

НАТАН  
БРУСОВАНИ



NATHAN  
BRUSOVANI

HUMANSAPES

HUMANSAPES

A DRAUGHT IN MY MEMORY

A COLLECTION BY NATHAN BRUSOVANI

THINKING ABOUT, WE FIND OURSELVES INSIDE THE.

NATHAN BRUSOVANI



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?

.....

© Nathan Bar  
[uniart.net@gmail.com](mailto:uniart.net@gmail.com)  
[facebook.com/uniart.net/](https://www.facebook.com/uniart.net/)

YERUSHALAIM 2021 (5781) 

---

A Draught In My Memory

**I**nsomniac 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 ::

Sphinx is hollow, the buzz of

a stray thought makes it flinch ::

Reward yourself with happiness —

forget that it exists ::



Write down your encounters step by step.

Might happen, you'll need to retreat ::

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 ::

The language teacher mumbled

incoherently, having got tangled up

in the labyrinths of her language ::

Splinters of hope scratch the skin ::

Thinking about, we find

ourselves inside the ::



Woke up, washed up, looked

through the window,

became witness to the abyss

of human suffering ::

The riddle of life and the mysteries

of creation are equally

unpleasant on an empty stomach ::

The trees have become witness

to endless confessions.

They turned black ::

Every line virtually contains

the horizon, but the vast —

it is beyond any expression ::

Wondered about life. Got a sentence

as long as memory is ::

**Y**our silence is unbearable! —



So lend me your lips... ::

They cut this morning lopsided.

Cries for help were heard

time and again ::

Somewhere nearby, in life,

in the bosom ::

Weighed every word, ended up

on the other side of reason ::

Flamingo was inclined

to go pink, while straightening

its neck to fly off ::

Being erratic — exhaling all

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



blotch, that clogs my soul,

my home, the universe as such ::

The screeching shutters let in

what was yesterday ::

Memories were feeding on

remnants of the seen ::

The clenched stopper-rod of the

old washbasin oozed the overheard ::

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 the cracks.

Ragged holes in the being bulged

with light. He sat on the edge of

the day, grasping his knees ::

Spread out the borders.

Pulled up the horizon.

Sliced some time into the broth ::

Wound up the heartbeat and waited.

It came. It hurt ::

This minute took longer than usual.

And came to an end unexpectedly ::

Had to revise his life principles

on the go, where it was awfully crowded.

So they got all filled up with

feet scraping, brakes screeching,

and faces running ::



Storm of thoughts at once subsided

on the plain of fancy words ::

His life was a false start.

He was ahead of his time ::

Build up the suspense, then leave

the reader to the attention

of the night visitors ::

Faces in the window were going

in reverse. Memory drove into

the opposite lane ::

The gravy train was over.

The passengers got sacked ::

A memory knot came undone.

Boy, just what spilled out... ::

**N**atural drives can wait for a while.

Unnatural drives fill up



the whole of you ::

Bought a powder for removing

all of the last thoughts,

just to be on the safe side ::

Hair-raising thoughts visited him.

When pondering on yet another one,

he every time jerked his head ::

Gulped down 50 grams of

bitter words, took a bite of the

weekdays. As usual ::

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 ::

It dawned on him. He broke into

singing. Out of the ordinary ::

Disagreements became intolerable.

I ceased to understand myself ::

Ready to leave this day, when

falling asleep he smiled.

But not for long ::

Waves of light flooded those present.

The enlightenment has been prepaid

on the day before ::

Per day, yearly, weekly,

monthly, per merit ::

There was a sound.

Petrovich shuddered.



A certain half-thought has been

floating across the hemisphere ::

The weather forecast was

a failure. The woods tensed up

in anticipation of a storm ::

Slow down, wild rover,

watch your tiny step ::

Ran out, looking down the street,

and stopped dead — they cloned him! ::

The chiaroscuro, glorified

by Mandelstam, remains deranged

ever since the six days of Creation.

The light bulb, sanctified by V. I.

Lenin, kept sane for 48 hours ::

The old men's babble chat

and baby's lamentation —



both are my mother tongue,

but not with punctuation ::

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

gently ruffling through what

remained of his hair ::

Gray is the hour.

Each minute like barbed wire.



The wait goes on and on.

The wristwatch just died out ::

Circumstances went backwards.

The endured piled up at the entrance ::

The statue turned into stone.

A marble nipple trickled

a vein of quartz ::

Foliage stiffened, stunned.

Adam and Eve were getting rid of

their nakedness ::

Blurted out in a fit of temper,

as though cut off ::

Horizons appeared while submerging ::

Rare meditations aloud brought the

silent monks closer to one another ::

**A** sound from the heavens



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

and a dazzling morning ::

Forget. Don't recollect.

But the fingers, the fingers go numb -

she's so close ::

Abandoning the waiting orbit,

the eye expects a brand new day ::



You can't close yourself inside

yourself. You can break out from

the inside of someone else ::

Stood up. Sat down.

Went into a spin like mad ::

The scene where they part —

necks twisted, a duel! ::

He went through a lot.

Carried it all away ::

Spilled it, lost it,

bumped into it, gathered it up,

forgot about it for good ::

Even if you don't know —

it's still nice ::

The End