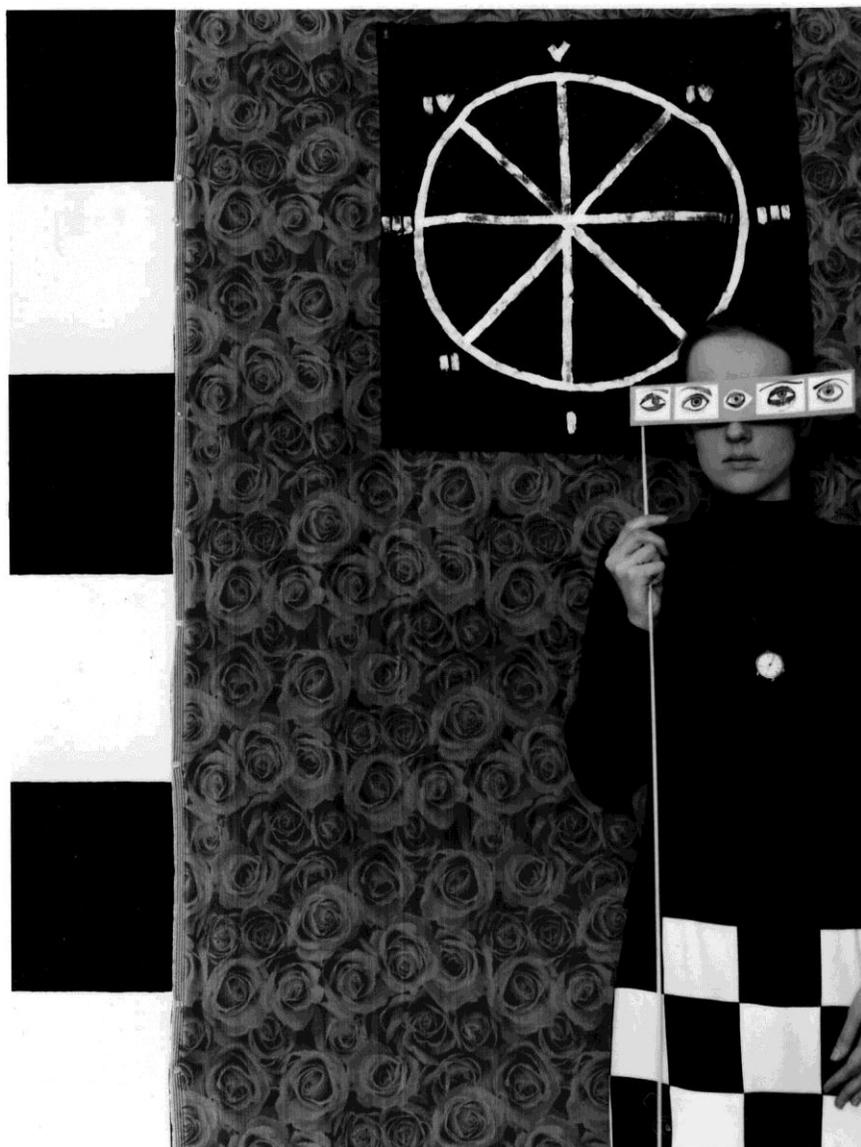


# Ruxandra Cesereanu

## *pathetika*

my fourteenth anniversary unfolded a wet flag on my thighs  
I could be woman lover mother grandmother  
a man had asked something unclear from me when I was ten and playing  
among waste bins  
next thing militiamen grabbed him by the belt and jostled him behind a  
building  
first time I made love my body was wrapped in a high-collar leopard-print  
dress  
and span like yarn on a spindle for drowsy cats  
they wouldn't wake up although their tongues were rough  
on my first confession despite the candle burning my fingers truth didn't  
come out of my mouth  
children once pushed snails inside my ear and awaited for the thunder  
while I tapped a sunset dance with no trumpet or gossamer  
later the great tale of darkness and terror occurred  
my silk hosiery restrained an unwound god  
with my mouth in disguise I clenched my teeth but desire found its hidey-  
hole  
then I spotted the walls with hydrochloric acid

PHOTOS © Janieta Eyre



## AQC Kingdom Freaks & Other Divine Wonders

and thought it fit to nurse my armpits with electric shocks  
poise and wisdom dwelled into a squirrel's den  
the uncorked champagne made me hum plastered tunes  
I shouldn't have fallen on my knees shouldn't have crashed  
but my frosted yearning kept hooting outside  
I couldn't trust a gun barrel nor the murky disgust  
my love was a kicking boot  
in the lab faith foaming at the mouth was caught on film by a girl I am the  
soul she said  
when I am eighty my overdue passing away will be my shame  
for desire exceeds faith  
I could do the most convenient thing and split the head of someone wrapped  
in slumber  
carve it like a fleshy blossom  
then sleep some years in a luxury suite without eating breathing or washing  
my hair  
they would hear it through the grapevine ruxandra cesereanu is lying in a  
coma  
let's show case her do her hair for the freudian show  
let's take some pictures and dress her collarbone in thistles  
she no longer loves no longer hates no longer feels anything  
night and day she lies frozen  
ruxandra cesereanu is a formerly warm body and future cold carcass

\*

a blackish runny pustule had broken  
despondency and beastly fear in front of insanity

## Ruxandra Cesereanu

also the power to embrace heart damage  
a veil of storksbill petals stuck on my skull  
my life in the blood stains of a bird I had once ridden  
lethargy became a pit holding all my foes  
I coiled around my liver and spleen  
my eyes stretched to the sunset from the hip joint sill  
the lifeless pouches in my ribs bellied out  
my nanny was a suicide attempt  
the other poets trembled and gagged under my gaze  
swiftly they climbed and went down on compulsive things then stepped on  
broken glass  
and I swore I would never be like that  
but always hold on to my mad flawless brain my heart wrecked midway

\*

I'll have faith in me like in a rasputina at the dawn of the new millenium  
I'll be maggoty and sing hoarsely  
but I'll never rot like poets with foul glory  
my penknife will cut panes while I howl I am the queen of cuts and seams  
into the flesh  
a coarse blanket my tent  
I'll be sent to the special needs school where summer cherries never become  
earrings  
or perhaps I will slam a door shut against myself  
and live in a huge jar fancying I'm van gogh's sunflower  
soon to turn into a healthy oil  
they'll do an inmate-style haircut on me and I'll be happy

**AQC Kingdom Freaks & Other Divine Wonders**

close to the finishing line

and the day I stack all my things in a bunker

a long while to the day I'm tamed by the messy dining hall smell occupying



## Ruxandra Cesereanu

my skull

I change the pajamas for a nightgown

the inner yarn circus unfurls before me I turn coal-black

there's a no entry sign but I get beyond the walls and write

NOTHING IS FORBIDDEN IF FORBIDDEN

they say self-destruction equals a rational number

a three-legged mutt

but they never say the barrel obscures a heedful beast

whomever wraps oneself up in membrane has a seal on their eyeballs

like a dying poem

ignored by all paramedics

\*

love runs like fulfilled sap through the black fields of my kidneys

this is the pathetika of a woman with hardly any rings

I sprinkle sugar on them and iodized salt on the wrists of the world

my pathetika is a mixture

honey pepper nutmeg crystal ruby agate

I kneel if I kneel in front of whatever god

and should my name ruxandra cesereanu be just a mistake

that I'd embroider it on a bag mouth filled only with things I lost

curled in my pathetika, which is some kind of fame, I pray to my pathetik

blood

on doomsday bones will shed some solitude chanting for resurrection

but there will be no savior waiting at the crossroads

I'm curled up inside my pathetika salvation spit is the fire in my head rinsed

flesh is the fire in my heart