

# Liminal Phantasmagoria

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## *The Cape*

Now that you are gone—  
More weight I give to feeling than to thought  
I seek out the romantic, searing reason into naught  
My rationality has served no purpose close to you  
Your will capricious as a woman with a clue  
Yet resolute like ancient rulers—darkened eyes  
You have passed judgment hoping to disguise  
That which I loved about you—beast inside  
Ferocious like a thousand hungry wolves—arose  
Growling, barking, howling—so disclose  
Your one true nature; that of skin and sin  
Of deep desire, lust—hunger within  
Devouring my body with your lips  
Salt coated from the sweat under eclipse  
Words whispered hurriedly within angelic bed  
Furnished with verdant grasses, wine light red  
Surrounded by the crisp late summer air  
Out near the beach, in public, where we dared  
To ride together through the night  
Our bodies cherishing moonlight  
That shone upon your bare and perfect breasts  
The night that left us both a holy mess  
And in the daylight hours we got dressed  
To come back home to our future nest  
Where it dissolved into a wisp  
Of July's fancy  
Blown astray



## *Maybe*

Maybe I got broken in too many places  
Maybe all that's left are scars in place of faces  
Maybe my heart got trampled and left for dead  
Maybe now a rock resides where blood is red

Maybe I forgot how it felt to love you  
Maybe I recall only sounds of sad tunes  
Maybe there's nothing left and we are but strangers  
Maybe I forgot how to be scared of danger

Maybe the next car passing will be the last  
Maybe forever is fleeting and long since passed  
Maybe your name is etched and bound within me  
Or maybe it's been released and floats up singly

## *Ohm Ω*

I am your history's repository breathing  
A thousand shattered memories reside  
In loving threads warmed via my blood's sheathing  
The signals pulsing regularly glide

Percussive bass of chemicals releasing  
Along the flow electric to the cleft  
Replaying final remnants concerto  
To one great hippocampal intellect

The swell of sounds, of images so fleeting  
Their vibrancy eclipsed just by the sun  
That barely skin at tips of fingers reading  
Can hold on to their fire one by one

Our final evidence—neuronal  
Will last with me until my final breath  
And then transmuted into clouds of quanta  
—will seed passions from my last, my only bed of rest.

## *Drive*

Like an addiction, or early conviction  
I cannot escape the incredible me  
The ego, the self, the persistent illusion  
Drags me and drops me into vast sea

From mountains in Poland—  
Where I heard my last thoughts  
To oceans in Bali—  
Among all the black sharks

The twisting, and turning of unquiet mind  
The beating, and yearning of jaded design  
There is no forever of quiet repose  
Not for the joker behind this big nose

I'll last in this journey, this feverish quest  
For as long as I can, whilst keeping my zest  
And falling from sky, acceleration accreting  
I'll open my arms to hug earth's heart beating.

### ***Ships Pass***

Your eyes used to shine so brightly—seeking mine  
Gentle hands maneuver lightly to entwine  
Our luminescent touch in full moon's glow  
Joins blood, joins heart, joins hunger to and fro  
Voiding the ever present distance in its flow  
Keeping us as one until the throw  
Of unrelenting fates hard heavy blow  
The blow that shattered us apart  
Before a hope could bloom  
Of a new start  
Before the tide could turn and grant us a reprieve  
We fell below the pressure—could not breathe  
Our love asphyxiating as a child  
Wrapped round its neck the navel cord run wild  
Into a thousand pieces cut apart  
Never to cleave together that new start  
You sail far and further from my shores  
I'm left alone and broken  
Wanting more

### ***The End***

You will know it once it's gone—

When days drift endlessly towards night  
and night itself is no respite  
When meadows green do not ignite  
a moment's hope or joy held tight  
When books seem barren of the truth  
laid strings of words struck from dead tooth  
When films don't dazzle or demand  
the very time under command  
When bedsheets seem too cold  
Or hot, or just an empty parking lot

Yes, then you'll know,  
and then you'll bend  
returning back into the end—  
of how you held  
of how you lost—

O how the pain of fire is  
—ultimately—better,  
than the pain of frost.



## *Seconds*

I don't want to die  
But if I know that I must  
I'd like to live a bit more,  
A bit more than I have been  
A bit more than I am

I'd like to spend some more moments  
In moment immersed  
Overwhelmed by the second—  
That can't be rehearsed

One such second in Barça  
One such second out West  
One such second in Cambridge  
Another—a test

Second by second—  
It seems not enough  
Though each one of those seconds  
Fulfills life—overstuffed

Yet life keeps on going—  
and thirst with it still  
By beat of the heart  
so sounding its trill

I'd like to see Paris  
In its glory revived  
Or a new city  
that will take its stride  
I'd like to be *in* there  
A part of it too  
Not just observing  
While others go to  
I'd want to be *in* it  
To live here and now  
Less meditation—  
More drink, and more sound

I want to live fully  
By G-d not alone  
Surrounded by passion  
and a path towards a throne

I wish to be happy  
Not sad,  
nonetheless  
I'll take being there—  
In a beautiful mess  
Over sterile a life  
Living slow, constant time  
with calendar's march  
—the only ragtime

Do come and join me  
When insight does strike  
and we will make merry  
Most any a night