

The book of broken curses

Only then shall you know that the erect and the fallen are but one man standing in twilight between the night of his pygmy-self and the day of his God-self

Kahlil Gibran

I

O Morning, the most earned oblivion of the day.
Perforated silhouette of a boy on the lighted doorsill.
— *A galaxy slice*

His stars flitting about
the more you fix a look upon him,
the more he runs away
Seeing yourself in him is one grace,
getting lost with him is another
dismissing this fact is my labyrinth
my dearest sherbet-soaked pain

Then I hang around at the topography of no body, no legs
I celebrate descending of the egg-white hope-white layers
of light from a third heaven
whilst I silence my excitations and soak my hands in floral waters
discerning a counter-poison:

for morning is not different from this old man digging for the fossils
of his own Anatolia
and the morning is naked enough to pretend being squeezed
in between good and evil.

II

O eternal sentinel!
The most omnipotent
the most gracious
Percolate from the archetypal chakra and flow through
bodies like a warm river
Distill the rays reflecting through the prism of
will power, into every direction
Bless this first milk-tooth wrapped in felt
hidden in the jar
Now look to your truest holy book, to the cosmos
Send me back to the mother's womb
so I can break the curse of generations,
can cut the soul-ties
and say my word in the primal tongue

Reveal the secret of homecoming to me
I was once that child
I was once that woman
Bless all my selves
Amen.