

THE MUSEUM OF NOTHING + 2

By Psycho Kanev

WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...

'The Museum of Nothing' is composed in hauntingly beautiful language, "Lost memories of the moon's dust / and singing bones" "I am walking slowly through rooms made of screams" "That's where the heart / wants to drop down. Among the ambiguities." And on: "I used to dance with the ill-lit sunflowers / under the broken streetlamps on sick nights." "The / clock is winding from long ago, / pages keep falling on the calendar's floor." "Wait, "My DNA is / intertwined with a wolf's:"" Barking of dogs in the distance / and my umbilical cord twitches." "I am / everywhere. Like rust, / like the presence of emptiness," Kanev writes like a man possessed—

The Museum of Nothing

It contains everything. Lost memories of the moon's dust and singing bones. Native songs are rising higher like smoke and fill the incomplete space, ashes goes back to flames to

wood. I am walking slowly through rooms made of screams and pain. Someone falls into a coma as I reach for the edge of the horizon, the mortal eternity.

See the digs: mammoth skeletons, royal crowns, unshed tears. I am walking slowly through sunbeams like sticks –

the EXIT sign blinks. This is the direction. That's where the heart wants to drop down. Among the ambiguities.

And Do You Even Remember the Beginning?

I dreamed once
and woke up in my dream.

Saw the quiet tree outside,
motionless and mute in the storm, a statue of the wind.

*Did I die before I fell
asleep?* Of course not. It happened in the middle.

I used to dance with the ill-lit sunflowers
under the broken streetlamps on sick nights.

The future was hidden in the past.
Darkness burned with the flames of youth.

Now everything is the other way around –
the sleepers wake up before they fall asleep,

and darkness continues. *So what? We are still
dancing, right?* No, we're just shaking.

Apocalyptic light in the color of despair covers
all memories of tomorrow, even the unfulfilled.

The clock is winding from long ago,
pages keep falling on the calendar's floor.

And I remember everything that will happen.
There.

The Terrible Child

My DNA is intertwined with a wolf's:
lonely white nights,
dancing until midnight,
a very sharp knife.
Barking of dogs in the distance
and my umbilical cord twitches.

I open my arms
and I embrace everyone in both worlds -
the living and the dead.
The moon is asking me:

*Can you tell me
what exactly are you?*

Nothing. But I am
everywhere. Like rust,
like the presence of emptiness,
like a howling pack.
Graves after graves and after that
only my blood.
The night prepares to fall again
like a guillotine.

THE POET SPEAKS... *I write because something in me wants it to be written. Or something outside of me. My poems are inspired always by my life. I can do many things, but what I do best is writing. That's why I write. I did not choose writing. It chose me. And to read, of course. Very often reading is much more important than writing. That's why I read constantly. And I live to write.*

AUTHOR BIO: Peycho Kanev is the author of 8 poetry collections and three chapbooks, published in the USA and Europe. His poems have appeared in many literary magazines, such as: Rattle, Poetry Quarterly, Evergreen Review, Front Porch Review, Hawaii Review, Barrow Street, Sheepshead Review, Off the Coast, The Adirondack Review, Sierra Nevada Review, The Cleveland Review and many others. His new chapbook titled Under Half-Empty Heaven was published in 2019 by Grey Book Press. He has several nominations for the Pushcart Prize