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Select Poems

David Dephy

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David Dephy is a trilingual Georgian/American award-winning poet and novelist, multimedia artist. He lives and works in New York City, and his poems have been published in multiple international journals. His first novel in English *All the World's Mysteries* is from Mad Hat Press (2019) and first book of poetry *Eastern Star* is forthcoming from Adelaide Books (2020).

Watching the East River

Watching the East River from Manhattan's side,
when silence is floating all around me and no
seagulls fly, I want to say—let the silence float.
Maybe I was wrong, maybe you, the East River
knows. I can say some words and maybe you will
be happy. I can say nothing and maybe you will
understand me more. Maybe what you like about
me can lead me to an understanding myself, and
maybe what irritates you about me can lead you to
an understanding of yourself, and maybe we hear
only what we understand and maybe we know
much more than we understand, and the East River
still flows under the silence of our miss, but the home
is impossible to miss—it's right by every river
in the world and we are still going, because there is
no life without movement, there is no prophet in his
own land and I am still saying—let the silence float.

The Song of the American Prophet

I can see the cities and subways, satellites and
news at 9, I see effect without cause, I see you
right over here, but I don't understand you,

I plant a lot of trees, but don't find rest under
their shadows. I have a million numbers on my
cell phone, I sent a million messages to the people,

but didn't receive any answer. I hear the echoes of
every mother's heart, I know every new generation
is the new heartbeat of you, I see what hides the night

or Mona Lisa's smile, or President of Russia,
but I am not going to share it with others, because
I love them. Is my love a punishment? Is it a sin?

You say you love me and you disappear through
the centuries of creation, when creation means
understanding and understanding is condonation,

I miss you, I can bury my feeling in oblivion, but
I see space between those words, it's a universe
beyond everything. I taste the light of that universe

it's a vineyard deep within me. I hear a melody
of that vineyard, it's the DNA within us. I touch
the heart of that DNA and its magnetic transparency,

it's the ash of history. I smell the ashes, there are
diamonds of future. I predict future by all my feelings
and understand myself, and when I understand myself

I understand freedom, when I understand freedom
I understand love and when I understand love
I understand the nature of a miracle and I reveal

myself to me—my love is deeper than the abyss of seas,
my love is stronger than the heights of fire. I exhale the sky
and all my tears become crystals of high mountains,

I exhale the sky and I transform into the constellations
beyond those spaces between those words when you say you
love me and disappear through the centuries of creation,

I kissed American flag right in the blood and flesh,
I kissed American idea into the hero's breath,
I kissed American prophecy into the sound of blues,

and I opened all the digits codes, but didn't
find any trace of time, I found only dust of
silence there, silence, which speaks for itself.