



DAMIR DOMA

S/S 19

That was needed, the looseness, uncorked.

He blazes at high speed on sanded cobbles— unlaced boots thumping, coat tail a step late— under a timid sun.

Yellow rays thud against tall constructs, all concrete and glass, disappear for a lane or two, then surge again, in the interstice.

Shoulders spread, throne over his flanks, large as the smile buried in the jaws.

When sidling by agitating commuters, his eyes don't waver. Although purpose likens itself to the cold, it is radiance his allure beams.

Reined it perhaps, human, pride still.

An argument could be made, and often is, he's just another man, the millionth— adding to the buzz and little else— haunting the metropolis.

The nerved neck, the raised chin, entitlement pouring down the pores, the many faced type. He may very well be.

And yet, in the shawled hour, the immensity before, arched and manned at its feet, mellows upon touch.

The ground, softer, drags him, with joy and into louche depths.

He shakes off his head, then the feeling.

Still, softness endures with tenth avenue happening into view, behind an ochre cube, beneath the coalesced blues of sky and river.

He slows an instant, and crosses what amounts to a freeway, removing himself from the street throbs.

His elbows, though firmly planted on the balustrade hovering the shore, sink in, soon rejoined by forearms and nylon-clad upper parts.

Car shrieks end any layer of, and any hope for, silence while the thrills of touch and seeing dissolve into the same thing.

Sights, be they boats purring or the majesty of nameless constructs, appear within grasp, mirroring at once status and lack of size.

Dizziness mounts. He clenches onto the aluminum bar, his heart now a good inch above where he'd place it.

It's intrigue, not panic, not loss; endured but not suffered.

Perhaps this is it, modernity. To armor against the outside, against the asphalt tongues sprawling on ends.

Perhaps it is shedding old skin and see that, the best for us, the best for clothes, is to embrace the parts we fiendishly loathe.

Could be noises, could be smells, could be the dissipating nature.

Still, to blend within the bowels of the city and emerge cleansed, whether in black, pink or white.

As he renounces understanding to simply be, his pulse lowers again.

With his back now turned to the water, he resumes south, where skyscrapers give names to streets and not otherwise.

Although traffic has doubled in the interlude, his moves are gracile, ample yet precise.

His shorts, razing his knees, allow for swift turns, the quick veers such a town demands.

The bust straightens itself; his coat, left dashingly unclosed, flaps against his thighs.

Here's purpose again, but from an obsidian stare it spreads, shocks alive every pore of his figure.

Until the smile, long thought lost, draws again.







