

# I'm talking to myself about the reasons

**JUSTINA  
ŠEMETAITĖ**

Looking through the spy hole at the imperfection of others  
is so comforting.

24 **BRAND**

Imagine me wearing a river instead of a nightgown,  
transparent like a wing of a dragon-fly, deep like a spy hole;  
clownfishes diving between my ribs,  
my blood vessels, nerves –  
diffusing into the overheard love words;

paper boats sailing around the navel  
like Magellan's ships – we know from books  
not all sailors love the sea –  
we know from books that trees become matches &  
that matches can blast the trees.

I imagine you wearing a fire instead of a raincoat,  
dark and dynamic,  
like rust on the hinge of the window that faces a hospital's garden.  
I know from books –  
that beauty wouldn't be special, wouldn't be coherent  
if one couldn't look through the spy hole  
at others not wearing the nightgowns,  
not wearing the raincoats.

I'm talking to myself  
about the  
good-byes

**JUSTINA  
ŠEMETAITĖ**

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The jelly shadows of the birds,  
sitting on the fence,  
teach me to fly with my eyes,

when the morning,  
light like a handkerchief,  
falls on his shadow and crushes it.

I hear a faint violin of his lungs die away.  
The sound so weak I have to stub out my hearing.

The garden is empty, or is it my eyes?

The arrows of the naked trees pierce me through the chest –  
I am the symbol of a waiting woman.

Under the sky  
clean like a surgeon's palm,  
the water ran so fast –  
so fast we couldn't kiss.

We pretended we were not losing each other.

The ashes fell around us –  
silently –  
like stars.

BRAND 85

There wasn't a thing we couldn't promise then.

*Pasilik*

his eyes begged  
Stay

but my eyes flew already.

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The violin of his lungs  
so weak I have to stub out my hearing.