

Irakli Qolbaia



Vegetarian Vampires

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*Concerning the Twelve
Movements of Poems
Among the Pharmakos*

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A girl's lover to be slain and buried in her flower-garden, and the earth levelled over him. This particular spot, which she happens to plant with some peculiar variety of flowers, produces them of admirable splendor, beauty and perfume; and she delights, with an indescribable impulse, to wear them in her bosom, and scent her chamber with them. Thus the classic fantasy would be realized, of dead people being transformed to flowers.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The American Notebooks*

roots / and
am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds
all over" — in the garden, where I slept, that which
was to disappear, wherein I was
to disappear, the sun was borne, the rays
have flown, from the garden, as rays has flown the garden, and returned
through the front, to which it hooked itself
as threads, to my solar plexus, the garden
spectre, I heard, rustled with grave steps —

mirror

deepened with our dreams?

no, my dreams are beyond the mirror and only my
mourning deepens the mirror we lay our hearts to
their dead où leur conscience d'être soit moins
douloureuse when you lose everyone you hold
dear to you remember me so that
my waters can pass into
new vessels flow of animals
is expected if it be your will
take this cup from me

am I the healer or the sickness
am I the healing or
the rupture am I the solitude or
the multitude am I inspired or
am I the curse am I boundless
or am I blindness am I boundless or
am I the bound

am as beautiful as
dream in stone
you shall be a swan tonight, and question me

we lay our hearts to
their dead

we cannot lay her in this cold earth, say
all seven of them her in cold earth, the woman

that loved me for a night (“I shall tell you
of elsewhere that is
inside”) in the earth, where
I enwrapped my guirlande inside hers’, my hair
in her occino in her dream-hair in winter’s
wet leaves her winter earth
grassscent cannot wake her, cannot take
my eyes off her, cannot
take my eyes off her I fail not to
look at her, I must not to lend my
shoulder for her oreiller to lay her head I want
her to sleep, I want stones
I’d be for her, the stone where her heart
pounds and dream in stone of those who dead from stone
to dead from stone, to dead from stone
to dead from stone
these dreams, the ones
I love each one of them a killing dream in stone, lethal
stones in my way none of them am I willing to
get over

A Canso, Baudelaire-tailed

They show me your childhood, your
almost nobrows – and still, somehow
darker than
the rest of you thus I peep
inside your childhood where the silly-minded
mock you, on top of your honey-filled
eye-circles and wondrous eyelids
between them – flower leaves
lespedetic, sinewed
with feeble life oh, frail frail
frail life and yet, that I am able to touch you, your
lespedezas to gaze
at you smile
out of the blue this *blue*, this meteor so close
at every instance the soul wet babble that
I am in you and am allowed to dive
in, dive out in this blue as if to
vanish under your skin (that holds water
that bathes me yes, inside you, I
does not dirty rising from your solar plexus
I stand like a freshly cut coin
out of your bed, and that I should be tossed
off down the pavements *masakra!*
how sweet
deep
ly you
rain in and on me
you, this woman, are
also rabbit's brain opening a deep
wound, same as yours, innate in my

senses and make me look deep, deep
inside the night that's in me, out
side my boundaries

think now no more will you
think the world what dreams
I saw these three nights back
I shall not tell you does not help
me sleep beside you does not help
the night does not help
me to hold you open between my
poles so you do not close, do not shut
crab of caress somewhere between you
and your lips, where I come
on your palms so you may put them
to sleep with you mebound so you may rock by
my companion sleeper body – this is the poem
in our sleep's stead

envoi

that which I thought I had for you
left me
left what I am, my
boundaries and headed to nobodiesears
but
I think you and I
so share each other's
lost childhood, that mouchette
that maybe I'm truly
entitled to say when I chew
your hair "I seem to be eating
memories"

I could not make out – a bird
or a fruit

what worries me is we almost never can glimpse the moon around here nor can we see the stars and that still the monthly blood and our days, our hours still stir by these what worries me is it seems 66 will never go past 6 o'clock thus every day and every night dry souls what worries me is this dog at my feet that we are forced to feed ourselves what also worries me is this chicken I heard them slaughter and put out on the table I followed her out in her death – to its threshold and through – what worries me is that the graveyard for most of the “domesticated” animals is human stomach and then a lavatory bowl then sewage *eternal holocaust* (what souls what holy bodies do you daily bring to athanor, I say what worries me is that neither Crosby nor Crane managed to live what worries me is the dream I had last night has vanished fled from me with waking and that last night was not the first such night what worries me had Harry lived 119 years had he managed to bend that manly short-span magic's cruel marrow he would have witness the Solar Eclipse en amérique and it worries me also that now moon's heart is so empty to me it worries me that my and my lunar companion's conversation was pregnant with silences that with their absence presence their wordlessness endlessly uttered the *name of her* the three letters of our lady's name and it worries me too that the native word for penis also contains three words as well as one form of my name most commonly used by close friends and that native word for moon contains: twice as much and also that I cannot help but delight in this landscape, knowing that these parts will soon be covered with water, worries me, and that no more shall we hear those voice, *those men shall vanish* what worries me is that I still cannot wish for anything but for you to be my life what worries me is that, says Guillaume, Hope as well came out

of this well

met my foot still, I'd say a bird, what
dead, crushed like a

fruit, core-burst bird small one, small
 tiny, and alien one such we have never known
the names of or a face

*

Almago is so wounded tonight wound
 sprung snakelike out of his mouth o moon
 thou eye distant, heal me spread upon
 my wound scar that I may free
 the snake make it live – all (most) life springs from this innate
 wound I know “where I once
was you’ll find a pupa” a cat, ash lemon, holds
 thy thresh, a hag I close my eye
 for Almago 5,6 a nightly tear 5,6
 continues vision

*

Imagine if ice
instead of blood was

the menstrual – how much
colder

moon
would be

Second Canso, Tibet-tailed

/ dreams no longer consorted
ink's meanders *as if as blood*
I lost them as a cat in a hostile rain, what a
stinker! just as I almost no longer almost no more
talking, say anything
and *oh lavenders!* cried Irma
in a better street, next to me and I too yearned, long
to have said *lavenders lavenders*
lavenders lavenders and I will wait for you, if you so please
at *eaux lavandes* and *find me at*
this for you where I encountered ominous spots from me
on you where I drained out winter
under-your-skin where you smile at my own
body from the mirror *we see each other* we touch
through the glass where the night falls, as you
smile at me where I see *pleroma* inside your *kenoma* as if I was
eating your flower-
meat my own meat, this flower-gate wherein I
meet you, where I touch
your skin like those woe-gutters dolorous and
wondrous, impressive, thought ravishing
— *celanules* that the arranged
violence or summer left
on the no-one's-chair (I wanted moon at our table that we
no longer have or else an ear which is a helix, a shell, an/other told
me,
beautiful
or ugly, a gift if you cut the whole of it, sweeter
than wine drier
than wine as from hand some
finger — if my hand lacked

any of its fingers or my head an ear would I
be less
enough to fit into you (how I wish
and why these fleshy boundaries burial bones you
sleep to and what do they bind? invisible caressing fur or feeler
to be found at
the edge of any
animal thing
tomorrow morning, by your bed:
a cue for some unbearable loss:

*I lean too strong upon you
Be strong and return to me*

Asonnet

I, am dusky and piemontèise, inhabited with night
fogs, bogs, marshes, deep cold
waters, with the night side of musick, with grey
waters, murky fecal creational canals, everything's
dim emanation, with drunken electro-
moonths

you, translucent, sun seen
by ice – mist-robed moon the same
as what birthed me

and this hatred too, this rage
for heights and airiness I have, I know
from you as if all that were born to wind
I saw as more, as if I wanted
a poem as plant, a vegetable spoilt, black
rimbaldian a liable to wilt, rot
but charged with the life
of depth

and that you return
me into you, I kill and I restore you bind you : what
I feel exceeds upon me fits exactly what you seem
to lack in waters
I drown by you and two drops
of light, come therefrom I preserve with
in your cornea how dare I

you adorning the walls of my
huis clos with flowers of

that which
you shall
not give me

Third Canso, for Grass

Under grass fold over fold your
skin upon mine from your hair I plait
pelage between me and life pray spread
these for me take my head keep
me in
side your hollow *embark me* I rip and fold your vivifying
animal kernel I halo thy rainbow round
my sex, let my member
letter, all my letters, given
me to
spell your name to form, *night I want*
to form from you, which
you were woman this way, come, I wish it
afoot with, milky and deep with
in you – this *deer leap*
inside the caves whereoff all's
night alone / to us
then may sleep
take you and I house
inside you

Things for Toma

Our distancifying reach

— as if a word were

hailing I refuse to learn how to listen

to this planetary bottom that you

taught me and left

me to it *enough to hear*

this sound I silent

whitely rain

I am but brother, distant

half-brother, almost not even, of him

whose luminous, luciferous ur-

phallus is pointed malgré its own

manhood (I still see its cock's-eye

smile at me: a star

(as if its cock winked at me) to me) I am sex

less, memberless, wombless, hopeless, what you

see in me is deep, dark, blind

at times seeing, but me you will

not see as tristitia, as cheerless

dole I quietly, finely anger

my crystalline medusa

brain mental sperm at the base

of my sight a fang, beastly in

my shadow — I target, hurt

animalise, my living's

stasis enrootedness

in no soil : a moveable root, untuned

untamed, like the tragedy I relate to

my mother, her I tie to with it I murder

interkill I can do so

that you don't see me and still breathe

my air, this
sun my
waters you'd dive for ensoulment, so souls
can come with, little brother (waters
ringing? I must pick this – I'll be out
and back

Seed of Loss

Human – this being, its whole
being – so wholly conditioned by
walls and, around, inside, if this
gnat gets caught within these covers, will the notebook
become its house? Impossible
not to kill an other not to turn some house, some
other space into
a grave (time's a lie) this vision, dream
this word, love I cannot contain, my
hands cannot, with my touch, my eyes cannot de
fine it its fine limits are within itself, inside
itself I can only watch how
binds its
body its boundaries – a circle it is, a coil, undone bigger
than world where, because of which, we are forced to saw each
other in two,
into each other
we saw what once was our
single brain and ourselves
become a door eternally
closed upon this loss

Second Healing Song

Yet another of one such ahnedonia you won't pull thru : what is the
punishment

you owe whom to be thus

spited : *ahnedonia* – a beautiful word, much comlier

than her hollow brother – ahnedonia, what bird is it a

name of what

flower, ahnedonia – bohemian,

unbridled, antiphonic

salto, an yves tanguy canvas – this rotted, burnt

meat, green yellow white queens green queens m'empêche
to tie the words

apiece, to hold shadow

bound to me, to

hold you, close with these same hands – that of

those wch a picture picture

-d with ashes, and blood

as if my own

mind

fed upon me, as if

earth itself, on which I

walk – a meat so dead, almost wouldn't

call it meat no more can speak

to this body – his

own, shapely now, lost

to his own self, planted

in that same self (*chapeau* cantor) bitter gulp

you drop, to enhearten me but I get hit

in the head, a thought

stuck there – thornlike dreams they give it

back to

me as

answer, what
 she lacks, the deformed, our lady full
 of lack heart? oh that you give
 to someone – ask her be for more
 than a second please be my world's walls, enwall
 me, wall
 me in, there
 with entice me

 put your face
 within mine there, sleep, hold
 me thus sleep ill with dreams wherein
 I lose you, I shed a
 luminaria of your womb your being silent
 is to me now your eye's reach, for me : moon
 glimpsed through fog's curtains and I won't reach that :
 my rod shall gather no
 thing but waste where is the nightlong where till the morning
 of that night we talk of nothing
 but wounds . . . you tell her : wilt thou a tiny bit more
 merry, cheer, obsecro
 for my sufferings so I don't seal
 for good so I'm not lost
 to the angel's gift for destitution my flame haired
 ally – as Lascaux I see you, you now be
 hold that stead where nothing
 was to be, each time you
 come back to
 this dream, a thing more is missing, some
 thing more of what we sing . something more
 to what you are but heart I
 offered, laid beside you, take or
 give it back *I lean too deep*
upon you you will tell her: stay but deceive
 fearlessly – your gaze

so scares me you will ask her: have you
seen how I wipe out shitty arse? did you overhear
another talk through your receiver? did you
see, in dream, the ending of a film you did not
watch? will you help me forget
you? "why did the fox bark?"

 you will tell her: give back, your
 Lascaux, luminaria in its liminal
centre and my mouth
 shall draw, then
 a strange wine from you you cannot tell her the things
you know, you won't
 tell her: this life
 had seemed to me a line
you will never write
 beforesleep that will never
come on the receiver you will
 never call the name
they gave me so you would never
 speak it / say, then :

I sew your whole belly into a mouth, I make it a mouth, make
it smile, enmask it, so each time I
 enter you, it may spit out one
 more

 gut, until I have turned you
 into an octopus, a jellyfish
 – into your dress
for you thus I beautify you: I want

 everyone I
 touch
 to be beautiful
 want to
 adorn them to
 heal them so / transform

and you too will be beautiful, will flower
by me I swear, tell
her, tell her, tell her, tell: you know, through
this speaking, you only address
the void tell her, nobodaddy
gives us these waters
of our drowning
this night,

nema

Canella Elegy

I too, Rainer Maria, have my
dead, and I too would let them go, set them loose and – I too –
would be astonished at an ease they would have in finding, that same
evening,

the soul-licked apartments for precariat, in the outskirts
of Canella, 200 euros per month

without they vanish, the ones

I called friends, and I remain like
a girl, or a boy,
out to lick the filthy streets when
selling ass, like

a dog owner – like algae that some have
seen, they say, as what all life springs
from and that,

this summer, take after

moon blood, my lady – the one, I mean,
guided by the movement of the moon the one I treasure, and

the one they hide in shame (little dog, don't you
come to me tonight –

the lower lip of my mouth takes after your lady's tonight

the crescent moon, the stars, of the earth that
takes me I know not where, curly
grasses, cruelty of the feminist

toilets all take after your lady tonight) the boy whose

glory hole was filled by your morning glory in the neighbouring

public urinal at the lower body of the Vera Park, told me

“you know I am a girl “and a very beautiful one,

I managed to reply or not – me,

I'm a fish, a gardener, I water flowers in your garden
what you see, the host of them, fire's
share, gains meat, fruit, that you
bear, gathers you, divides you in many, in
bits, lowers its sea level — clébard's itself:
barks at you, gnaws off its paw, licks
your heart's ear, spreads
ear's heart on your sight — flower to your nostrils,
damp smell, slight, acrylic sap, peach blossom
persimmon — pocket its
paw

An Eye Unruled

les nuages sont des grosses
enceintes – standing here, where the landscape
renounces, refutes, dispels perspective, as if I
were standing a few floors below
the renaissance consciousness how many? from what
there was only weeping stones remain though
Leonardo seems to have known something of these
rocks, for he knew, I think
I know, the lack so stuffed now and I, stuffed
with it – standing here I charged the strong winds
with a dry tear a reward
for pains in my back, I turned
into some mountain

(Brakhage, thus: *Imagine an eye unruled*
by man-made laws of perspective... Our whole
structure of visual thinking based
on man-made laws of perspective... But
imagine an eye unprejudiced by compositional
logic, an eye which doesn't respond to the name of
everything

everything you see is an adventure, into the unknown,
uninhabited “how many colors in a field of grass to the crawling baby
unaware of green?” – *Imagine a world before the beginning*
was the Word) into some mountain – if I swear
to toilingly lick this
monochrome rainbow
that binds
my medulla with my ear my
eyes it is, my mouth, to nose, nostrils – the compost
of everything I have felt thus,

nightly I wrap you inside my wish and bid adieu to the body,
feelings, celestial
bodies to your shame of
having been born with lid
fallen stars – it's this lumbosacred hoping that
frames air
with clouds, hangs them
all up and makes me think
of your lost child you mourned last, every
night – I drank
your tears, for pregnancy *I belly clouds*
for thee

Coda: A Flower for Robert Kelly

wonder what it may be, this flower turned inside out
a womb? a star? mem'chose, at poetry's
door
– this is why the orgasm never deceives us:
as sperm never flows without reason, so cunt, upon coming, blossoms,
forms
a flower turned inside out:
catkin, glome, inflorescence,
involucre,
panicle, pussy willow, umbel
arum, cane, reed, whitefly, what
abloom in womb whenever
a girl comes somewhere &
if you worship, and so criminally,
your riches,
your gold,
your buildings,
your made-up, by yourselves, bits of soil and banners of cloth,
why can't they, then, worship their stones, their trees
those pietras, those arbors, these painted posts
and that which they hear when they ear what they have
I only want one thing
to worship your skin your silent skin your soft-dense
skin your bones upholstered in it in which
I sense, is lit, like candle, your
alma when you watch me
I only wish
to worship the hole
do not laugh:
had I wanted to say cunt I'd say so
when I say *hole* I mean it: this hole:

extractable from any rose: if you turn rose back inside out (“rose is a
hole
turned inside out” – Kelly made me understand how there really is no such
thing as facts, or rather, there is, such as *trees, but these too are appearances
only, surface only, the skin of real, like flower, for the difference between the
fact and what is, is exactly that which is the difference between the rose
and the hole: hole is the lining of the rose, and rose is, in truth, the hole, but
wrenched, and this is why we see a rose where we should be seeing a hole,*
: to convert all false
roses into hole and peek inside
is, I think, poetry
catkin, glome,
inflorescence, involucre,
panicle, pussy willow, umbel
arum, cane, reed, whitefly, what
abloom in womb whenever
a girl comes somewhere voilà