

POEMS

by Manja Ristić (Belgrade)

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naked cave

In the soft marrow of smoke it qual
Time by trenches ceased
Placing the double swirl
With wizen fingers,
Tearless you perish
By the sharp shadow's shore.

While night convulses in a lump
Clogs are descryed,
In perfidious creak of the gates.

Flame in the glass
Coffee, rum, muskat.
Cat wares winter fur.

*Chared prime.
In lost lotus scent.*



Burning palm

Zing of an arrows pounded me,
Leaves grim
Braids the sticky air.

And water all the salt consigned
In to the pith's rift
As there was no one left to float.

Im rendering my hand, embraced by pink blisters
To pick up the last stenciled plank from our barge.
I found your skin shimmering on it.
Trace of a stolen star mist.



Whirring of Illusions

Solid underfoot, dwindling
 I am safe

I am no more,
 Reason is dead,
 Stuck with truth that stiffens,
 Is repulsed

Illusions whirr,
 Amplify and diminish,
 Ribs bend under the lumbering feet of the spider,
 Eyes shake the body

Is there anything else
 But the clamour of orgasms
 That never lived or lasted?

White wings,
 White as concentrated fog,
 Are freed from the essence of cloud sweat.

I am here with them
 My atoms heavy

Jars made of Sun
 Are falling from the heavens
 With their magical faces - inside full of pus
 Dripping

Under the bend of the knee
 Down the calves
 Down the joints,
 Plunk
 Against the root of illusion

I'm a wreck, your wreck,
 With traces of external emulsion
 Sputtering from the elbows

Juicy consciousness

FLESH

In the damned world of illusions
 Pulsing sideways
 Melt, spit,

They explore this nymph
 Bracing me with every vibration
 Against the other side.

*Translated by Ada Stanulović
 Edited by Simon Mundy*

dimly vowels;

abandoned conceits at the bottom of the coffee cup.
 furled light upon them,
 orange and brown. heart's limbs
 of tiny marble are soaked in the cloud -
dimly vowels, giggling blades and bitter lipsticks,
 as texture of the wounds
 in narrow hallways of forlorn holding amounted lot
 draw masks
 from the glut coffee taste;
 but eyes are sewed.

arms trapped in naked branches.
 no tongue,
 no luster, Mind diminished
 in a toothpaste stain.

stalks of silence intrude the murk,
 embrace the womb,
 render slobber of the soul
 gushing through the crusted time.
 Nor shovels for digging out the truth
 Nor gardening of self endurance.
pale hands dwell not
in resplendence of languish!

then... vapor;

swirls of light, orange and brown
 dally with sticky emptiness.

mould over heart's corpse,
 cohering as rust
 revealed *murmur*
 hidden in the midnight chambers.

Wide open window.
Cold spring rain
Is coming in.

a sound shrieks to the joints :: :: ::

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as a brittle roof of mighty curs of psyche
 the space warps, the tooth grows,
 someone stands at the door
 in -- --- -- - - -
 a dim cloak,
 all quiet diffuse walls breathe.
*you are the musical notation and i the mute stroke of light
 through seventy-seven layers of wind
 i noticed... that
 in the net -- --- -- - - -
 i breed a hole
 spawning it as i listen
 the solomonic brilliance of timelessness looms.
 but NOW turned to grime
 and shudder,
 sweat of the doors pressed with thickness.
 a dolphin in the net -- --- -- - - -*

Mars's feast is sharp! (poet augurs with the trout's liver!)
*strife is a form,
 war the form of disease!*
 pull your gropes behind,
 melancholy strolls through the forest.
 there is no room inside!

Translated by Nadia Peručić

Manja Ristić (born 1979), graduated at the Belgrade Music Academy as a violin performer and then finished postgraduate diploma at the Royal College of Music in London as a Solo/Ensemble Recitalist. Founder of the Association of Multimedia Artists AUROPOLIS in Belgrade, 2004. One of the many projects initiated by Association together with creative studio Gal 12+ and o3ONE multimedia Gallery in Belgrade was B-Link Festival of New Communications, experimental project that presented web streaming capacities as a tool for overcoming geographical distances in live performing. In 2007, together with NGO Cultural Front she started Forum Belgrade Initiative – Eastern Europe fraction of A Soul for Europe Initiative from Berlin, in collaboration with Felix Meritis Foundation from Amsterdam. She is an active member of several ensembles, classical piano trio ARION, experimental electro-acoustic trio ERUPTION and free jazz quintet Tale of the forbidden flower. Her first collection of poetry Book of Silence is published in June, 2008 by Cultural Centre DEVE. She works and lives in Belgrade.
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