

HEZY LESKLY

FROM ZOMBIE MEMORIES

TRANSLATED BY ADRIANA X. JACOBS

In the beginning was a lovely cliché
that asked for nothing more but
to declare itself.

And the cliché was made flesh
and flesh was made a ghastly bracelet
around the wrist of the divine pretender
and the hand dug a tunnel through the very world it wanted to escape.

And we made the tunnel a house.

In the middle of the house we placed a chair
In the middle of the chair we put an apple
 What do you do with a chair
 and an apple?
 We asked
 ourselves

And that's how the question
mark was made.

We kissed the chair and nibbled the apple.
We nibbled the apple and said *Amen*.
Blessed are the lips in the tunnel whistling
a tune we dared negate!
Blessed are the lips wrapped around the apple,
tightly wrapped around the apple of our budding imagination
that gets scared like an apple!

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When all the hands are dry
and all the ink dries up
and all the amniotic fluid
evaporates
and all the clouds dissipate, then
the word will split
from the expendable egg.
A redundant word doesn't remember its broken home.
It dances on the vocal chords of a corpse quartet
humming a refrain,
always the same awesome refrain.

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I find myself in prison of echoes
sitting on the echo of a couch
eating the echo of sliced bread
with
echo
of
sliced ham.

It's getting dark. Praise the dark
that cleaves in the name of echoes:
the echo of ham
the echo of grace
the echo of the outer darkness

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I knew that the poem would be
a useless thing
just what I wanted it to be:
a thing that can never be used:
the dirty knob
on a car door
that disintegrates.
The poem will be just like that.
The poem will be a corpse
 in a field of thorns
piercing the flesh of the poem.
That's just how I wanted this
tongueless nightingale song.