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# Two Thousand Years

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I accept your challenge, replies the poet,  
I am not handsome, my voice  
is monotonous and colorless,  
I am no troubadour  
with a codpiece, a sword at my side,  
but nevertheless I am loved

*other times*, the traveler says, taking leave,  
we descend deep into underground vaults,  
we write on damp walls words  
we don't want to see  
let's drink again and godspeed

## TWO THOUSAND YEARS

surrounded by woods a burning city:  
open gates through which  
for two thousand years gray legions pass  
every time I returned carrying you  
every time spears of jealousy  
would pierce the prey: the young Kshatriya warrior  
with no right to eternal life

and indeed I would die before dawn  
on the day of the funeral you would disappear  
or change your voice: you would turn into Martha  
or Mary or the pregnant suburban queen  
only my ashes fertilizing the roots of your hair  
tell of our bond

will the end of the world also meet us this way  
two hands of the clock testifying against each other  
and stopping nowhere the city of ash  
and the delicate grass of the wood waiting for morning  
I liked to count years but always  
I started with death: thus begin  
all the stories open gates through which  
for two thousand years gray legions pass

## CIVITAS LUNAE

I  
you thought you had guessed the name,  
but the creek still runs free,  
immersed hands feel the warts  
of roots, the water stirs  
more and more, every morning it is harder  
to wake up: the faded landscape of dream  
is incomparable, perhaps  
civitas soli, but the city of the moon  
would work better, in white shadows  
and rounded roofs, changing shapes  
but with the hovering singular soul  
of its citizens,  
what arrow will penetrate the doubt  
of the intersection? you withdraw from the continent,  
where flows win and ebbs  
betray, ontological illnesses  
haunt you, scorpio, pisces,  
and libra watch you with pity

every word of prophecy  
could be turned over and read through  
or turned into number, so ancient  
hebrew science teaches, but you take  
from this home ridiculous old tools