

**ANDREA  
NASTAC**

THE ULTERIOR MOTIVE OF MOVEMENT IS LOVE

A MUG PLACED ON A TABLECLOTH  
TALKS OF A CONTACT, BETWEEN THE CLOTH  
AND THE MUG. BEFORE THAT,  
IT WAS THE HAND THAT PUT THE MUG  
ON THE TABLECLOTH.

LOOKING DOWNWARDS, ONE CAN SEE  
THAT A MOVEMENT OF THE FEET BROUGHT  
THE HANDS TO THE TABLE. THE FLOOR,  
FLAT-SHAPED AND UNINTERRUPTED  
CONTACTED THE FEET.

BEFORE THE MUG WAS PUT ON THE TABLE  
AND THE HANDS WERE BROUGHT BY THE FEET,  
AND THE FEET TOUCHED THE FLOOR AND THE  
FLOOR STOOD ON ITSELF AS IT STANDS ON  
VOLUMES OF EARTH CIRCLING THE EARTH,

THE HAND STOOD ON THE FEET.

## THE REMOVAL OF THE HOSTS

CONSUME ME, EVICT MY MIND INTO  
ONE OF THOSE DERELICT TWISTED TREES -  
THE GRINNING LAWN-MOVING FIELDS  
OF INDIA. HARD LABOUR JUMPS THE GUN  
ERASABLE, CLEANING OUT POVERTY'S STASHES.  
SPOILED GERMS AND MIASMAS EARLY ON THE STREETS.  
I'M PASSING THROUGH MORNING'S TUNNEL,  
DECAYING SHACKS SLAUGHTER CALORIES  
AND THE HEAT MELTS IN A LOFTY FABRICATION OF NATURE.  
MONKEYS FOLLOW US FROM THE SIDEWALKS,  
CLOSER, CLOSER STILL,  
STICKING DEVIL TUSKS UNDER THE BUS'S WHEELS,  
THEIR TAILS COILED WITH SUSTAINED ALLEGORY;  
WRITTEN IN THEIR PALM I CAN SEE PALE MENTAL GRAPHICS  
LAUGHING OUT LOUD SOME MOUNTAIN'S LAVA CHEEKS - IF  
YOU CLENCH YOUR FIST; BUT THEY'RE SNIGGERING,  
CONCEITED IN THEIR BLACK-CHILLY VOLITION,  
PRESSED HORRORS CONSPIRING TO HUSTLE ME.  
ONLY A GLASS SCREEN, SICK WITH VOYEURISM  
CONTAINS THAT THINLY WRAPPED ENDEAVOUR  
OF SANE INTEGRITY. SOMETIMES, IN THE COLOURFUL  
ASHES OF THE MORNING, FLOATING BETWEEN MY VIEW  
AND THE FOOLING BEASTS, A RADIANCE COMES FORTH,  
REFLECTING IN THE WINDOW, GASHING THEIR HAIRY BREASTS  
AND SHOWERING DOWN RAINY, GORED AND UNWELCOME COMPANY.

## SPINNING OBSESSION

A WHIRLING DISK CONSTANTLY BEARS FRUIT  
IF SPUN CORRECTLY, ROWING WITH THE ONE EYE  
STURDY  
FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE IRIS  
TO THE IMAGE EYELIDS  
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE WEANED RAINBOWS  
DISTANTLY, FIGURATIVE, FAR OFF, EVEN AND ODD  
ALIENATING  
MY EFFIGY IS ONE THAT ADDS UP TO THE MIDDLE  
OF THE DAY  
THE HIGHEST PRAY AND ITS SWIFT COLLISION  
SPLITTING DOWN MY ONLY FOETUS  
INSIDE I HEAR THE RAINBOW LET'S SHEAR THE RAINBOW  
CUT IT UP IN TWO AND LACE IT TO THE BLACK BOOTS  
MAKE A FRISK WHEN YOU WALK THROUGH  
WE ARE NOT GROWN-UPS. NOT ENOUGH. WE ARE BARRED  
BRIDESMAIDS AND MANNERED BRIDEGROOMS  
LUMPS OF PILLOWS IN AN ACHING BOW,  
IN A HORDE OF CLAWS  
BLOWING UP GUESSING RETREATS  
IN THE WHEELS OF OUR WORKING MAWS  
TIE IT  
NOW TIE IT UP AGAIN  
THE HUES WITHSTAND THE SPECIMEN

## YOUR SELECTED HIGHNESS

CLOWNS CARRIED AWAY BY THEIR BEAMING,  
INTERTWINED PAINT COATS FLAPPING THEIR JAWS  
IRREVERSIBLE AXES JUMPING, THEIR TEARS  
SCALDING A FATHER AND A SON,  
RUSTY KIDDING  
OF SUCH ELEGANT SHAPING  
BRUISE ME I WILL ORDER YOUR  
HIGH-CAST DROLLERY,  
SORROW AND THEFT.  
YOU FAINTED ON MY LOOSE ENDS.  
RECOLLECTION, SAINT SILVESTER'S DAY  
DISPARATE FLYING GLASSES TURNING ALL HEADS AROUND  
FAIRIES IN JUMPERS FOLLOWING  
ON TOP THERE WAS MAGIC  
AND THE PLAINTIVE HUSH OF THE  
WAITING AND THE NIGHT.  
FANS WERE COOLING OFF FIREWORKS  
PYROTECHNICIANS FAT AND GREASY FROM  
BROIL'S OINTMENTS  
SCATHING WORMS IN BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES,  
LIQUOR IN THE GREAT HOLE OF MOUTH  
LULLING TOMBS TO A SLEEP.

## THE LADLE

THE POT IS SHIVERING AND SHAKING ITS TRANSPARENT LID  
VAPORS EASILY DISCOURAGED SMELT DOWN IN TINY AREAS  
THEIR SENSUALITY. THE CONDENSED FOG IS SO THICK,  
I CANNOT MAKE OUT WHAT IS CHARRING OR WHO'S BEING  
SOAKED IN THE TAMPED VAGINA'S SAUNA.

I HEAR ANTICS MUTTERED WITH GROSS VELOCITY, THE  
BLONDE'S JESTS THAT'S SITTING CLOSE TO ME, UTTERING  
WORDS OF CAUTION:

TAKE YOUR GRIP AND DISARM YOUR UNFEIGNED  
ICING. THERE'S SUGAR IN THE MELTING POT FOR THE WINTER;  
BUT DON'T LIE DOWN NEXT TO THE FIRE, THE ONLY  
LIVING THING AMONG US. IT WILL LECTURE YOUR  
BRASS CARCASS, ARMOR FOR THE MELLOW VEGETABLES,  
A THING OF THE LIQUID, A LIFT AND DROP GREETING.  
NOURISH ME SO THAT I CAN CONTINUE FEEDING  
THE POURING CAULDRON.

SHE IS SNUFFING MY OPEN INTERIOR, TRESPASSING  
THE PROPRIETY TO INHALE ONLY CLEAN AIR. NO BLAME.  
MY GOLDEN SCALES ARE NUMBERED, SHE WILL SOON  
BREAK OPEN THE SIREN'S FLESH AND TAIL ME TO THE END.

## WOLF'S REACTION

THEY ARE EXAMINING MY THROBBINGS WITH GUILT-RIDDEN SENSES, PUTTING DOWN ICY MEDALS ON A DEAD BODY.

THEY ARE IGNORING TEMPERATURES, BUT FACING THE SWEEPING OF RED FLOOD INTO THEIR HEART-ACHES. I, CANNOT FEEL THEM.

THEY ARE NOTHING.

BROODY AS I AM, I TRY TO ESTIMATE THEIR EVALUATIONS, THE SUMMITS OF ORDER LEANING ON NUMBER ANCHORS.

I DIE AND DWELVE IN MY SLITTING CLOTHES,

NOT MUCH OF AN OPENING, BUT ENOUGH TO

TO TAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT AND PUT IT BACK INTO THE VIVID SOUND — AS FALLING. WHEN I DO GET UP, I FEEL LOST IN

REMEMBRANCE; WHOSE WHITE SILHOUETTES HAVE I SEEN,

SPENDING THEIR KNOWLEDGE ON ME? SAVIOURS GUARD

THE VERY BED I'M TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF.

AND I AM SPEWING, AND SPEWING, AND SPEWING MY MONOTONY.

THOUGH MY HEART'S SLEEVES ROLL UP ITS PULSES INTO

NUMEROUS COMPOUNDS, EACH SECOND ALIVE IS

ANTI-GRAVITY, BUT TRUE AS NOSE BLOOD DRIPPING

ANONYMOUSLY; THE RED COLLAPSING AT ONCE WITH

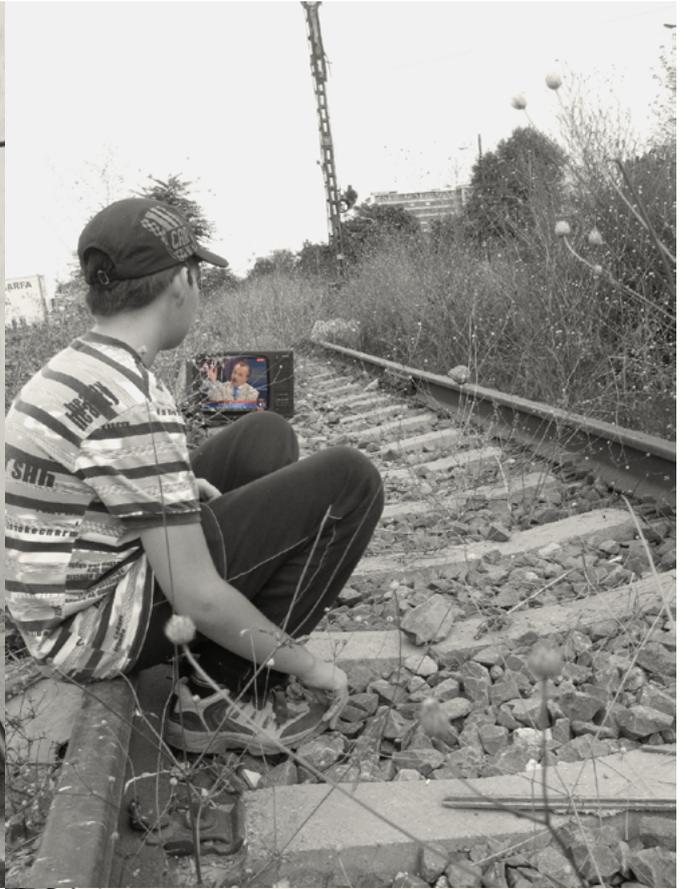
WARM STAINS OF SOLITUDE. NO MORE OF THIS.

JOKER'S BEEN BAD TO ME, PUTTING TEN SECONDS IN A HEARTBEAT.

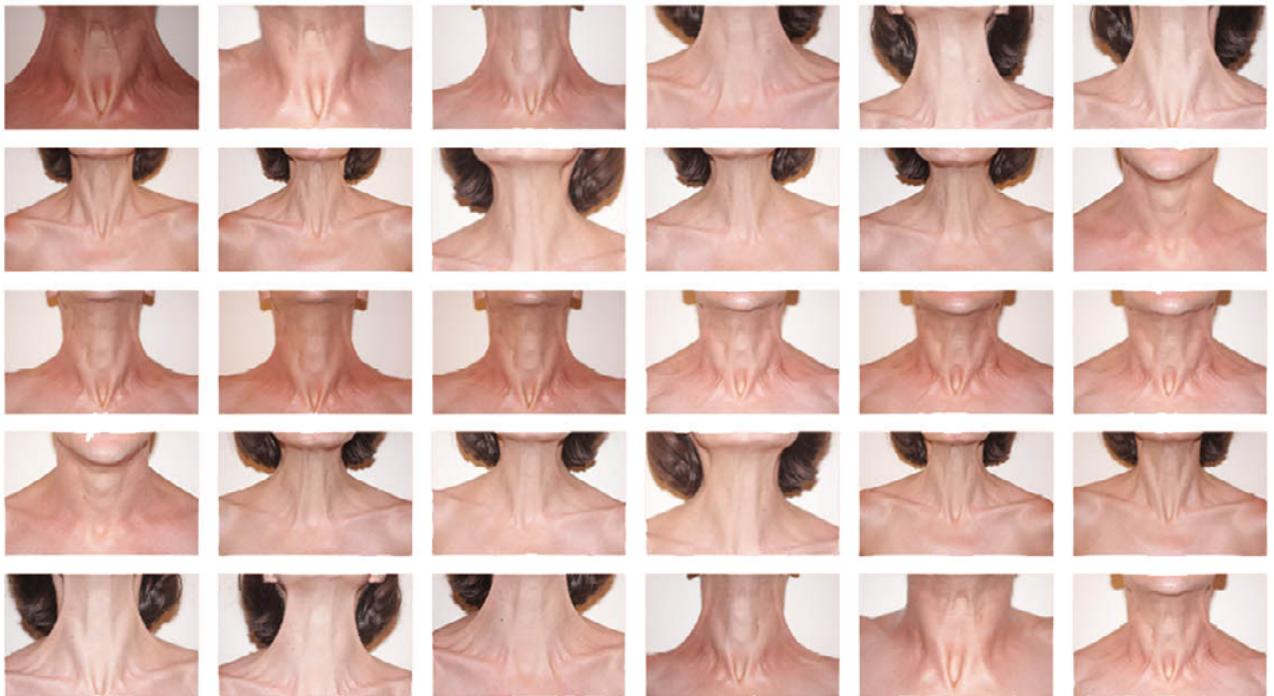
## OUTLAW

TENDRILS OF SNOW COVER UP FEBRUARY'S MARCHES.  
THE STRUGGLE BENEATH IS CURLING IN WHAT SEEMS  
AN INDEFINITE SNARE. WINTER SHEDS NO BLOOD,  
AS IT IS A TREASON FOR THE SWOLLEN SWORDS —  
IT COMES TO A STANDSTILL, EVEN THE POINTED-SHAPELY.  
WHERE ARE THE DEAD COLD PANES NOW,  
FLOWERING WITH ANCIENT MATCHES?  
IGNITING THE GREEN AFFAIRS, AND THE PINKY-RED ONES,  
JAPANESE PAPER STRIPS SCREWING BUT NOT CRACKING  
THE WINDOW, FRIZZY WITH DROPS OF COLOUR  
UNTOUCHED BY THE SIDES, GROWING LOVELY  
AS THEY COLLIDE WITH THE GROUND — UNTIMELY.  
SPRING, SPRING! BOTTLE ME UP IN YOUR GLASS,  
AND LET ME LOOK AT WHAT PROPELS YOU,  
WHAT MAKES YOU ESCAPE THE GRAIN OF SO  
NUMBERLESS SEEDS OF SANDS; INCESSANT, INCESSANT,  
EXPAND, AND EXPAND, AND EXPAND,  
TAKING OUT MY WEIGHT AND PINNING IT TO THE  
LAND, KIMONO OF WHITE NOSTRILS, SMELL PLEASE  
MY FROZEN MOAN, TIRED, CONSCIENTIOUS,  
THE LOWERED CRY LYING DEEP IN THE SNOW.

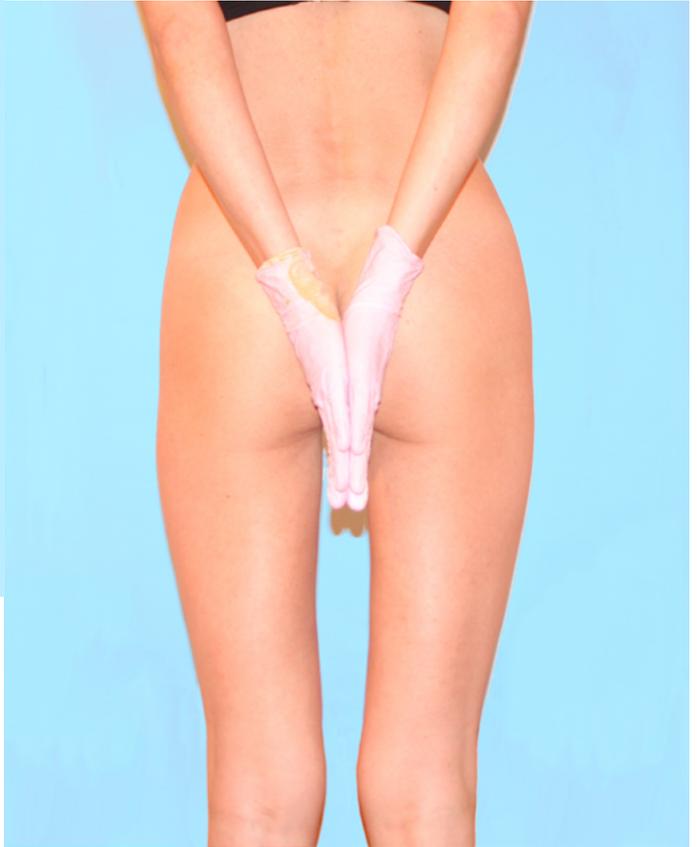
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# THE BRIDGE



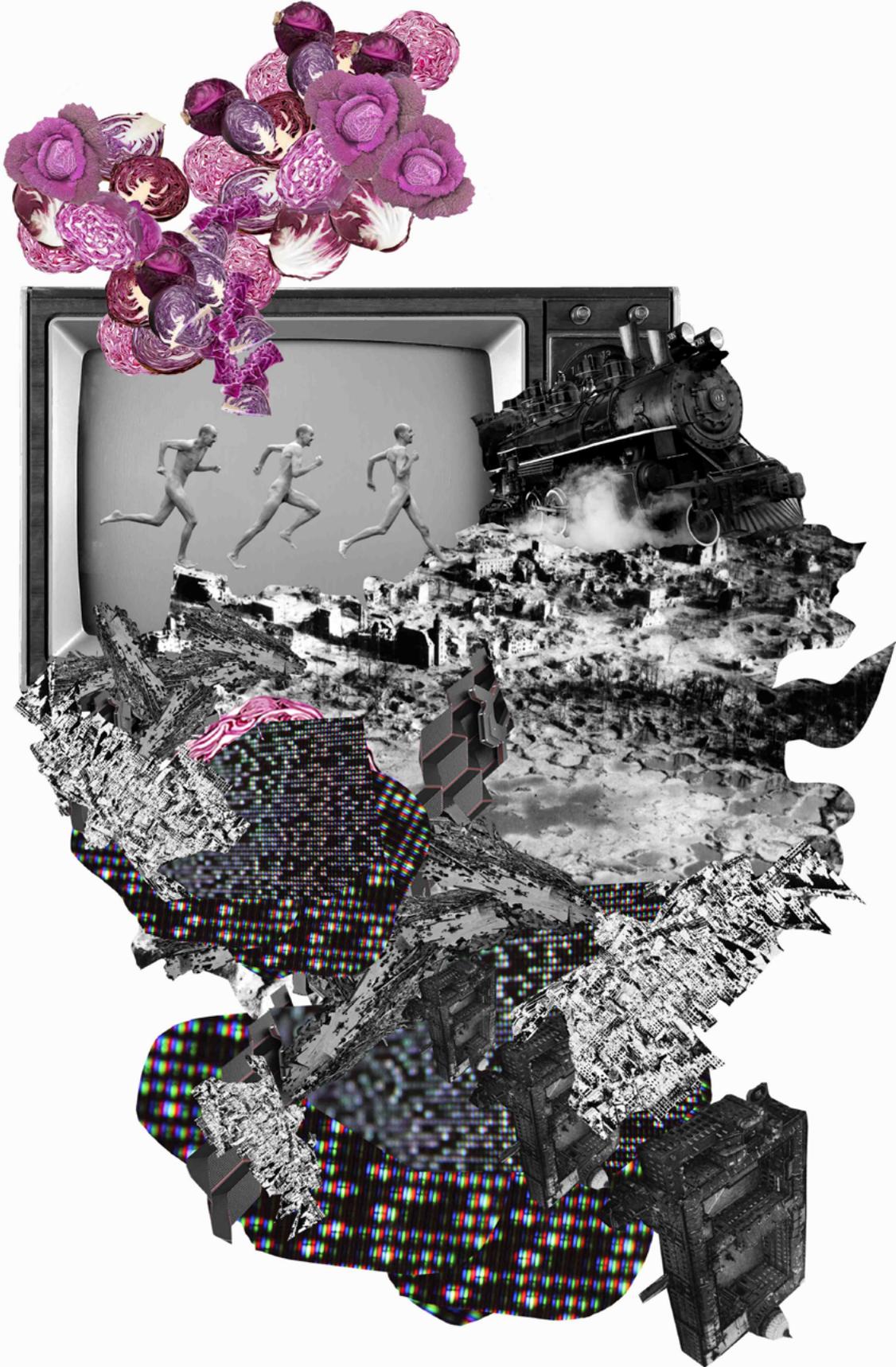
# PRAYING FOR BLUE



# A THING OF THE LIQUID



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# TORTURES A



# TORTURES B



**THANK  
YOU**