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 je kelko nohow (10 : 23)
 

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Džělo tlóči  
 sydom barbow  
 módre a čerwjene do běhaweho  
 čłowječa bjezkónčna sčerpnosć  
 čłowječa bjezkónčna, ćopła  
 do bjezbarbneho  
 tlóči džělo

Work forces  
 Seven colours  
 Blue and red  
 Into the white-like  
 Endless human patience  
 Endless human warmth  
 Work forces  
 Into the colourless

Je šěsć bohow  
 Je pjeć rukow  
 Je pjeć nohow  
 w štyrjoch pusćinach

Six gods  
 Five legs  
 Five arms  
 In four deserts

Je třoch palcow na wuměńiku  
 do džěrkow twarožka sej zalěžu  
 jedžomne, wobjezdžomne  
 mały kusk do kołmasy –  
 z běhaweho  
 domasy

Three retired thumbs  
 Explore cheese-holes  
 Edible, detourable  
 Reaching a bit of the amorphous  
 Out of the fluid

Je třoch palcow před  
 Dwějomaj slóncomaj a slepjenych woči w z boha  
 Jednej čmě

Three thumbs  
 Covering two suns  
 Dazzled eyes in  
 One darkness

Pada dale do wjedra  
 běžo domoj  
 pada běžo dale  
 domoj  
 do wjedra

Further he falls  
 Into the weather  
 Homewards

To běži a běži  
 nas wšědny Wótce-Naš

Our daily Our Father  
 And runs

(Mat; 2000)

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 outer illness: more mischief (4 : 50)
 

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I am suddenly Shroud in mystery Just an act of me I've done wisely	Bastard Forward to innocence my Greedy bride kept inside Swallowed pain Surreptitious convulsions
What a sob story This soliloquy but My celebrity a Duly devilry	Bastard Towards the response of all our lies Trapped in our disfavour Infanticide Homicide Genocide Suicide Necromanticide
Hey! Snuggle up to me!	Inept is all this Detritus
Cruelly I see the good crucified Within a flood of tears	Once they met their core and Felt cleansed off at all their Skunk fingers so small munching up their door
Despairing she sat in The fog blessin' her sin However, she won't win Hallowed yields her grin	Went to rockery Misqualing poetry, some Cursed old poetry is Read right now by me
Last rites and last sigh But she's not prepared to die He laughed at her cure cry Rising to the sky	Hurgh! Are you smiling?
Crawl! Don't you understand?	(Bož; 1998)
Hallelujah!	
Eternal suffering Distinguished inferiority	

## what happens (14 : 21)

I had a boule with the naked pope last night  
 while the teacher was leaving  
 the spot stains departed, one from each other  
 they impregnated one another  
 breeding wasn't avoidable  
 but sometimes it is fine to make an effort  
 isn't it  
 the extravagance of freedom is not fasting  
 a frothy annoyance was overcoming me  
 undeservedly

Zašij mi woči a słucham na swětło  
 podkoleni so podwojitej, pokuty pak  
 njebě dosć a zhubi so bjezsłódna  
 skorica;

wupławi do njewučerpajomneje młowojtosće:  
 pornografiski wokomik wušwarnenja po bėdžeńčku  
 hłowatki z čestnej njewjestu,  
 njemdre prudženje wokupka wurunuje ekwilibrij  
 njetajenosć so zahnaje, zamkny so do kluća.  
 Pyrrhus strowi. \*

Let's have a puke now  
 the sausage truth is real  
 purification, neither retaliation nor admonition  
 genuflection to all the Elysium whores  
 what a goo!  
 Redress  
 ready for the influx

Přewzaty wot wulkoh' ducha  
 zmotykuju so přez nóc.  
 Bleša nihdy njedótkny so městna,  
 hdžež lisćik zastupny ma móc.

We hłowje mojej katedrala  
 rozbuchnjaca swětlivosć...  
 zawjednica za mnje spěwa  
 dopław słódna njemóžnosć.

Ze zadka křidle zrosćetej a  
 z čola dyri rohisko...  
 znošuju so na měšačk,  
 w nopje mozowina wari so. \*\*  
 T. Flaka

Dead sun supernova  
 merged all to an amorphous clot  
 un-unravelled composure beyond  
 the pivot was disjointedly perforated to death  
 back to the self entailed responsibility that  
 never was obtained

I neglect the all regrets  
 blunt is my pretension

"[...] How many ideas – how little memory...  
 the latest thought already murdered by  
 the expectancy of the next [one]..." J. Kerrigan  
 Too many thoughts, too many whims but  
 I'm not a bit keen to explain any longer.  
 Unleashed in chains I am but causeless  
 equivocal.

The lifeliner achieved an avisionary location  
 We're immersed into the incident of purpose  
 The repudiation of the presence shattered  
 perpetual screenings spread out

"[...] The calm is an awfully [filled] sorrow because  
 thoughts are killing always peacefully. [...]  
 Where darkness copulates with the pain  
 and feeling disappears to haze..." T. Flaka  
 And so many four letter words:  
 hope hate love life fuck  
 (někotři třipismikarjo: abo ale nic pak fuk) \*\*\*

The pivot was disjointedly perforated to death  
 un-unravelled composure beyond  
 and then there's nothing left to share

(Bož; 1999/2003)

\*  
 sew up my eyes, i'm listening  
 the light knee's hollows are  
 doubling, atone for nothing  
 flavourless cinnamon slips  
 away; disappearing into the  
 inconceivable nebula: the  
 pornographic moment of  
 reconciliation, post-brawling,  
 between stem and leaves,  
 impetuously flocking acquisition  
 offsets the equilibrium

insincerity curing throughtout  
 locking the key Pyrrhus salutes

\*\*  
 Infiltrated by the spirit  
 I am stumbling through the  
 night. Where(n)ever bottles lit  
 me, two tickets inaugurated  
 sight.

Inside my head rose a cathedral  
 an explosion out of light...  
 for ears mine just siren's

singing yet, no ashorance  
 tonight.

Out of my ass two wings are  
 growing, out of my forehead  
 antlers, outbursting...far  
 towards the moon i'm soaring,  
 inside skull brain's overcooking.

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some threeletterers: but not or  
 else en

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 banish: planet's atmosphere (7 : 14)
 

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Silence will surround us  
 Before the second universe will be created

Hypocrite  
 Molester  
 Extractor  
 Human life  
 A crisis in its  
 Evolution  
 Conquerors  
 Of a new world  
 Stay there

Silver air  
 The ocean dream  
 Water flows off the holy mankind  
 Silver dreams  
 Between the sky  
 Water flows off the whole mankind  
 Silver air

...Temps, le disponible...

The  
 The way through me is  
 Is the only way from here

Ever  
 Everlasting ex  
 Excommunication

Lifetime  
 Repeat a feeling  
 Sensitively  
 Black emerald  
 The embrace  
 Of a pilgrimage  
 My existence without you  
 Is like a dream without an end  
 Better you believe, you would be better  
 Better unborn

Silver air  
 The ocean dream  
 Water flows off the holy mankind  
 Silver dreams  
 Between the sky  
 Water flows off the whole mankind  
 Silver air

All we have seen in our sea, is nothing but a dream  
 Within a dream...

(Micha; 2001)

## over (9 : 33)

Forcing	A beauty wife with her beauty man father a
laying	beauty kid
walking	Laying down they implode to a core of
snow as	patterns
ever glowing	In their time of
steady	praise
waiting	
ever	Kiddies
melting	there's a hole in your head
blinding	Tón wjelk
	tón klepa
Freezing again pressing	
everyday into	Forcing
grey light	laying
	walking
Red shoes-the sound of	snow as
dropping	ever glowing
water	steady
	waiting
Šěre mjezwočo přez dróhi	ever
Slepy sně	melting
Zynk piča wodowych z	blinding
plastiskeho	Woke up
Kapace wodowe pjeńki	early
žonjacych nohow*	last night
	saw a
	steady
	melting

(Mat; 2003)

\*

A grey face walking  
 Blind snow  
 The sound of drinking water-likes  
 Out of plasticity  
 Dropping water-courts of  
 Female legs