

Monika Kubicová: Poems

Text: Monika Kubicová English translation:
Graeme Dibble

Left to their own devices
e-ciggy in one hand
mobile in the other
So damn cool
it gives you the chills

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Something that could be a four-word poem, which caught my eye more or less
by chance on opposite pages of a book I was just leafing through:

divine kitsch
render originality

*

It's not easy to make out
the time of lives
above the entrance to endless dream

So here and now
you see the blaze of long-dead matter
and are buffeted by a nebula
what is the meaning of this vision?

Perhaps the answer is trapped
in one of those
even less conspicuous universes
where nobody needs
to ask the question

*

Corona – not the solar kind

With a tic under my right eye
and double the effort
to overcome the resistance
of being slightly deflated
I ride through the empty night
towards what I suspect
to be an exceptionally
weird time

*

I can write many poems about nothing
on receipts
yet that proof
of stupidity printed
on unusable thermal paper
will be even more superfluous

*

I have to, but I can't. Yet on I go. I've overextended myself.

A few hours ago I still felt I knew what the problem was. Wrong.

You can put up with a lot, by and large.

But bad decisions are hard to take. They're hard to swallow. Choose the worst alternative and rue the day?

Runes and ruins. Or ruins and runes.

Something is different. However, my shadow is behind me. Because facing the sun...

Alas, this is not a sleep deficit, the dream fading in the cold light of dawn.

The celestial archer has struck me with her tear.

Monika Kubicová brought out the collection *I Throw Up Air From Life* in 2011 (Protimluv publishers). She lives in Ostrava. The author has chosen several newer texts for Octopus Press. The poem "But bad decisions..." is being published for the first time; the others are being brought out concurrently in issue 85 of the Vsetín-based literary journal *Texts*.

