

GROWINGS

RICHARD ALGIRDAS ZOLYNAS

GROWINGS

by

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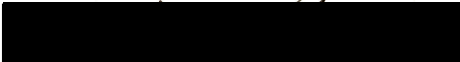
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ABSTRACT

These poems, written over a period of some three years and presented chronologically, hopefully reflect the author's "growth" in the art and, in a real sense, the game of poetry. While the poems cover a wide range of topics and subject matters, certain subjects seem to recur with some frequency. The most apparent of these are nature, dreams, and domestic life.

If there is an overall unity in these poems, it is in how they deal with what we call the "ordinary". Through the use of unusual images, paradoxes, the absurd, and hopefully imaginative "leaping" (a term invented by Robert Bly to suggest the capability that poems have of shifting suddenly from one level of reality to another), these poems seek to re-create experience and, in so doing, hopefully bring one closer to its significance.

GROWINGS

Remembering my father's hands
and the way they played
with moist earth
I too tried to raise vegetables.
From a garden patch
the size of a city
parking space
and with the help
of the municipality's water
I created twelve pea pods--or
fifty two peas.

I ate those peas
one by one
as sadly as an ancient
chinaman
adding up the score
on his smooth abacus
and decided I was
not my father.

Today I am not
myself.

I am my shirts and pants
hung on the line
drying in the autumn sun.

I am my shoes
open-mouthed
swallowing dust
in the black closet.

I am the winter glove
of my childhood
lost in the lost snow
of a thousand years ago.

LIFEGUARD

Closest to the sun,
I am most burnt,
most blessed
in my purpose:
the official sign
on my shorts says
I am ready
to fling myself in a
saving arc
at those who cling
to the "or" between
sink and swim.
Already now
one small girl will
begin school
at Summer's end
because of
my deep lungs
and strong, brown
arm.

They have hired me
for this and I
have been a good

employee.

Behind my back
on the white sand
the drugged bodies lie
swimming in waters
too deep even for me.

FAMILY HISTORY

My grandfather's grandfather
Saw, as a small child, Napoleon
Burning his way to Moscow.

My mother's father signed
The Declaration of Independence
Of Lithuania.

My father built a house
In Australia.

I rent one in Salt Lake City.
We do have some things
In common.

OPENING DAY. DEER HUNTING SEASON

The lead bullets
from the steel barrels
attached to the wooden stocks
of the rifles
kicking against the shoulders
of the hunters
return

(slightly diverted
by the buck's head)

to the mountain.

TRAP

I am a
ripe
watermelon
leaning up
against
the inside
of the
refrigerator
door.

SEA DREAM

I walk in the edge of dream water and sand.

My feet are bare and in their own way
are made of water and sand.

The great stomach of the sea throws up
its creatures to the sand--
crabs, clam, squid, jellyfish--
all caught
on the flowing edge of water and sand,
rolling, scuddering,
and tumbling between the two.

They wash across and around my anchored feet
in the slipping sand.

Above,
dream gulls trade shifting columns of air,
bridging and balancing the equation
of water and sand,
diving and twisting,
skimming the broken creatures
out of their limbo.

Behind my back

the moon pulls the sea by the beach
and pulls at the blood in my salt veins
and in the veins of the gulls.

PARANOIA

perches on my shoulder
gnawing at my neck.
I grab for it but
it easily avoids
my flapping arms.
I try all the tricks
I know: I jump
up and down,
roll on the floor,
and even back myself
into the wall.
All Fails.
My spine now shines
in the light;
blood flows down
my chest and back and
pools like a noon-day
shadow at my feet.
"Help me remove
this thing from my back,"
I way to the mailman outside.
He laughs,
drops a brown letter
in my mailbox and

sponges off down the sidewalk
neatly sidestepping the jaws
of my next-door neighbors dog.
My flesh is gone.

I clatter down the stairs
the air whistling
through my jaws.

All around me
fat people are lying in the sun
eating grapes
and laughing.

Darkness sits
inside match boxes
desk drawers
pockets
folded in silence
like a blanket
waiting to be shaken

Darkness crouches
inside cameras
leaps out
then back in

Darkness rolls heavily
through my head
thuds dully
against eyeballs
crushes light

Darkness rises from
my throat
bumps against my teeth
drops
a black bowling ball
from my mouth
when I speak

IN THE GROVE

When I entered the woods
behind the house
I tried to leave the words
behind
in the books
hung on the wall.
But they flew after me
like a cloud of gnats
and landed on trees
and leaves and on
the dank earth.

My words and I
stayed a while
touching fingers
in the green silence.

Somewhere
a butterfly scratched
its wing.

THE PACIFIC SLIDES UP THE BEACHES OF THE WEST COAST

You can hear it in these tree-tops
sheltering a farmhouse
in the middle of Minnesota.

You can hear the whale-song
in the bellow of the cows beyond the corn
and the crickets in the grass.

The swallow-rays dive and pivot
on air currents
and swim smoothly about the barn.

You know that if you dig straight down
you'll find a bright twisted shell and
you only have to pull out the earth-plug
to hear the sea there too.

As you walk back into the house,
you finger the side of your neck
searching for gill-slits and you know
some day there'll be a larger tide
than usual and things will
get back to normal.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

The part-time poet
returning from his full-time job
sees these things on or near the road:
three snakes, two eagles,
one gopher, one rabbit,
and a dozen or so salamanders.
All but five of the salamanders,
the gopher and the eagles
are partially or fully squashed.
The poet reasons that this has little
to do with the Balance of Nature.
Therefore,
he drives his car off the road,
removes a front and a back wheel,
throws them in the car,
locks the doors,
and pours dirt into the gas tank.
Finally, he eats the keys.
He apologizes to the grass.
Much later
(for he has had to walk home)
he joins his cat in a meal of crickets.

DIALOGUE

Poet

I harvest the words on the page,
drying and storing the seeds for later planting.

Farmer

I read the moon and clouds;
the ends of my corn rows
sometimes rhyme.

Poet

My success is only
in my growing. My water,
too, falls from the air
and rises up again.

Farmer

My scribbled vines
begin to mean grapes
as the season's leaves turn.

Poet

Your cow was in my room
last night. I am still milking
her for all she is worth.

Farmer

Your words I sometimes find
in strange places, as in
the henhouse when only eggs are there.

Poet

I will help you with the plowing.

Farmer

We must talk again.

RENTING A FARMHOUSE

It is peopled; now
it must be animalled.

Now I see chickens
starting motorcycles in the grass
(It is true, just hold the cycles).

Now my favorite goose
wants to get into my pants.
(It is not what you think.)

Now the nanny goat
in the stanchion trusts
my hands on her udder.
Ah, the warm milk will flex
into a bizarre butter.

I tell you my animal farm is growing.

Now I dare a cow; her mauve petal
eyes bloom quietly

while in the barn my favorite bull
elephant smiles through mouthfuls of straw

and leans gently on my dream.

THE RISER

Believe this:

In the morning

he rises.

By noon he is still rising.

By supper his back is to the ceiling.

Do not be misled

when you see him sitting

in a chair solidly.

He makes this concession

for company's sake.

(One hand always

holds the chair).

Sometimes,

among close friends

in moments of excitement

he lets go

and floats gently

upwards

while all

wink knowingly

and hand him bricks

to help him down.

HOMAGE TO GARY SNYDER IN THE CLASSROOM

If I had a beard
of damp pine needles
I wouldn't be here
in front of these people
sitting in their desks
with a look in their eyes
of drivers who have
just lost the road.

MOVING THROUGH THE COUNTRY

abandoned farmhouses

white skulls

windows broken

open only for the wind

to climb through

abandoned cars

doors hanging open

broken wings

abandoned nests

skewered in trees

dark patches

on chest X-rays

offerings to the air

RURAL DEATHS

No city, this.

The echoes ring on even
after the newspaper's
been folded and stacked
in the corner.

The freshly dead
rise up
shaking off the dirt
even as you struggle
to bury them in
their proper place.

Always you know someone
who knows someone who knew
the deceased.
People talk.

Slowly a life
takes shape before your eyes
and moves into your mind
to lodge a while--
this, the dead man's
final child.

BEATING FATHER FINALLY

On guard, check, *the white king surrenders*

checkmate. *of white he has the 50. 2 cards of heritage*

The game concludes *and was mistaken only by accident*

like the last inevitable notes

of a Beethoven symphony.

Bishop, knight, and rook

have left father's king

nowhere to go.

He sits in the corner

trapped, humbled.

The board dissolves

leaving a kitchen table by a window,

noises of chairs squeaking,

and the snow outside

suddenly falling faster.

POEM TO MY WIFE

Neat-sloppy friction called major divorce factor

Neatness-clutter problems are the No. 2 cause of marriage breakups, Dr. Viscott says, outranked only by disagreements over money. Sexual disharmony ranks third.

--UPI

How many times
have I come home
to find you
filling in the holes
in the walls
I punched in the night before
in a fit of sloppiness
or furiously nailing
the floorboards back down
after I had forgotten to do it myself
or picking up my discarded dreams
from the corners of the bathroom?

In five years
I have learned to screw
the cap back on the toothpaste.
There will be no divorce here.

This is for you--my way
of cleaning up after myself.

IN THE LAUNDROMAT

Women show me their panties.
I show them my jockstrap.
My jockstrap
and their panties
tumble together
in adjacent machines.
I put money in slots;
they seek change
by turning knobs.
My jockstrap has an erection;
their panties are moist
and warm.
We stare out the window
fully clothed
or thumb through coverless
magazines where there are ads
for bras and jockey shorts
and pretend
this is just a place
to wash clothes,
that the turgid air
has nothing to do with us,
and that we have nothing to do
with the furious

orgy of underwear
 all around us.

When East was victorious,

the British of East London

he would come up from his apartment

at the hour of the end of the world

as usual to see how the world

was changed by his "visit"

He returned the city square of London

and they slowly stepped down the street

Thus he saw what he found at work

Here in the world's center of affairs

the time that he would find a new world

I work under the world's center

always when a new world is born

I work under the world's center

as usual to see how the world

was changed by his "visit"

Thus he saw what he found at work

A HISTORICAL FACT AND A MEMORABLE FANCY

When Kant was composing

his Critique of Pure Reason

he would look up from his manuscript

at the tower in the center of town.

He gazed so long the trees grew up

and obscured his vision.

He informed the city fathers of Konigsberg

and they gladly chopped down the trees.

Thus he was able to finish his work.

Here in the country outside my window

the trees tower and wave their arms mockingly.

I work anyway, here a word, there a line.

Always when I awake in the morning

I run to the window to see if this is the day

my three hundred farmers have arrived,

morning chores all done, murmuring

quietly, axes on their shoulders.

THE CIRCUS

Like a fat woman at a picnic,
it heaves a sigh, spreads its skirt
and sits down on the grass.
The neighborhood children
circle the tent and lift the hem
to peer in at the strange proceedings.

All around, still in human form,
clowns, animal trainers,
and trapeze artists with exotic names
perform the mundane tasks of preparation,
tying ropes, pounding spikes,
hosing down the huge kind elephants.

Night arrives like an expected guest.
The circus tent glows.
We all come to see
What we miss in our own homes.

After the death-defying acts
and the beasts that remind us of ourselves
and the clowns falling down,

we return to our solid houses,
treading lightly down the sidewalk
like Zvorak the tight-rope walker,
our feet confident
and clever as hands.

EVERYTHING RINGS

everything rings the table the floor the nail
in the wall my liver my blood skin cells the farm
a mile down the road rings the cows
in the farm the milk in the cows ring
eggs forming inside chickens ring in Chicago
yes even there if you listen the earth beneath
concrete rings secretaries in tall buildings scraping
the sky can hear it through the floor through their
shoes up their pantyhose I tell you everything
rings in Spain it rings
especially for bullfighters on horns
not of a dilemma it rings loudly on the moon
sun stars Saturn's rings it rings in Spring
Summer Autumn Winter it rings the apple on the tree
in your stomach in your foot of your eye rings do
you believe me now?

MARCH 23

1

The last snow
slips down
through black clods.

2

A lone wolf
trots north,
fangs dripping blood,
eyes like ice.

3

A string of geese
stitch a seam
across the sky.

MINNESOTA STATE HIGHWAY 19

The moon tonight
like the light
at the end
of a long tunnel.

He decides to rearrange his schedule.
He can no longer
eat his dinner
and watch the evening news.

Small animals
alongside the road
(the live ones)
eyes like twin shining flowers
on invisible stalks.

A lie. He can
eat his dinner. He tries
to be appalled, but fails.

The security lights above farmhouses--
sprinkled like fallen stars.

He fantasizes: A severed hand
in Ireland, a foot in Vietnam.
He runs outside and vomits.

A cloud
swallows the moon.

#43.

I watch you comb your hair,
the part down the middle.

I grow small. I climb
onto your head and lie
down in the part.

Your hair becomes water,
the Pacific Ocean. I lie
on the invisible seam, the waves
rising under me, parting
and flowing off to America and Asia.
They fall on the ears of those places
like hair.

FOUR A.M. ON A FARM

No cars have gone by for hours.

Everywhere green fields slowly turn

to milk. Men from Tokyo

dream of the strange farms below.

In two hours they will land

in New York with the sun. For myself,

I wish them well. I will be

in bed soon. A box elder bug

walks into the house through an entrance

that has nothing to do with me.

A DREAM OF TRAINS

Trains slip through the black
fingers of the night like trout
through the paws of bears fishing.

They cross the palms of bridges with silver
wheels. Beneath, the river opens and closes,
opens and closes its hands.

Above, in the corner of the dream,
the full moon drops a hand
on the shoulder of the dreamer and squeezes
just so.

TO MY WIFE WHO COULD NOT GET OUT OF BED THIS MORNING

The sharp edge of morning

peels back the night.

The day begins to bleed.

You are ripe in a universe

of knives. Outside

on the fence of your sleep,

young roosters practice

crowing: horror horror horror:

the sounds of rusted cans being

torn open, destruction

without meaning. Stay

in bed. Fall into the one safe

place of yourself. Let the butcher

morning cut away. Wait for

the blade to dull itself. Wait

for the bluntness of noon. Wait,

just wait.

THE MAN WHO LIVES A HALF-HOUR AHEAD OF HIMSELF

The secretary cleans off her desk. He sees
her turning on the ignition of her car.

While she drives home, he waits
in her closet.

As she hangs up her coat,
he is in her bed, still waiting.

She finally slips beneath the covers.

Already he is driving home
counting the long line of telephone poles.

ALONE IN AN INSTITUTION OF HIGHER
LEARNING BETWEEN SEMESTERS

The only sound
is the efficient blowing
of the central air-conditioning,
steady and cold
like no real wind.
Summer is shut out like a bad dog.
Here, when you find a window,
for a split second, it's like looking
at a landscape by Van Gogh.

A NIGHTMARE CONCERNING PRIESTS

They whirl down the aisles;
the congregation applauds.
Frankly, I am frightened.
From the pulpit the bishop
shows us his armpits.
They are hairless
like a female trapeze artist's.
When he speaks, his teeth
click like dice and white hosts
tumble from his mouth.
The people don't mind;
they count it a blessing.
From up on the cross,
high above the altar, Christ
calls to the multitude
for someone to please,
please scratch his nose.
Twelve nuns in the front row
gaze at him sweetly.
One polishes
a wedding band against her robe.

IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Somewhere in the back
a nurse says a little too loudly,
"I'm sick of sick people." Someone
else laughs. Two old men sit calmly.
Their ears forget to listen,
their heads nod, their hands
shake hands with the air, as if
closing some final, secret deal.

THE MYOPIC

He is usually most comfortable with books.
He likes to climb around the insides
of words, up and down letters, like
a child in a jungle-gym. He is familiar
with small things, and can tell you
if a spider has thumbs, and how many.

He wears glasses in his public
life to share in public visions, but
his real life is at home, at night, after
his wife and kids have gone to bed.
He discards his glasses and draws
the world in around him like a shawl.

He will sit for hours, legs outstretched,
his feet stuck in the fog around him
and examine very closely the latest
detailed maps of the moon.
Outside, for all he knows, a caravan
of dinosaurs might be rolling on by.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY WILLIAM BLAKE:

POEM FOR A THANKSGIVING DINNER

"The Tygers of Wrath are Wiser than the Horses of
Instruction"

Until now we have been Horses,
sensible animals worthy of respect, the sound
of our hooves down the halls solid
like brass-knockers on huge oak doors.
But, Horses nonetheless. We have
been taking people for a ride,
and we hardly ever gallop anymore.
And they hardly ever touch us,
sitting in their saddles. We know
where they want to go, but mostly
we know when they want us to stop.

However, in each of our Horse-bodies
lurks a Tyger like a jack-in-the-box.
We have gathered together to trip
each other's springs.
We have left our saddles at home--
noone rides us today. Already

our hooves are beginning to feel like switch-blades.

And our eyes, they no longer look at both
sides of everything, as if life were somehow
an issue.

REFLECTIONS OF A FORMER NOCTURNAL EMISSIONIST

They come less frequently now
like relatives from distant places
who arrive early in the morning
bringing unexpected gifts
and laughing, beautiful daughters.

THE SCAR

I touch your belly half asleep.

It is still there.

I dream: A railroad track

on a green field, workmen dismantling it,

tie by tie, loading the long rusted iron

onto trucks. It is hot, the men sweat.

Suddenly, grass pushes up through the gravel,

fast, like a speeded-up movie.

The workmen grow smaller, their clothes

slip off their bodies

and fall like shadows at their feet.

The sun turns green.

The naked children join hands

and run in a circle, grass

up to their hips.

They break the circle and begin to leap-frog,

one over the other, one over the other.

Where they have been,

the grass waves and closes.

TRANSLATIONS OF SIX

LITHUANIAN POEMS

BADAS

Žemė sacharino skritulėliais nuklota

Ir jų pusnimis kiliai susupti.

Speigas tik vailštinėja,

Trupindamas geležinkelio gėgius.

Bėgis krūpteli ir suspiegia.

Tarp bėgių vilkas sėdi--

Ir staugia, kaip vilkas.

Vilkas neėdęs.

Prašo ėsti, net telegrafe vielos staugia...

Gal dabar tolimoj stoty

Nemigęs telegrafistas

Priima vilko telegramą,

Kad jo galvoj visi varpai užia,

Kad jo širdy bado smuikas griežia.

Antanas Rymdis

HUNGER

Sacharrine flakes blanket the ground.

Drifts of snow wrap up the path.

Only the frost walks about,
sprinkling the railroad lines.

The rails tremble and squeak.

A wolf sits between the rails
and howls like only a wolf can.

The wolf hasn't eaten.

He cries for food--even the telegraph wires howl.

Perhaps now, in the distant station,
the dozing telegraph operator
receives the wolf's telegram--
that in his head bells roar,
that in his heart hunger's violin saws.

Antanas Rimydis

translated by Al Zolynas

NAKTIGONE

Paskutinis vežimas paplente nudardino.

Naktis, kaip karininkas, žvaigždėta.

Mėnuo--šaša,

Lyg ordenas ant iškilmingos krūtinės

Dėmesio prašos.

Jūs, mano bėriai, sargiai,

Jei jūs kalbėti mekėtut,

I jus aš pratarčiau

Apie traktorių,

Apie arimą,

Apie našta karčia...

Na, eikit užkaskit

Kas žolę, kas dobilą randa,

O aš, brangieji, paganysiu

Jūsų žvaigždes, mėnesį

Ir visą šią dangišką bandą.

Antanas Rimydis

THE NIGHT HORSE-TENDER

The last wagon rattles down the road.
The night is as star-studded as a general.
The moon demands attention like
a medal on a heroic chest.
You, my bays, my dapples,
if you could talk
I'd speak to you
about tractors,
about plowing,
about your heavy burdens...

Ah well, go
nibble some clover.
And I, my children, will tend
your stars, your moon,
and all this heavenly herd.

Antanas Rymydis

translated by Al Zolynas

KAMINAS

Kasryt, kai pakeli akis,
 Tik vieną bokštą vis regi;
 Ar saulėta ar dargana niūri--
 Tik jį, tik jį regi.

Pratišta dūmų vėliava
 Juodu šešėliu pro tave,
 ir krinta iš po jos maži,
 Juodi žiedai veidan.

Pažįstami, savi žiedai--
 Ir Kazį, Zigmą papatai,
 Išeinančius kažkur tole--
 Į laisvę, į namus dausių šaly--

Kasryt, kai pakeli akis,
 Išauganti į dangų jį regi;
 Ar saulėta ar dargana niūri--
 Savos eilės vis lauki ten, pro jį.

Juozas Yluvis

THE CHIMNEY

Every morning you raise
your eyes to the same tower--
and that's all you see.

The long flag of smoke
flaps black shadows over you.
Black blossoms fall on your face.

You recognize these blossoms--
you see Casey and Zigmunt
leaving for some distant freedom.

Every morning you raise
your eyes to it pointing at the sky
and you wait, wait only
for your own turn.

Juozas Yluvis

translated by Al Zolynas

VASAROS NAKTIES SAPNAS

Vakare, man beveik užmigus,
Kai dar šviečia lempa šalia,
Bet ant stalo jau miega knygos
Ir medinė varlė žalia,

O kažkur apačioj, pas kaimyną,
Senas laikrodis din-din-din,--
Man pakvimpa pražyde kymnai,
Ir jų kvapas artyn ir saldyn.

Aš matau, kaip ilsis piovėjas:
Aždros akys žalioj žolėj,
Ir girdžiu, kaip vasaros vėjas
Švilpiniuoja jo skrybėlėj.

Aš matau, tartum pro rūką:
Man mosuoja ranka trapi
Pernai mirusio piemenuko,
Meškeriojančio paupy.

Jis mane nusimaudyt kviečia,
Plonas balsas šaukia mane,
Ir numirėlių saulė šviečia

I jo veidą mano sapne.

Henrikas Radauskas

A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Dozing off,
the lamp still burning,
my books already asleep
on the bedside table....

Somewhere in the apartment beneath me
the ticking of a clock rises.
I smell the sweet, close
smell of blossoming carraway.

I see a young boy
resting after mowing hay, his eyes
sky-blue against the grass.
I hear the summer wind
whistling through his straw hat.

I see, as if through a haze,
the thin hand of the young shepherd
who drowned last year waving to me
as he fishes on the river bank.

He calls after me in a thin voice
to go swimming.

I see the sun lighting up

his dead face in my dream.

Henrikas Radauskas

translated by Al Zolynas

VĒJAS

Aš senas vėjas, ant vandeniū ilgai miegojęs,
 Einu pro pamirštus, senus namus.
 Ir praveriu gelsvas užvertas langines,
 Ir ties suskilusiais stiklais sustojęs,
 Aš žvilgteriu vidun--ūmus,
 Ir išsigąsta kambariai manęs.

Pabunda iš sapnų mergaitė,
 Lyg saulės spindulys atbėga prie langų.
 Aš senas, piltas ir nuo vandenu atėjęs,
 O ji--jauna, alsuoja lyg laukai įkaitę,
 Ir aš dribu prieš ją, aš senas vėjas....

Paulius Jurkus

THE WIND

I am the old wind. I have slept on water a long time.

I walk through forgotten houses.

I open old shutters, and pausing

by broken glass, look in

and frighten the empty rooms.

A girl wakes from her dream

as the sun's rays glance off the window.

I am old and angry and I come from the water.

She is young and breathes like a warm field,

and I tremble before her, me, the old wind.

APIE NAŠLAITE, RAGANA IR KVAULUTI

Ko berželiai liūdi?

Ko nusviro šakos?

Ragana beširdē

Našlaitēlē plaka.

Čiulba, tai graudena

Vysnioje paukščiukai.

Ragana rankeļ

Našlaitēlei suka...

Saulē močia verkia,

Raganai pasiutus.

Ar atjos ant vildo

Per audras Kvailutis?

Amgelēliai tiesia

Plačią, laumēs juosta,

O nuo veido krauj

Našlaitēlē šluosto.

Ragana ant ražo

Dūmtraukyje trankos,

O Našlaitē šypsos

Ant Kvailučio rankų.

Duokit kelią, girios,

Ir išdžiūkit, liūnai.

I stiklinę pilį

Grįžta karaliūnai!

Stasys Laucius

ABOUT AN ORPHAN GIRL, A WITCH, AND A FOOL

Why are the birches saddened?
Why do their branches droop?
A heartless Witch
is beating an Orphan Girl.

In the cherry trees
birds cry for her.
The wicked Witch twists
the Orphans Girl's wrist.

The Mother Sun cries
at the maddened Witch.
Will the Fool, riding through storms
on his wolf, arrive in time?

Angels stretch a broad rainbow
across the sky,
and wipe the blood from
the Orphan Girl's face.

Inside the chimney, the Witch
rattles around on a dry branch.
The Orphan Girl smiles
at the hands of the Fool.

Show us the path, forests.

Dry up, swamps.

All the crown princes

have returned to the glass castle.

Stacys Laucius

translated by Al Zolynas