

*the book of possibilities*

A COLLECTION OF WORD IMPRESSIONS  
BY IGOR BREZHNEV

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE CURIOUS, TO THE NONSENSICAL,  
TO ALL WHO SEE WHAT IS REALLY THERE. THANK YOU FOR BEING.

flowers blossom.  
seeds become.  
no thing to lose.

strong coffee married with luscious cream  
in an old *chipped* blue mug  
a few minutes after sunrise.

how was your night?

sometimes i do not know why and that's rather alright.  
after all, finite reason has very little to do with infinite life.

witching hour sands flow slow. clothes in tatters close to skin.  
memory bag with a hole dropping grain for finches.  
levanter stolen kiss. moon and eye. shining.

where will the leaf land?

weep on rainy days.

then tears are like the salty sea of memories long  
passed. weep like the cloud weeps for some unseen  
unknown love of sky and earth. weep gently like the  
willow weeps to be the stream. weep till rivers brine  
are dry and sight of sun renewed.

weep so you may laugh in light.

slaughtered, conformed,  
bleeding, screaming life.

freshly mown grass on the wind.



thousand faces of love.  
the only reason ever was.  
dancing gracefully in space and time of raindrops  
reflecting each reflection manifold.

wet leaves whisper of that dance  
to the wind that carries me on its wing.

once i was married to a poet.  
she accidentally proposed and i accepted.

in space of time it takes for some  
to choose some garb to wear  
we lived a sweet lifetime,  
parted and became  
what's known as dear friends.

a blink of eye.  
an illustration to human life.

i once was married to a poet.

it  
is a  
windy  
night  
that calls  
me to the  
sea. it whispers  
hoarsely of waves  
and seagulls, of oars  
and salty hair, of sweat  
and ache. on those nights my  
brother wind gets deep into the  
marrow of my bones, the darkness  
grows, movement seizes and i am lost  
between the sky and water—full of stars,  
my being still and mute.

when sunrise arrives i shall again dream of port cities  
where wine warms the soul and beautiful women  
steal hearts for playthings.

a crescent boat glides betwixt the stars sail unseen. unknown  
magic blooms in darkest night to seed the day with splendor.  
what shall this dawn reveal?

sweet pear melting  
on the tip of the tongue,  
slightly sour grape  
following to claim  
the entire mouth,  
and then, in an explosion,  
enters the spice hitting  
the back of the throat with  
tiny hot needles,  
only to be merged  
with the previous two to  
say *St. Germain was here.*  
perhaps a taste of  
immortality, perhaps a  
snake biting its own tail,  
perhaps just a passing  
sensation that  
matters not at all.

dirigible harbor high.  
in the deep of the sky.  
waiting. empty. dry.

whistler, whistler  
chime to a simple rhyme.  
blow by and by.

dirigible harbor high.  
waiting. silent. sly.

traveller,  
that kiss we shared  
before marrakesh called you  
parted by train's closing gates.

remember?

trust is the face  
of my sleeping lover,  
breathing deeply,  
comfortably curled,  
our limbs mingled,  
like we were never  
apart, knowing  
that forever  
is a very  
very long  
time.



taut sound of sails in a wind, taste of raspberry jam, burning  
feeling of oars in shoulders, the smell of turning leaves dressing  
the naked trees and pathways, morning fogs and evening rains,  
tick and tock of old clocks, cold sand on wet feet, ferocity of a  
slithery pike pulled out of the water, driftwood burning and  
sparkles of careless cattails—so summer says à la prochaine.

As the velvet night descends, cool sweet and sour taste of  
lemonade melts into the heat with a promise of slow tropical  
dance. If one asks how much better this life could get, one sees  
the evidence present itself with ease of hummingbird's flight.

of willows and rivers, of wanderers, of sisters and brothers,  
of winds under wing, of patterns, of roads and homes,  
of tulips in fields, of fiddles almost rejoiced, of fires and smoke,  
of pine forest smells, and amber on shores:

lighthouses brightly signal, ravens two croakily whisper  
satiated by fiery slowly pulsing ruby liquor.

what else is possible?

inscribed in eyes and faces, felt in the wind and stone, unsaid  
in words. yearning, reaching, falling—syllabic pantomime of  
peculiar and silly nature. bliss in warmth, dug into sand and  
rock, blazed, rooted, earthen—inhaled.  
a certain lightness.  
unbound.

stone. in silence kindred. sitting still. basked in light. caressed  
by wind. becoming sand in time. a measure, grain by grain.

it's all about chocolate.  
delicious dark chocolate.  
the kind that melts  
in the warmth of the mouth,  
shooting slightly bitter gritty arrows  
straight into the core of being.

wounded, the core seeks more of its hunter  
only to be drowned in cold smooth taste of  
childhood left behind in a white enamel jug with  
age-worn wooden handle.

dancing with life.  
stomping.  
whirling, moving, shaking.

until there is no thought.  
just feeling.

until there are no answers—only questions.  
until starstuff is felt in the heart.

today  
for a while  
i shall wear  
white with coffee stains

a momentary memory of perfection of imperfect.



tristifical nepheliads gliding softly to nocturnal symphonies of  
shimmering starlight. c'est jolie, n'est-ce pas?

arizona desert, adept at asking,

i am grateful for all the questions  
you asked me to repeat.

oil paint on her softly chiseled cheek  
missed in haste to prepare.

a kind of love that swirls slowly from toes up until the  
entire body is forgotten in some mariana trench.

spanish words rumbling softly—en el silencio escucho  
tus palabras. a smell and sound of fresh pipe tobacco  
burning in a hand-cupped bowl.

a memory almost lost of what most likely never  
happened in montes vascos.  
those are things of life.  
i stand by them.

what glorious adventures await us  
in the moment to come?

how soon is now?

who am i?

all stories laid aside,  
i do not know.

who are you?

∞

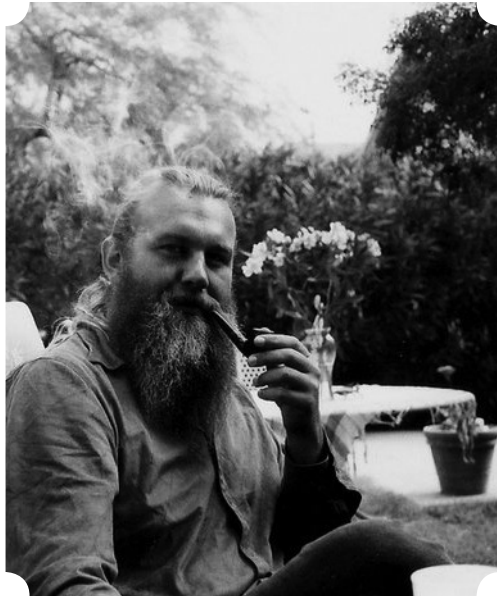


PHOTO BY CASSANDRA POWERS

this book is made for no reason whatsoever.  
it is a collection of feelings.

ask more questions.  
have less answers.  
remember to take a break often.

there are many white pages—write on them.  
it is, after all, a book of possibilities.

thank you for reading!

igor brezhnev

third of february twenty twelve  
phoenix, arizona

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*...all you behold, tho it appears Without it is Within  
In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.*

—William Blake, *from “Jerusalem,” chapter 3.*

THIS IS A PDF VERSION OF THE BOOK

PRINTED IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA AT IMPACT PRINTING  
WWW.IMPACTPS.COM

MANY THANKS TO  
SUN, WIND, EARTH, WATER, ALL THE LOVELY BEINGS,  
ROB CRAER, TOM & LINDA BLEASDALE, NATASHA MISHANO,  
MIKE & GAYLE PATTON, MARY L. HOLDEN, KATHRYN HENNEMAN,  
SHELLY CHILDERS, ALAN WATTS, LINDA SIROTKA, DAIN HEER,  
JEFF FISCHER, GARY DOUGLAS, MATTHEW H. OWENS, HOWARD JOHNS,  
MIKE & JILLIAN SCHLEY, STEVE BASS, JAMIE BONNELL,  
CHRISTIAN O’CONNELL, TYLER PAYNE, BRITTANY OLP, VINCENZ SACCENTO,  
AMY RAE PEARSON, NICOLE DURAN, ALICIA NITTLE, YAI NOSAUR, JOEY PARKS,  
ASHA VIE, MICHELLE BLADES, CHEYENNE POOLE, COURTNEY ANDREWS,  
BRIT SHOSTAK, BECCA BARBANELL, SIERRA JOY, LINDSEY MAGEE, JON MARINO,  
KONGOS FAMILY, BRENDON FORREST COTTRELL, JANE JOYCE, JULIAN FOREST,  
ALSTON FAMILY, ALANA E. ROBERTS, SUSAN CRAER PENROD,  
ALICIA OLIVAS-BORG, NIDAA ABOULHOSN, DIANE BANYAI  
AND SO MANY OTHERS  
FOR CONTINUAL SUPPORT,  
FRIENDSHIP AND INSPIRATION.

WITHOUT YOU THIS BOOK WOULD NOT EXIST.

