

The City, a Double Amnesia

a cluster of consonants. consonant-packed words. you shook the blood. you glow on girls' eyelids. who cares about the laws of the land. he lays a hand on my back, leading me into the midst. but I shake my head. it's good he says. but I unlatch from his grip. in drizzle. darkness. nouns. repetitions. the handwriting. to write by hand. with your hand. every syllable. letter. let in the ruin. open to it. touch death. unlearning someone's face. you're standing on a razor. i hear the birds. it's raining. rains. rained yesterday. we smoked in the drizzle. it rained when we went out. it was cooling. the rain. it was raining when I walked through the park. it's raining now. switched off the movie. couldn't stand to watch all that precariousness. the threat. so hard to place. scaffoldings. the lack of safety. the falling body. I slip I slip. the brown arm. the falling body out of someone's hands. solidarity actions. one after the other. gone. gets fired. picked up by police. falls. early morning. autumn chill in the air. sun haze. thin shrouds of cloud gather and cover the sun. details she repeats. stuttering almost. as if tears could start there. any second now. details. a lost wholeness. a lost hope of wholeness. shattered land. divided. occupied. without connections. transits in space. how can one write after slavery. even. propaganda's image. a whole world's indifference. to speak against it. to be heard. details. to survive. just live. defeat. of great ideas. inner defeats

the fine migrations. of the souls. through the park. the arrivals. and partings. the place
of. no. he says. to have touched. exactly that spot. a feel through the park. in the night
autumn-dark. damp. the first day. got away. i can't any longer. my head is. those who
could get out of the country. first through the park i realize it's the same place. of the
frost crystals. he sits on the edge of the bed. i stand in the window smoking. when did
we have this discussion. the self-hatred and the poem. doubleface. not only poison
and healing. pleasure and pain. knife and flame. the poem and the executioner.
handprint on the inner wall. when it razes. the hand halts. in a great openness.
wonder

see a rainbow from the train window
and then another one
they fill the whole curve from earth to sky
or vice versa
i'm so tired
i can't walk he says
shows me the swollen blood-vessles
on his hand, wrist

a white feather floats in the air
between the houses
in the sun
the still hot September sun
again
and then another one

i don't understand it's the same
if it is
don't understand the day and the night
nor the choke of tears
nor the absence
of it

hear the sough of large trees in the park
through the open windows
someone plays violin
long
such a lovely accent i say
the floods
of blue, red
the eddies
it rained incessantly
a thick mat of gray rain
from the gray sky
it's the girl in the woods i think of
long
a different kind
one hundred spices in the rice
see the globe turning
or the satellite over the globe
on the screen
madagascar
sri lanka
india
ice
turn my head
see mount everest rise over the crust

pomegranate honey
how you let the juice flow, darken
sweet
as pomegranate
sourish
as pomegranate
the honey
i didn't listen
didn't hear
didn't feel the taste
saw steam disperse from the bread
the altogether
fresh-baked
felt heat
not the flavors
there was a history
the bullet
it takes
to
justify
lovers

galán de noche. fragrance. came in through the car window. a similar name in arabic.
like the perfume he says. my mother planted it in our garden. it fills the whole space.
fragrance. in the nighttime. city of jasmines. damascus. a whole forest full of thousand
year old trees. that the president cut down. deforested. built dwellings on

the shifting landscape out the bus window. the red earth. the road. like the one
between Damascus and Daraa he says. a volcanic eruption. a hard plateau. red soil. his
eyes as if they all at once found themselves in bright light. he looks away

displacement. an instrument to measure distance. by the stars. seafarers. the floating
image. life and death matter. hands in water. up to the wrist. the vastness of the
world's synchronicity. in the body. the bodies. between

maybe I'm just a bad person

we all are

Marie Silkeberg. From *Till Damaskus* 2014

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