

Poetry Series

**daubmir nadir**  
**- poems -**

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## daubmir nadir(May 1950)

I am a divine manifestation incarnated into a bard's body and strive to express the ineffable in human terms, posing poetical questions on a website in heaven... et vous ne le trouverez jamais, à moins que le recherchiez dans votre âme...

# Aftertaste

You shall not taste of death  
For there is no death for you:  
You cannot experience  
Your own death.

Are you born?  
Life and death  
Cannot be separated.  
You have no chance whatever  
Of knowing for yourself  
Where one begins  
And the other ends.

You can experience the death of another,  
But not your own.  
Where is death, there is no you.  
The only death is physical death;  
There is no psychological death.

Why then are you so afraid of death?  
- Because there is no you.

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# All

I contain all there is,  
I am filled with the all.  
Take of me all  
If you want all.  
I am Love,  
Who am filled with the all:  
What you want,  
I want,  
Tell me all,  
I give you all:  
Nakedly.

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# Amniotic Crisis

My old is dying  
And my new cannot  
Be born:  
In this interregnum  
A great variety of  
Morbid symptoms  
broils.

But what can Heart  
Remember?  
If a little less than needed -  
It bleeds,  
If a little more than wanted -  
It bleeds.

All that Heart can conceive,  
I possess elsewhere  
All, and more -  
Heaven and earth embrace  
In my carapace.

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# Angst I

Vital force

Escapes

The clogged stomata

Of my agitated addiction

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# Angst II

Panic

Enters the vault

Of chemical reassurance

And demolishes its volatile patina

Brick by screaming brick

Scattering psychotic visions

Like insidious cockroaches

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# Angst Iii

Depression  
Low  
Emptiness  
Abysmal void  
Negated will  
Cut breath  
And lanced guts  
Grating nails  
Against the slate  
Of damned  
Birth

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# Angst Iv

Elation

Euphoria

Jubilation and

Exhilaration

All congregate

In a cauldron of boiling

Synonymity

To produce a feeble

Bubble of nonentity

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# Assistance

The crutches  
In my heart  
Are  
Stilts  
In my brain  
When  
I prepare myself  
For  
Unrequited love

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# Atomic Jolt

Love me,  
Fight me,  
Reach me, or  
Leave me!  
But it is  
Love all  
Over again.

Or if I blew a kiss  
At every atom particle  
In the universe...  
And they all at once  
Blew me a big kiss  
And embrace in return?  
Is this possible?  
I think so...  
Because we are connected  
Yet so immersed in ourselves  
For so long...  
A forgotten sorrow...

Alone  
Together  
Alone  
In pulsations  
Like a melody,  
Reaching ecstasy.

I tried it and felt it.  
I shouldn't perceive presences as far away  
I should perceive them as within my being.  
I wouldn't have to shout  
And I can be deaf too  
Or dumb.

I think we can extend from static to stars and back  
With as simple a tool as awareness.  
The more focused and sweeping  
The bigger the effect.

When a Messiah is born,  
All the atoms rejoice.  
A Messiah knows how.  
We know how.  
Are we doing it?

Any message to  
any atom  
any cell  
any being  
can be in the form of  
Beauty  
Art  
Care  
Desire  
Need  
or Love.

Say hello from Earth to everyone for me.  
I mean everyOne.  
Deliver it well and  
With lots of love.

Remember those you loved  
In all Eternity!  
They are waiting  
Or perhaps already calling...

Echos of ecstasy linger  
in every atom  
in every cell  
in every Being:  
Yank it out -  
Your ecstasy!

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## Basic Needs

Thirsting  
for my soul  
I cannot  
find its shadow.

Hungry  
for my love  
I cannot  
find salvation.

Weeping  
for my life  
I cannot  
find solution

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# Beauty Values

How can I define aesthetics  
Without thinking about  
The beauty of the Universe?

If the Universe is the cornerstone  
Of conceptual definition,  
Then anything else loses meaning

Nothing can compare  
Not a thing  
The Nothingness of Aesthetics

The supreme beauty of indefiniteness  
Since Beauty cannot be defined  
Not by humans, surely  
Not by me.

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## Beckoning Erebos

Do not summon my demon  
Unless you wish to be taken,  
To stand in the flash  
Of my exploding desire,  
Yourself consumed by driven emotion  
Wavering shards of erotic voracity.

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# Caressing

Stroke my lobes  
Fondle the membranes  
Of my pleasure.  
Murmur sweetness  
In my ears  
And I will  
Respond in kind.

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# Collapsing Universe

I will write the poem of poems  
I will sing the song of songs  
I will dance the dance of dances  
I will play the sound of sounds  
But sounds are never half so fair  
As when whole music turns to pure air  
And the universe dies of excellence.

Poem, song, dance and sound  
Fall from their heavenly towers.  
Joys walk no longer down the blue world's shore.  
All fear another wind, another thunder:  
Then one more voice  
Snuffs all I feel in one gust.

And I go forth with no more wine and no more stars  
And no more poems and no more sounds  
And no perfumes and no senses:  
While God sings by himself in acres of night  
And walls fall down,  
And I am free.

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# Composer

Piano playing  
Notes of sublimest melody  
Whilst I walk  
On clouds  
Nude and insentient  
Feeling cotton pods  
In my head.

Split my skull  
And extract a sonata  
A million cherubim  
Cannot compose  
In God's lifetime  
And demons  
Dance.

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# Containment

My death  
Cannot change the fact  
That I had a life

My life is a member  
Of a larger context  
And forms part of it

The larger context  
Is the Universe  
Because my thoughts  
And emotions  
Are not extended  
In space and time  
Unless they travel  
To my outer world

Therefore they have the same nature  
As the Universe as a whole  
And so my thoughts and emotions  
Are added to the Universe as a whole  
In the logical field of the Universe

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# Creatures

Creatures perish  
in the darkened  
blind of quest,  
knowing intimations.

Guessing and dreaming  
I pursue the real,  
my face turned toward the sky  
whispering secrets to the heavens.

And while I remain  
with seeking creatures  
in every turn of time  
abiding in their condition  
every instant past  
I perceive their aching breath.

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# Curetted Fury

For a thwarted intention  
For an unfulfilled expectation  
For an undelivered communication

Anger arises in me  
And I am terrified,  
The mental shudder reverberates  
And enrages my fibres,  
Fulminating my mind's eye.

Words malform  
Like cement mixers  
In my parched mouth,  
Nothing I say comes out  
Like I think I mean.

I feel anguish and  
I blabber insensate nonsense,  
Spouting out restlessness  
And claustrophobic curses.

Denial and acceptance  
Are chaos in my depravity,  
Unquenchable and furious  
In the maddening thoughts  
Of glory and forfeit,  
A lost cause in a valiant battle  
Forever seeking closure and release.

Forgive!  
I screech my primal scream  
Tearing my heart apart.

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# Cutting Jewels

If It Is True That  
In Every Stone Sleeps  
A Crystal Then  
In My Grey  
Boulder Slumbers  
A Sun

.

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# Do You Listen?

Do you listen?  
You do not.  
You listen only  
To yourself.  
Leave the sense  
Of hearing  
Alone,  
Then you find  
The vibration  
Of sound.

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# Dragonfly Riddle

Inside the Pentagram  
Of my dissolute thoughts

Hovers the word  
Of universal AmoR

Outside the circle  
Of my selfish wants

Thrives the root  
Of Tetragrammaton

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## Ends With A Kiss

Transience is so immense,  
We pass in a flurry of being,  
A beautiful moment  
In all its suddenness,  
Arising in love, or enchanted  
In the contraction of work.

And you I possess, however time may  
Wear you away.  
From I to you  
Goes the command  
Of infinite space to be assumed  
In a single radiating emotion.

Every terrifying angel  
Invokes the deadly birds of your soul  
Disguising essence made of ecstasy,  
Scooping up the finery of beauty  
In streams from your upturned face  
And gathering it back into themselves.

But I, moved by deep feeling, evaporate  
In the mist of want,  
And breathe myself out and away  
Incapable of retaining your heart,  
Splinters of sorrow  
Perforating my basic reality.

You've entered my bloodstream,  
Lover untenable,  
The whole springtime  
Perfumed with your jasmine flesh  
Dissolving my senses in its taste.  
Do angels really absorb the tension of love?

So you promise eternity,  
From the embrace to the moment of kiss,  
At each other's mouth and your lips on mine,  
Osculating delight in astonished attachment

To touch one another this potently,  
The gods involved in the excess.

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# Essential Uncertainty

Every look forward  
Is a potential illusion.  
This satisfies my need  
To insecurity  
Since in an eternally  
Insecure situation  
I must externally  
Seek knowledge and security  
And never completely find them.

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# Feel The Rhythm

I feel the rhythm,  
The rhythm that is  
Constantly around me,  
As I communicate  
Through my mind  
The emotions pervading me.

Everything needs rhythm  
And of everything  
I, the human  
Need it most.

Everything is where  
And what it is  
Because of rhythm.

I, the human  
Am the only creature  
That can add questions  
And understanding  
To rhythm.

There is a rhythm  
That permeates  
All I do,  
From sleeping  
To going to the grocery  
To dying.

I may,  
At some brief moments  
Be out of tune  
With rhythm,  
But it is still  
Why I am.

When I move  
With rhythm and perhaps  
Feel it brush gently

Against me  
There is harmony  
Within me,  
Within my life.

I feel a worth  
In and of being.  
Without being cognizant  
Of the rhythm  
I know I simply  
Feel good.

In this state rain,  
Lightening and even thunder  
Possess an awe-inspiring beauty.

When, for some reason,  
The rhythm of my living  
Is upset  
then discord ensues  
And even sunlight  
Can be frightening.

When this state exists  
I long for and even seek  
Rhythm.  
I wish to simply  
Feel good again.

Rocks, wind, water  
And anything else  
That is non-living  
Exists in and are  
Because of rhythm.  
All living things  
Also exist within rhythm  
But also use it to procreate.

I, the human  
Also seek the harmony  
Of that rhythm  
In order to feel good.

To me rhythm is pleasure  
And it is this pleasure  
I seek.

I am  
The only animal  
That creates a rhythm  
Of my own  
Inside the larger rhythm  
Of life.

The true poet  
Listens to and expresses  
The rhythms of life  
More acutely than anyone.

Feeling this rhythm  
Is what gives me  
The ability to write poetry.

Knowing that it exists  
In all things  
Gives me the ability  
To understand a poem.

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# Filles

Filles

Shall we fly

On the wings of daring Icarus?

Filles

Shall we kiss

The lips of sweeping clouds

And leave ugliness behind?

Filles

Shall we lose

Our inner virginity

To sensuous Eden?

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# First Schizoid State

Be real now.  
I have never been real;  
No one is as unreal as I am.  
When I wanted to be real,  
I created disaster.  
For me, and for others.  
Because I didn't believe in reality.  
So I played it as a game,  
Going through the motions,  
And the others got piqued

If I let myself believe that I am real,  
My heart races around  
And my breath gets funny  
And my nerves twang  
And jump like wires  
Or grasshoppers set on fire  
Or beams of light  
But ones that ache.

My reality, minute by minute,  
Actual minute by minute,  
Is inset with a flickering madness  
Of joyous self-will  
And carelessness  
Of which I am deeply ashamed,  
Violently proud.

Madness is near.

To murder someone's pride  
Or to pass into social catatonia,  
These are the common terms  
Of conscious existence for me.

Rage or quasi-pietistic acceptance,  
I distrust the wavering tick-tockishness  
Of the shrinking and  
Of the dangerous enlargement



Of the self.

The mood and the life's history  
That has led to this dark and devious grandeur  
– the grandeur of lowness –  
Is linked to self-disgust,  
Self-admiration.

In my room,  
When I sit or lie in the dark,  
My madness looms.  
Reality, time, awareness –  
Trite problems of everyone  
Searching for purpose.

Awareness of the dark,  
For instance.  
Not nothingness –  
Time is something...  
Am I ill? Surely not,  
Not in the accepted sense.  
Life is making me ill.

I know that the first enclosing paradise  
Was the human belly of my mother.  
It was so changeable  
That I encountered the passage of time  
In the paradise there,  
The salt birthplace of my spirit,  
In my awareness  
That one would feel better,  
One would be all right:  
That was the loose evidence:  
That was the measure of paradise  
From the beginning.

Amphibious state.  
The first schizoid state of man.  
The unreturn that time is  
Includes the mechanical thing  
That awareness has always  
An element of resistance

To time itself in it.  
It refuses the identity  
That time proposes  
To bestow on minutes,  
On everything.  
It is a force of resistance,  
Resistant even to those forces  
That constitute it.

The force of individuality  
In a particle,  
Since it is time-ridden,  
Would vary and weaken  
Not entirely mechanically  
And give birth to the world  
And to anomalies.

A balance, a situation  
Has to have a form of awareness,  
Or knowledge, of itself as a balance  
Or how could it exist as moments pass?  
The urge in time itself is to exist –  
And it names and individuates  
Everything in a mystic electricity  
And force –  
In eerily always renewed individuation  
Until it fails for this or that thing –  
The hurried dawns and  
Semi-sleeplessness of matter  
And its nakedness  
To the brushing formation  
And anatomical trespass of the creation  
Of existence – and then the lapse,  
The letting go, the decay –  
The restlessness of amendment –  
In that, I drown, waking-and-sleeping,  
Fluke-attentioned in ways that jeer  
In the mental light in the dark  
At really crippling fear  
Until thoughtlight becomes a dance  
In mental darkness of fear and beyond-fear,  
A little natural chemical fire in the skull,

A little buzz of hellfire  
And resistance – in the skull,  
Beneath the hair.

Without cure or remission,  
The flickers of memory  
And the present-tense of merely-a-room alternate.

And in resignation to the crawling,  
Wormy,  
Maggoty minutes and breaths,  
The tiny, transparent monkeys of my breath,  
The snake-flutters of eyelashes and of lungs,  
I endure my punishment  
Like in a Dali oil.

In the alternations,  
It seems to me,  
My shadow eats the world  
And drags me in its belly  
(in the mind of my mind)  
Into a moment of eclipse.  
My darkened self proposes  
And manages an awful kind of marriage  
And filial thing with darkness itself,  
With awful matter.

An infant patience,  
Seemingly infinite,  
Inside the night,  
Preserves me  
As I straddle the alternations and twists  
And moment-by-moment prolongation  
Of this condition of loneliness  
And of predicament  
In amphibian contradiction  
Of everything I have been taught  
About simplicity and ideas.

Clapping a mind on top of a mind,  
An observing consciousness,  
Another placement of awareness

On top of the one before,  
And then piling body on mind,  
On minds, and superimposing a giddily aerial  
(and sad) form of mind  
On all of that,  
And still another form of mind to watch,  
To judge and observe,  
I rise to a kind of a glimpse  
Of the nighttime room.

People say, I know all about it...  
And: we know nothing about that...  
Explaining or un-explaining  
Man's longing  
For the divine intellect...

I am not tired of god –  
But the idea of god is so much simpler  
Than the sense of presence  
In the passage of moments  
That I can't ask for anything  
But merely wait for mercy,  
Here,  
So long after my birth  
Into the immortality of sheer existence:  
One rises with a heavy beating of wings  
Into a condition of migration.

Thought and recognition  
Of the motions of thought,  
The most elaborate imaginable collection  
Of simultaneous riffings  
Of predatory exercises  
Of worded will,  
Stories and whatnot,  
Made of stiff letters  
Erected in a phallic one,  
A single quill sufficient,  
Or insufficient,  
For warding off despair.

I want to be like a book

In its powers of survival.  
Or a painting?  
I feel the whispering  
Inside and outside of me –  
Strange primal stories:  
Would you like to speak  
The language of atoms?  
The formation of the cosmos?  
The first war cries on the shores?

If you fail to sleep,  
You can hear the howling  
Of the electrons  
In the black spaces in you;  
And a kind of Troy arises –  
And falls then – the nothing  
With its peculiar motions stitching it,  
Seamed nothingness,  
Into borders, until it is me –  
Factual and predicted light of awareness,  
Like light,  
A form of time...

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# Fistula

Ulcerous rites of passage  
From the tormented abscess  
Of a never quite matured  
Trial by existence,  
I still feel all the pains  
And hear the sweet cries  
Grieving  
As I leave paradise  
for a suggestion of  
Lanced release  
In the suppurating cavities  
Of unrealized adventures.

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# Four Muses

~Inspiration  
~Illumination  
~Incubation  
~Modification

The four primordial states of consciousness  
That randomly express artistic creativity.

Painting, sculpting, composing,  
Crocheting a pastoral tapestry  
With billions of hummingbird feathers -

Every artist experiences  
Their affecting pulsion,  
None predominating  
Then suddenly one leading  
And reaching fruition.

Four conditional factors,  
Mind enhancers  
Transforming vision to product,  
Self-consuming guides of intellect:  
They govern the change  
From thought to deed.

~ Inspiration,  
Inseparable portion of my Self,  
Formulates desire and need,  
The coveting of a precious concept,  
The cradling of a newborn thought.  
Suggestion of my imaginary stimulus,  
Triggers my fancy  
To search the void of my brain  
For a minuscule fresh seed of notion,  
Asking for a response.

~ Illumination  
Recognizes my worthiness  
And seeks the ways and means

Of aiding the inspiration,  
Preparing my mind for an embryo solution,  
Kindling the flame of discarded concepts  
And giving new life with reason.  
It brightens my playing field and  
Inspires the game,  
Shining a spotlight on the tiny idea  
And throwing it into the central circus ring  
For the audience of my obscured mind,  
To see and appreciate.

~ Incubation

Is what my Self questions,  
My mental detective  
That seeks to disprove  
Or alienate the idea.  
Yet, if the seed survives  
The withering inquisition,  
It automatically matures  
With sufficient strength  
To endure manipulation  
And unyielding critiques.  
Impetus forces change,  
The final viewable realization.

~ Modification

Is the culminating act,  
A change for the senses to accept  
It dwells at the end,  
Suffering alteration:  
Hindsight more prevailing  
Than foresight -  
My looming Atropos.

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# Gemini 1: Dreamsnatchers

## PEREGRINATOR FAILING

Wandering drifter  
You've burnt yourself out -  
Seeker of peripatetic dreams  
You reached for the sky  
And ended up  
With a fistful of flies.

## CONFRÈRE PERDU

You stole my sinuous chimera  
In the evening of youth  
Not to return it  
But with its skin molted  
At the twilight of life.

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# Gemini 2: Ascensions

## DISSOLVE AND FADE

I hope  
For total  
Dispersion  
Into my  
Inconceivable  
Primer

## ASCENDING SCALE

A musical note  
Discloses my gate  
To heavenly alteration,  
Providing the key  
To the highest concerto  
Whereby every  
Ecstatic tone  
Is receding from  
All evocative others.

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# Harmonic Internality

Melodic notes  
Rebound  
The partitions  
Of my internal sighs  
And  
I sing atonic  
Hymns  
To deaf audiences  
Thus  
Creating  
Irreparable  
Cries

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# Hemingway's Spark

Islands in the stream  
Of my consciousness:  
Floating gashes  
Across the river of reality  
And into the trees of illusion.

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# I Do

I love  
Oh how I love!  
I do love  
Love me  
I love you  
You love  
I love  
We love  
Where's my love?  
Reach for me  
My Love  
I love you  
Oh  
How I love you!  
Do love me  
Please, do  
I love you  
Yes, I do.

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## I Should Like... (A New Design Of Life)

I should like to refund and create difficulties for everything in me and in front of me. A new design of life.

A roving design for a loving contact, while computerized design expands to infinity the nirvana of its own cold brain.

A human walk in a void of goods and metropolises. I should like a map referring to my activity, not, however, in terms of technologies, or of the forms of creative accomplishment, or of the commercial success of my didactic work.

Even if I thought the generational problem was overcome, I should need not to conform.

I should like to shrug everything off, even the holds that most reassure me, that are my momentary salvation.

I should like to intuit the epoch about to be born, I should like it to be different from the present one. Because today people's souls are closed in defence of an involution that seems to accept, but in fact excludes, the diverse and the novel. That's the source of my lambasting: Man, so Davincian and yet so misspent. But I should like to meet myself again within the millennial flux of the applied arts.

I should like to discard the monumental aggression of so many words.

One of my most certain points is the attitude towards the uncertain and the weak, towards exposure to the discomfort of the unknown.

After so much rule of logic, I should like types of approach which are stratified, magical, emotional. You know, yes, you know...

I should like to renounce the certainty of the joyous and amoral language, and pursue ancient and tortuous paths, to find objects from beyond my brief time, in a distant vision of the past, present and future.

I should like to think that the slightest movements made by my objects and by my logorrheic fragments were as acupuncture in the body of a mistaken context.

I should like to live a project of availability that led to new, calm, poetical,

delicate objectives, suitable for the stages on which the new people will reveal the rituals and the fantasies of a near future - alive, but destined to die.

I should like to set off again, as I often did and do, on another ideational adventure, alone or in company, to search the darkness of 'challenge' for a fascinating unknown risk, hidden more within me than without.

I should like to be an ancestral and amorous person, to formulate the hyper-moralistic idea of an anti-wordly Concept, I should like my Concept to be capable of absorbing hunger, violence and poverty.

I should think of Giotto or of Kierkegaard, of the maternal womb or of kitsch, of shamans or of Islam, of the wind or of miniaturization, of artists or of the desperate, of religion or of incommunicability.

No more teachers, not for you not for me.

I should like to make clear to myself that the new type of epoch calls for a different person, capable of superimposing the two opposites; telematic solitude and existential dispersion.

I should stake also my personal perdition, my credibility, my isolation, even the impossibility of return... For a perfect moment of Love.

Then not all would be lost.

Nor I.

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# Immutuality

In your eyes who reveal to us  
Our endless solitude  
I feel the abysmal depression  
Quaking our hunger  
For existence.

Thrown across space  
The elusive angle  
Of my mental curtain  
Raises in diagonal slant  
And despairs at  
The wandering madness:  
Us asunder.

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# Intense Naïveté

Can I skip rope  
With you  
My child,  
And send shrieks of joy  
To firmament  
For the thoughtless  
Encounter of beauty  
With happiness?

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# La Musique Adoucit

The melody  
of uncharted algorithms  
leading  
to my torment,  
aspires to placate  
the void  
of my vacant  
mind.

Why do you  
return  
to clutch my heart  
like  
an obsessive tide?

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# Marine Regeneration

I always walk down to the sea  
I dip to my waist  
And watch my torso outlined  
With the electric green phosphorescence  
Of algal waters

Light sparks  
Swirl around me  
My body coming apart  
Atom by atom  
Slipping away into the ocean

I am disappearing  
I am myself again  
I am whole,  
Oh yeah  
Sun, kiss me!

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# My Words

My words

Create my rhapsodic rapture

And trigger enchantment

To the synaptic junctures

Of my brain cells.

My words

Are absolute flashes

Of orgasmic bliss

Catapulting flights

Into the quadrosensor realms

Of pure imagination,

Tactile vibration of

Seismic awe.

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# Ocean My Sea / Oceano Mio Mare (Bilingual Poem)

Surge!  
Magnificent wave  
Until you touch  
The sky  
Of my efflate

Rise!  
Immense ripple  
Of my winged life  
Among the spray of  
Cold salty brine

Pulsating breaker  
Of my inner blaze  
Part with your  
Oceanic force  
The sea of my wonderment

---

Alazati!  
Onda magnifica  
Fino a toccare  
Il cielo  
Del mio efflato

Levati!  
Flutto immenso  
Della mia vita alata  
Tra gli spruzzi di fredda  
Brina salata

Cavallone pulsante  
Del tormento interiore  
Spacca con la tua  
Forza oceanica  
Il mare del mio stupore

daubmir nadir

# Outage

Every time a thought is born  
I am born  
When the thought is gone  
I am gone -  
No permanent entity in me  
But my thought.

What I look for  
Does not exist:  
The beatific vision  
Of my radical transformation  
Is the bewitching state  
Of my conjured phrases.

My natural state  
Is to escape  
The enchanted ground  
Of illusory senses  
And silently express  
My own true humanity.

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## Perderti / To Lose You (Italian/English)

Perderti,  
Nell'immensità delle cose, perderti.  
Ti ho perduto  
Come ho perduto quel grazioso  
Raggio di sole che mi  
Ha colpito tra i veli opachi  
Di un sentimento, or ora.  
Nei ricordi sei un fantasma.  
Chi coglierà adesso  
La margherita nell'entrare  
A San Francisco?  
Di certo ognuno prenderà  
Il fiore  
Per suo conto.  
Tra noi è crollato  
L'ultimo ponte ferreo  
Velato da strani ideali.

(10 February 1968)

---

Losing you,  
In the immensity of things, to lose you.

I lost you  
As I lost that lovely  
Ray of sunlight that  
Hit me between the opaque shades  
Of a sentiment, just now.

In memories you are a phantasm.  
Who will pick now  
The flower  
Entering San Francisco?  
Surely each of us will take

A bloom  
On their own.  
Crumbled between us  
Is the last ferreous bridge  
Veiled by strange ideals.

(6 May 2006)

daubmir nadir



# Photograph

In the camera obscura  
Of my simmering passions  
The maggots of pain  
Consume my equilibrium  
While the acids of greed  
Burn holes in my soul.

But you, magnificent loupe  
Through the crimson film  
Of fracturing light  
Expose your generous smile  
And develop my healing.

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# Psychotropy

Shooting up  
Delirium  
Into my soulless  
Brain

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# Realization

Phantasmagoric pressure

Inviting me to somnambulistic reveries:

Will awoken reaction

Create opportune fulfilment?

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# Roma = Amor

ROMA\*

AMOR

Eternal city  
Of my renaissance  
I love you  
So deeply  
For never failing  
To carry me tenderly  
Over the memories  
Of past pleasures  
In youth and age:  
Seven ancient hills  
Remembered each  
For sins of aspiration,  
Every visit an embrace  
Copulating with instant  
Reminiscence.

---

\* The reverse of 'Roma' is 'Amor', which in Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese means LOVE.

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# Selfish Love

Genuine love  
Is selfishness:  
Love doesn't mean  
To sacrifice yourself  
For others.  
It is the exact opposite.  
It is truly the most selfish  
Experience possible:  
It benefits your life in a way  
That involves no sacrifice  
Of others to yourself or  
Of yourself to others.

To love a person is selfish  
Because it means that  
You value that particular person,  
That he or she makes your life better,  
That he or she is an intense source of joy  
- to you.

A disinterested love  
Is a contradiction in terms.  
One cannot be neutral  
To that which one values.  
The time, effort and money  
You spend  
On behalf of someone you love  
Are not sacrifices,  
But actions taken  
Because his or her happiness  
Is crucially important to your own.

Those who argue  
That love demands self-denial  
Must hold the bizarre belief  
That it makes no personal difference  
Whether your loved one is healthy or sick,  
Feels pleasure or pain,  
Is alive or dead.

It is regularly asserted  
That love should be unconditional  
And that you should  
Love everyone as a brother,  
- hate the sin, but love the sinner!  
Which would have you condemn death camps  
But send Hitler a box of swiss chocolates.  
Most would agree that  
Having sex with a person  
One despises is debased.  
Yet somehow,  
When the same underlying idea  
Is applied to love,  
Most consider it noble.

Love is far too precious  
To be offered  
Indiscriminately.  
It is above all  
In the area of love  
That egalitarianism  
Ought to be repudiated.  
Love represents  
An exalted exchange,  
- a spiritual exchange -  
Between two people  
For the purpose of mutual benefit.

You love someone  
Because he or she is a value  
- a selfish value to you,  
As determined by your standards  
- just as you are a value to him or her.

It is the view  
That you should be given love  
Unconditionally -  
The view that  
You do not deserve it  
Any more than some random bum,  
The view that it is not a response

To anything particular in you,  
The view that it is causeless  
- which exemplifies  
The most ignoble conception  
Of this sublime experience.

The nature of love  
Places certain demands  
On those who wish to enjoy it.  
You must regard yourself  
As worthy of being loved.  
Those who expect to be loved,  
Not because they offer some positive value,  
But because they don't  
- are parasites.

A person who says:  
Love me just because I need it,  
Seeks an unearned spiritual value  
- in the same way that  
A thief seeks unearned wealth.

daubmir nadir

# Separating Grimace

The rictus  
of subdued laughter  
marks  
your cruel face:  
my egoistic self  
cannot relent  
the palpitations  
fluttering  
in my ventricles  
whilst I tender  
my rejected  
hand.

daubmir nadir



# Sunset Take

Clouds

In the sky

Shapeshifting topiary

For the russet dusk

Of human craving

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# Surreal Swallows

Grip my hand, son  
And kill all your obsessions

Take my arm, son  
And destroy all your compulsions

Hold me close, son  
And slay all your delusions

Tear my heart apart, son  
And swallow all the love  
It contains.

daubmir nadir

# Taut Jaunt

Dance  
To the music  
Of my drunken habits  
Guzzling mad notes  
In wild composition  
And whilst the alcoholic fogs dissipate  
Observe the true shapes reappear  
Sallying in harmonic delight.

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# Termination

I die for myself  
As I only live for you,  
I hate myself  
But I will always love you,  
I'm ending myself,  
But I'm eternally with you.

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# The Rose Of Eros

I will slowly  
Pluck  
Each velvety  
Petal  
Of my red  
Exquisite  
Rose,  
Crush its  
Texture  
To penetrate  
The skin of  
My fingers,  
And consume  
Its fragrance  
With my trembling  
Nostrils.

daubmir nadir

# The Ultimate Logic Of Time (Prosaic Disquisition)

The idleness of time  
Too much time, wasted  
The boredom of timelessness  
Timing time and the upsetting function of clocks  
Being in time and not being,  
Abusing and disabusing time  
Finding time  
For myself and others  
The ultimate time  
The limitless boundaries of time  
Time, the universe, and everything...or else.

The ultimate view  
Regards the universe  
As a unified organisation  
Of three ultimate realities:  
The realms of the material,  
The emotional and the psychological  
Existents.

Ultimates:  
The soul is conceptualised as  
The ultimate driving factor of life.  
The ultimate carrier of life phenomena,  
Which departs the body  
At the moment of death.  
Man strives to find  
The ultimate law  
Able to explain all the laws  
Intermediate between empirical facts  
And mental understanding,  
A universal and ultimate principle  
To be regarded as the governor  
Of the universe,  
The primary factor.

The ultimate view of the universe  
Is closely related to  
The timeless character

Of our thoughts and emotions.

The aim to give our life a meaning  
Exerts important influence  
On our existence as a whole,  
Which does not pass  
With the end of our earthly life.

Our life as a whole  
Will not become invalid by our death.  
Aren't you relieved?  
I do wish to dispense relief.

So, do not believe in  
The materialist view  
That our life is born  
From inanimate matter,  
And we will return to inanimate matter  
- from dust to dust -  
Into the complete annihilation.

Believe in Logic,  
More than individual consciousness:  
Logic is a potential of infinite,  
Relevant and true consciousness  
And creativity.

Logic is the cosmic network  
Of the primal, pre-material,  
Biological and psychological existents.

Thoughts and emotions  
Help realise  
The destination of the universe.

If our thoughts and emotions  
Born by our life  
Add continuously to the logical network  
Of the universe,  
Than the universe is necessarily  
Destined to a kind of evolution.  
This evolution is an interesting,

Extraordinary and  
Unsuspected one.  
This evolution  
Starts from realms of time  
And arrives to the realm of timelessness  
And completes its ultimate meaning  
In timelessness.

Ancient philosophers  
Perceived a Cosmic Soul  
And conceived of it as  
An Image of Eternity,  
In relation to divine godhead  
And transrational knowledge.  
Peak-experiences,  
Near-death experiences  
And ecstatic trances  
Show that we can live  
During our life  
Also with the abilities offered  
By higher dimensions  
And the ultimate reality.  
The ultimate view of time  
Confirms that we can live our life  
In its full scope  
When we live with the power  
Of our ultimate reason.

The ultimate concentration  
of infinity in finiteness  
is called Life,  
The ultimate stake.

Therefore, when our life is at risk,  
It is the concentrated infinity which is at risk,  
under the attack in the finite existence.  
The dynamics of finiteness and infinity  
Is paralleled in the dynamics of timely  
And timeless existence.

Material reality  
Is not a separate, isolated subset



Of existence, which is closed in itself.  
Material reality is related  
With the realities of life and reason.  
Material reality forms  
A complete reality  
With the realities of life and reason.  
It possesses a principal, spiritual nature.  
In this way  
It is necessary that our thoughts  
And emotions form a communicating unity  
With each other and the material reality.  
In this way,  
The destination of the universe  
Requires a development,  
An evolution in a fuller sense,  
The time of which is the logical time,  
The time of reason,  
The order of the completion  
Of the reason-full, genuine, cosmic meaning.

The evolution of the universe  
Occurs in the logical time of eternity.  
We can contact eternity  
If we are able to connect our emotions  
And thoughts into the reason-full,  
Logical order of the universe.

There is no time without reality.  
Clear?

daubmir nadir

# Tip Tapping

Cool spring  
On a silver stone

daubmir nadir

# Uninvented Genius Gelato

Feel the genius in me  
It wants to get out,  
Just like the birth  
Of Athena from  
Zeus' head.

Opening my brain  
With a scalpel and  
Getting the genius out!  
It's there, I know it.  
I'm sure.  
I am a genius,  
no doubt about it.

So, how come  
I cannot create?  
What evidences  
The soaring splendour  
Of my genius?  
Hidden still in the foetal status,  
Ready to explode and  
Illuminate the world  
With the immensity  
Of its genial beauty.

Nonsense.  
My genius thrives incognito.  
My brain is of such excellence,  
That it cannot include itself  
And express openly.  
The entrails of my sympathetic  
Loquaciousness  
Indicate the brightness  
Of a genius' personality –  
Although his productive approach  
Defies the normal channels of proof.

What else is there to say?  
A genius' work is never done.

Mine was never, and never is nor will.  
Content with its state of geniality,  
Ingenuousness, genially.

If Genius is the power of lighting  
One's own fire,  
I forgot the matches –  
If Genius is an African  
Who dreams up snow,  
I am an Italian  
Who dreams up gelato.

daubmir nadir

# Wake

I drift through the ripples  
That are my desires  
I swim in the void  
That is my confusion  
I sprawl on the rock  
That is my resolution  
I gargle with the water  
That is my damnation...

But only I understand  
This joy of combating.  
Then I walk by the lake  
That are my spent emotions,  
And sit waiting for the hour  
When clouds rise.

daubmir nadir

# Womb

Spat out  
Like an angry foetus  
From the black uterus  
Of an indifferent Universe,

I can feel the Answer  
Birthing  
As I return inside.

daubmir nadir