

1997

Civitas Lunae

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Recommended Citation

Ališanka, Eugenius and H. L. Hix. "Civitas Lunae." *The Iowa Review* 27.2 (1997): 92-95. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4903>

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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

hoping to cheat, while a moth
circles the candle, and again
the discharge of memory, again the rag
of the dream, a scary crater of solitude,
as if you were nowhere, as if no one
had left nowhere

II

wider than the delta of spring
things spread: dates crossed out,
linguistic mechanisms broken,
along one side of the street
signs line up, people
here are silent, saving sight,

don't look for your reflection here,
thought is reflected by night and a day
soaks up pain, an alien feeling
crumbles a body and weights a word,
but there is no city where the gates
do not open into solitude,

and the bell—into the labyrinth of the heart,
black ash falls into our words,
only the hand raised against yourself
sees a beast in a burnt-out portico,
defeated force—only the gesture of kings
in the melting blue of a mirror

III

corners touched by shadow, the open moon,
only a worn-away crown protects
your face, only a lantern in the mind
rows over the land of the answer,
the rains with broken pediments,
received into pits, into smooth mouths,
without piercing arrows, without
the hangover of the word, but days left undrunk

pursue you: how much freedom in the blood
of a runaway, in apartment-hives of wild bees,
you entered by mistake, over the threshold
of consciousness, listening only to the hum,
erroneous the square of a room
and your circle, at intervals things
discover hands and light up,
but columns of water fall
when you touch a time not your own
and white cliffs like the teeth of pontos
bite the city: the geometry of wind
is too hard for you, poet

IV

I wish you the courage of an inquiring god,
the current of fresh water
leaves the maps of palms,
fraying the outline (twitching
eyelid): too high a pressure
for the small mechanism of a clock,

too cramped a continent,
one rivet and one life:
crippled the crowns
of fir groves: only the wreathes
above the abyss of gravesites: fir branches,
spilling from a child's hand

apportion for yourself
these days, phases of the moon,
because the eclipse of thought is near,
when words like scattered stars
will fall from darkness to darkness

and light-years in a clock spring,
and light under the earth:
letters, epitaphs, barometers:
between two underworlds,

and the geography of decline:
cities are being burned out,
only their coordinates left (suburbs
flourishing on trades of night)

V

a white branch, the sharp landscape of hedges,
the day is right here, you choose the street
raised from an icy dream,
burnished asphalt, hollow arches
and wind is favonian
into the infinite space of the raincoat,

but there is no need to hurry, time
is not yours, loitering below churches,
there are times, there is the baroque of night,
there is the renaissance of solitude,
but all this—later, when we drink
wine, mourning the broken glass of time,
only the key, evidence and weapon
in homeless hands, let it be so,

timeless being,
every step is full of silence,
so one names death, angel
and bird that crosses
the map of the city obliquely,
but turn around: red dye,
the heaviness of light
is being torn like the pilgrim's blossom