

[Distance. 26]

[Departure]

T*: pack into boxes: books, lampshade, ceramics.

T: make Doshirak.

: no internet. : Logan arrived. : three boxes in the car. : taxi: 1300, transfer to the card. : the driver shouts: paid parking, I can't drive in. : I shout: drive. : the artist is trying to tell me something. : the taxi driver doesn't know where to go. : everyone is shouting. : the artist pulls the boxes out. : I'm worried: it'll be expensive. : the clerk at the terminal says: to Koenigsberg it'll be expensive! : I get upset. : drank 400 ml of coffee. : 2700 for the shipment. : ready to kiss the manager. : total: 4000, or 40 to Koenigsberg. : get out of here. : a man: Ryazanka: I'll give you a lift. : sat down on wet wipes. : we're riding the metro: discussing contemporary art. : a banana taped to a wall. : we agree: art! : get off at Kashirka. : the artist goes on to Varshavka. : my phone died. : I'm hungry. : I want to write. : rush hour: Friday. : total: cutlets: Friday: no lectures: left.

[Belorussky Station]

: I want to swear. put it on the conveyor belt. : it's cold. my bag has gotten dirty. : a drunk man in the café: I go away for work. tired people blur across the seats. clutching their suitcases: they'll steal them. : you're ours, Belorusskaya. : I don't argue. I begin to fear they'll steal it. : I'm not wearing gloves. : it's always cold at the station. : the platform smells of coal. : suitcase wheels: tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr. : half-light: evening. : cold.

[Carriage No. 6]

A tall carriage attendant, a passport worn smooth by too many hands. Mine slips from my fingers, falls like a bird beneath the cold of the wheels, sharpened by their long gliding – the

entrance into a living half-dark.

Carriage No. 6. Shriveled faces, suffocated windows. The pleats of the curtain on broken hooks — broken lines. Two sheets and a towel in a heat-sealed package. A damp pillow, a dusty blanket that has seen countless bodies, a bare mattress. Cold descends from the air conditioner, snaps at my nose.

Vyazma, Smolensk, the border. Vampires, waffle crumbs, forgotten children's books, toothpaste smeared across the floor. And right beside them — living shaggy cats, bright-red parrots, armfuls of tulips smelling of cucumbers. I want to sing: ouaya-ayaa-ayaa-ouaya-oua-oua. Pour in boiling water, cover it with the little paper lid, stir it with the little spoon. With a chocolate bar, or better yet, a wafer. Coffee, light brown, streaked with watery veins. A brown beetle. Berth twenty-six — a mug clinked. A sleepy pillowcase from a crumpled pillow. Plastic bags whisper to one another, a suitcase rattles. Vampires, there are vampires here.

Smolensk, Minsk, the border. Border guards beautiful as cast statues — embarrassed. A glass of strongly brewed coffee, prickly **šakotis**, a woolen cardigan. :

More than halfway there.

[Book]

: I whisper and poke the book with a pencil: underline. : the indistinct follows close behind: covers my shoulders with a snowstorm. : how am I to understand this. : a thick layer: the cinematography of a single paragraph: a magnifying glass: ultraviolet. : signs emerge in the darkness. : the carriage attendant walks down the corridor: buy some lottery tickets! : Moscow — Kaliningrad: *"The Space of Connection."* : don't you want amber beads — a game in the gray zone. : the carriage is almost empty. : workbench: table: my tongue refuses to obey: quotations in the notebook: page 32. : it's dark and quiet on the train. : we set off.

[Fountain Pen]

The nib catches on the fibers of the brown paper: lifts them slightly: pulls: densely: stickily

pours: runs in violet resin over my fingers: gets into the wound: mixes with blood. : border:
Lithuania. : violet fingers, in a thin line or thickly. : remufffff f:f:ffffff ffffffffffffffffffffffffffff. :
rustles: rustles: scratches: jumps: shr: shr: shr. : the tongue does not bleed. : it reaches the
heart. : : : raise yourself a little. : look at me: good: what's under your feet. : nothing: nothing. :
the paper has risen in pockmarks: black: red: sea-green. : the water boiled with cold foam:
burned the ledges of the shore into grassy icicles. : the paper smells of wood: not that white-
toothed kind: phosphorescent. : this one is yellow: like human smoke-stained teeth or a body
lightly roasted: the color of baked milk. : the nib glides, lost: the ink tickles: if you run it across
your skin. : the paper is thin: rustling and soft. : your passport: where are you going: how could
I about you: my beloved. : black: long: smelled of blueberries: lived: breathed: like a fish: with
its eyes. : crow: wing. : letter-scribe. : new: transparent: heavy. : wax: poured into a mug of cold
water: you cannot see it. : I read the message. : nonsense: disbelief: superstition: repentance. :
index finger. :
we set off.

: seat 17: quiet quiet quiet. : seat 19: there is no there: there is instead. : seat 17: here you're supposed to shout: yes. : seat 19: try. : knock: knock: knock: shshshshrrr. : seat 26: found three.: take them: knock: knock: rustling. : seat 27: there is no one there. : seat 26: I never managed to catch it: neither the arriving nor the departing: ordered it: it was turned on. : seat 27: was watching: was watching: he wrote. : I'm watching: it rustles. : seat 26: bags: probably: nice. : seat 27: I'll catch it: I'll ask. : and where are yours: the searching ones? : already gone.

People mix with droplets sliding from the sky like skis. Running through the passage, feet wet.

Eyes stuck together from thinking about what will happen the day after tomorrow. Yellow

marshrutkas are packed. I regret not taking the bus. I don't like the stop opposite the Prussian stables. Stables remain stables. The smell of rotten tomatoes remains a smell. The smell of old mackerel mixes with the smell of apples and the shouts of plump women. Golden rings on nimble fingers. Clusters of grapes on a wide stall.

The bus – damp, fogged up, with streams of water on the windows, barely sliding through threads of cars. Mess. Mess. Go-go-go-go-go-go-go-go through a street torn open by giant buckets scooping up stones and earth. Jackets, umbrellas, scarves.:

I wiped my feet on the doormat.

[-]

I come into my apartment, take off my damp boots, hang up my wet jacket. It drips onto the floor. I look into the mirror in a yellow frame. I like it – the tired clothes have gone. Dry, with stale air, the room smells of unopenedness, of closed curtains, never straightened out. Below is a glass workshop, I have a glass loggia –

my naked body would be clearly visible. The air touches my skin. I brush my teeth. I wash my hands. I drink tap water. I fall silent for a few minutes. No sound.

I pour tea from an old teapot with a chipped spout into my grandfather's old mug. I lie down on the sofa in the kitchen. I fall asleep. My mother calls. :

you've arrived!