

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Sequence of Poems **By Mykyta Ryzhykh**

My cat knows nothing about blood

My cat kills a mouse no matter what breed it is

My cat can't be Jewish

My cat can have any hair color

My cat can vomit after overeating

My cat can lie down and die quietly in silence

My cat can do it as much as he wants and wherever he wants

My cat can do nothing

My cat can ask for food without earning it

My cat can pretend to be human

Living people go on living in a cycle of war

Dying people keep dying

Invent me

Turn me inside out

Kiss me with weightlessness

Touch me with humility

A little winter for a bird

A little bird for winter

The freckled mirror dissolves

Old men stare into reflections of ice

Military pilots waltzing like mosquitoes

With ears that have been blown off are confused

In the reflection of the eye hides a childhood that no longer exists

Mother feeds pigeons by the dugout

Black pigeons in the white snow

Look for crumbs of bread

What do they feed Jewish drowned men?

It would be strange if they fed them fish

It would be strange if they didn't cry

It would be funny if birds flew in

It would be ironic if the Germans did it

It would be awful if children did it

It would be creepy if no one stood on the shore

What were the trees thinking when the hole was dug

What was the sand thinking when they put in the corpses

What was the ravine thinking when they flooded it

The Jewish Sea which is not to be spoken of

I love you but you

are a withered flower

covered with frost

Pesach of a severed silent vein
Whose blood flowed through the ditch of world (hi)story?

Hi! — tree branches waving
Hee hee! — tree roots laughing and we are unable to move

Meanwhile the bone of the severed branch crunches underfoot
It crunches somewhere in the chest so that I want to break its insides

Fragments of the pain of water and silent stones weave a wreath
Wreaths are usually put on the heads of Ukrainian girls, the brides of Jesus
Wreaths are often placed near the graves in the cemetery
And at night on a bed floating in a black cast iron sea
I dream of flowers without graves

During the passage of time the grass underfoot dries out
Instead of grass into wreaths, we braid tears
Grass is our home, grass is glass

After death I would like to become grass
After death I would like to become glass
After death I would like to walk without legs.
After all, every new day is a small escape for refugees

I know that my eyes will no longer see the children's school
I always knew that one day my school would be smashed
I knew that one day they would kill us all and I prayed that I would die
beautifully
Unfortunately I have not died except for my reasons for living

I teach my eyes not to see
I teach my fictional acquaintances to forget
I teach my legs to sleep and dreams to crumble
Meanwhile, time devours its bad students

I can't do anything
I can't even write
After all, what is poetry capable of? Other than war?
Talking about today? Silence?

Love is religion
Every time I drown in you I forget that I can't swim
Every time I forget that the shore does not exist
Every time I use the right to remember and try to forget

The heart is leather satisfaction.
Teach me to steal money, not only for talent but also for the body
Teach me how to kiss people I don't like
Teach me the night because the day is long over

Insatiable bodies fuck in all cracks
I no longer have a body
The body no longer has me
Love is walls without a ceiling in a homeless house

Nobody counts death until nobody dies