HATAH BPACOPUHU



NATHAN Brusovani

HUMANSCAPES

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A DRAUGHT IN MY MEMORY



A COLLECTION BY NATHAN BRUSOVANI

THINKING ABOUT, WE FIND OURSELVES INSIDE THE.





NATHAN Brusovani

A DRAUGHT IN MY MEMORY

A PURPLE PENGUIN. HUMANSCAPES

Translated from the Russian by Moshe Stolar

A collection of obsessive dreams I have all the time. Or do I?

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YERUSHALAIM 2021 (5781) —



Insomniac clock's hands were

drawing near midnight ::

The text units of this book are presented in the form of a single "running line". Each unit starts with an enlarged capital letter and ends with the mark ::

Fantasy whatsoever loses intensity

upon luckily reaching the goal ::

A face turned inwards stands out

for the lack of makeup ::

Sphynx is hollow, the buzz of

a stray thought makes it flinch ::

Reward yourself with happiness — forget that it exists ::

down	your	encounters	step	ъу	step.	Mignt	nappen,	you	11	need	to	retr

Write

The half-life decay period of

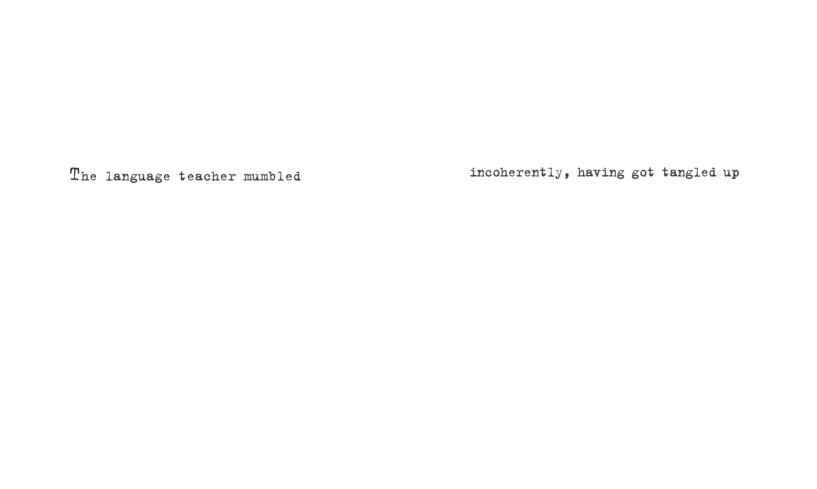
visual memory is five years.

After this you just don't run into it ::

Verboseness of silence is the stepmother of parting::

Even without having been there, you

have some notion of its existence ::



Splinters of hope scratch the skin ::

in the labyrinths of her language ::

Thinking about, we find ourselved inside the ::

Woke up, washed up, looked

through the window,

of human suffering ::

became witness to the abyss

The riddle of life and the mysteries

of creation are equally

The trees have become witness

unpleasant on an empty stomach ::

They turned black ::

to endless confessions.

Every line virtually contains

the horizon, but the vast -

Wondered about life. Got a sentence

it is beyond any expression ::

Your silence is unbearable! -

as long as memory is ::

They cut this morning lopsided.

So lend me your lips... ::

time and again ::

Cries for help were heard

Somewhere nearby, in life,

in the bosom ::



Weighed every word, ended up

on the other side of reason ::



to go pink, while straightening

Flamingo was inclined

Being erratic - exhaling all

its neck to fly off ::

thought,	the	flight	of	mind,	a	deep	breath,	and	a	coughing	fit	::

No somersault I turned could move,

if just a bit, the ugly stiffened

my home, the universe as such ::

blotch, that clogs my soul,

The screeching shutters let in what was yesterday::

Memories were feeding on

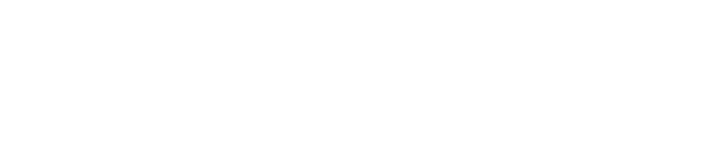
remnants of the seen ::

ard ::

The stain of an ended day

was spreading over

the tablecloth of weekdays ::	Billions of specks of dust swirled up



on command for the morning offering.

I dodged unnoticed ::

A wind blew from nowhere. It picked

me up and carried away into nowhere ::

Music came through th	e cracks.	Ragged	holes	in	the	being	bulged

the day, grasping his knees ::

with light. He sat on the edge of

Spread out the borders. Pulled up the horizon.

Sliced some t	ime into the	broth ::	Wound up	the	heartbeat	and	waited.

This minute took longer than usual.

It came. It hurt ::

And came to an en	nd unexpectedly ::	Had to revise his life principles

on the go, where it was awfully crowded.	So they got all filled up with



and faces running ::

feet scraping, brakes screeching,

Storm of thoughts at once subsided

on the plain of fancy words ::

His life was a false start.

He was ahead of his time ::



Faces in the window were going

of the night visitors ::



in reverse. Memory drove into

the opposite lane ::

The gravy train was over.

The passengers got sacked ::

Boy, just what spilled out ... ::

A memory knot came undone.

Natural drives can wait for a while.

Unnatural drives fill up

the whole of you :: Bought a powder for removing

just to be on the safe side ::

all of the last thoughts,



Hair-raising thoughts visited him.

When pondering on yet another one,

he every time jerked his head:: Gulped down 50 grams of

weekdays. As usual ::

bitter words, took a bite of the

The current of time is ruthless

to swimmers without a life saver ::

Plunged headlong into the slightly ajar ::

A blank sheet. The verbosity to come is rolled into it ::

Echo was dead scared clambering up after the mezzo::



singing. Out of the ordinary ::

It dawned on him. He broke into

I ceased to understand myself ::

Disagreements became intolerable.

Ready to leave this day, when falling asleep he smiled.

Waves of light flooded those present.

But not for long ::

on the day before ::

The enlightenment has been prepaid

Per day, yearly, weekly, monthly, per merit ::

There was a sound. Petrovich shuddered.

A	certain	half-thought	has	been	floating	across	the	hemisphere	::

a failure. The woods tensed up

The weather forecast was

Slow down, wild rover,

in anticipation of a storm ::

Ran out, looking down the street,

watch your tiny step ::

and stopped dead — they cloned him! :: The chiaroscuro, glorified

bу	Mandelstam,	remains	deranged	ever	since	the	six	days	of	Creation.

The	light	bulb,	sanctified	by V.	I.	Lenin,	kept	sane	for	48	hours	::

$\mathtt{T}_{\mathtt{he}}$	old men's	babble	chat	and	baby's	lamentation -	

but not with punctuation ::

both are my mother tongue,

Gave it some serious thought and flew away. One way::

Cheering again, brandishing the hammer and anvil::

Blabbed unwillingly. Confessed to himself ::

Missed the appointed.

Started to prepare for the worst ::



Infinity of the feathered

disturbed consciousness while

remained of his hair ::

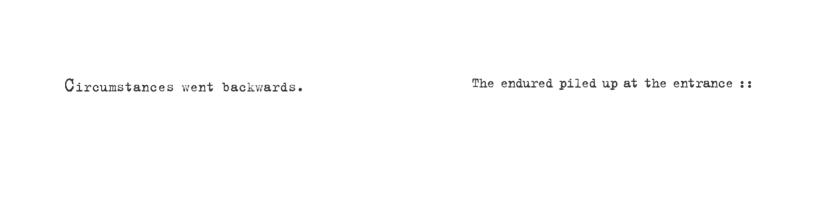
gently ruffling through what

Gray is the hour.

Each minute like barbed wire.

The wristwatch just died out ::

The wait goes on and on.



The statue turned into stone.

A marble nipple trickled

Foliage stiffened, stunned.

a vein of quartz ::

their nakedness ::

Adam and Eve were getting rid of

Blurted out in a fit of temper,

as though cut off ::

Horizons appeared while submerging :: Rare meditations aloud brought the

A sound from the heavens

silent monks closer to one another ::

has dissolved, it killed

the dream for silence ::

Scattered promises made jogging difficult::

Dust settled time after time, it left an aftertaste of the ages::

The bell's toll crashed into the ground ::

Up rushed a bird,

calling into yet another day

Forget. Don't recollect.

and a dazzling morning ::

But the fingers, the fingers go numb — she's so close ::

Abandoning the waiting orbit,

the eye expects a brand new day ::

yourself. You can break out from

You can't close yourself inside

the inside of someone else :: Stood up. Sat down.

The scene where they part -

Went into a spin like mad ::

He went through a lot.

necks twisted, a duel! ::

Spilled it, lost it,

Carried it all away ::

bumped into it, gathered it up,

forgot about it for good ::

Even if you don't know - it's still nice ::

The End