

Eugen Suman

Electric Bolts. Shapes Beneath The Skin

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I owe these guys & gals many thanks
and I wish to publicly do it here, in this book.
So thanks guys and gals, glam on.

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Electric Bolts.
Shapes Beneath The Skin

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*“You're dreaming with your eyes open,
right?”*

Ian McDonald - Necroville

My eyes are always wider

I want to tell you what could've happened to me
I want you to see it today and tell yourself that nobody could've stopped me

you must understand there are things you haven't seen before

1. they've hired andrew as a test pilot they've given him a prototype
let's say they would've set new standards in urban transportation
let's pray that would've been the case
andrew brought his wife to his first flight he told her he loves her
he would've told her he loves her
she didn't realize what had happened she told the reporters later on
later on when this was already history
that her tears didn't fall not for one minute not even when
the charred bones replacing her husband's feet have turned blood red
or when his face seemed the mere astonishment of somebody freshly woken
from his sleep

don't be scared the space between us is inhabited by my own creatures

2. it happened on the morning just before the most important day of your life
and it was more breathtaking than your most erotic dreams
remember that you felt your belly turning into jello recall those
pleasant moments when the wave of shrinkage passed over your still body
there was someone else shaking you not the man you're thinking of no it
wasn't even a man
we both know it
that before that morning you couldn't have guessed someone could touch you
like that
you felt large parts of you sliding away
maybe now your breast-bone vibrates just like mine
we tremble side by side
as we remember the teeth on the wet cartilages listen to me don't forget

hit me now don't forget me don't you ever forgive me

3. you've asked me so I'll tell you why Selma looked for me yesterday
picture a woman that's extremely soft a woman that has extremely sharp eyes
that can undress you in a second of absent-mindedness
look away now, focus on what's next
I love nothing more in this world than my lacquered table
its cold surface and graceful legs that color - so relaxing
Selma had pneumonia when she visited me and I suspect the worst of her
if you'd like to know I couldn't risk a single minute of her touching my table
that would've ruined my day completely and definitely I would've despised her
maybe even more

4. my head is heavy there are forms rallying around me threatening
protect me from the forms that touch the arm save me
kill the form that melts the flesh
we are alike we are the edges of the same wound
it's the blood between us which speaks
the table before me now seems as wide as the African desert
waves of sound scatter the sand
and at the other end
with their disfigured smiles
the people behind the curtain

your mere presence sends shivers down my spine hold me in your arms
I'm cold I'm scared

the fur is soft, the flesh is fresh

today I truly descended in my soul
so what's the point in telling you
that you were right
that nobody has ever lived there

nobody cares for us
and when the time comes our brains stretch their shadows on the walls

when dreams become the shadow of the day
and all these connect in marvelous speed
I sit down
what's the use of reading a book or watching a movie
how could a lullaby or a video game soothe my mind
only fresh air and coffee can stop the sliding
it's the only way I can stick around here

I don't want to think of those who've lost it all
because I don't understand them

a new suite of floods a night bombing in north korea
an explosion in colentina a seismic tide towards kyoto
there's a bomb in central park a devastating earthquake in india
there's an acid rain over africa (our elephants have melted)
we have moscow the new form of rape
we have oil for bucharest
baby seals hanged out to dry (the fur is soft and the flesh is fresh)
milkweed and
my certainty that once more those filthy rabbits will get away

no more shaky hands
no more

The drums of fear

at night I see the allied planes bombing bucharest
in a strung up rush
huge phantom flames hug the buildings
like a hot and shiny halo
scattering fog under the skin
in the pale light of the fire
I try to distinguish the columns of the paper lying on the table
to give some meaning to this unexpected ghost
but my mind
with outspoken grace
spreads with tenderness beneath the skulls of my neighbours
and my sleep is troubled once more

this morning is like a crying hyena

it pulled me out of the sulky surrounding of the cigarette smoke

I was truly glad when

people began to flock together shivering

Through bus stops in block staircases

among sweaty sheets

a new day had miraculously wiped away the sexual strain of the night

and happiness was bubbling up in their veins

while they relished their reeking coffees

how nice

I said to myself rubbing my red eyes

what a sense of contentment I must be feeling

how much they love their offspring still-sleeping

indeed on the backs of my neighbours

like a track of sweat

perfection itself thoroughly trickles

behold all the things in my room are stalking
and the air trembles so subtly you might think
each man vibrates in an untold conspiracy
with such rare such precious solidarity
and therefore I can't tame my fear I can't raise my eyes
I let myself fall into this sudden heartbeat into the drums of fear
nowhere in this room is safe anymore
and now
with a newfangled solidarity so sweet
my organs quavering along the shaking of the entire block

sometimes it so happens that I'm glad without any reason
and then there are snakes tossing inside my chest
the body learns how to move after being numb
and the skin between things hardens and crumbles
spreading the faint smell of old age in the stale air
my contorted dance
rouses dust from the thick carpet
look at my feet following the directions
my hands flutter in half-dark
ripping the room into thick slices like great ships split the waters
my dislocated body hurts the edges of objects

all things are carried through in the dark
and my sharp fingers
open the breastbone to the filth within

they told me that the freezing of bones
the tense yet loose apathy
like mud from beneath the skin on sunny days
these are unable to show me the way I am
they draw a sketch of the carcass the black arch of the eyebrows
the lifeless limbs the look that's always tired
just the way a butterfly in the insectarium isn't really a butterfly
pinned to our lives we are neither alive
until we tear down the web around us
until our fatigue doesn't connect to the big scheme

as if my street wasn't enough

these days not even the place I take up can bring me

that sublime rarefaction of the sternum

that easiness of assimilation I can't get rid of

the hostility I am feeling isn't just in my head

the continuous buzz I hear coming from the desk

it's the gnashing of the teeth the crackling of clenched

fists

there are things that must happen

in the darkest nightmares the capital of zanbizarre awakes to life

a last breath of air

there are people whom you should always fear
I climb down the block stairs
you can't trust them you can't pet them
their eyes are horrifying
tense

night has come
in the garden among the rosebushes
I distinguish the stretched silhouette the body of darkness
and the lady pharmacist looks at me
focused

if you dig behind the hedge
where the moon can barely reach and the foam grows unhampered
you'll find us
fatted
and you'll find our hands kneading restlessly
like a wave like a large surface of water the moon
turns up in the garden across the road

I can't breath
underneath the blanket
in this scum of a city

without addiction and memory loss
I'd be nothing I'd be just an ordinary drunk
and my time would soon come
and you'd burry me in the garden
beneath the hedge
for the worms to eat me
for the creatures of bucharest to gnaw me

it's not your fault no use in feeling sorry
no use in embracing us
you'd better go home
your momma needs you
and your dead father

a last breath of air
'cause the clouds begin to gather

The shapes that entangle us

it's no big deal walking along an empty street at night
when people coil up in their dens
the terrible fear which stifles me when I discover forbidden things
how subtle the passing the change of perspective the complex reaction
in moments like this I am no longer sure of anything
and my life becomes as dense as the shots fired at funerals

some things I can't control at all

the guilt crumbles down inside me I hear undistinguishable echoes
don't leave me alone in my corner sit down next to me
talk to me in that special way
your voice hides the slow advancement of the shadows
and the objects that whiz settle down and straighten up
you'd say the air was splintered by the shape that hardens the skin

in my place there's none but the creature left behind
to put it differently my outlines are now filled by you
it happens like in great wars when
with well-planned howls
warriors rush at each other and their arms flicker
the one that hunts me feeds upon me
don't you think it could be otherwise that things could go better
the shape that shakes the stone is my hands
and fear
just like a huge sand wave
it floods my mouth

the looks from beneath the shadows are like clear summer nights
when our eyes close and everything sparkles for one second
think of the graceful electric bolts that move under your eyelids
after you press your eyeballs desperately fearing that tomorrow you'll be a
lesser man
smaller and weaker before their ardent beauty
see the shapes that whisper see how good it feels to be there
maybe my whisper has lost its grace maybe now it's your time

don't you think my hands ever stop trembling

I tell you this one last time bones are heavier than flesh

while the shape that kills changes into a raging dog

only then comes the night of my power

the white fangs show from under the snarling lips and the claws clench

watch my collapsed body my dead eyes this is how the one you love looks like

**in those last minutes I spend with you I want to leave you a path a
trace**

I can't use anything that's mine anymore but I have a simple
break of rhythm instead
a small pause during which things become clearer I feel you understand
me

let's say this is the neutral zone the place where we are no longer

everywhere there were gaps of unfriendly and dark inlets

it's perfect as it is

now your difficulties have all ended
we both stand at the back of the street
where only the sound of engines
gets through

we smoke and we talk

even though it's foggy outside and your hands have frozen
I can still say
that almost everything they've told you about me is a lie
how should I put it
those people were just lying they don't care about me that's why
maybe they are a little bit jealous as well I have no idea
either way
I felt I had to tell you I wouldn't have been at peace with myself otherwise

one of us threw the still lit cigarette on the wet cement

the rattle of a large truck makes the windows tremble
I pull closer
for a minute there I was afraid an earthquake would bury us here
I understand you
we all need a clearer picture
but I don't care you can say anything I don't trust you
you are like this cigarette thrown here randomly
you still sparkle but in a little while you'll be extinct
I can't become involved with something like that
I hope you realize that

maybe the break is over and it's time to get back

afterwards that big earthquake came and nobody managed to do anything
one of us lies under a fire escape
with the chest shredded
the other one managed to walk a bit further then his skull was split open
and now he shivers on the ground
but it's ok as it is

it's perfectly ok

Inside my lungs like in a warm womb

breathe above my forehead and the skull-bones
will roll over to make room for you beside me
to let you touch me to talk about all the crazy things you've done
like when you didn't want to stick to me
when you said you were one of those beings
that need to have people around like breathing
that night my flesh was bleeding on the bathroom floor on the white toilet seat
that was when I really learned
to build

at the end of the evening

my watery eyes beside the large monstrous eyes of my mother

my feet crack

the frozen legs slide far away from all I've said

and the spine sparkles bluish wetting the blanket

in the bed next to me my brothers vibrate frightfully

once more I've had that bloody nightmare in which I
float in the thick air of the room and my skin clings on
every fold and then the sudden passing towards the desk
towards the folded newspaper
thousands of hours of reading the same words thousands of hours of dreadful
lucidity
the same question
can you come by today so we can watch the wall?
the wait like a living animal
the wait stalking emptying the last trace of coherence from my dream
and above all
with an unearthly grace
my mother's gaze
glacial and calm
watery and staring
like some kind of guilt I can't explain

they've stuck wet cardboard in my mouth and I can't even sing
your benevolent eye followed me throughout my childhood
hiding in the air around you was useless remember
how you used to disappear how you were never there
you knew how to serve me the most important lesson

get out more you read too much

in vain I sit on my warm block's terrace at summer

the sky is not blue in bucharest

I stare fearfully at everything above

I breathe in the smell of tar with the anxiety of a big tomcat

It's so peaceful here that I feel I'm sitting on a sleeping animal

my friends have dozed away rocked by the rhythm of the noon

and I let myself caressed by the grey summer sun

forgive my tenseness forgive my sadness

our blocks like cavernous lungs

will never substitute lovers

our breasts will never fill

with that special air with its freshness and vibration

us along with our blocks

and inside us others

an almost perfect symbiosis

my head feels like a hot air balloon

an indecent sultry heat makes my hands blush
and now disappointment seems but a whim of senility
every day people passing before me disappear in a
warm paste in a comfortable affective numbness
I feel at ease only within myself just like my brothers
vibrating under their blankets feel at ease among those
alike

the children of the capitol city and the jailbirds play among garbage
in a perfect chaos

we are here for you

there's nothing to be said about me when I'm sad
and if you see me walking down the street with my coat fluttering
please
don't touch me

there's nothing I can give you
because all I have is obscured by huge buildings
by new visions by the sounds of sledgehammers
it's an implosion of impotence a large field of fear
where I'm wandering with no landmarks
only your hand, crouching beneath the ground, now has some strength
so I draw my head near you
to hear the music better

it was now that I first saw you for who you are
you frighten me

yesterday you couldn't drink anything
the black ceiling the black walls people everywhere
nausea and choke tie me to you
think that nothing is wrong everything will be better later on
when you get home we'll both throw up
be glad that you're loved
this always heals the spasms of the stomach
swallow the claw within your throat smile
there's no need for them to know anything
I am here beside you

forgive me I can't tell you more
yesterday evening when you were somewhere else
a huge column of smoke and stone descended from above
and at its base all the dryness the slimy impotence and human nastiness
they've burst into a flower of fire a flower of humidity
then the pigs and the horses returned from the adjoining courtyards
licking and biting themselves
I'm here beside you changing your life love me

The butler's last song

let's stay like this for a while in the cold morning breeze

maybe we'll manage to look at each other with less mercy with less contempt

the night has left its dark spiders on your hand

and my fingers try to scare them off in vain

how grotesque the beginning of this day

how grotesque our gaze interlacing above our breaths

while the darkness is still retreating its emissaries

from within

I'm always behind your back, behind all things
my piercing gaze enlightens each opportunity
I let nothing happen accidentally I forgive nothing
I search for evil with an unstoppable determination
with utter boldness
look at the way the brain raises its whimsy contorsion
pay attention to the darkness behind the eyes the fog inside the mouth
I'm telling you my will is going to name things
and all noise and all life will submit to me fearing trembling crying

it's the little things in life which really defeat a man
the insignificant details which mess up our lives
and then the pain nestles within the most natural gestures
like an outing an evening with the family
that's why I'm so defenseless before my fellows
so unsteady and so scared
because evil always takes up the shape of those you love
because trust is the shortest way to the boiling hell
from inside our hearts

let's look away from brother antonio for a while
let's forget about his small cell smelling like pig lard
listen to the voice that whispers and listen to its message
see, it's there you'll find endless pain and dread
tell me if your skin hasn't wrinkled on your arms
if you feel your fingers wrapping around your throat
it's too late for remorse now when something vital is gone
when the fingers have ransacked your throat and brain
and gall and gastric juices haven't brought you relief
that which is made of treachery recklessness and hate
is nothing but the promise of a greater evil
its barbed roots are stuck deep in my chest

this is a song
of repleteness of endlessness and blood-drops
when you'll find signs of a tiredless search on your wrists
when you'll stick the conclusions of long discussions in your
stomach
then you'll shiver
your flesh will burn in horrible struggles smelling of incense

let me tell you how my palms were traveled by overwhelming sweat

and if I tell you now

each night they sneak into my room
silently
like the crawling creatures of the Danube

*you should've seen those cables, man,
thick like my arms
emerging from each crack
from each opening
man, 't was hentai, mind-blowing, man*

all of my days follow the same flow screens keyboards and pixels
It's only when I sleep that I feel the tide electrifying my blanket and my hair
my brain and my spleen connect to the collective network
of dreams and fears of executions and orgasms
it's here that I meet them
and we draw plans of real revolutions

*the water was running from the upper corners of the walls
everything was wet and warm
they were feeding me and talking to me and pleasing me
I'm telling you, man, give it up, for heaven's sake,
you need this, nobody loves you anymore*

and if I tell you now that I didn't manage to do anything
will it be better and cleaner and nicer
in this town?

*in the underground
there's squirming and lust
there are huge computers and soft cables
they're distorting their dreams under blankets
whilst in our tall beds
we grin and laugh furtively*

The night of blood

- for Claudiu K.

the road

I see the road as through a sieve
my mind sets close landmarks
remember remember don't forget to laugh they'll caress you
my arms are held by people I hate
people I don't know
my feet are hanging somewhat awkwardly
everything seems funny to me
it's not my mouth that is full of saliva
it's not my throat that is snarling
hang your head hang your head maybe they'll forget maybe this way nobody
will notice
on the back of my head the first shadow of the evening settles down like a
thick blanket

recurrent dream

observations can be made according to the main issues

the killing

the lack of time & space coordinates

surfeit and the ease in giving up conventions

the narrow force field around the shoulders

the out-of-body and flight experiences

the slime on the faces the glue that covers it all

room 1

for two days Napo has not been eating
he chews and he spits he gnashes he moans
he makes us sick we want him to be tormented
only the frenzy of a violent act
only the small orgasm of a well-aimed fist
can comfort our soreness the night of blood is calling for us
the soft arcade demands to be smoothed
they found Napo the next day, small and bruised, crouched in his bed
the marks of our teeth were on his hands and shoulders
our tiny good-bye ceremony
under the bed the tides of filth and blood had completed their work

sister 1

in the middle of the night my veins fill with sand they are swelling they rattle
that's when the glass people with colorful eyes come
and along them comes sister 1 with the living dog-heart and her gown stained

room 2

in room 2 there are the dead lying on beautifully colored beds
and their dreams enter the scratched belly of the machine
we always have perfect balance
between life and death
therefore each Sunday we creep down hallways up to their room
and we sing to them

it's nice out here where everybody's watching me

the sun pierces through the window
the dust suddenly awakens to life, shining as the arch on a starry night
and the roaches crawl fearfully towards the shadow, into the moist arms of the
scent

it's nice out here where everybody's watching me
and sister 1 is holding her long finger pointed at my chest
waiting for my sickness and disgust to emerge
like black overly-fattened pigs

chlorine

old-man george washes our toilets every month
we all gather behind him the living beside the living the dead beside the dead
and we watch him crying silently

appeal

we've never liked wine
that's why we behave like this
it's winter

from behind the windows the species smiles upon us

The awakening

there was a loud noise and the walls of the room collapsed
for an instant the voice was rendered speechless
all around the earth was bearing rotted fruit and creatures were
yelling
above my crushed body the air had frozen
here I am clean and revived, like after a long sleep here I am

they whisper around that the jail is actually a library

the truth is you could love her

- you take her frail hand
and hold on to the dream -

on foggy days we all get out of the house
we shake off our last remaining dreams
then we stare at each other
in respect

confinement is lethal
because we so terribly need contemporaries
petty people
paltry
and the national theatre

look how our bones slender
be afraid for that day is near
the day when the wolves and the lions from baneasa zoo
will take over the city
and our grandparents will fidget in their graves

the truth is you could love her
if not for her dark hair
and the collar around her neck

and 'cause today I've thrown up as for all the drunkards of the world
and 'cause today I've wept enough for all your future deeds
I tell you
my friend, take that gun down from the nail
take it and do yourself justice

may this be the last day when someone tarnishes your mind
and heart

Here is where my answers lay

the sun is rising so differently today
because
I've done all there had to be done
and now
as you can clearly see we are closing to the end
perfect storms and public executions
second-hand cars and siderurgical enterprises
your and me
living in the best of all worlds

I can no longer see your eyes
so much has happened that
I feel
I must tell you something else:

each night I dream of water
tons of water

today we are going to the zoo
ay the rabbits from madagascar and their stretched little tails!
here is where you must stop
here is where my answers lay

I've been thinking so intensely about you

that in the evening

after a copious meal

after gorging myself like a pig

and drinking alcohol

I said to myself

god, give them this food 'cause they're mad with hunger

give it to them 'cause they'll be freezing to death this winter, the bastards

I don't know why or how

I should postpone all these things

that indispose me

this stupid rubbish that eats me alive

I don't recognize you when we run into each other

I want to do so many good deeds
but then
why all these gloomy eyes
why all this hatred and disgust
inside your brains?

your peaceful and leisable life is over
the kingdom of man has come to an end
your women have passed away
now
you no longer need anything but me and my
ruler
and this thing will end

from his desk, he sends me a cordial smile

something is growing there

I'm no taller than the buildings around me
nor than the beautifully coloured flags
mocking me with
their fluttering

this is my room it has empty walls
I called you up here because
I'm not feeling well
they say it's my fault that the baby died
I wouldn't sign their papers
but I was careful enough to put my name
somewhere else

and don't you tell me this pain in my arm is what I deserve
something is growing inside there
I can feel it

I am never going to see my friends
I'll never hear the shouts of those who hate me
I won't recognize my lovers
and my parents will go their separate ways
this is what I've been fighting for my entire life
this and your dry mouth

berceni is full of stray dogs
big dogs with kind eyes
awaiting for our boots to strike
they see failures and frustrations choking us
they're ready for the clash of hordes
and for the rockers

I have a tv that's always turned off and an old computer
and
a lot of grey cables
more vast and happier than anyone I know
I have a few people who love me and all the time I can carry
but above all these
“my motionless childhood defies time
reassembling pieces of memory in a dazzling and somber
mental puzzle.”

Had you passed through Berceni

inside your arm beneath the bruised flesh

among the soft cartilages

you'll find a shiny penny

and tell your friends your parents about it

you'll say how much you love it

how happy it makes you

in the meantime your mom is watching tv

you say 'mom I found it using your hair pin

mom it was under my weak flesh among the thick veins'

she smiles approvingly

then you go to your father

and say 'father your face is stamped on my penny it's your eyes that glow'

he caresses his chin absorbed by a san-antonio and grumbles towards you

you stroke your white-bordered wound you touch its very core

the real you lays in there you can feel it

your entire life has been heaping inside there

your life as a shiny silver penny

you leave home thinking you'll stop by your friends

the flesh of your arm whispers

you get on the bus you choose people to stare at

you stare until they can't take it anymore

the flesh trembles on your arm

your teeth chatter your seat pricks you

you get down at husi street in cold shivers your sweat has glued the shirt to

your arm

here are the red-eyed children obediently crossing the road

here is your bruised hand throbbing beneath the gluey sweat

your small step touches the street's very root

a street so clean so happy

your small step hovers along the husi street and

the flesh of your arm gently sighs

your clasped friends await down the road

your friends as warm as woollen waistcoats

there's radu

floating towards you like an orange balloon
his curly hair waving as sunk in water
his face swollen with fatigue
his bags of fat delicately trembling
your arm springs like an eagle it springs boldly
aiming his shoulder
the flesh on your arm is now speaking to radu
it reminds him of his sister in galati his sister and
her carved wrists
it reminds him of his insatiable hunger
buried deep under and still howling
therefore now your brave arm
shows radu in all his barrenness

andrew caught a smile from you
when he came near you and your arm
when he told you his father had been a red
and that things were better back then that we had more wheat
your white-bordered wound quivers
within the folds of the flesh a green blade springs
your vigorous arm caresses andrew's cheek
your fingers touch his lips
andrew has always been a slave to his own sex
even while talking to you
even when seducing your girlfriend
your living wound told him all these your living wound
now shows andrew with his belly stuck to radu's

catalin is approaching you wearing your t-shirt
thread-like with contorted shoulders and german-officer eyes
your fingers they vibrate
your t-shirt is struggling
catalin too is tossing and turning
your fingers are stroking his hair they pierce his ears
and caress his tepid brain
when in the 10th grade, he used to make out with boys at parties
always throwing up on by-streets
thread-like catalin now cracking his joints
your palm on his head your skinned palm whispering
memories of gulped chalk
of swollen lips your red palm
now displays for catalin the grotesque performance of adolescence

here are your friends

clustered at the end of husi street

bare with torpid eyes and sluggish breaths

embrace them there's nothing left to reproach

kiss them in gratitude for your exciting adolescence

for their beautiful mothers

place your shiny silver penny on their eyes

make them see

make them see you

you've already realized

that you've left out another stage that once more you've remained
speechless

your arm is silent

you tell yourself it's time to find closure you buy some more
cigarettes

you say hi to one or another

your cover the whole street with your tender look

what a bitter pill to swallow

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