

**[FROM THE BOOK *RED NOISE*]**  
**SEVERAL DEDICATIONS OF THE YEAR**

*Tatiana Danilyants*

*to Samuel Barber*

What remains?  
 What doesn't smolder?  
 What's left in the fire?  
 What's hidden that won't be found?  
 Where's the liquid that might, finally,  
 satisfy hunger  
 and desperate thirst, Father?  
 Where's the laughter to cure the damaged soul?  
 Where's the heat steaming away despair?  
 Where's the bandage of love?  
 And where's the IV line of mercy?  
 Where's all that?  
 Where?

Gloom. Rain. Fog.  
 A lone figure moves off.  
 I watch it go and see:  
 unfolding  
 its wings are unfolding.

*to Claude Lévêque*

Everything tempers  
 makes  
 human steel  
 stronger  
 blades double-edged  
 memory like a flag.

Everything tempers  
 makes  
 real steel  
 stronger  
 more true  
 closer  
 to its core.

*to Alexander Slavinskiy*

For some there's not enough heat  
for some bread  
for some money  
for some a kick in the ass  
(to get the juices flowing)  
for some not enough embraces  
for some snow  
for some drops of water

and for some there's not enough  
*Touch of the Hand*  
for some  
*And a Warm Heart*  
for some  
*Wings of Desire*  
and for some  
*The Long* (listen: impossible) *Goodbye*

and for all, all of us  
there's not enough  
of universal speaking out,  
of love—reckless, tough, piercing  
like the flashbulb of a Canon 7D—  
of great life itself,  
full of falling and derring-do,  
full of falling and impulsivity,  
full of falling and flight.

*Afterword*

Meanwhile:  
full-force  
here, there  
everywhere  
all-out  
smilingly  
within reach  
touching  
you

and me  
blooms  
a green bud...  
a white flower...  
red blood...

Life is everywhere, you know...

—translated from the Russian by Katherine E. Young

**SIMPLY TO REMIND YOU**

*Tatiana Daniliyants*

**Untitled 1**

all these things worry me  
death the leaving of loved ones  
the loss of friends  
in short  
how things can't be reconciled  
I wake up at night  
thinking about the thin web  
of relationships  
its treacherous thinness  
transparency  
the way it—sways  
.....  
one can  
call this an allergy  
to life  
although I think it's  
an allergy  
to  
death

and what about  
changing the angle of view  
the center of gravity  
?

it might  
help

**Untitled 2**

how to straddle time?  
so that  
a thought appears

to freeze in London  
in the rain's mirror  
catch sight of itself

to be caught on the border:  
the softness  
of summer's end  
in London  
the boneless space  
of rain

### Untitled 3

fall 2007 (it has its own—distinctive features)  
caught in London

you put out your hand  
and, see:  
rain

### Untitled 4

nothing more:  
simply to remind you

—translated from the Russian by Katherine E. Young

**[FROM THE BOOK *FOUR HEARTS / SERD TSA CHETYRĚKH: SERBIA*]  
SLEEPLESS CONVERSATION (INCANTATION)**

*Tatiana Daniliyants*

*Talk to me / Like lovers do*

—*Annie Lennox*

Talk to me  
in the language of birds  
in the language of sleep  
in the language of forgetfulness  
in the language of a forgotten tongue  
in the language of a parchment from Carthage.  
Talk to me  
in the language of a cricket  
in the indistinct darkness.  
Be bread/wine/water for me  
lentils/gunpowder/fire.  
Be for me  
the skin of the earth  
the skin/blood/bone  
of conversion  
be the flesh of trans-  
formation.  
Talk to me.  
Talk to me.  
Be my  
source of light.

—translated from the Russian by Katherine E. Young

**XXX***Tatiana Danilyants**\*We just write our own experiences.**\*\*Grant me the patience of a marksman!*

Your house. Your mirror  
 (reflecting two? One?).  
 Your rain. Your balcony.  
 White flutters in the dark sky.  
 Smells. Rustles. Yelps.  
 The quiet of the rain.  
 ...help me remember that handwriting:  
 I know it.  
 Who was that? Who wrote that?  
 ...was it about Ithaca?

Or:  
 Like this,  
 I clench my heart,  
 which  
 is a restless heart.  
 And say:  
 Listen!  
 But...  
 ...the words drown.  
 ...the words drown.  
 ...the words drown.

—translated from the Russian by Katherine E. Young