



From Public Domain Vectors

Vladimir Druk

My Soul Is Closed

(translated by Andrey Gritsman)

my soul is closed
accounting time
it's trembling like a rabbit-target

at the range and God's Coop
for business is open.

who's not with us—is against us
and even kids remember that
today on every party card
there is a stamp: "Gas Co." and "Paid."

who was nobody, now is no one
he jumped out from the upper stair-
case. that dusty helmet taken in vain
as well as a couple extra Bayer

Erema drank bug-off and booze
with me, though he over drank me
not anymore. i am not used
to. afraid they'll let me go.

our freedom means—just you and me
under the light on a small lot
we're like flying plants (I mean, "tsvety")*
like twins in the jar filled with cologne.

we're spirited all round and through
and the doctor's walking outside
i never had a drink with him
Das ist pathology anathomist.

* *tsvety*: flowers in Russian.

Vladimir Druk, a Russian conceptual poet, was one of the main figures of the Club Poesia in Moscow during the perestroka period.

Andrey Gritsman is a widely published poet, translator, essayist and writer of short fiction; he also runs the Intercultural Poetry Series at the Cornelia Street Café in New York.