

## *The Weight of It*

Zdravko threw us into the kitchen of the Macedonian hall and told us to cook. But we were drunk. How the night rolled out around us after that, no one will say. The heat swelled up in our town and at this point the unreality of the world ended. The imaginable began.

The street names I didn't know and we took them. The air glowed and heaved in October and: *There we were*. Everything was burning in fire. Even when the pale watery days came in spring, everything burned hotly. Something was shaken loose from the heart. The plenum was given its name and order. And it sounded.

I was at the liquor store. I couldn't understand the evenings. Light shown on the yards with its remarkable silence.