## **GINTARAS GRAJAUSKAS**

## Screen

Since childhood, **Gintaras Grajauskas** has lived and worked in Klaipėda, Lithuania. He graduated from the S. Šimkus High School for Music and then the Lithuanian National Conservatory's Klaipėda branch in the Jazz Department. From 1990 to 1994, he worked in radio and television, and since 1994, he has been the editor of the Klaipėda literary journal Gintaro Lašai. Since 2008, he has headed the Klaipėda State Drama Theater. Grajauskas has published seven books of poetry, two essay collections, one novel, and one collection of plays. His work has won numerous awards, including the Z. Gėlė Prize for best poetry debut (1994) and the Poetry Spring Maironis Prize for best poetry collection (2000).

**Rimas Uzgiris** is a poet, translator, editor, and critic. His work has appeared in Barrow Street, AGNI, Atlanta Review, the Iowa Review, Quiddity, the Hudson Review, and other journals. He is the translation editor and primary translator of How the Earth Carries Us: New Lithuanian Poets, translator of Caravan Lullabies by Ilzė Butkutė, and translator of forthcoming collections by Judita Vaičiūnaitė and Gintaras Grajauskas. He holds a PhD in philosophy from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and an MFA in creative writing from Rutgers University-Newark. Recipient of a Fulbright Scholar Grant and a National Endowment for the Arts Literature Translation Fellowship, he teaches translation at Vilnius University.

this thing into which we gaze is called a screen

it only looks flat but is really like a basket full of little dots jumping around like shining Christmas fleas

when the dots receive a command they obediently stand in their places and muster into a "tree," "skyscraper," "Balkan crisis," or "Leo DiCaprio" (just look how his white shirt shines—it's because of the dots)

so if you see something terrifying—don't be afraid, and don't be fooled

there are no jungles there, no floods nor zombies with chainsaws

but I'm not saying that nothing is there (as the benighted proclaim)

there is an endless abundance

of dots

—Translated from the Lithuanian by Rimas Uzgiris

## PATRICK APPLEBY

Untitled, 2015 Oil and acrylic on canvas, 30 7/8 x 40 in

