

## Radu Dima

### **a midnight somewhere**

there isn't enough mist.  
the sun's already been packed up and  
picked up,  
smattering of sprockets inked  
on the back-cloth,  
diodes doused down to a petty death,  
pinions unfitted and limp,  
the night-machines now cranked up full-blast,  
pixel-plastered cardboard buildings  
raised to a temporary isolation  
(lonely walls  
of lonely rooms),  
stoneblack sharp obsidian shadows  
of ancestral weapons  
pulled apart by freeway flickers.

they, of course,  
sit face to face  
near-enough to smell the moon's  
rehearsed benevolence reflecting  
off eachother's skin,  
but since there is no mist they  
are unable to move:  
the car-coughs are soft and  
liquid,  
the factory smoke-machines are  
silent,  
all cigarettes have been

extinguished as if in honour  
of some moment  
in which a comet would  
intersect the sun, a skein  
of planes would press its cry  
into the city and something  
irredeemable would be lost,  
carried on the faint blue traces  
of burnt leaves.

if only some  
cold front would enthuse  
above the warm humid breath  
of the city sweating up  
from sewers, open mouths and air-conditioners  
there might be a chance of fog  
covering the streets and their ankles,  
darkening the city beyond shadow  
so that there would be no streetlamps other  
than as beacons of a further north,  
and they would lie  
for three days waiting,  
hearts slung in each other's chest  
fearfully, as if it were an exchange  
possible only in dark silent rooms,  
in wombs,  
on the quiet floors of oceans,

sturdy eyes collapsed back into  
the somehow-blacker of their  
pupils  
so that when the mist finally rises  
they would be free from the scenery  
of second shadows in a second cave,  
each trusting only  
the strange unfamiliar beating  
of another heart.

## Axel

in this journey from  
the centre of the earth  
little is left to chance:  
the deathbark of a dead dog,  
the softdrip of hourglasses handled  
by children's fingers smearing  
them across horizons  
into another light:  
they will spend their lives  
patiently recollecting each grain  
into a hue  
to settle into their minds  
like the weight of something  
of infinite importance  
forgotten,  
grasped only in-between kisses,  
the lost, worn webbing  
between fingers speaking  
of our deeper past.

no oceanself has yet  
been spent:  
so many carried  
upon its skin one must  
imagine something further,  
inked by storm and gale  
into being  
fitfully thrown against  
rocks and nights.

we've lost much in the crash,  
our lifeboats sundered  
into wave and wave,  
our hearts left to the sea:  
dolphins tried singing them to life,  
but no.

**moire**

fleshweave as mantle,  
as co-ordinate of self,  
all nimble escaping from  
seamstress fingers,  
all cannon-blast  
and jailbreak.

the hipjoints of the chosen,  
angelmarked,  
limping from kissweight,  
shoulderblade as wingspan trim,  
as the sight of us unangeled,  
everything embedded in this cloth:  
a feel of touch, a sense  
of love.

threadlength and  
corpselength, dead  
weight but not as ocean:  
briny broth of deadthings,  
livethings, weighing down  
the bloated blue earth,  
instead: outline,  
as chalk paradigm  
bursting at clothseams,  
of us pressed into ground  
by the endless, godless  
loveweight of the earth.

hands threaded  
into hands, the landspan  
of your body annexed,  
the trembling of rimfingers,  
the sudden dizziness at the edge  
of the world.

## Pyrrha

I said your shoulders  
could have been  
burdened with wings

that you could have either  
been reptilian or hallowed,  
sunkissed on rockface,  
sun-dappled scales  
or blazing tinfoiled teeth,  
gene-mapped back  
into the mind of God  
or talked about by poets,  
words written into your back  
like prophecy  
lips placed on your lips  
like love.

I said you might have  
only appeared  
at sunrise or sunset

clothed by the aurora  
or naked under starless  
city nights,  
beaded in dew  
drank in morning coffee,  
moonlight-blue breasts  
cupped by the freezing  
half-light, kissed  
under streetlamp flickers,  
waist-deep in snow  
or arms-outstretched  
above the cityscape  
like surrender  
or redemption.

I said your lips  
could have been

silent and smiling

swollen by kisses  
or cracked by thirst,  
stolen and painted  
onto the faces  
of angels  
or billboarded  
into the skyline,  
that you could have been  
lost at street-corners,  
in dime bars, at ticket-queues  
or graceful in intersections,  
eurydice travelling the underground  
or standing on mountain-tops,  
breathing in  
the sky itself.

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I'll keep the bio to a minimum since I'm not sure if it's required in any way: suffice to say I'm from Romania (hence the name), 19-years-old and a student of philosophy. I've been writing poetry for a few years now, both in English and Romanian, and after reading some of the major online poetry journals I've decided to try my luck at being published. I hope you'll enjoy my work.