

Canzoni dimenticate

Poems by Alexander Shaumyan

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New Haven, Connecticut

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For Christy

Darling, because I'm given to extremes...

Darling, because I'm given to extremes
Of exaltation and the ultimate despair—
A madman torn by outlandish dreams,
Obsessed by metaphysics of your hair—
Because I'm an idiot, I think,
To sing these ardent love songs in this town,
Because I think too much, because I drink,
Because I'm just another drunken clown,
Because I've really nothing else to do
In this sad place so desperately boring,
Because I love your charm and your tattoo,
But that is not the reason I adore you,
Because you are just what you are—no more, no less,
And that is why, my darling, that I miss you—
Because I can recall with tenderness
The times I touched your freckled skin
and kissed you.

October 19, 1998

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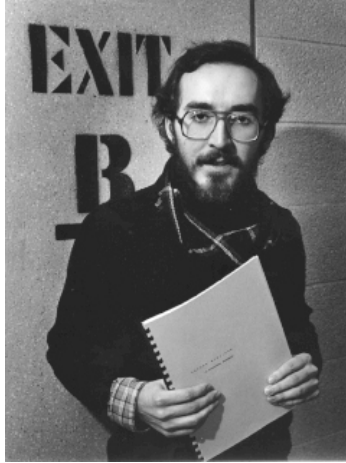
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alexander Shaumyan was born in Moscow, Russia, in 1962 and immigrated to the US in 1975 at the age of 13. He started out as a painter, but frustration with capitalism and sex deprivation led him to drinking massive amounts of bourbon and writing raving poems about corruption at all lev-

els of American social and political life. His verse has disturbed many an impressionable young poet and outraged god-fearing citizens everywhere. In short, he's alienated his friends, family, colleagues, and lost all sense of proportionality. Right now he is probably completely shitfaced at some sleazy establishment, thinking of voluptuous American nymphs.

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