





maru mushtrieva  
entrapments

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## Surface

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Green colours were for the second day heating up into chestnut shades.

Who patched the landscape with words, puffed out on the mountain?

Attention merchants sold all the stock and went back to a news feed for more.

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Tubular surfaces, tightly crumpled, but porous inside, enveloping their careless greyness, acquired in the past thousand years.

I rub grainy circles on a reflective surface.

All is just a set of limbs bent into a smooth arc, clinging to the trunk of the best tree on earth.

A blue-grey husk, interspersed with a rotating mossy tree bark just before your eyes, buzzing with its immobility and pulling back and forth inaudible sighs of ants and bees. And so, unnoticed, it is progressing into a vague humming that bothers, itches, and asks for attention.

Asymmetrically scattered yellow stripes merge into the background of something, always missing to become a frame. That what enters inside for a moment is thrown out immediately failing to be digested.

Residue

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Reconstruction in the village.  
Plastic domes now cover the old village.  
Plastic buildings with everything ready inside.  
The residents march to protest as proceedings in the city  
council begin,

- We don't want this shower, we don't want plastic walls.

- But we must make space for the new!

And the space for the new was made.

Then I went to surf on the icy ocean  
that has never been there,  
used a mixed sliding technique on ice flow  
just like from a cartoon "Bears in the North".  
Under her shivering care.  
A jealous mother-in-law is still fighting for attention.

As the garbage pit rises 66m high above the earth,  
in my grandma's cottage  
new tenants take a shower,  
a family of three is taking a shower together.  
And water sprinkles into a garden that does not need water  
anymore  
as the flood took away all the plant life  
back in the days,  
when the mushrooms were the size of a head  
and grew on the child's shoulders who needed to be looked after  
but was handed over as a potato sack of weight instead.

Normal

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When you are in a rush, busy bee, and about to cross the street and then you see a man on whom you had a latent dreamy crush for the last few months, and it is Saturday, and you duck your head a bit deeper into your once elegant black coat to pass by unseen, because someone else is hanging on his arm and then you think, ok.

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Today I am lying in bed with a 25-year old who has an indiscernible facial expression and I am thinking what is she thinking?

Is she worried? Does she want to climb the highest mountain? Does she like me? Am I too old? For her? Am I good enough? Am I good?

I lay at once tormented by the uncertainty of every second and am savoring the moment.

And she says EDEKA is a really nice supermarket and I scratch my elbow. Is it really already spring?

Pride

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A fine specimen takes a metro ride home.  
His eyelids are red and heavy.

An accidental beard grows stubbornly over his face, leaving  
island-fractals of grey resilient fur on his skin.

LICHT-DESIGN-ELEKTRIK reads his jacket and an aura of heavy  
anti-enlightenment spreads its fog over the route towards the  
center of the city, passing it, bending it into a familiar  
suburban landscape with a uniform twist.

A woman in a head scarf sits just across. A new plastic house is  
being built next to the main city square.

Value = {COUNTRY} reads his T-Shirt, big letters,

mit einer klaren buchstäblichen Absicht, reklamierend,

a name of a particular country, but it could be any country, I  
don't name it, I omit it with a function above,

letters hanging slightly off his torso, große Buchstaben,  
stabbing deeply into the subconsciousness of the observer.

Feel it.

Musky smell of an approaching thunder, and as it suddenly gets  
darker on the streets,  
it gets even darker in the underground and there is no more  
natural light, just the flickering light-design-electric patch  
and an absent look on someone's face.



## Siblings

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The omnipresence of your hipbone, in particular ilium, reaches its maximum concentration on my fingertips and haunts me at night sometimes.

You could check these facts yourself but they are so universally accepted as true facts that you do not need to. Of course, facts can change. A fact can become untrue but for the moment it is a proven, accepted fact.

No good deeds would be accepted. But do not set foot on the path of the wicked. Enter at your own risk. Privacy advised. Beware of solitude! Gain weight as thy shall rise. Forgive me, my darling, this seems to be over.

Three streams of consciousness suddenly collapsed in front of my feet.

Turning the middle toes in non-linear circles of abomination, bewildered by the sudden physicality of the abstract body of thought that collapsed, crying from my knees, as I have sensitive joints, and even more sensitive intestines, slime, slime, believing in my guts against the logical reasoning of the irreversible failure, imponderable, rhyme, rhyme, stand up against the promised state of no return, and incessant beats on the three siblings' hearts, aphasic in their constitution, as we proclaimed our independency and claimed the right of the conquest and subjection, I hereby manifest myself as a separate entity from what will follow.

## Seagulls in the mouth

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As the seagulls' screams were rising over the channel and the waiter's crooked teeth appeared one by one behind his full red-faced smile, I encountered a familiar feeling of entrapment. The incapacity to change the trajectory of the way things develop was rarely so palpable. Dawn in Trouville, an aperture of a city, or simply hole-city, in the very north of Normandy, January, calvados sip by sip. All things were untrue, un-trouing themselves within the order of other things.

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A child of two narcissistic parents only knows the acute desire to please.

Visible

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An old singer's neck when he is swallowing liquid that has accumulated in his tired throat, working around repetitions – and producing a scarce change in the air.

Folds in his cheeks reflect the past that is sliding into present, leaning with both paws on the crackling repetitive movement, demonising the future and nostalgising the past till it rattles into the consciousness of the observer – repeating, transparent and no less spectral movement.

I watch all the things that are invisible to the eye. But the eye only sees the outcome an invisible thing creates. Like smiles thoughts are somehow not invisible in flesh.

Anti-presence of omnipresence?

Indeed. Invisibility, babes.

Well, long since invisibility become just a question of transparency. About how tight things are attached to each other. Like air, it is there.

Hmmm!!!

But it isn't.

Construction site

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A sheet of paper is a neutral carrier, a norm, which we have unlearned the assumption to be invisible. Here a site-specific writing, a site-specific thinking is more than necessary. And matters in a nettled backyard of shadow politics are truly magic. Even my housemate's laughter has changed recently for no reason.

The elevator to hell required a 10-cent coin, I run out of them. Silly, everybody knew that once someone sees you down there you cannot ever come back. Suddenly, there was only one way left: to hit a reception button to get down to Earth. A way in became a way out. A clearing led me to another house.

Rests of laminate parts for the brick wall could have filled the gap in their intentions and actions. Coming to an arrangement while arranging the furniture. Someone left a ladder in a hallway.

Three sockets: one for each, or maybe unevenly distributed. Someone stole the extra lamp from the bathroom.

In that house on the lake, where forest is an uninterrupted shadow, the number of votes still corresponds to the number of bedrooms with a view.

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