

you step into your own ring and ending always where you stop making circles.

there's eye shadow on your lids, aluminum on teeth and chalk on lips.

your memory

is spit out like a blob of chewing gum.

people are rolling from screen to screen,

turning away from wet skin. next time you wish to spin the ring,

you lick the chalk, smear the eyelids, saw up the aluminum; where you're absent,

you step on chewing gum.

where do I stop splitting in two as my concentric circles

cling to the set of circles from some memory.

hands that once rubbed the stains of clotted plasma off the tiles touched

your walls, beforehand they had shaken a foreign hand and scraped

the grime off the table, they had handled a door handle previously handled a thousand other times,
touched

the keyboard, torn paper and wiped feces off skin, they rubbed against

each other under water. afterwards they ate, trained the thinning of

gesture. where do words multiply after splitting; where do I

end when the face stops beginning, where another face faces mine in disbelief. where

the smile of the face is the mirror's smile where bliss exists, but the other face doesn't

know

where.

where

the set of circles from the memory and the set of circles from the mental images

join in the touching of hands. where?

(translated by Andrej Pleterski and Ravi Shankar, from *Aluminum on the Teeth and Chalk on the Lips* 2012)

language is suppressed inside your mouth.

it librates

liberates itself in poetry. this is poverty,

an invalid communication. so you see.

so you see.

(edited by Ravi Shankar, 2016)