

Dan Corjescu

**Kisses from the Apocalypse
(And Other Small Things)**

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The Heart (Cover)

Eternal Kiss

Was

Out of My Skin

Eyes

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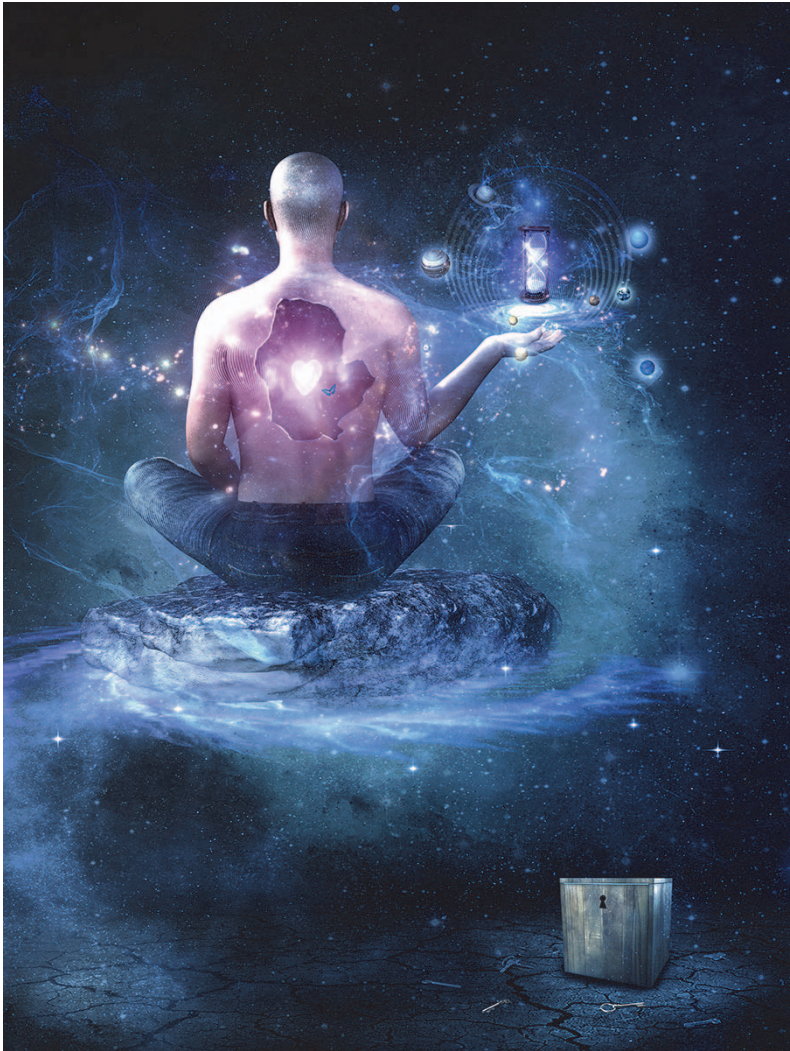
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La raíz de todas las pasiones es el amor. De él nace la tristeza,
el gozo, la alegría y la desesperación.

Lope de Vega

Si nada nos salva de la muerte, al menos que el amor
nos salve de la vida.

Pablo Neruda

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Part I
Kisses from the
Apocalypse

Pity

I feel very sorry for those
Who are able to read
My poetry right
For they are in hell
And every word
Will fall on them
Like a boulder
Like a curse

The Owls of Minerva

This life
Was a set up
To be fire
To be flood
To be warning
And at the very end
Crazy dark owls
Burst out of my chest
Laughing

Two Hearts

The cunt
Cut my heart
In two
It was a clean cut
Not much blood

Anyway

Now I've got two hearts

One that feeds

And

One that starves

The blood

Craft Crazy

I try to leave the

Similes and Metaphors

Behind me

Like dark senseless animals

I'm a butcher

And my poetry is meat

I hack at it

Like life at me

I shred my lines like dirty snow

I gnaw dead sonnets

I growl at my images

I put my face in a bowl

And mash it up with bloodied rhyme

I look for the cleaver that gleams

And stretch out my neck

Like a finger that bleeds

Liberty

The Statue of Liberty

Is a crazy old slut

Promising you the greatest

Fuck

If you'd only feed your guts

Into her green torch

Of trumped up Liberty

If you'd only give her

Your mind

Burnt on the speed

Of Atomic Promises

If you'd only disembark

Into her deep cunt

Of filthy money

"C'mon you poor bastard!"

She says

"Shut up and kneel--the gods are waiting"