

Poetry: No Title



By

Mykyta Ryzhkh

Senior Editor CHARLES writes...a persuasive example of just how powerful second language writing can be. Ryzhkh, a Ukrainian poet, paints a devastating picture of suffering that transcends locality and touches our universal core.

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... In an age of exhaustive insistent identities and endless taxonomical classifications, it is just a little bit frightening to receive anything untitled. Somewhere, here, it would appear Mykyta Ryzhkh does so and goes boldly. Let's just snatch some snippets to whet your interest. "Faces fell to the ground...An irresistible fugue...Two black suits / on a long rope / are playing steamboat" "The saleswoman took stock of my soul and smiled...The corpse moves in the form of a crumpled leaf." If states of disassociation are recurring, does that make them less so? (To maintain poet's spacing the poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

Five stars

Faces fell to the ground,
And in a stupid head only one question:
whose?

An irresistible fugue
Lunar centrifuge
Preservation of the night
Wounded butterflies
They are looking for death

Two black suits
on a long rope
are playing steamboat
with a pink suit and have
no idea that the wind
is playing with them both

the photo becomes a memory
people become memories

You are late - said the saleswoman and threw the barcode of my heart into the trash. The supermarket closed for a lifetime break, the clouds fell on the head from the emptiness of beauty.

The birds sang in the language of silence.

Each lost atom began to shine brightly under the sun.

Scooby Doo

Died

Inside

His

Stomach

Mysterious

Mist

Misty

Mystery

Fear of the Cat

Leading to the Afterlife

Heart

Barcode

Cash payment for death - a box with a surprise.

The saleswoman took stock of my soul and smiled.

Dawn black milk flowed from the nipples

Drops of moisture went down the ribs

The wife was raped in silence in the vagina

Husbands, meanwhile, dug what was not said about

Husbands dug what everything has already been said about

Celan-Sky fell on the shoulders

The skin burst and turned into wax

What language should we be silent now?

What is the truth to dig in the air coffin of its former joy?

People do not change

Dogs sing hymns to the gods

Dogs sing hymns to people

Dogs sing hymns to people in vain

The corpse moves in the form of a crumpled leaf

The bloody orgasm of tenacious fingers is felt

THE POET SPEAKS: *Any creativity in the 21st century is involuntarily intertextual, impossible without a hundred years of experience in literature. at the same time, modern poetry, like no other genre - in this case - depends on external factors, multiplied by the empirical experience and aesthetic expectations of the poet. Therefore, it does not seem possible for me to fully convey how it turned out to create this or that verse. among my favorite authors are Celan, Dante Alighieri. At the same time, the influence of directors and other representatives of European culture is important.*

AUTHOR BIO: Winner of the international competition «Art Against Drugs», bronze medalist of the festival Chestnut House, laureate of the literary competition named after Tyutyunnik. Nominated for Pushcart Prize. Published in the journals "Dzvin", "Ring A", "Polutona", "Rechport", "Topos", "Articulation", "Formaslov", "Colon", "Literature Factory", "Literary Chernihiv", Tipton Poetry Journal, Stone Poetry Journal, Divot journal, dyst journal, Superpresent Magazine, Allegro Poetry Magazine, Alternate Route, Better Than Starbucks Poetry & Fiction Journal, Littoral Press, Book of Matches, on the portals "Literary Center" and "Soloneba", in the "Ukrainian literary newspaper", Ice Floe Press.