

Anna Tapola

The trees move at night

Puut liikkuvat öisin (Aviador 2025)

Translated by Kasper Salonen
(Version 1) / 8.11.2025

I
Mouth full of black bread

p. 3

Morning sets the porch on fire, the animals gather for warmth: the gophers, otters, and raccoon dogs, those deer shot yesterday. Sorrow waters its fruit trees, the boles shine a dead red, the water hose fragments into snakes. An adder crawls along my spine, writes its route, only because I happened in its way. I cannot leave the house, or frighten those keeping warm, spill any light. The porch blazes, I see how one vision vanishes after another. Eyes full of smoke, fruits swollen with sorrow.

p. 4

My love, only this memory: the cabinet is shut with a small key, the key disappears. Static things keep their promise, the safety deposit box number, the archived collateral. When the room is furnished, nothing must be moved. It must be like life, unplugged. The window opens wherever it may, desire is a compulsion, thigh-friction. I grasp small objects, knock them carefully, I shake and listen to them. Each one must be given a price, an explanation, that might destroy. Hide the key, wait a long while, without moving.

p. 5

Don't fall asleep. Every bomb falls, on the house where we live, we always hide
in the same room. At skin-close distances the other cannot be known, all sense of
time, of pain, disappears.

Beware of flung objects, parts of bodies.

Never try to grasp. I gave away everything I needed,
the pillow pressed on my face, the blind clouds. Cruelty, to refuse to love.
We choose the evidence, the black-and-white expressions.

Don't breathe, the world doesn't need you. A heavy door is shut.
This is a prison, full of body. Words are clay pellets,
a chain that connects our figures. Cause no harm, I live with my hands, in actions.

Don't touch, you'll fall if I push. Mouth full of black bread.
You say: the war will soon be over, tenderness.
Don't insult my darkness.
Nothing breaks
like a human.

p. 6

Joy is silence, an apple fallen mid-winter, a room you enter unawares. But no one
visits, rain wets my clothes, the Amur leopards in zoos, bruises. Words leak inward,
join the mute cycle. No human in these images, only a nudity: a heavy loneliness
where lovers undress, carefully folded shirts. The bed opens, swells. Everything
dressed is foreign, everyone I undress becomes my own. I lie on red leaves, sidling
steps, the howling of an ending street. A discreet gatekeeper sweeps a path before
my eyes.

p. 7

Can you follow a burning match with your eyes
continue this series, fulfill another
if the burning eye follows you, and you follow it
how these two images differ
When the conductor grips their baton
does a sentence contain a threat, can you form a sentence
that contains words: if so, this
scale measures development, can you describe life
with a single chapter
say what is happening in this twilight right now do you know
eternity's antonym, do you recall by heart three alternatives to death
can you repeat your choices backward one ought to know
the names of planets, list them and could you
call
this love

p. 8

A storm of hair reaches me, a dense front of tangled mass approaches from the horizon. I fold horror away, under t-shirts, silk tops, tattered nightgowns, close to the heart. Thin skin cracks, heavy hair whips the earth, dresses me, undresses me, thrashes me along the street, I don't think about its taste in my mouth. Curtains nailed to the windows, lights drawn. And behind them, thoughts under hair, a storm that won't subside. Stray hairs encircle the houses, the windows dim, the doors don't open. Strands slither from every nook, the air is running out. Eyes are lit in the dark, an epiphany: something is different. A fall as long as my hair, a brightness:

p. 9

Rusty water drips from a tap, as though my head were too much, my bed too deep. Envy, the limp demon gnashes its teeth, rubs its backside on light-colored walls. One single glass from which to drink, tepid blood stands still, the small damp graves of the skin. The day snaps past, mumbles its delusions, finishes my glass. It might be Christmas, a decorated tree sparkles in the corner, a roped call girl. I'm ashamed of my jewels, my thirst.

p. 10

Overdose with me on anything, let's arrange small bowls on the windowsill, I'll wipe the dust while we're at it. Fill your mouth with me, the mossy woods, outer islands, poppy meadows. Don't worry, this won't end here. A newborn fumbles the world with its mouth, god nurses humanity by force if need be, offers large black nipples, night berries. Have some with me, I promise, where we leave off, no one is searching for anything, or finds anything. Have some before I remember: hell is the size of a lie.

p. 11

Sorrow buys a loaf of black bread for warmth under the covers, between naked breasts. Warm, living bread, a wildly beating rabbit's heart, melts the stone that rolled into the stomach, peels a golden egg and the bed spills molten honey, soft paws, talismans. The crust of baked bread, smooth skin that sorrow eats, tears and eats. The trees behind the window, throbbing torches.

p. 12

When you can't get enough of one life, one night, the world behind your eyelids opens. A staircase and mountains above it, no one asks me if I feel like climbing. There is no thought I couldn't get used to, no pain. I remove my shirt like the final hour, tomorrow's shadow puts it on to start again. The din comes from within, cymbals wreathed in flesh, tightly folded sheets. The wall of the skin trembles. I open my palm, I blow your name into the air. You feel hands, you think they are yours.

p. 13

Two stones on my tongue, which one do I swallow, when the morning climbs the wall with bony fingers, buttons my shirt. The face of the sun and a dog asleep in the middle of the road: indifferent dreams in the corners, collecting dust, begin the slowest dance. The stones weigh me down, a droplet hangs from the world, oddly light, I wonder, when the face melts into the dog, when the dreams in the corners awaken and I dance in the middle of the road. A dusty corner, just two stones and bony fingers, my own, I button the shirt of the world, I hang by my tongue, a droplet on my face, oddly light.

So many doors that nobody knocks on**p. 15**

I wake up in a city, into its November rooms colored birds fly straight out of the requester's mouth, they sit on my palm, they spread their pink wings on the plate like a badly chafed sunrise. In these mornings chestnuts are wrapped, sold in stalls steaming with fatigue, sold and eaten with cold-numb fingers, a bird's heart is dug out of its shell, still warm. A song that no one claims as their own. When I step out onto the street, there is only one of me here.

p. 16

A ladder leaning against a wall, a cry that fails to travel. I move under it, a black cat crosses the road, a slap of coincidence or just happenstance. So many doors that nobody knocks on. Clouds, freely falling hands grasping, press and bow me down. Today Lisbon speaks with the voice of the rain, a cruel stranger from the past whips the streets, whips me too. Words are drenched, they dissolve into puddles, into eyes, is that you? A hat raises its shadow, cloaks itself in rain, in words, in a harvestman's spindly legs between my book, between the lines. I jump without seeing over the lines, that which I can't comprehend, the weight of wet clothes on the silhouette removes me from the picture. The harvestman climbs along the wall, careful not to get wet, gathers its legs, takes with it the letters and shadows. In a hotel room the TV's black hole, dreams spill over.

p. 17

This city is a wave, another, a third. Trams swing from one crest to another, carrying thoughts, travelling in their own directions side by side, self-filling speech bubbles, an alien monogue. We switch places: thoughts copulate, horny insects. A swarm darkens the sky, attacks stealthily like a stalking rain, a filling hollow. I close the drapes that you left open on purpose.

p. 18

Marihuana, asks a man on the street, and I'm delighted as though he'd spoken my name, how naïve can someone be, how come fears don't respond to their names, aspirations, this world: haphazardly hanging nooses, and we avoid them as best we can. But no, I don't need any, and he apologizes for the low mood picked off the street, the junk of loneliness that follows loyally behind, a stray hungry dog. By chance someone is happy or unhappy, similar to me. The same cobweb that holds things together, a rolled joint, a swaddle that we squeeze ourselves into day after day, we howl our lullaby.

p. 19

The significance of bridges disappears in fog. I count the rivets of the railing, years in both directions. I touch each dark sweet spot, each bruise. The past and the present walk different paths: how easy it is to cross a bridge, to return. To peel a chestnut, shiver in a November wind, be eaten. The bridge vanishes, maybe in the dusk, time that sprints ahead is a regular mortal. A human, an act that can't be named, fruit pulp, blood.

p. 20

I wanted to know this language, bend over the wrought-iron railings of balconies. I wanted a yellow house with a nose ring and a tattoo: *respeito, paz, amor*, seven sardines painted on the door, I wanted them too. I wanted the pigeons from the tops of streetlamps, peacocks, six cats asleep on a wall, a grandma feeding the cats, a child bawling in the park, and the anklet of a girl walking in front of me. For the girl to turn, to jump off every balcony, and fall softly though the city. In the cramped narrows of apartment buildings the plaster scrapes long scratches, antennae, lizards on the wall get stuck, their smooth, throbbing bellies. This is how the girl sinks, the sea enters her eyes, her gaze touches like a fall, speed quickened by fear. The city caresses itself, tastes the grainy skin of the sea.

p. 21

A woman cuts a silhouette off from the black. Searches for edges, looks past me at the sun, the only way to see clearly. The woman cuts carefully as an archaeologist, eyelashes, ears, a few strands of hair. She is skillful, but if limbs are straightened by force they break, fly with the wind into the mouths of birds, in through windows and doors, they climb onto the pages of books, form words, endless poems about roasted chestnuts with burned insides and the woman reads: somewhere a bird lies buried.

p. 22

Dragon tree

The head of a dragon is buried in the earth, the most beautiful crown with its fiery flames flowers inside the soil, digs through the sediments and living corridors toward the molten core beneath our feet. The end of its tail remains above ground: a bleeding beast in disguise, slumbering lust. But the November garden is half asleep, free of its lovers, its dangling caftan inside out, split nails tangled hair. Bareness crackles underfoot, the dragon woman turns in her sleep, her mouth tears open stitch by stitch, the truth. Blood stains my dress, the soles of my feet are charred, I walk with my hem on fire.

p. 23

One way or another, only one chair remains, a messy bed, sweaty sheets. A lover visits my room, touches objects like lies that I believe, unknown life in the cells, in other species, in the universe. A powder mirror reflects rays on the wall, scales, a school of sardines swims among the vines, vanishes into a black hole. Fish swim toward time as well: dream-visions, magic charms without free will. I ask for the day but they bring me the night, a docile beast that I caress.

p. 24

I walk the sporadic streets of Lisbon, a pale gold girl, in a real memory I watch false men, they watch me back, they think I'm a girl in another city, in another lane. Their unashamed gazes, on these wavy streets that sway my hips dreamily, and their eyes follow, the swaying of the waves: I am amber, fool's gold, a droplet of sweat wiped with a finger on a coat sleeve, in dust, nothing more. *The sun!* shouts before me a dirty child, who years later will become my son, and he grabs my hair, the sun, a warm stone that fits in my hand. I walk on, men, women, especially women, and we sway on the same thousand-year waves back and forth, we are driftwood, we avoid the shore, we yearn for the horizon, the arcing open water. I am flotsam, a cheap toy with its tail flapping. I tell it to everyone with my vain mouth stained with roses and wine. I move on past a tobbaconists, past the sweet shops, the vehicles, the warning signs, past the stray dogs, pale golden, that real girl in a revealing mourning gown. And the waves follow me, in the dust they drag a veil, a shroud.

III
The mute memory of skin

p. 26

long ago when I wasn't yet a human, a snake
I burrowed out of the sand, I didn't know
expressions learned with words, I didn't
fear, in limbs a wonder bloomed,
bled blood with a noisy hum,
a mountain grew in my
eyes a forest in my
chest river deltas
flooded like legs
and I did flow
a flame in my
mouth toward
the open
jaw of
the
sea

p. 27

The serving must be eaten piece by piece. I will always be hungry and what I eat only increases my hunger, I'm so cold I'm shivering. I'm not what I eat, I am what I eat with my eyes, my skin, my nose. Eating is loving, destruction, to keep warm, one is finally lit and burns. The more I eat the deeper are the grooves, the mute memory of skin: people's dotted lines, tissues in smithereens. The mouth is a burning ring, it surrounds everything.

p. 28

A man that looks like a wolf is a wolf, carries the last forest on his back, meadows and fens. A bell jingles on the wolf's neck: the final countdown, in through the cemetery gates, a wind that has nothing to say. The wolf shoves its snout into the forbidden earth, the sacred and the relics, his pads in the dirt, marsh flowers on his back. The pale deadwood bones know where they'll end up, criss crossed in the silk and velvet of the soil, the blackest of carnivals. The wolf thrashes around, the meadow spreads like an itch along the wolf's pelt, one goutweed after another rises swords and spears at the ready, boots shining. A butterfly folds its wings, writes its final message, waits. A starved wolf pants in a ditch, twists onto its side with the last forest on its back, such a tall forest such a dense meadow, the fen with its legs apart.

p. 29

Your mouth is a bruise, born by accident. Soon it will fade, you won't even notice, no one will ever hear a single word from you again. Your dry mouth puffs out words, but now: the beating heart of a blue core. Say something painful, can you feel the steady rhythm of agony? A mouth this feverish, swollen with words, will heal on its own. The lips, deeply engraved darkness, a playroom. You can do anything, as long as you don't open up, you're allowed anything. Your mouth will heal over and your voice, yes, soon your voice won't,

p. 30

The wounds of snow, deep sharp edges. Winter takes as it wants, shames every cell, every bed. A tightening belt around me: zinc, iron, and blood. Look out the window, the cold oppresses everything, presses the lewd mouths of rosehips against the white drifts until silence. Winter breathes my lungs full, every breath carefully scissored. I feel the slowing heartbeats at my neck, under my ribs. Spring might arrive, but winter is red, greedy.

p. 31

The parade passes by close, the capes sweep: a lost god far from home, you. The door tied to your back weighs you down, nighttime offices, trash tossed around, a storm of hair. The streetlamps lay judgement one by one, choose who you bow to carefully, to whom you bare your neck. The street records you, in this fissure the ice crumbles into a name. Steps above you, the march of joy and sorrow, of destruction. A reflection is caught on the surveillance camera, the sun's turning head.

p. 32

The harbor arrives to the ships half-sunken, coughing salt water. In its bellows the metallic beat of fogs, heavy chains on the city's hips seek the pulse of the streets. The craning necks of the cranes, the gentle clangor of shipping containers, the intoxicating whine of iron: every arrival, every departure a cruel promise, given upon return. In my lap the dirty rivers, narrow paths, the restless flow of people. The ships have trust, they gather in the harbor, cockroaches. The buildings sway, domes gleam, statues march and the streets bend their heads. But the chains tighten at night, the necks of the cranes are broken, and iron calls out in its loneliness, burns slowly suffering. And the harbor bids farewell to everyone, wipes away the stains, the unfinished memorials. Drifts away, closes its mouth in the rusty arms of the sea.

p. 35

Where should I lean? The trees are moving, they dream wordless things, a world without me. Like digging up my own bones, eating from someone's hand, that's how ready I am for this night too, to name the trees as my own. But they crown their heads, drip sap from my mouth, carve a paper mask for a face. What should I tell them? The words drilled onto the surface fade, and laughter rises from deep within, from sheer hunger. I circle the houses like a fox, human circling human. In the windows those who've been sliced by blinds, wrapped in night. Only breath is a weakness, the clatter of rock against rock, someone raises a gaze, a knife. Like planting poison ivy, daphne, like letting it sting and forgetting, how I miss you, whom I'll never know.

p. 36

Long ago when I was still human
this was a side quest, a dirt road through stick-mouthed thickets

and this just a pressed nail
a fruitless dark hole I crawl from
in my grasp the reason and outcome of pain
a two-pronged needle that stitched me
to this background fabric.

IV
A small deliberate cross

p. 38

The day screeches higher than terns, the wind
whisks a child farther than the shores
a child walks the seabed: the soft mud-lap of a dream
tight-knit roots tug them as their own
the child drowns, the prey
is swallowed headfirst
the head-on swoop of terns, the short
legs of summer stamp at nothing
shed their skin
a new nameless one is born, climbs onto the lost one's seat they say
there was no one here
sits down, kicks themselves a name, the days to reanimate life's
light corpse.

p. 39

I was born in my brother's grave. He is coded into me, I into him, here we lie nested
but no one notices me. I was born beautiful, hacked into stone: his eyes, scars,
nights. The hair I brush is upon his hands. Behind locked doors I was chosen, my
place was set long before I was born, dug into the heavy ground. I'm a precise copy,
a cold kiss on the forehead, warm to his lips.

p. 40

Father, you promised time's
grand sailing ships, the ocean
colors the sky along the edges, a mouthful
of bright fish you promised
life is an exception
deadly, rare
coral you said from among the faulty
sleeping fish
I was plucked
by accident

p. 41

I search the dictionary for something lost. Everything we're missing returns, the
stifling compassion of a thick blanket, a child's yearning feet. The daily blood
transfusion from one limb to the next, and although I try to take care, the
decorations fall, one by one: planets, drunkards, thrushes, offal. I won't forgive, you
left me within childhood, outside for the night. Today again we play hungry in the
street, bare-skinned we gather each other.

p. 42

droplets of speech on the wallpaper
small twisted tongues
 are pressed together black
lips on white paper
darkness with its eyes closed bumps into the walls, wants to flee
the axel of the carousel is whining, the rusting bone of the night watchman
 I wish sleep would rain
 I wish that which pushes out between waves

from wound to wound

p. 43

A door closes a child's eyes. The small door swells large and thick, a world-organ that the child drifts along, tugs their childhood to cover their shins, forgets to fear. How the trees move at night, the child hears: words are used against one's will, punctured, how the wild carousel horses gallop on the corridor's mine-strewn floor. The roof presses the rooms onto their knees, in the gale the child learns how the invisible wrestling arm makes no sound, the door is not opened, without asking, the child takes root with the earth against their mouth, their ear against the door: I love, I love, my voice repeats, and wilts.

p. 44

You do realize
you must apologize
charmingly for this darkness, every day
the roof bleeds, mercury gums
because of you I'm eating plaster off the walls
I brick up your feet against the night
because of us
the world ceases to be
ours, shatters to glass shards meteorites, space
full of shouting
you do realize
lifelines are drawn, counted once
heartbeats
fish in cloudy water

p. 45

I'll never cry again, says the girl on the steps, gathers bilberries
from the night straight into her mouth And the world stands
before her eyes so close that nothing is seen, hot breath fogs plastic cheeks:
the girl has a doll's head, nodding in all directions, it is ripped off, pressed back,
cut lashes are glued, the forehead scar is covered. Dirty hair sweeps the ground,
and the girl crawls from the labyrinths of days, nods directions in the air, opens
and closes, doors, her mouth, sucks honey from unknown fingertips,
droplets stained by the world.

p. 46

suddenly there are five children or two dozen, they fill the house with high-pitched
strings, with their yells they shove hands and feet into laps, the clack of sideboards,
heads rolling in staircases, soft openings yield, parents, do not yield no one knows
any better, tell true fables, darker, they won't notice anything we whisper, they
notice everything and hope for the end, show me just one white raven and again we
hang from talons over the day, paper-thin strings, spun from us, we tell the truth as
a fable, the medicine sweet, and suddenly the children glue the openings shut the
false lashes are wings they slap themselves

p. 47

only accidentally can one forget
to close the windows, leaves swirl inside
in this order, the fog that creeps under
a thin membrane, invisible changes in the eyes
like nets full of dead fish, a child's
scales stick to the soles of feet
the cliff falls away as sharp slabs
and only accidentally I remember
I've forgotten: fire everywhere
frail, loose

*I dress myself in light, undress into darkness***p. 49**

This is your final summer. Let your hair grow, root into the earth, let the birds fly into your eyes, the fish swim into your stomach. Undress your skin, soon you are petals all over the yard, red flakes on the grass, pieces cut from a hem. Give your voice, your teeth and mouth, give your desire. Give round buttocks, white dunes, velvet moss. Remove your tongue, let it spin wildly, study the streets and nooks, the guests. Give your word. Don't listen to time, its high-pitched echo in empty rooms, its cramped, harsh mouth. Have no fear, summer is eternal, buttons undone, your shirt still white, a stainless memory.

p. 50

A dream powders your face: a dancing geisha, a mouth that a cherry sinks into. You spread out a thin garment, thighs, coldness falls in through the sleeves, a gaze that presses into the floor. On the tree branches drunken moiras with scissors in hand hang upside down laughing, the rustle of silk ropes, someone is whispering in their sleep. The dark yard suggests something improper, who will be tied up next? Soundless positions follow one another, every image, undisputed claim: pain is a desire. The prediction misses, the ropes don't lie. A hundred sickly days and nights you seek your name, a beautiful living knot, tied to the faint humming of nets. Sleep peacefully, that which occurs, continues

p. 51

The park is not real. It is nobody's, the paths lead nowhere, its beauty is calculated, deceptive. A labyrinth that no one gets lost in, a slowly revolving carousel, skin-tight silk undressed of desire. The park is a play where everyone has been brought without permission, torn off, soliloquies provided and learned by heart, numbered seats, so we would smile in the right spots, look in the right direction. The trees of the park turn their heads, their roots do not reach the real, this stagnant ticking, upon and within this flaking skin. Time climbs along the trees, the clock hands twist around the trunks, a corset. The clock's broken mechanism, the diversion of the trees. Branches reach out and reflect in the water, silver leaf blinds us, makes everything look like what it wants: the trees switch places. And the sap flows in a kiss, revenge.

p. 52

Because everyone wants to wear a corset. To be crammed into a bony gap to feel the squeeze as though someone were holding you without letting go, even if they gave you life, took it away.

Cords, tearing sighs, roped breasts. The corset covers nothing, directs the gaze.

Mirrors are opening their empty mouths: dress yourself in light, undress into darkness.

p. 53

If there are dresses, then there are undressings, chains, there are support bras, difficult positions, stranglings, a tightness that can't be helped, unfitting.

If there are necklines, then there are necks, neck bones, the clacker of bones, the popping of cartilage. Wincing membranes, tendons and chunks, withered, clean-chewed pieces. Next to the bone the sweetest flesh, sugar mountains under the dress.

But everything needs to be hidden, clothes dressed on top of clothes.

You get used to the weight of cloth to everything that is: the raw rustle of silk scarves, the hungry flanks of party tents. Fluttering pennants slice the dresses, the heads off dark suits.

Everything needs to be hidden, lies piled on lies before the party
don't wake me

p. 54

In the desert I ride bare-headed, coat open from the sky to the grave, the pressure of shoes on the wrong feet. Snakebites on my neck, in my hand the urn of my heart and ashes mixed with sand. The steadily rising dunes retreat into their wrinkles admonishing, yet another defenceless thing, they enclose me in their palm, keep me under their rough tongue like someone bleeding out, throbbing, their own. Under the rusted sun a human becomes thirst, thirst becomes a river and the river is the sky, it rains sweat, neck and lips protrude. The salt of skin catches fire and the pulse of desire climbs to the temples: a scorpion stinger at the ready. Mouth eyes ears full of the sand of bygone sand, crumbling pictures, prayers spat into the sand. I breathe greedily, I gasp whole lungfuls as if drowning, I suck the desert dry, I lick the poison from my lips.

p. 55

imagine a skin-tight thought, a dense vine around your neck, imagine a portrait of you that no one recognizes, the inevitable route of contrast agents, blood droplets on white sand, imagine a random passerby who loves and pines for you, a whisper, was it a daydream, imagine you are down low, imagine you are the earth, and you are, soft soil in anyone's hands, imagine fireworks above an Indian carpet, sparkles in your eyes, would someone lie next to you, imagine hair, a braided bridge from strand to strand, among them city lights glint, how you climb along the hair to where you fell, imagine a mouth you can fit inside, a toned tongue, a bitter taste, imagine

p. 56

I asked for the night but they brought me the day a lamp that fit in my pocket, holy fathers' Sunday I asked for Persian letters to banish the giant birds, in the empty wind of the rattle of the cages the morning slouched under the stairs, a discarded animal. I asked for an opened suitcase my name bathed in foreign light, everything dies in the heat of the body, treasures in the ruins of the world, I asked for the judge's verdict the winding chapters, I got a wolf's paws I didn't look at the pictures, the faces of the jailed, I quickly forgot how rules kill dreams, I asked for chalk-white walls, I got strong thighs, dirty hands

p. 57

The innocent mouths of rosehips against a white breast, a mouth seeks for the soft part, a shirt collar or finger, I suck until someone squeezes, a cockroach hatches from my mouth: open, spit, the mouth won't obey. Beds and mouths wide open, the night's half-open mirabilis. The mouths in which I drift, the waves are already slapping my cheeks, I crawl to shore, where, when? In the mouth of a dream flowing rivers carry through everything: river crabs, garbage, fallen items, I swallow what I can. The thousands of mouths of skin between shoulderblades, breasts, legs, mouths in the middle of the belly and forehead. Look, I open my mouth, inside me:

p. 58

Only the dried date between the clavicles, thistle knees, rusted spyholes, nostrils that fit every key, just the mouth as if it had swallowed the smallest oasis
Only the navel, a split grape, pudding breasts, only the breath, a tattered mosquito veil, only a breastmilk moustache, an apricot's scar tissue, the salt spoon of the chin
Only the mons Venus parasites, mitochondria, dessert nuts, just the nape hairs and a Barbary dove, skull seams set askew, only the reptilian brain & ciliates
Only the hollow flutes of bones, a cytoplasmic balsa wood knife, darkening temples & olive paste, only the peach pits, vertebrae and a beating dead-of-night heart.

A woman calls the fruit trees by name, they respond at once, step out of the creases of the yard, they are prepared to die if only she would command them, and she does. This battle cannot be won, the enemy is already on their knees, sleeves and trouser bottoms in the muck, foreheads between the fenceposts. Frail tools serve a purpose: renunciation is the beginning of everything, a force that drives us forward. The soft pulp of fruit, desire that sinks into teeth. She extends her hand, chooses the darkest, and bites. The sticky juice of spinal fluid drips down her chin, blood-streaked honey, loss.

[Kokoelmassa esiintyvät viittaukset ja lainaukset]

{HUOM. käänöksissä viittaukset vapaasti englanninnettuja osana juoksevaa runotekstiä; ei syytä avata viittauksia ja kääntää englanniksi kaikkia lähdesitaatteja?}

Acknowledgements

Thank you for all the teaching and learning Sinikka Vuola, Kriittiset, Tommi Parkko.

Thank you for the trust Aviador and Vesa Tompuri.

Elli Valtonen, Anna Rawlings, all writing peers; thank you for reading and feeling so thoroughly.

My parents, sistersbrothers, friends; thank you for your words, deeds.

Awesomethree: Tuomas, Roosa, and Elias; thank you for the suns, stars, moons.

Thank you to my supporter, partner Tommi Takkunen for the help and a peaceful evening.