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13 Easy Pieces

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Zero Aloha

Wrapped in a golden foil of irresponsibility
enchanted madman, swollen like a Christmas tree
cut out from an antique phone book
of all the regions combined, the orange headed fool
thrusts into darkness, winking at everyone
around like a fuck up. Every
evening he takes imaginary reprisals
and baths in ultraviolet light. And here's the ease with which
he's suddenly washing his hands of and flee into the world
of notebook humor, while passing along the way

mockup of the new capital: a hastily stacked
pile of socks with the image of Yogi Bear.
Once again on the same train, and again
driven apart by diabolical dreams, he's plotting
over a jumbled board of land reaching the edge
of someone's actual plate. „In this world,
everything is something completely different.
Every day we are scared anew by the destructive
appetite of this place,” they say, having been living
in the Swiss cheese for a while now.

Something Else Instead of Something Else

Increasingly mandarin, carbonated
sky. He left the house and almost immediately
learned to read from a puddle. So much
of the theory. But if it can prove
a consolation, this new, most radical
beginning was predicted by themselves
some time ago. Our faction
has always existed in the form of
a nightmare surrounding them: dog park —
red or blue, with roses
and a laser-engraved moat. After all

all insecurity, all the political insincerity
of their actions was also that they
mourned the loss even before taking
a proper bath. Most of the decrees
were repealed at night: door to the cooling shed
slammed with password
of one of the blunt ousters. But we hammered
through web with fists. And they ran out
as if from the flames, immature, trying to tie shoes
on the run, still slightly slurring in sleep
about the results of some second half.

Non-Euclidean Nosebleed

1.

Now is the perfect time for you to talk about the long, dark road home, about what remains of understanding during a car crash. Some

isotope of anxiety? The spilled shapes, the dying out spalls of horrible machines pushed out into the morning sky. Impossible figures

are still loitering around our movie: "Hell is for the winners of this tender." But a moment later: "He choked with a napkin, bitten by a watch."

They seemingly create a life exclusively for experts, but each of them soon loses the plot, devouring own pants in some underground garage.

2.

On a sinking ship full of garden soil
the devil hides among gravediggers.
For their country is a joke.

Though it casts an ever clearer shadow,
heavy with disturbing synergy.
This is also why

blue no longer exists. For this,
look how much red is around: they are watering
the flowers, crying raw milk in the process,

still coughing on credit. "Never again
any news!", are howling
the vomiting objects of our days.

Each face is foremost a skull.

A Poem

A man is floating down the Missouri River
in a giant hollowed out pumpkin,
as I sit at the huge window
of a small library and ponder
on the contradictory notion of
anarchocapitalism; on how they finally
pushed it sideways into the mainstream
like an old, rusted-out wreck that
your perpetually tipsy uncle hid for years
in the burdocks at the back of a deteriorating property. This way

he finally hit upon some contingent road. But
how many more such wrecks still pile up in the back, how many properties
is still revealed to us by the rising sun? Has our concept of
Sun has been definitively exploited? Years later
its meaning demands you, yes, just
you, clinging to the convention of meaning
in the likeness of an ordinal rock. You deny that,
meaning, I mean, and yet by doing so
don't you condemn yourself to the return of
the same problems time and again,
unfolded like, roughly, the remains
of another dinosaur discovered just this morning
on the coast of Portugal?

„On the other hand
there are philosophies of decline and apocalypse.”
It's comforting. However, no poem knows the way out
from a comparable situation. It knows nothing. In that sense,
it's like another product of a trapped in the external field
game that no one admits to. The product is you.

A Poem From Virgil

Everyone understood the joke or at least always
wanted damn well to understand it. After all, jokes
are also knowledge, epistemology
of their time. A trick as old

as personality. And yet
for most of the time
they pretend that they understood anything. Stepping back
and nodding their heads to the beat of decidedly minimal

Japanese techno, they mumble something
thoughtfully: „It’s a
sculpture,” suggested the inscription
on a paper bag pulled tightly

over the head of a spokesman for the
New York museum. „None of that! Our skyscrapers
are growing along and across.” „Call
the lawyers!” shareholders thundered, each with his hand

in a different potty. Meanwhile, new,
uniquely personalized
footwear is already jumping off the line of the speeding train,
conceptual rags flying around – and

boom: the morning news listeners’
are getting their heads bashed in with a baguette
from an engraved plexi. Suckers! Still don’t understand
what it actually means that Duchamp is my lawyer!

Evenings in Laredo

Usually no one knows where we are,
until we're there. Although it's not
always safe. Observers have eyes like ferns.
Remember: at least one hot meal a day.

Then you can leave these papers and dissolve
into the darkness surrounding the seafront. Nobody will miss
the containers that the tornado throws around the screen
like paper toys. Equally important

is to break up with habits before they'll
contact us for good. It's sad in a sense, but
old money are getting better in the new world.
Nevertheless, stating that you have this unique privilege

is sometimes stranger than to wake up in some primitive hut,
probably thousands of kilometers from here,
where I think about these things, coiling the equator in a roll.
Don't try this at home, pizza said.

Mylar

He enters the code and opens the door
into a sterile room. He has a red monitor
instead of a head. Enters autumn like a movie set
of a low-budget dream about a mysterious organization of dentists
plotting against the indigenous inhabitants of the
post-industrial river basin who have never seen
a spoon in their lives, let alone sugar. It looks to me
like someone's dog's nightmare as he fidgets with his legs
under a quilt made of Legos, cuddled up
in a plush donut. An outsider
is looking at the matter from the other end
of the street, probably through a microscope. Together we look
at photos from the precinct: and in the photos
moon dives into a low glass, arguing
in favor of abolishing central authority, however, the cop
pressures him harder and harder, so he dies. "Greetings

from the Lemon-Man!". Articles of daily use,
such as air, water and gas, erupt from sidewalks
on some lousy windy day. The leaves
are tumbling everywhere. To whom now send the invoice
for this show, which patrols have stealthily
in the bushes? Home-grown entrepreneurs are putting up
posters: various slogans highlighted with bastardia.
Nevertheless, they still exist in their
dreambased sector, on slices of land
derived from successive forms
of inequalities, unperturbed by anyone,
they discuss, setting new prices; they seem to be doing
quite fine. They enjoy ties, water sports and violence.
Vested in their interest is also the further course of this night.

Pale House

for Piotr Łakomy

I saw it in the suburbs, also in the center of the town,
during a vast night: the unique texture of these bushes
followed me to the doors with it's eyes,
and as for me,

what has began as life soon turned
into a much wider project.
In our previous detachment
we were able to go around, to travel

even in most distant corners of the country,
seeing always the same materials
of our daily activity: lawns, clothes, food
illuminating us in the dark, as if covered

with intelligent mold. Pretty preposterous attractions,
don't you think? Meanwhile, the real homework
was that we came out of somewhere
already preformed, as if made for measure,

but deprived of the original image.
It's been a long way. It started with a drawing,
but soon it became clear,
that also these planks, boards and water with dirt

are just not enough.
"I'll remember your shape",
said the naked wall
and became a canvas of some indifferent afternoon.

And now it imposes a mesh of its individual concepts
entangling this pale house
of days that are yet to come, although for a long time
we're already all living in it.

Ready for the Garden

for Piotr Lakomy

The morning is a place of sound and lights
stage the details, as if we had stepped
accidentally into a mosaic
of an extraterrestrial scale. Days gather at the back,

all versions at once. They organise
backyard, this general organism,
in the interior of which grows a common column of echo
mixed with the neighbouring

shadow. The more shadows, the wider
city. And time well spent in the city
bears fruit in its own time, in its own way.
I think everyone knows that by now.

And yet we can only look
sideways and adjust to current hikes, taking
revisions on any impossible
things. For this is what, among other things,

property is, an order of the idea
of order, which does not belong to anyone
except ourselves. Sure, going this way
forward, we sometimes violate all structures,

as delicate as a beehive, aluminum
community, let's say, of the proverbial
honey. And yet one day you put on a jacket
and you leave the house. Be ready for the realities of the garden.

Not Everything Is Clear

for Agata Ingarden

Though that's fine too. Not knowing
what a beginning is, we have entered
era of creating pretenses, initiating
sophisticated games, reaching out

to confront unrealistic expectations.
However, time is beyond everything
and is observing us from the outside
in its own time, while we

lie solely on repetitions,
dreams and slipups that
end up in the black notebooks,
and all the towns

and cities around are objectively growing,
transforming beyond any recognition
the road leading back home. Wherever.
The whole world, this sick,

terrible format, sprawling wider
than any actual
oyster, is waiting for its syrup,
still dark as hell.

—trans. Aleksandra Jaszak

Relax, It's Just an Autocorrection Field

Chew gravel and eat rubble, swallow
gas and tumors—*kampai*,
you ass. We have your bearings. They reflect
ambitions, call signals
from here to the farthest reaches
of southern Afghanistan. One day
you say you're going out

to do exclusively your own thing. Another
you apparently lay tracks for the concepts
of hostile takeover of any concepts. This is how
art works. Not everyone agrees with this definition, but a horse
to the one who tears his head off and pees
in the pond in front of the biggest palace. Bigger things
probably only happen in the late summer.

There Is A Hole Bigger Than The Place You Call Your City

*We're living in pieces
I want to live in peace*

– Sonic Youth, „Society Is A Hole”

The police sees what has been done this summer
from trash, plywood, curbs and cardboard boxes
of expired milk, nevertheless
jointly and severally stands silent, trying not to disturb
the fragile interests of a more serious part of society:
doctors, teachers, potential heads of church, administrators

of our sleep. „Maybe I'm old-fashioned,
but I think we should leave behind
some of those things that penetrate our colossal subconscious
with huge drills of social responsibility
and sometimes simply
just really leave.” Society is a definition, inflation,

phantom which on one misty morning
jumps on the road in front of the bus
crossing the most secluded part of the reserve
and scare the children with a vision of devastating unemployment when they
actually do try to imagine a school of survival in an accidental quarry, which was
reportedly already been so much scrawled about in textbooks. In everything

it sees its own business. Indeed,
it's a big responsibility to dress up as panic
from the largest quantifiers when on the wall of a local school
you can fry boiled tomatoes. Enough is enough.
Meanwhile, to other places
you can only get through statistics. That's how society got here.

Lunches reheated in front of a fantastic screen
from the biggest sale that this city has ever seen
taste like a dream when you know that you're surrounded
by a conscious cordon of organized society. Your dream
is not so tiring when someone is watching over,
brandishing a flashlight in the area of an abandoned part of the park,

protecting you from bestiality and equally organized crime,
which lurks in every second gift shop.

Maps of society are always bolder than the territories on which they actually were ever seen.

And yet it is clear that it exists
and no one can deny that

what is happening on the streets, swimming pools and banks,
when we struggle with the wall of heat
crushing this place from top to bottom, regardless of education, class etc.
Society is a capital dream: almost anytime
it knows what it is doing. In the end, it lives
also your life. For example in movies, songs. Throughout the entire country.

This Poem Is a Drug Deal

Thus celebrated, decomposing,
dawn greeted them being us, you, again

us, someone quite ridiculous. And we really
don't have any place to stay in this whole world.

It's kind of a permaculture, dark, chaotic thing,
like creature rising from tar and reincarnating

into a giant dragon, Emperor of Night Trains
Nowhere. (Incidentally, I got the business card).

Anyway... Just wanted to check on you,
to see if you're okay after last night when

we pushed that car into the lake. Meaning,
I'm almost sure that there was no one

in the trunk. It's just a game, a puzzle, a real
labyrinth of life fraught with signs of unknown

origin. Sometimes they can be seen under bridges,
in narrow passes behind the highway,

where the forest animals sleep. I have
a theory on this: the reality is that

I can't say anything more right now. Just
follow the white pigeon. Maps of stars,

halogen paths along extremely clear
corridors will allow you to get out of any situation.

See you on the other side. You are the ultimate rainbow,
who will overload this network. Ruin the site of the experiment.

Exploding love letters and leaves, and those silly,
silky sidewalks, also apples, even oranges,

all of this is coming soon. There will be signs.
Beware. Wear new hat and wait.