

1976

The Rifle

Tymoteusz Karpowicz

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horse bites and kicks at mangy clouds a hot visor descends deeper and deeper over eyes our fingers on the helve harden and the axe's bliss becomes so palpable that it fills us like darkness a grotto infests our whole being changes into an iron echo drumming inside heads juggled by a storm

o sweetest of heroisms but for you the hand would decay and the horse plunge into its own hooves

o most blessed of blows but for you neither our skulls nor those of others would have purpose or meaning

we swing the axe into the white stem of day forcing itself through us and putting forth its first quasi-leaves the stem is too delicate to bleed but we will wait for a hundred fierce nights its blood since it is quite possible that we have been hoodwinked here

The Rifle

I speak directly
from the heart
to the brain

if I jam I smash
teeth by order

I've got a head
for knowing the hand

my sight is to the rear
yet I can see ahead

Knife

precise sovereign beauty of the knife's back edge
cool skeleton upon which magnetic flowers climb