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Dialectics of bears

Little stars on the ceiling and semi-obscurity,
some guys got bent from the beginning.
I thought I had more patience, says one, and the whole
group is out.
Kiss, Andy Warhol, 1963, 12 couples are kissing,
3 and a half minutes each. Men with women,
women with women, men with men,
Gerard Malanga takes turns
with a woman and a man,
Ed Sanders and others. Only one
actor is black, but that's not why he's ugly.
Dude, weird, you happen to be here with this girl
you have no idea what you feel for,
who knows what she's thinking right now.
Where does the series of events
that ends here start?
Maybe she noticed, behind the screen,
through the window, you can see the street.
I should shoot a scene in which
her compulsive foot moves show,
a long frame, just her foot, that's all,
with a fancy name to
cover the mental hole.
Dialectics of bears. Bababam bababam.

At home everything's pitch-black, my father drank alone and
watched TV until he fell asleep in his chair.
This keeps happening to him but then again all sorts of stuff happens to me too.

We all have a pornhub heart

Googling for jobs, always the same shit,
I remember being a kid, looking up a porn in which
the actress to slightly resemble
that girl who'd rock my world
in middle school

Either their boobs were too big or their hair was all dyed
it's the corny truth, sometimes you just have to take whatever life gives you.

The frozen lakes where the ducks swim to be photographed
doesn't give me half the peaceful feeling
you're supposed to get from frozen lakes

While waiting for the bus to go downtown
all the energy sympathy cigarettes and sun
they all vanish behind the buildings.

Here it comes, I go to the back of the bus, I take a seat
just above the back wheel and I repeat to myself mechanically that
this is not ok.

nor is it something else.

If you stare long enough at the light bulb, the distorted stain
slowly whittles into a glowing wire,
same happens when it comes to love.
You wanted me to mail you my PJs
so you could sleep with them next to you and I didn't.
how easy it is to hurt what you love,
how wonderful it is that nobody can get away from it,
it seems fundamental, like gravitation,
electromagnetism or the nuclear forces.
When it happens, something dies, but it's ok,
we always find lots of things to kill inside us.

Don't go nuts, laugh a little, eat something,
give the leftovers to the dogs and let the city
come lick your hands before you fall asleep.

Fianchetto

I flank attack the park, I am the British soldier inside the Afghan valley,
I want to bring joy to the dogs that bark by the fence,
some softer, others harder, none of them like Furry

misses' Geta's dog from the end of the street,
a huge-ass animal, like the one I know you'd want
to watch us shag from the corner.

The first mosquitoes already appeared, the sucky ones,
without the danger-sensitive gene, they foretell summer,

there's sand shaken off from the sheets in their ping
if I kill them I can see you cutting your finger in a sea shell

Maybe it's all in my head and it's just pure theory,
like in chess, when you figure out after so many moves
that the game position appears in books for Sicilian

How loud is everything, you little whack-job, just so you know
we remained just as small and lunatic.

I play with the black

rubber ball

beyond the window
the winter
is very slowly
unfolding

and I play with the black
rubber ball

what does a dog do
when you leave it alone in its home

what does a man
do when you leave him
alone in his
mind

I Think That's the Sky

It's the hour when rats get tired,
after another ride they go home.
A man is shouting at another, don't take it that way,
it is dark and it smells of wee. Bacău
in the train station. You try to follow the dynamics of the group,
not to spill coffee on friends.
A little further on, between peddlers,
a headless hen and no dog
lucky enough to notice it.

You do not show it to anyone,
some things you keep for yourself.
It is just like Bill wondered, a character
From a cartoon, every time
he woke up with his brains sucked by a jungle snail,
when will the pain stop, when ?

less pitiful and maybe, instead of pain,
some other thing, a word that escapes me now.

The rain feints our reflections in the window,
We are looking by turns at the controller and when someone looks,
The reflection does not vary, as if looking straight ahead,
Above the firs, over the east, through the east, who knows where, in life,

I am on the staff corridor to Bicaş,
two daily travellers beside me,
and I do not remember anything of their conversation.

I am more and more sure that my memory has a small vent,
Like a cellar, with spiders in the corners,
where the most important things are lost,
and if not lost, however they clot elsewhere,
once I'll be asked about something, a birthday,
or a place, and from there, from the registers, the hen will return,
headless, its feathers plucked, between peddlers, a little further,
and I will give a simple answer, I do not know, bro,
I do not remember.

Everything glows when you wake up and because everything glows
you do not know where you are,
you see an icon of Jesus and John, but
do not recognize the third character, weirder,
with eyes of a psychopath and head of which a part appears to be missing.
Everything shines and because it shines it gets interesting
How we function in relation to light, how everywhere you look,
You look in the past.
You see where the sun was eight minutes ago and you also know
the girl that drifts away from you is a little further now.
Something unexpected to happen in a morning like this,
a sniper to take usage in his target.
Yesterday I was up at the edge of the forest,
There the sound of the light lorry reaches you in waves,
After the bends on the road, and it's beautiful,
only now we are too broken to hang out.
We are in the room, Mircea Horia make the playlist

a song out of three awakens the stories within them.
I'm playing on the tablet, Mihnea listen to his music at headphones.
It is not raining anymore, less fog over the mountains,
Only the sky stayed the same,
when someone asked what is that white stuff next to barn
he was told, lad, I think that's the sky.
Earlier, before I ran out of power,
I gathered all of the terrace with the blue lights.
I tried to count them last night, there are too many,
some do not light up, and I found out
no formula helps.
I counted instead ten types of insects
flies stuck on tape, I could go on,
but you get bored standing outside, in the cold,
pretending you are writing, when someone laughs again and again inside.
How much serotonin, how much serotonin,
I climb the stairs and I repeat this at every step,
and till upstairs, without knowing too well why, I am myself already laughing.