

EXCERPT

days are all the same and simple Tuesday

or Thursday what's the difference some sunny

some overcast no matter whose birthday it is

or whose name's day I have noticed that on some days

the flat is fuller of people then I know it's the weekend

living like that I have accepted everyday's

law of simplicity as inescapable

and self-evident: during the day you are awake and thinking

about what you might have been but dreaming at night you *are* it

yet last night I went to bed late as

usual I fell asleep sure that soon the usual

movies will start up and they did: a dream

came but in this dream I dreamt that I dreamt that

I am awake day as usual

just a day but a voice came on official yet friendly

to announce that there'll be no more that this is the very last of days

I turned on the radio heard the final chords
of a happy tune and a sweet voice announcing:

*remember that this is
the first day of the rest of your life*

a lake that looks like a river but is not even a fiord invents
this year's boats anew and transforms some

pine cones into birds and fish too leap up and then simply spread
their wings and fly away like in some American

evergreen spring people do it different a woman flies under
ground but I don't do anything sitting on

the footbridge my feet hanging over the edge I fish for time but the shadow
of a naked woman runs over the surface

time breaks my fishing rod but the lure isn't it
typical spreads luminescent wings

and flying away tells others that he comes for Arabia or

India and is now working as

the cleaning person of our neighborhood taking our garbage bag to Egypt

I don't believe it it's not even a good

lure just an egg and I just took it out from a pile of still

smoldering ashes

everyday is simple

in principle:

you get up in the morning

tell yourself there is a point

you go to sleep in the evening

tell yourself again

there is a point

your dreams take care of the rest

it is may ninth again some anniversary somewhere again
because of the rain in the morning I stayed home didn't even go
to moscow or georgia had breakfast while it rained

I watched bbc live from the red square
soviet soldiers soviet flags soviet songs
old people in old cars

a bunch of people walking when I finished my breakfast cereal and
egg I sat down at the computer translated judita vaičiūnaite's
poetry into swedish in the afternoon

the sun came out I went for a walk clouds were quite
dramatic yet the sun broke through my back hurt
a little the walk helped I remembered how

on the tv 4 morning program some swedish russian
was saying how in nineteen forty-one in Leningrad
they greeted the germans as

liberators for they all hated communism there was
nothing to eat for it was forbidden to hoard food all
food was in huge storehouses

when those were bombed no one had anything to eat

tonight I'll watch latvians play hockey against the finns

perhaps there'll be someone from latvia in the stands for during the broadcast from

moscow I did not notice anyone but that may be because I

didn't watch very much of it perhaps just half an hour

what a change:

no sun in the sky

today it shines from inside the earth

the earth is luminescent

the more down to earth the brighter the life

clouds dark yet lit from below

rush over the field

my feet like headlights

are showing the way

I am not complaining I am not wondering I am grateful

for the light for any light whatsoever

I listen to *miles davis's kind of blue* the first
piece *so what* begins quietly like a clear spring morning
only to explode after a minute and thirty seconds like
a sudden summer rain shower and the dry cracked earth
momentarily becomes wet then the rain stops just as
suddenly but all is damp fertile full of hope:
it was all dry and it was all frozen now life will continue
so what

sometimes I am asked by friends acquaintances journalists employees
of the tax office what is it that wakes you first in the morning
the mobile phone or the one in the study or kitchen the first to wake me I
usually reply is the cry of pleasure coming from the mailbox as
the morning paper unread full of fresh news with fresh newsprint on paper
that's neatly folded and purposefully yet gently opening the last gate loses
its balance falls onto the floor and remains there as if nothing had happened
usually I have not gone to sleep yet so to me it is rather a sign
that I should hit the sack as to the phones I actually can't tell
the first rings I usually don't hear or I hear them in my sleep I reply
in my dreams so you should rather ask the others if any of them know
any of my dreams perhaps someone of my friends whom I now meet only
in dreams

I don't like it when the doorbell rings I am
now used to e-mails even when the phone
rings I don't get excited as I did as a child
a joyful doorbell rang quite often I
ran to be the first to answer the door it was
definitely the doorbell I walked over reluctantly
stared through the little wide-angle window the hallway
looked like the home page of our local government
I was lost I opened the phonebook to call
the manager there were only the numbers 1 and 0
I opened the encyclopedia – the same – desperate
I grabbed the bible the latest translation – same thing
again no ten commandments just the numbers 1 and 0
I clutched my head running my hand through my hair instead
of the usual dandruff there were just 1 and 0
I don't like it when the doorbell rings

along the path around the lake

no sign of snow anymore

along the path around the lake

after overwintering in a big ball inside

their anthill its population returns

along the path around the lake

a white bird is sitting on a fir branch

a mute albino raven

sits there every day

does not come close but sits nearby

like a misunderstanding like a metaphor

for the permanent presence of winter

the blanket of snow folded up in sky's attic
winter has put on green shorts neighbor's
dog barks out leaves on the branches of trees
the neighborhood awakens squinting at the spring sun

in the yard some unemployed Africans
douse their continent's pain with cheap red wine
drunkenly look for the door to their spring
a lion at their feet distractedly chews on old newsprint

someone was stabbed at the metro station last night
without any reason really just because the drug turned out
to be bad at the nearby market the city's cheapest
shootout and two or three met their maker

books are still marked down
nothing here is worn with age
the monuments to the architecture of brutalism
the apartment blocks glow in the moonshine

the echo of damp steps is heard in the streets
the lion asleep April *is* the cruelest month

Foreign country

In the dream I was in a foreign country, in a hotel,
That also was my home.

It was quadratic, alone on a flat field,
The walls were transparent. On them there was written
only one word, but unreadable.

Suddenly, like an unexpected darkening of the sun,
my name disappeared.

The middle east, my expensive carpet, was rolled
in a corner of the room. It's motif, a blooming garden,
came to life within me.

And birds, just arrived from Egypt,
Drank water from the reacently is-covered pond.

I woke up in the hotel bed. The sun was shining in my eyes.
The present was just as white as the past.
What I wanted to say, had already been said.

Every Day by Juris Kronbergs
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