

VMT

X 6

VMT x 6
(*PFM x 6*)

Poems — Chris Gylee
Translations — Aslan

Ool Ondra (i)

Res sitác siné iaimén angerta ge va

E dace sie handa biemie

Ten ie ziaa iaa iebo-iebo nocca iocco

Oak Moon (i)

Grab the first as anchorage

Every shudder shakes

Your bright bones keep slipping

Ool Aggai (ii)

O dalav sie os

Solcest ar sel aé, hietina tiec-tiec t-homar

En svart miaa

T'otata sibé appa pol derioo ge ciargeoo bedosi osi-osi ast lo pomar

Eca ten iaa lel siaa co eca ten iaa el cie asi ca ios vai na

Batta-batta laan ho pea dastamar daro doosi

Vaa helia sie po ten iaa t-hiedaita siaa

Asesi, alia, ierramar ge san ospa-ospa aren bve

Iecie daren cobmar ge mattac lo aita daz

Renzas zan siné sames lo iasca

Paza ta, tagga ta

Helia ta let-héliatamar

Mvart donta nan has lo ceno, donia biemie torra-torra ten ie t-hielo mie
iebo-iebo

Biemie sitácmar ge gen aren straal, mocda catan vai

Nves agaal pesca vo lo dol, tionie aé hieto mó colmar

Autumn Moon (ii)

Time's an island

Grace in the endless green, a lizard's eye emerging

We're escaping

We've got our fingers raised, defiant archers, swearing spittle at the past

If you can sing, you can go wherever you want

Tune hitting discordantly, shower-soaked melody

It's a song if you gift it

Self, soul, standing there soaped in the altogethers

So close, you know the rule, from a long while back

Don't ask for anything in return

Then it's a glory, then it's whole

Then it's a story that tells itself

Flat on the cinema floor, the whole world rocking so we stay low

Everything held but no protection, cotton thighs

Waves high & plotting a new course, morning forever a promise to come

Ool Garsmar (ii)

En bav siaa mo avan lo

O gotla neno sie petaatamar ge, san ota-ota

Ten ve tieg doan mie cepácsiatamar ge caa vai

Zva t-hana, zva t-hocca altamar

E bav siaa mo cacsél coa sieenzo

Beciasoioo ergáz-ergáz

Ze reda siaa, amat tai av tai, en sitác sibé no rest neno

Ios ten i'amen cíaa asesi vai asesi

Ten ze nespvata sibé — o iav la sie siná baana na

Et cob sibé. E cepo sibé ten ie t-handa ie vos pier nan

Harvest Moon (ii)

We're calling it to the dogs

It's a long sun stuck up there

& we're a tender heap slapped back in the hardness

No shadows, no pretence

We're calling a pixel-prayer

Perverts on the brink

Won't lose them, alders & berries, I'm holding on to an old belief

You wanna fall down through your own self

& don't be tricked, that's a collective good right there

We get it, got it together & the spell shudders in the deep

Ool Tibróg (i)

Mesiva colmar geez lo

O iaa een-een sie soro

Eva ten ie marmar ciao astel vai oia

Ze rog sie ga danie

O tiesva sie bavsan iera zai ora-iaatec-tionie hamma cie nan

E nam sie ‘parro’ vai

Ten naa t-haciao iené appa soi

Po ten iaa t-haboc cie appa hadiana onna cal nan tibróg

Iaa ien siné ta cerd oron alia lo

Haceeba t-hemsoo cece donta zie nan aitasee

Winter Moon (i)

Future daze

The months are a crowded room

& you have to climb out across emergency tables

No-one will move

The 3 a.m. feeling in your chest is only frost

They call it hoar

As though your heart is turning grey

If you fly into the solstice too fast

You'll have a soul discrepancy

Dream luggage back here on this old-time floor

Ool Aggai (iii)

Es iav sibé va

Tierida agaaltamar ge ota cav

Ens ear nie bon lo, ontana zarne ge

Bon ten ie betaagta sibé appa

E gabo sie no siná, tago ge tadar

Tareec mesi lo biemie, do mesi lo biemie ten ne damba siné na.

Aren bec, manza s' masica cie va

Hvel tai esta tai

Angota tai zva tai gacco

Cobbazar iot

En svaa-svaa sie appa cacsél ten ie svera sie appa dvant nan

N'ols sibé no appa malargana ten ze n'ien iebé ieez darna

Attoc-oso tai sacemalla-t-hadia tai homo-t-hodo

N'ien mie daro arnaz gee siart ten ne nal sie gea-gea haa nan

Asi iene-iene, eva ten ie nalta siaa tve-tve, essa vosna, ge, e sarta siné ieez na.

Autumn Moon (iii)

Gonna be good

Stretching my arms high

I'm coming into my own, finally a beast

Have a power I'm calling mine

Gonna throw this here, it's a sure-shot

All had a history, all have an intention & it's working on you

No gaps, don't be fooled, silly

Faeries & ripple

Brace & maverick

Night-rider

The words sweat, get hot in the saddle

I'm pulling on a glove cos there's no other way

Slow-moss & speed-cattle & star-gays

We're in the twilight cos that's where the supple lies

It's a thin place, have to slink it aside, there's a knack, c'mere, let me show you the way

Ool Lolo (i)

Heaal
En magen cie
Ten n’ial sicé arnaz
Ten ne sacca sie pier vai
Ten n’iere-iere iaa appa tiazza sivárra vai
Ten te t-homta sie ielia t-hatso orasa vai
Es betaagta ie iena gved sie lo, cessoi mane
Hietida, o mocmel gvale sie iot na
E lon sie ora tai oria tai vos lo, bien biemie barsiamscar aabaizamar
Eva ten ie gvazza siaa ols zai, eva ten ie zaeta iaa mverdar oesvar daz

Pearl Moon (i)

Imagine
You wait
& light returns
Creeping over the depths
Glimmer working at the crust
& the coven, clouded in hours
Spring’s gonna be theirs too, never fear
See, the night is a velvet running short
Magic needs time & tools, every silken bale unfurling
Gotta wrench that pull loose, gotta release south from north

Acknowledgements

These poems are a short series taken from the longer work *Every Morning Is a Fuck You to the Darkness*.

The title *VMT x 6 / PFM x 6* refers to *vos ma t-hozaa* (pure fucking magic) a phrase quoted from the artist Animal J. Smith:

*In tech, when a balky machine repairs itself out of nowhere, we call that PFM
— pure fucking magic!*

All poems by Chris Gylee.
All Damiá translations by Aslan.

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