Blue Wave translated by Brian Henry and the author

Tomaz Salamun
Blue Wave

Where you offer your fuck-crazed mood, I’m already relieved. Mantras are morbidized. They recoiled in loops on the racks, reflected the mouth and voice of Prince Bolkonski. I eat from the flock. You contributed nothing to this. You gave and then burnished. Algae turned up beneath the backstay. You broke the incision. You devour the fairytale with an angle. Like those weary menefreghisti that eat their fill of the sun and fall asleep on a wave. It’s hard to move the solar system off the retina this way.

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