

A Neon Tryst

Lina ramona
Vitkauskas

A Neon Tryst

Shearsman Books

First published in the United Kingdom in 2013 by
Shearsman Books
50 Westons Hill Drive
Emersons Green
BRISTOL
BS16 7DF

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office
30-31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB
(this address not for correspondence)

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-236-5

Copyright © Lina ramona Vitkauskas, 2013.

The right of Lina ramona Vitkauskas to be identified as the author
of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with the
Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.
All rights reserved.

Contents

Black Patent Translations to <i>L'Eclisse</i>	7
Wilson, 722 to <i>Seconds</i>	29
Into the Black Flocks to <i>Wild Strawberries</i>	59

Black Patent Translations to *L'Eclisse*

L'Eclisse (1962) stars the sleek-silver-hypnotic Monica Vitti as a lost woman re-discovering herself after leaving her husband. She cavorts with friends about town. She mingles with men on the stock trading floor (perhaps Antonioni's metaphor for self-worth). She has an affair with a younger man. She abandons him. It is a vague/unclear future for her in this new life. Everything is pure, fluid Vitti in this film: doe-eyed, desperate, tortured, and sophisticated.

Meditation in mirrors

She, twin nude nun,
mouths the moth wings
of the fan, lips the sun
in a slip. She repeats
to herself the chronology
of the mountain, outskirts
the windows, paperweight
stumps, cylindrical,
trumpet-bodied vases.

She is not,
she paces,
drawn to him,
but poorly formed
away from him.

The architecture of the room,
the hamlet in the portrait,
she (edible species) seeks ideals:
love's gigantic stalk.

You are an investment

Her skin framed by vellum fir

Vitti moulded hills.

She: marble-heeled in fetal position grace.

Lashes deciduously shed intent.

*The moment we leave one another
is a pyramid of lemurs and tragic wind.*

My life is a fungus perception.

I'm a sham, a child

*I'm the socialite ignoring
black patent translations.*

Her curves make rules,
like a poison cactus-brooch in the road.

In this agaric market

Trade floor manclusters
their handkerchiefs
and beds ringing with death.
These pillars from
formal families,
pressed from iron.
Money the pears,
money the love,
money the jacquard.
Finger the hermit crab,
this shelled soprano.

Lily stone man

made of books.

We stole pages

of new art,

against hammers,

against planes,

against tired threads

of women who congregate

in Nairobi as hippos, baobabs,

as *nieve*. Stay vinyl and

drum the spears.

In a trance dance,

raise your geranium

revolver. Be frothy

and rascally. Be a conifer

in dark, dense streets.

Unbearable advertisement

The gunpowder of my apartment
is a cave, a bullhorn nail in the night.
Nothing but terry robes and almond
confections. A fountain in the courtyard.
Naivasha¹ and more oily guns.
The savannah of sleep,
a thick junk blessing on the turntable,
my sleep concocts dung ruffles,
wine farms and modern clinics.

¹ A market town in Kenya.

The dogs of the neighbourhood

Love is difficult:

drunk as an upright poodle.

The unwilling foundation

Poles create angles.

Help me mend this parachute.

The doors of nimbostratus,

Coliseum against propeller,

she is found on the ground

eyeing a meadowlark, all askew

and unfamiliar.

But you. Ciao. You are new.

Dino's mini fan

Getting back to Rome
and Dino's mini fan.

It clashes with trading
screams at the ugly bell,
here he goes into the octopi pit,
into the lamp-dance of worth.

In new spectacles,
in sell-buy booths,
while she crosses herself,
a throng of cinnabar red lips
lick her frozen stare
into a permanent alone
brand.

Viscous price drop

*I want to be like Pavlov,
like champagne.*

In German ruins,
bonds throw a gamble
on scum, on public salmon myths,
here we are obsessed in a crowd.

Farmacia

A weightless phosphate: minerals, tokens, and movement.
Here is a man
who never stands still.