

Seven Poems

As though I had a chilli up my arse,
I'm dying for a beer and hit the bars.
A dry week (except for the odd pint of porter)—
Which could have jeopardised the cosmic order.

★

I wander round the towerblocks dazed
And with a fairly good erection,
Tear clothes off girls who pass inspection,
But that they scream I'm still amazed.
Oh my hot spirits! (Five shots neat.)
Here young one, come on. What's the crack?
Could she have seen my winding sheet
Is all torn up across the back?

★

She's reached her twenty-fourth year, gee!
So I took myself in my hands
And for my love wrote on my glans,
"The very best to you, love Jiri!"
The doorbell goes, I open fast
And with an excellent erection—
Two girl-guides stare at me aghast . . .
Search me. Was it for some collection?

★

Christmas Day, St Nicholas Cathedral

A cathedral is perhaps a bit too formal
For making love in—that is, at least for me.
But my aesthetic qualms got the short knock,
Including my aversion for baroque:

The Petřín white and I'm no Eskimo
To make out when it's seventeen below.
The church was heated though. A crib, some friezes
Of wild beasts keeping warm the Baby Jesus.

When you bent down to see him in his manger,
I stepped behind you, visage like an angel,
Pulled down your tights, & pushed your coat and skirt
Up round your hips so I could then insert

God's gift to women— But the Devil take your knickers.
I ripped them in two faster than a vicar
And thus gained access to your velvet deeps,
Which started then to slowly, gently weep.

The people thought you sighed with chaste devotion
And yes, you were devoted, but to the motion
Of my balls at your vulva. Hence your oath
When I was full in. Which onlie my God knoweth.

★

Near winter. First ground-frost. Cold hill and mire and cave.
“So chill”, I lull the earth, while fucking my own grave.

★

Self-disgusted, I stuff my hand into my mouth.
I am base parasite and twisted troll.
I want to shake it, grateful that I'm still about
And try to stuff the other up my hole.

★

I knocked back two beers at The Small Green Tree
And I feel good—it all looks real again.
The Castle hangs there so convincingly.
I cross the Charles Bridge, following this new train . . .

I shut my eyes and counted up to ten
And it all disappeared: the roofs took flight
And the bridge was just a loose thread in a net
Swaying in the abyss, the shore nowhere in sight.

(Translated from the Czech by Justin Quinn)