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Writing Sample

Tomas S. Butkus


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katastrofas
į blakstienose kontūras
pargriauti sutraškomi
po drumzino miesto balkonais

valgantis duona
mitile bosforo sąsiaurius
vagia sviedinius

atsiliepia patrankų nutra
nesulaikę teisėto dienos
krauo skriaudža

užklupusios miegančius
mirties fanatizmo
kelyje į bedugnę

stringantis laikmečiui
krislais lieka sausį
jų palieję vaikai

babilono belaisviai
uktose rankose
jų blakstienose

palikta atsitraukusių
Documentary Crowds

disasters that catch the sleeping
in their eyelashes the outline of death’s fanaticism
they are knocked down crushed on the way to the abyss
under the muddy city balconies

going stuck in a span of time
eating bread speck by speck remaining in January
gone silent in the bosphorus straits their sickly children
stealing balls

eye are babylon’s captives
answering in can non-torn arms
never getting to the judgment day in their eyelashes
the blood-wrong left by the retreating

from “The Mutation of Generate Language”
How Today Will Be Written

and the living in the facsimile of the future buried
in the love of bodies and their
only true ground a memorial for tin soldiers
how today will be written
still yesterday and never
it is better to know what bodies for their love
this muteness will be found
in our voice and the earth
quaking our coming fate

from “The Mutation of Generate Language”
The Surf Raised By A Long Sunset

in the midday camps of the living a surf of echoes
accordingly you are forced to stay on your own scaffold
and something keeps going it’s the blade
you await until the edge ends

the smaller the other me the wider his way
and he will lead to nowhere
he like the surf
ra ised by a long sunset

from “The Mutation of Generate Language”
Through The Tent Of Fire
they appeared strange and confused

the farther you go from me from the drift-covered trunks in me
the honeycombed spittle in me

all the greater seems the road from which you shrink away
from which you are forced to recede

and the clearer the shore in its reflection the salinity of my blood
and the ocean is burnt up by the sun

and a stronger stream and a stiffer muscle carries
our bodies through the light

from “The Mutation of Generate Language”
Aquarium By The River

we don’t have to wade into the river
to take mouthfuls
of blue

so blindingly distant
belonging to the time

when water was vision

from “Lakeland”
these are voices, frozen in a cave of an unknown silhouette; millions of insects, above the larva of a train

* Pakistani economy class, perhaps

unpublished
Fullmoon Emptiness

the advent of light after dark
and semen travels on beyond the beliefs
the family genes
and phobias

but now only the streets travel on

leaving behind men and women
and all of those who are ignorance

dee down
in the machine’s demolished voices

unpublished
Snow Mining
(spring marks version)