I would swoop totally natural.

I would melt into the fluffs.

II.

If you say something irrevocable  
the bodiless animals will crawl to you  
eerily upset by the birthday present.  
They will climb up onto my face by tendrils of fear.  
I would turn into rock  
if I were not so petulant,  
for the sorrow of my feet  
just can't see where to it could get.

III.

The child in bed made of hands  
are our two bodies.  
He will laugh into your face  
when it starts to walk and pulls  
the alert.  
That what we gave is  
bodiless and dark,  
as if we haven't poured  
enough blood  
into the lamp.

IV.

I don't know what is - the state of inspiration.  
The magic of rhythms can't be held as a thought between fingers.  
The human voice coming from other side of the square  
spellbound by the hate, permanent disarrangement.  
The drums adore him, but he will not survive them.

V.

The last curtain is ripped away:  
The dead are pulling themselves out as a flock of devils.  
They can't walk without metaphor.  
They are crawling like dogs towards me.

VI.

Against everything and death –  
children's eyes!  
Visible body  
in the hands of star.

VII.

The child made of pearls in the cradle  
resting on straw of stars  
as a bird in leafs  
without human face  
buried under my eye-lids.

Weak-mindedly I guess : The flags  
aren't flaunting in the harbour of my hands.

Rattlesnakes  
will come down by the curve of desire  
as if they are swimming.

VIII.

Before I lay down  
I shall count steps jumping on my left foot.  
There are endlessly lot of fissures.  
Before I get sleep  
I shall foolishly walk a covey of peacocks over the vegetable garden.  
Without especial respect people talk about common sense.

IX.

In square of window the Moon  
heavy of ashes, taking the place  
between you and me.  
I am exhausted by looking  
into caver of the palm  
into net of infinity  
into finite granule of dust  
hidden as nullity in the world.

X.

They are eavesdropping my heart,  
bringing me headache.  
The place in which they used to  
laugh and to shout  
from one side to another  
is cruel monument  
of number and stone,  
corroded by inside wintry.  
Distracted is every their movement,  
it is harrying the fingers, deadly.  
Useless machine.

## **It multiplies**

I.

It multiplies itself, fickle  
and attractive, submitted to  
changes, indistinct  
in substantiality, turned up to  
the sky, cruel bestiary  
in unnaturally clear  
irreality, in perfect  
poetical form.

II.

How will it be like  
in the dream when  
some creature  
starts to roar loudly  
more mournful than  
himself?

III.

None melancholic word  
in double activity  
in fissure  
in clay mud  
in the soul on the top of pyramid.

IV.

It is a heart of star  
like a poison, as a dark spot  
of soul, like a lack of love.

It will come in the centre of desert,  
with no any intentions. lay down  
on sand soil  
bigger then anywhere.

V.

Polyhedral glasses twinkle by insomnia,  
fewer, vertigo, dark blue are shudders of hear.  
Where is the most difficult to love insignificant things,  
the pictures are erasable.

VI.

Does the Sun feel its own skin?

Whose plucking fingers quietly steal  
its burnt -through bones?

Can an algorithm be recognized in a bunch of garbage?

VII.

Complicated are equations of love and betrayal.  
If you stand on your back legs  
you are immense dump of thousand of pictures  
illustrated world of naive questions.

VIII.

The night is taking its son  
it whispers into his ear  
sentences of which there is no  
salvation.

IX.

I can't drink vodka nor read Dostoevsky,  
the horizon is shut up into Kafka castle.  
Venice isn't my town, I can't feel its streets  
neither its bridges nor palaces or Canal Grand neither  
its bells nor its poems, its sinking isn't  
my sinking. I shall never sit  
on the terrace of hotel in Jerusalem in the light  
of afternoon sun, the sorrow has made the beauty blossom  
over my head, over the main of sky.  
I shall never go out on the tracks of Mount of Olives  
nor say „shalom“ to shadow of Wittgenstein.

X.

Five-fingered leaves of wild chestnut  
under the passing cars.  
High in the tree fewer of wraith.  
In cloven air faintheartedness.