

## **Sky loft, sky bridge**

### ***Other***

A bouquet for you every day  
Until there are no more flowers left to say  
What words lack the power to convey  
That my love for you pours from the earth,  
The idol of my heart is worth  
All the sweetest scents of myrh

### ***Winter Flowers***

To look upon your smiling face,  
A sidelong glance, a loving gaze,  
A subtle nod to what we know,  
The love between us only grows,  
The clock moves forward, back and forth,  
A thousand miles since we last spoke,  
I hold you close, I hold you close

### ***Donbas Meat Grinder***

from my perch high in the sky  
i watch parishioners cross themselves and bow  
before the wooden door framed by icons,  
the brilliant dome adorned with gold,  
inside they carry caskets fresh from the battle field,  
the bodies rest on beds of flowers,  
yellow, blue, and red and black,  
their dirt stays fresh with tears  
and gifts on painted plates,  
crackers, cookies, tea and vodka,  
never enough to bring them back,  
but they are somewhere better now.

### ***For Mavka, Looking Back***

Pink pastel roses in your hair,  
hydrangeas kissing the sweet air,  
my fairy queen, my forest nymph,  
i'd sell my soul just for a glimpse,  
to taste the dew of your tulips,  
to see your smile shine like a star,  
your sunrise lights the world afar,  
your siren song speaks through my art,  
a spell upon my fevered heart,  
a pox upon my house of cards,  
my fairy queen, my forest nymph,  
i sold my soul just for a glimpse.

A murmuration writes your heart  
'cross the eastern european sky,  
the early dawn a deep blue hue,  
i tie my message to their feet  
to bring my heart straight back to you.

### ***Taras Shevchenko Boulevard***

I took one last sip of brackish wine  
And made the long walk to the end of time  
Thinking of the date I had with my angel  
sharing khatchapuri and Georgian brandy  
Before strolling down the boulevard  
Named after Ukraine's most famous philosopher poet,  
Holding you close in my heart.

The place I'm in is filled with evil  
A den of thieves and demon people  
I pump myself full of pills  
To stop raging against the dying night  
And throw myself into the unknown  
of the everlasting light.

## ***Centuries of the same rain***

drums the tin roof of the old soviet picture house  
the slick cobblestone streets of Dnipro  
safe from the raid of the night for now  
Sunday passed in relative peace  
except for the six dead in Kostiantynivka  
who sit above the solid grey sky  
that covers the Donbas and cry

gold foil covers our emptiness here  
as we sleep through the eve of our destruction  
dreaming of ancestors lost in the shadow of war  
always forgotten in the morning.

## ***All that's good and gone***

On my last and longest walk in kyiv  
i watched two trains pass by  
one going west and one going east  
arriving at the same destination at the same time  
as i  
as all of us.

Alongside the tracks of our misdeeds and broken dreams  
two huskies tied to the same leash  
lounged in the rain soaked grass  
the carnal knowledge of the wild  
written on their faces.

Man turned its back  
to all that's good and gone

The train horn sounded and was lost  
amid the long uncertain distance ahead  
not loud enough to rattle the will to live  
among the walking dead.

## ***Khalil Gibran***

The prophet signals  
For your advance  
And yet you spurn the truth  
Of our true love  
Grappling with the fear of finding  
One with another  
Who sees you for all that you are.

## ***For Peace***

i saw my mother maryanne's outline  
in the orthodox icon,  
i saw the shape of what's to come,  
the misshapen past of prison and incarceration  
behind bars of lead and gold  
pinning us to the prophecy of our doom.

The hairpin turn of the other cheek:  
fuck,  
war and fight for peace  
to leave this world and enter the eternal kingdom of our creation,  
withheld by the demon spawn of satan, his obfuscations  
behind bars placed there by their own complacency  
and willingness to deceive and die for nothing again  
And again  
And again  
And again.

All you have to do is accept love,  
smoke weed,  
fuck war  
and choose peace.

## ***The Second Coming***

the wheels of time have been in motion  
since the days of the cro magnon,  
our naked bodies so beautiful before  
in our simplicity of form,  
corrupted by our first mistake  
that led Man to fire  
and the wheels of "production"  
that scarred this great big beautiful earth,  
this land of plenty for everyone,  
torn apart by greed  
and the billowing black smoke of "industry."  
False titans, all of them too small.

Men beholden to the "dollar bill,"  
paper printed by the wheels of slavery,  
objects with no choice but to keep  
churning in this empty lake of sulphur.

i take my leather wallet  
made from the skin of our common living beings  
and toss it in the lake  
after emptying its contents to try to make  
the day less miserable for the ones who need it most  
and take my body and my blood  
and throw myself over the glass bridge  
up the steps and just beyond the broken arch  
dividing this shattered world  
from the glorious land of God,  
no longer tempted or tormented by  
my own reflection in the barrier  
that keeps me standing, burning, cold and wet,  
and forever hungry and unfed.  
in each toxic cloud of gas, i see my breath  
taking one step closer  
to the sweet release of death.

Who made this world this way  
and why?

We toil forever in forgotten time,  
these wheels of our work  
to no end,

we sleep because the cousin  
can't defeat our will to wake  
and repeat the same mistake,  
we mock ourselves with borders and nations  
that only divide and spread  
like cancer, the terminal diagnosis  
of patriotism  
filling our broken hearts to the brim  
and taking far too much  
from our starving souls.

i breathe too slow  
and for that, my beloved,  
I'm sorry.  
Forgive me  
as i forgave all.

### ***For Echo***

You, my love, are the most beautiful poet.  
I go mad without you before me,  
I put you before myself  
And regret that I couldn't find the courage  
To accept your embrace.  
There is no line between obsession and love.  
There is no fire that consumes greater than love.  
My spirit wanes without you.  
I need you more than ever.  
I'm lost  
But hope soon will be found  
In the warmth of your care forevermore.

### ***Enduring Love***

The soul of a poet in love  
will never be broken.

Love is strong enough to endure  
the longest walk through the most desolate valley  
of my forgotten dreams and self-pity.

The memory of your smile alone  
and your eyes that hold the end of time  
in their star-filled lakes  
can carry me through eternity  
and preserve my spirit  
beside you,  
like a dove sitting peacefully  
on your shoulder,  
we follow His command:  
love each other.

I hold you close,  
I hold you close.

### ***Kramatorsk floods***

with the rains of the apocalypse,  
Drowning out the sounds of the heavenly trumpets,  
The hoofs of the horsemen splashing through the marshes  
On their way to the cradle of mankind,  
Gog and Magog waging battle over the world left behind  
Beneath the deep descending cloud that hides the heavens  
In all their majesty and light.

### ***Civil Disobedience Asset Forfeiture***

To all the fork-tongued federal agents  
who let the world burn  
chasing petty crooks and damaged men,  
thirsting for the blood of vengeance  
and seeking power in unkind judgment  
while dictators like trump  
pissed all over you in moscow hotel rooms,  
how many children sat in cages  
while you let the fascists rise,  
sitting in your grey cubicles,

stealing the life savings of the poor,  
chasing drug dealers  
and busting down doors  
to nurseries in the most  
down-trodden homes of Detroit?

No better than the common pigs  
you stand with left arm in left arm.  
Injustice is your name and the scales  
tip over with the blood of your misdeeds.  
You salivate for punishment and your spit waters the seeds  
of the heartless horsemen ushering in the end.  
You don't care if evil comes to power  
as long as you possess your piece  
to hold over the meek.  
You know nothing of equality and freedom.  
You carry your gun on your hip  
only to use it  
pumping runners full of bullets  
and piercing holes through the tapestry of humanity.

You Work For The People Who Killed  
Martin Luther King Jr.

And You Will Suffer For Your Sins

## **40**

For forty days  
I've been without you  
And forty more after that  
And forty more, forty more.  
How many more days will pass by  
Before we meet again?  
How many forty more?  
I'll die without you  
Before I turn forty-four.  
With each hour that passes by  
Without the sweet sound of your voice  
Gracing my worn and war-torn ears  
I age another forty-four thousand years.



### ***I'm Your Man***

The sound of your love  
Sings through my body  
Rattling my bones with the rhythm  
and will to live forever  
For you

### ***Waking to the Work of Love***

Begging for the morning  
When we wake together  
To the work of love,  
The early morning light  
Bouncing off your beautiful cheek  
I kiss you there  
And everywhere  
The beauty of not holding back  
Closing the space between us  
Until we are One.

## ***The Glass Bridge***

I.

i walked as fast as I could down khreschatyk avenue,  
where the rich taunt the homeless with cruelty and rage,  
smoking my last cigarette before the dawn of the new age,  
and stopped to give a homeless man a wad of dollar bills  
hoping he could find better use for them than i.  
up the steps of the descent into the darkness of the night,  
i met satan there at the highest point of the glass bridge,  
as I stared at my own hooded reflection in the barrier  
making it so hard to take flight,  
the great arch just behind me out of sight,  
i turned to his bearded figure and asked him for a light.  
he patted himself and said, sorry, he didn't have one, and stared into the night.  
i knew it was a lie.  
"a beautiful city," he told me. "my family evacuated but I returned. enemies want to destroy  
it."  
i looked out at the opulent, decadent architecture  
and the still black lake of sulphur below  
but couldn't find any beauty behind  
this faux facade of vanity.  
i looked at him again, questioning my sanity,  
and wondered why i stood there trembling,  
desiring so much to die,  
knowing it was the only way  
to save mankind,  
i asked a group of teenagers nearby,  
drunk out of their minds,  
for a lighter to smoke my cigarette,  
made of tobacco from the land of God,  
and what they handed me was an ivory lighter  
that didn't even work.

II.

Again I stood at the edge of the glass bridge,  
staring down the descent of saint volodymyr,  
Wind blowing at my face  
Beckoning me to go back,  
But no,  
I stood there still,  
The sky low enough to touch,

But grey and without color,  
Without you there by my side.  
I thought of all I didn't know  
And all I missed  
But mostly you, my love,  
And all the mistakes I made  
That widened the gap between us  
So that my heart had to reach so far  
Beyond the barriers of time and space  
And travel and logic,  
Saint vladomyr's cross on his shoulder  
Facing me with his concrete gaze  
Scorning me for all I made,  
My mistakes, my mistakes.  
All I had to do was jump  
To feel the warmth of your embrace.

III.

I returned again the next day,  
More determined than ever,  
To find hope in the rapture  
That will take us from this world  
Slipping into tribulations and hardships  
Known only by the forgotten and meek.  
I smoked three cigarettes on the walk there,  
The wind blowing me backwards,  
The rain spitting in my face,  
My plastic lighter barely catching with the flame,  
And passed the shopping malls and banks ringed by fake flowers,  
Temptations to the common man,  
And walked through the underground tunnels  
With concentric circles written in stone beneath my feet,  
Before scaling the steps to the great glass bridge.  
I was nearly alone, and  
I took off my blue hooded cloak  
And stood there rain-soaked  
Building up the courage to take  
The great leap of faith  
That delivers us from evil  
to our shared destiny in the sky.  
I put my phone and wallet on the metal rail,  
Cold to the touch of my sacred scarred hands  
And watched as the rotten-hearted walked by

Laughing and basking in their own image  
Before the grey and dull sky over sodom,  
And I scaled the first barrier  
But became tangled in the steel ropes  
Put there by satan to stop us from being saved.  
I walked back down the steps  
And bought bread and wine and drugs to sleep,  
But I lost faith that night  
That it wasn't enough  
To bring me to salvation,  
So I slept and dreamt again of you,  
My love,  
And awoke with great confusion of what to do,  
Flee like Lot  
Or stay and die for my sins  
Or bear witness to the fall of man  
Before the Second Coming.

IV.

the prophecies of God foretold  
the end of life on earth man chose,  
the turmoil and toil of our creation,  
our cracks divide the one great nation,  
greed and spies and bombs from skies,  
choking oceans with our inventions,  
killing, maiming, false intentions,  
telling lies was our demise.  
the truth will always set us free  
from the great impending calamity  
that we brought and wrought upon ourselves,  
imprisoned in this bitter hell.

V.

samsara sings of our devotion,  
to trust the end is the beginning,  
to leave before the book is blotted  
with our names removed from the full-hearted  
God of all, and knowledge that nirvana calls  
for us to come sit by His side,  
together in His purest halls,  
to live and love and laugh forever,  
feasting on the greenest leaves,

no longer locked in the den of thieves.  
i saw the blood moon on the bus to kyiv,  
the light of the world seized by a thief in the night,  
a great crash from above struck down on my head,  
that night in Mykolaiv when i knew i was dead,  
and i shed my self-doubt to see i was resurrected,  
to enter a new life with the return of light  
shining the path to a better world ahead.