

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/4

Mykyta Ryzhykh

Copper night knocks

On the back of the head, asks:

"What street is this?" And this is not a street, This is the whole life. Here at the age

Of 4 I drank sleeping pills, At 14 I lost my virginity,

At 24 I lost my family,

At 34 my father died (thank God, my father died). Now I'm free like the cry of a newborn.

I'm single, like when I was born. A lonely body without everything Meaningful, invented, composed.

The body, by its movement forward, Has reached the very beginning.

Ashes close to dust.

And suddenly the night opens its Lunar hood, and now death looks At me with its bony eyes.

"Come on, friend," I said to death,

"I hope you don't turn me into a zombie." The door of cast iron milk opened.

And I started drinking.

My teeth turned black and fell out. Birds pecked out my eyes.

My body fell off me. Copper night, Pig-iron milk, golden memory.

And suddenly: emptiness.

Reprint by Crank

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We were stolen at birth and brought into this world. This world has robbed us. Cats will never again sing under the window about their nine lives in the nine circles of hell. We are no longer cats. We are no longer dogs. Only occasionally does one of us like to sit on a leash in puppy latex. We are heavy, sir. We are light, Lord, like fluff. We are airy, Lord, like chitin. We are homeless, Lord, like heaven. We are rich, Lord, like the poorest poor man. We are your angels, Lord. Wash our feet, Lord, we can't stand you. We love you, Lord, like dogs do. We are on your leash, tied to you, Lord. We are the gods of death in your realm, Lord. Ash.

The last candle for your rest in our hearts, Lord.

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children making sand castles
adults making sand castles high tide

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The cemetery under the bed opens at the first request
Once upon a time in childhood we were taught to make little men from
matches Today we are taught to burn

My mother says that life was better under the Soviet Union Someday the
future will come, but not now

Today we are taught the word "later"

Reprint by Star 82 review

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This poem smells blue

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The color of wrinkles in the sky

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Black shapes in clear water

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This verse will be picked up by crows in the morning And they will be
thrown from heaven

On icy concrete heart rocks

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All in vain

Reprint by Stone Poetry Journal