

Sigitas Parulskis
Underground Garages

I love underground garages, cool, crammed
with twilight, parking
slots you dive into, as into Pluto's realm, and later
come back into light, afraid to look in the rearview
mirror in case you've left something vital
there, under the ground
mythology here is offside –
to put it simply, a green sign shines out 'Spaces Free'
in the evening twilight,
which means that there
under the ground, spaces are free

there's something very human about a garage, people
arrive in cars,
abandon them and go somewhere, shoved by their worries
and joys, and return later,
sit in their motion machines and transport themselves
completely elsewhere, to the city's edge, its suburbs, to another
city, to another world, however they manage it

one day each and every one of us will leave
our motion
machines, our bodies, and transport ourselves
there, where spaces are, where
spaces are never lacking,
where it doesn't smell of petrol, of fresh snow, of rain,
of sperm, of tears, of treason, where there are no
windscreen wipers, no warning signs,
where no one speeds because all motorways,
even the fastest, bring to mind a falling
shadow breathing, and more than that, nothing –
if the essence of this word
could surpass itself

Translated by Matthew Sweeney

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