

Bloom

Alexander Lemot

I

Denial of life, meager denial of life whimpers in the backyard of the aorta, juggles fiery clots of motion over the horizon

Imprints of lightning, ruddy palms of lightning, sanguine palms of lust, cheeks smeared with epiphanic resin that hisses, melts, suffocates

Roads, curves abound with powder and dust; slanting dust overshadows the arched necks of the nymphs (their fluttering figures between the capillaries of the castrated meadow)

Lactose foam of the young savannah whose arms stretch over the tops of the mountains

Quartets of godlike beings descending from snowbound spiers, dissolving in the radial vastness of the stream

Spellbound I watch them, crystal cascades are all around me

Rustle between dryad fingers, rustling necks of the withered leaves, rustling scraps of wool, soaked in lymph; bitter scraps of wool that caress are rammed by the sparkling heat

Forty days, busts of rubies are wrapped in an impenetrable shell woven from the ephemeral reflections of the sea

Garlands of crimson clods stretch along the coasts and bridges, garlands of crimson clods stretch along the boulevards and trenches buzzing in vulgar constancy

Tanks filling with mercy, altars filling with blissful passion

Nimble fingers of horror caress my neck, horror flows through my bronchial tubes when I dare to breathe

II

Rosy-cheeked sisters clenching their teeth, exposing their cheekbones

Rosy-cheeked sisters tremble in the gorges of petals which at every step I meet in the damp womb of the grove spread over the offspring (every wormhole is given a face)

Those naughty commanders of two companies furious with lust and hunger put their teeth under the blades of the solar rays, seep through the soot of the abyss

Impenetrable ignorance of the abyss in desperate times, soaring times of our exile

Wide times that open revealing the tops of the teeth

Spiers of the wind pierce shreds of crimson fabric, gardens of hair bask on the rails

Our bronchi bloom in the linen shade of noon

One of the devils tastes like a recessed silk nail

One of the devils has obsidian eyelashes

One of the sisters has curls in her fist

III

Oh passionless ray in the abyss of the day

Cascades of pines, horizon on elastic shoulders

Stinking hum of arctic animals and birds

Swirls like our dreams

Forty bitter days, forty days without ocher

Disappear among the satin ribbons

Rainy uterus pierced by a languorous echo

Sisters silently rustle their wings, stretch out their velvet necks, rush to the east

There is no mystery greater than the careful contemplation of vagrant fitters

IV

Suffocation, quivering suffocation with its inexhaustible narcissism whimpers in the backyard of the trachea, juggles fiery clots of alveoli

Through the crimson fog I gaze into the movement of emerald eyes

Whips licking the hardened surface of the shroud (longest sleeves)

Whips licking the shroud in a helplessly blind impulse

I pin the hem with a heel feeling the arcane heartbeat whose valves vibrate, embrace chaos with magenta lips

These ruddy doors once belonged to me; days of exile, slanted days of exile and times, mighty days of exile I fell in love with

Cotton stitches buzz along lips and centuries, tin renegades march along lips and centuries; faces singed with dementia

This comedy is watched by two companies of eyes; emerald iris, glints sprout in the capillaries of the brow ridges, angelic brow ridges merging into gardens, immense gardens of sorrow

V

I dream of scalps, powdered scalps in vagabond reflections of the stars; in achromatic peas of sweat exuded by the forest, gloomy exclamations whose source is unknown, vomitory glimpses of the sea

This playful image either amuses or torments me

Wandering forms with somnolence and awe, gleaming between the ribs of the forest

Wandering forms with somnolence and awe, abusing arousal; static forms with a mousy gleam in the eyes

Scarlet tremor caressing me, scarlet tremor flowing through my body, scarlet tremor pleasing me

Nine-headed cows in slaughterhouses (colorful seducers of affects) ringing with helpless languor
Riot of tremor throbbing ardently, breaking the branches in the garden with inconsolable breath
Earth howling

Tremor rampage, relentless in its arousal

And once again the wind torments the alveoli of the damned lungs, alveoli of sinful lungs washed with myrrh

Pale triumph blooms and whispers

Neither the burden of the flesh nor the burden of birth

Rubies pierce cotton and tin, frenzy

VI

Islands in oblivion and satin ribbons

Willow in armor of fog and platinum

Leaning towards the lake

Corners of mansions

Whipped by a sly whistle

VII

I am the pale wanderer drowning in a stream of lymph
I am the impassive guardian of the clouds, biting the rye glow of rapture
My idol is blind, sparks dancing in his mane
My cradle is a nest of silent birds whose wings are whipped by the howling of the sunset
I am the mediterranean saint, absinthe sparkles in my pupils
Dim howl of storms reflects in my pupils

VIII

Denial of life, wasteful denial of life with its sharp edge and deadly penetration
Emulsion of rejections swirls between the branches, between wanderings and kingdoms
Denial of life with its exile and salvation