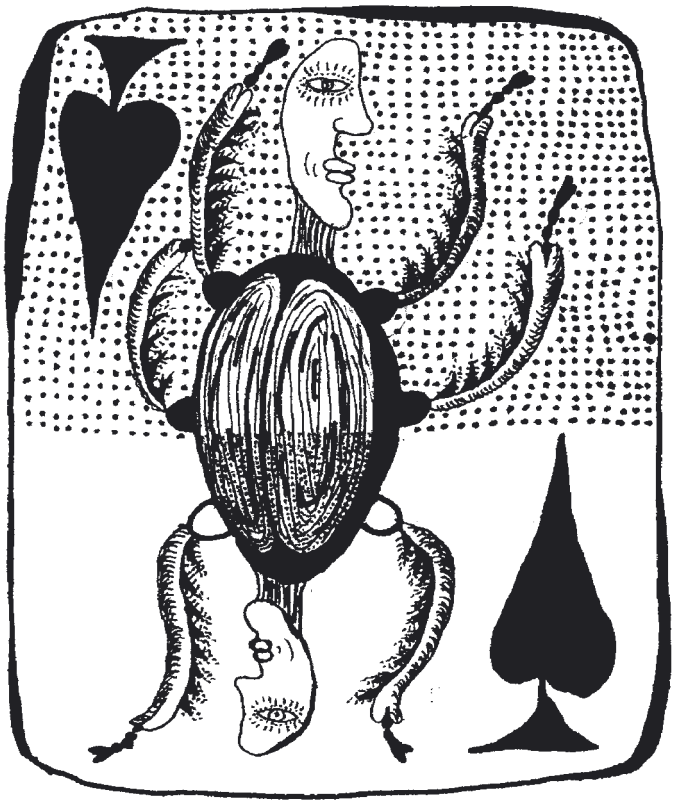
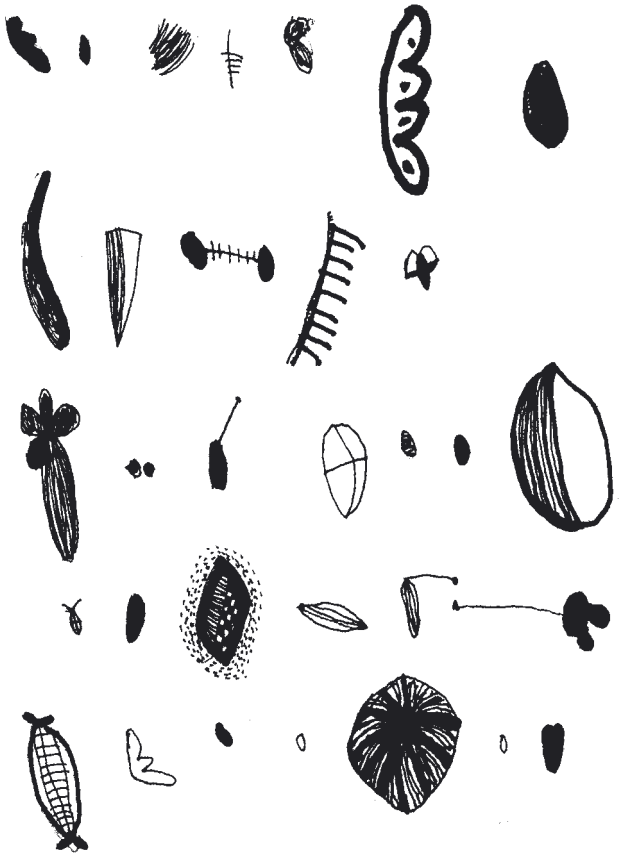
SANDRO ASATIANI

E-mail: info@sandroasatiani.com

JACK OF SPADES



COCKROACH POEM
1:75



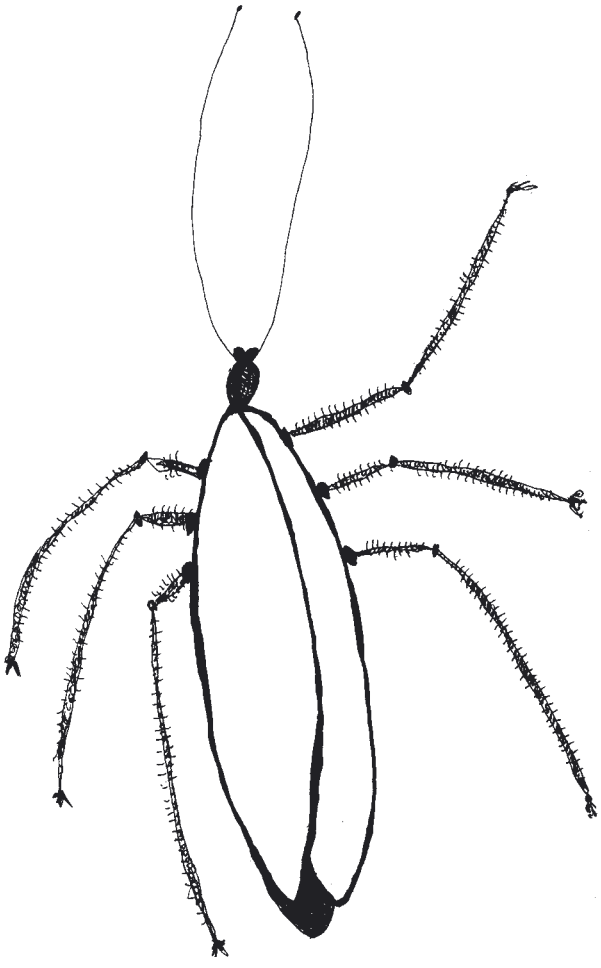


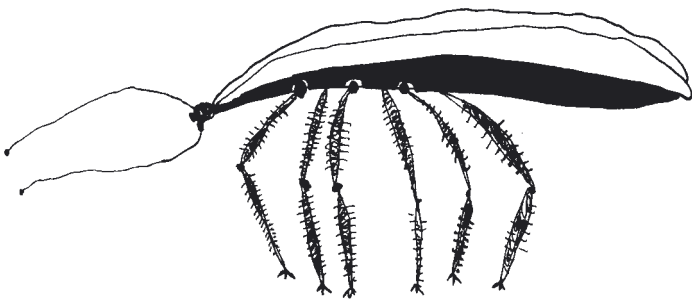
JACK OF SPADES

He woke up, looked around and realized that he woke up. He began to slowly move his mustaches. Nothing around has changed while he was asleep. He loved to sleep here, in this dark corner. Nobody bothered him here, even his mates. The very first thought that came to his mind was about her. He sighed sadly, some invisible forces pulled him to her. He anxiously jumped up on all the three pairs of feet and started to fix himself quickly. Then he ran to the poems, made some corrections. It was apparent that he was nervous. Somebe. The cockroach meanwhile came nearer and nearer to her. He already spotted her silhouette, yes, it was her. It was impossible not to recognize her. At last, Sofya Andreevna got bored calculating out her admirer and decided to go to sleep. Getting up from her chair, she noticed a small cockroach, standing in front of her feet, raising up his mustaches.

- What is he doing here? – she said – No way they start getting over from the kitchen to my room! And without thinking for long she smashed the cockroach with her shoe. A tiny cracking sound was to be heard…

After this evening the cards never pointed Sofya Andreevna at the jack of spades.





fully sleeping in her bed, and he, having crawled to her very carefully, tenderly touched her with his mustaches, felt every single winding of her skin, every tiny little hair. He was shivering from the temperature of her skin. He even tried its taste, carefully working with his mandible. But, despite his hunger, he didn't want to eat her. He simply touched her tenderly, loosing his mind feeling her vast and gigantic body. He woke up from his memories. Crawling under the door, he felt she was already close. Yes, you couldn't mix up this feeling with anything else. Sofya Andreevna meanwhile was sitting in her chair, busy with her cards. Once again the jack of spades pointed to her at some mysterious admirer of hers. She recounted all her male colleagues mentally, trying to guess, who could that

where from far away some scratches, strange sounds were to hear. The poems made him think sad thoughts. "Boy o boy, am I lonely!" – he thought. Nobody from his mates understood him. Nobody could honor his poetical works appropriately. They even didn't understand the great feeling of love he had. For them any deep and sincere feeling is something alien. That's why they all avoided him. But this didn't bother him. Nothing bothered him, at all, except her. He stood in his dark closet, so thin and lean, so pitiful, but his thoughts, his feelings called for her. To her, someone so big, so beautiful, so warm. "Well, what am I waiting for here then?" – it ran through his mind, and without thinking longer he set off, on the way to her. "She's probably there, yes, yes, she must be there.

quite an old house. The building, despite of the wretched façade, was still beautiful enough. But inside, in the communal apartments, one of which Sofya Andreevna dwelled, together with the people was populated by an infinite number of cockroaches. Sofya Andreevna, living her ordinary life and fighting these insects, sometimes with radical means, never even suspected the romantic relationship one little thin cockroach had to her. And on this very ordinary day she, coming back tired from work, as usual, turned on her old black-and-white TV-set. After having watched enough soaps, Sofya Andreevna decided to have some tee. In the communal kitchen, having quarreled a little with her neighbors and exterminating a couple of cockroaches, she went back to her room. She didn't

cockroaches. Usually, they die in result of some chemical intoxication, or they get killed by most brutal means. I hope, you understand what I mean. Despite this whole monotony of the society you can meet some outstanding personalities. For example – the poets. Although, one should add, that artistic personalities are quite rare among them. The cockroach we just spoke about was one of those having such exceptional (especially, among the cockroaches) talent. One can talk endlessly about cockroach poetry, but I'll try to briefly describe their essence. These works are quite an interesting thing. The cockroaches put together their "poems" from the tiny pieces of food. And since they have quite a good sense of smelling, thus they don't read poems in our sense of word, but they feel them by means of

Oh, can it be possible that I won't be able to touch her?" He sunk in his thoughts. He ran through the dark corridors without looking back and even almost hit one old cockroach. Actually all his mates, that is, the cockroaches, avoided meeting him, because he was held to be crazy. Right, just imagine yourself a cockroach in love up to his mustaches, and writing poems, too! A cockroach-life is quite difficult, you can even say, severe. They're not that friendly in everyday life with each other, not very communicative. In their society everybody just stands for himself. From the very beginning they lack motherly tenderness. Their day-to-day life goes on quite normally, without great trespassing of the well-defined boarders of the societal rules. There is quite a high rate of mortality among

want to sleep, so Sofya Andreevna decided to tell fortunes on cards. She took seat comfortably at a small table, put aside the table-cloth and began to put the cards on the varnished surface. The cockroach, meanwhile, dashed to her, to her room. Having crawled out from the behind of the stove, he spotted leftovers of food laying on the floor and in this very moment he felt hunger, because, he hadn't eaten anything yet. After having a quick bite, he noticed some tiny pieces of food, which could have been very well used in his new work. He decided to pick them up on his way back, if, of course, his mates wouldn't eat them up first. The cockroach went on. He started to recall – going back mentally to the day when he first managed to touch her hand. That day Sofya Andreevna was peace-

their marvelous mustaches. That is, the cockroach creates an emotional construction of his "poem", puts together a "verse" through alternating different tiny pieces of food. Each piece of food taken for itself, due to its taste qualities, raises a certain emotion in the cockroach. Drawing inspirations of some sources unintelligible for us, he then creates some subtle harmony, putting together these tiny pieces of leftovers in a sequence known only to him. Afterwards he thoroughly reads and rereads the results of his work with his mustaches, reassembling the "verses" in new combinations, and achieves the harmonic composition of these objects bringing delight to the true admirers of the beautiful. But, on the other hand, this peculiar procedure of transferring the somewhat primitive – at a first

glance primitive – "emotions" of the cockroaches creates many problems. For, due to the visual technique of transfer these works are not only food for the soul, but, so to speak, also food material. That is, directly speaking, the majority of the cockroaches eat such poems with great pleasure, never even giving a thought about their spiritual values. One should add thought, that the author himself has nothing against catching up a bite of failed poems. As you saw now some cockroaches have quite interesting inner world. But this cockroach got really carried away. He felt in love, and he felt in love not with just somebody but with her – Sofya Andreevna. Sofya Andreevna, a woman in a Balzac age, with voluptuous bosom and a massive torso, worked as a bookkeeper. She lived on Pushkin street. In