

# Nepilnu 4000 zīmju

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Viskijā mērcēta zoda gals  
Krāsotu matu slāgerī,  
Lētas pārtikas kaulainais rīks,  
masējot datora peliti.  
Vakara raudu piparu kantes  
iekožas kredīta pakājē.  
Sit mani picā, sit mani kvasā,  
Sit mani vēdera pakausī.

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**Pelmeņu sutra, griķu putra, mencas acs:**  
Pa Latvijas Eiropas daļu klīst rēgs,  
Krupis baravika,  
Kurš uzraušas tev uz krūtīm,  
Liek skaitīt ķiplokgrauzdiņus,  
Citu dzelteno, zilo, oranžo,  
Sarkano, sarkanbaltsarkano  
Pastnieku mutēs.  
Apgūst tavas omammas dilles,  
Zemenes iemīca kivi – divi,  
Vingliemežus sienāžos,  
Irbulus *Porsche* melnumā,  
Aizdenā brokastu kviešu klijas,  
Atmiņu *Lakto*-loģijā...

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**Valņu ielas programma:**  
Pelmeņi, glumi, bet pelēki,  
**kompots** ar plūmēm pārlieku  
gardām pēc trīsdesmit minūtēm  
āra salšanas rindā, rupjmaizes  
**ķieģeliša šķēlītes**, labas, jo citu jau  
nav, **soļanka** bez olīvas, **vista**,  
zilgani kārna kā *Aeroflotes* ēdienu  
kanons, **vinegrets**, biezciestu  
kāpostu caurausts...  
... sa-jaukums **Kristaps**, kur neat-  
šķirt **šņabi** no **balzama**, jo aromu  
diktē spēcīgais **Kosmosa** smārds,  
**Sovetskoje šampanskoje**, atšālējies un  
silts, labi, ka **Skapī** nemams bez  
indīgi zaļās **šartrēzes** piešprīces,  
... plānas, tepat ceptas **baltmaizes**  
plēvītes, mērcētas **oliveļļā** un  
**balsamico etiķī**, **zaļā tēja**, tikpat  
svaiga kā šepat pusdienojošo  
reklāmistu knābji, **karpačo** ar

**aragulas salātiem**, *nezinu kuru*  
*vinu ņemt...* **espresso**, melns kā  
500 dolāru vērtais naudas maks,  
kurš pieder kungam iz sabiedrībā  
integrējamās dalās...

**Basteja bulvāra programma:**

... burkānu-mannas biezzupa,  
**kotletes** ar kartupeliem, piena  
saldējums ar ievārijumu, deviņu  
kapeiku kafija – bet kopā viss divi  
rubli. Rindā nav jāstāv uz ielas, bet  
atejas piedvakotajās koka kāpnēs.  
Būs ieraugāms Sutas meistardarbs  
uz sienas, ja ieradīsies tad, kad vēl  
gaismas gana...

**kotlete**, nedaudz dārgāka par  
latu, toties iespiesta kopā ar  
majonēzi starp divām pufīgām,  
bālganām **bulkām**, kuras uzticīgi  
garšo vienādi, ar radošu izvēli  
starp **milkšeiku** un **Coca-cola**, toties  
bez Sutas daļdarba, kurš  
noslēpts aiz sienas...

**Lidostas programma:**

armēņu mazzvaigžņu **konjaks**,  
pelnu krāsas tēja, kurā jūt garo  
nakts braucienu taksīti,  
**ķilavmaizes**, resnas kā Bendiks,  
vecākais, brāligais **bulgāru draugs**  
zemletes pudelēs,  
... svaigi spiesta **apelsīnu sula**, tikai  
viens lats, reiss sešos no rīta,  
pārsēšanās Kopenhāgenā, diena  
Briselē, nākamā sula jau citurīt  
Stokholmā, **kruasāni** vēderā stingst  
bailēs no teroristiem...

**Programma vispār:**

... karbonāžu, kotlešu, šķiņku,  
desu, spīdīgu un miltainu  
**kartupeļu kalni**: pilsoniskās saskaņas  
reālisms, apskalots ar **Užavas alu**.  
... un **mango salsa**, Žagara oficianti,  
**recīna un suflakī**, vakardienas  
**tiramisū** un rītdienas rēķins...

# programma par dzīves jēgu Rīgā

## Not Quite a 4000 Character Programme on the Meaning of Life in Riga

Whisky soaked chin  
In dyed hair *Schlager*,  
Bony cheap food tool of,  
Computer mouse massaging.  
The evening's hot pepper edges  
Bite into credit's base.  
Hit me in pizza, hit me in *kvass*,  
Hit me in the back of the  
stomach.

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Meat dumpling Sutra,  
buckwheat porridge, cod eyes:  
A spectre is haunting the  
European part of Latvia,  
The toad boletus,  
That has climbed onto your  
chest,  
Makes you count garlic toasts,  
In other yellow, blue, orange,  
Red, red-white-red postmen's  
mouths.  
Learns your granny's dill,  
Strawberries are needed into  
kiwi – seaweed,  
Snails into grasshoppers,  
Chopsticks into *Porsche*  
blackness,

Driven away by breakfast bran,  
Into the Lacto-logy of memories...

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The Valņu Street programme:  
Meat dumplings, slimy, but  
grey, compote, with too tasty  
plums after 30 minutes of  
freezing outside in a queue, rye  
bread slices, good, because  
there's nothing else, *solyanka*,  
no olive, chicken, skinny blue  
like the *Aeroflot* meal code,  
vinaigrette, interwoven with  
thick-hewn cabbage...  
...the cocktail *Kristaps* where  
you can't tell the vodka from  
the *balzams* because the aroma  
is dictated by the powerful  
smell of *Kosmos* Soviet  
Champagne, flat and warm, at  
least in the *Skapis* bar you can  
get it without a shot of the  
poisonous blue *Chartreuse*...  
thin, home-baked white bread  
membranes, dipped in olive oil  
and balsamico vinegar green  
tea, just as fresh as the beaks

of the ad-people lunching here,  
carpaccio with arugula greens,  
*I don't know which wine to*  
*order...* espresso, black as the  
500 dollar wallet belonging to a  
gentlemen from that section of  
society yet to be integrated...

The Basteja Boulevard  
programme:  
... thick carrot-semolina soup,  
cutlets with potatoes, milk ice  
cream with jam, nine kopeck  
coffee – but together two  
roubles. No need to queue in  
the street but on the toilet  
smell filled wooden stairs. You  
can see a masterpiece by Suta  
on the wall, if you arrive while  
there's still light...  
the cutlet, just a little more than  
a lat, but squeezed together  
with mayonnaise between two  
puffy, pale rolls that faithfully  
taste the same, with a creative  
choice between a milk shake  
and *Coca-Cola* without,  
however, Suta's work that is

hidden behind the wall...

The airport programme:  
Armenian few-star cognac, ash  
coloured tea in which you feel  
the long night's drive in a taxi,  
anchovy sandwiches, fat as  
Bendiks the elder, our fraternal  
Bulgarian friend in under the  
counter bottles.  
... freshly squeezed orange  
juice only one lat, 6 a.m. flight,  
transfer in Copenhagen, the  
day in Brussels, the next juice  
somewhere else, in Stockholm,  
croissants in the stomach freeze  
in fear of terrorists...

The programme in general:  
... chop, cutlet, ham, sausage,  
shiny and floury potato  
mountains  
the realism of civil harmony,  
washed down with *Užava* beer  
... and mango salsa, Andrejs  
Žagars' waiters, *retsina* and  
*souvlaki*, yesterday's *tiramisou*  
and tomorrow's bill...