

# **GNOSIS ANTHOLOGY**

**OF CONTEMPORARY  
AMERICAN  
AND RUSSIAN  
LITERATURE  
AND ART**

**IN TWO VOLUMES**

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## LEONID ARANZON

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### Couplets

1

Like a blossom I neglected  
lie midst those whom God's insected!

2

All that whirring of the insects  
to my mind has long been suspect!

3

On my breast of sadness  
ripen nipples of gladness!

4

Someone having seen this morn  
imagines he's a birch reborn!

5

How beautiful would be your face  
if roses did your head replace!

6

Here as in the lemon's center, aromas lie;  
with the dream heat horses stream by.

7

A woman who walks through glades  
inspires us all to roulades!

8

Ever changing like a bubble,  
I'm to everything, a double!

9

Rusty waters in the pond  
wind caresses e'er so fond!

10

At water gapes the Trinity  
to contemplate infinity!

11

Sunset lies in diapers swaddled  
all in velvet. I'm a toddler!

12

She inspects another's body  
that her passion does embody!

13

But alas that maverick  
had not even a fiddlestick.

14

Now the harvest of my fate—  
smoke escapes to dissipate!

15

Through the smoke, I perceive.  
I lie down and I believe.

16

In the amphoras of my soul  
the Turkish *anashá* overflows the bowl!

17

What marvelous plein-airs  
appear upon us, Venus!

You would remind me so of springs  
if only you had two wings!

At one magnificent brief glance  
all merged into one countenance!

(TRB)

## I

Why am I not this wet garden under the lamplight, discarded by  
someone beside the black fence?  
Shall I ever forget that the earth is within the sky, and the sky—  
within us?

And who crawls beneath the line drawn like bait?  
And who wouldn't hide behind himself when he sees his neighbor?

I—WE ANSWER.

Indeed there is a great desire to go mad.  
Locked up in solitude I raise myself to the rank of God in order  
to have an interview with the Master.

It's painful to look at my wife: she is simply Ophelia, when she  
takes a harp out of a bygone age, trying to perform that  
which cannot be.

Or to tear a hole in the sky.

On the white flames of the churches sit birds, torn from the  
night.

Or in a valley of two rivers of loneliness and loneliness, covering  
my eyes with my hands to disturb the dream of owls,

Owls which take the dark for night

And scurry away, giving the mouse a fright.

Girls are grazing in a meadow, their neckbells tinkling.

Where is the barren autumn landscape which is half-raised by  
the age-old rain?

There I am in search of the scenery for death.

And I eat lakewater in order to taste the sky.

Whistling to the rivers by their names, I lead them away with

their landscapes.

And I eat lakewater in order to taste the sky.

## II

(Partita no. 6

Partita no. 6

Number six

Numbersix Numbersix

Numbersixnumbersixnumbersix)

Or to rip a hole in the sky.

Repeatedly and persistently: NOT THIS, NOT THIS, not this,  
not this.

Repeatedly and persistently: THIS, THIS, THIS, this, this, this.  
I held my tongue: is it possible that I am not he?

Horried:

so strict the order of life can be:

he is not I and I am not he!

His face looks as if he is using it to drink the original waters.

His hand—

Very few beauties could have compared to it!—

I stroked everything, like a footman, announcing everyone's name:

I stroked the head; the heart of someone's daughter, my old poem,

dried up between the pages,

the head of my friend, the head of my friend, the head of my  
friend.

One could literally burst into tears about everything.

All day today I was walking past one word.

All day today I walking past one word.

They didn't speak any more—they passed those same flowers  
from one to another.

Sometimes they took masks with this or that grimace, or simply  
pointed at this or that mask in order not to bother themselves  
with mime.

But which one of those in conversation's hour  
could rip a flower from a flower?

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