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Naked

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Nothing but fog left
on a side-view mirror,
assembled, forced into place
somewhere to stay faithful
to his indigenous dance.
He's dead, the message reads,
green, on our phones
although there never was
such a thing as the human,
stutters the cartoon-clad woman,
pulling the collar of her T-shirt
of a mouse. He dances
throughout her lecture,
paying no attention to us
or the dead. Pixelated,
the image keeps still
what words could. Like
what we thought was to choose,
to guess. And to make something
more of life than seasonal work.
Blessed to know what it means
to read bricks with rules like
who is here is from here,
when we really don't know
ourselves; so how could they?
How could they? Shoot
four children at the beach,
cut off a victim's legs by the knee.
Pay someone to listen.
And again. Someone says why not
admire life in anachronistic
modesty, as if we had never
flickered our blue,
red and black butterfly wings.

Biography

After completing a Master of Arts in Comparative Literature at UCL, Daniel is now undertaking a PhD in Comparative Literature at the University of California, Santa Barbara. Daniel has is currently the Assistant Editor of *Jewish Quarterly* and has presented widely across Europe.