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## After Some Hits

Stavros Deligiorgis

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# After Some Hits · *Stavros Deligiorgis*

I

“to parathyro kleisto”  
(the window is closed)

sulking aperture and all  
you are perfect in that fear  
your cloying petits mals  
your petrarchan sneers

an antiparaclausithyron

\*

“arga poly na zontanepseis”  
(too late to quicken)

tears and tricks  
in goliard morse    where was  
your god when mine  
burned    kit-kat and john bull  
to purple cinders

what was his name before the

what’s a wake

\*

“evgala to symperasma”  
(I have reached the conclusion)

you’ve never been stood up

cartesian cunnilingus  
but you see y’se’f  
dump slick  
locked in phase time  
to rubber daggers paint-on  
heat

you taught me time  
I'll teach you

\*

“ekapsa tin kalyva mou”  
(I set fire to my hut)

first it looks like your  
fleas have turned  
against you

then you crave for  
visions  
herostratian fire  
enveloping one cubic  
meter of blank

then you withdraw  
things go back to what they  
fenders to feathers doors  
to

and then you're even  
grateful french greeks countrymen

II

“o zontanos o horismos”  
(parting and living on)

His best is not in words  
he wished his mother's berth  
had floated some  
he fantasized nepenthic  
states before the fact  
he also swore to keep that  
whore no matter why