

Debris of a poet

A big patch of crimson was spreading in the ashen sky.
The chariot sprang forward and was gone.
The death-rattle grew louder,
the cadaverous visage paler.
The river shuddered in the fierce wind.
The song of the last breath was keen.

Who was roaming the deserted lands –
was the one who was having suicidal thoughts;
the one screaming within,
the one pale and louder than the din
inside the head, inside the soul
lay down onto the green grass,
released the hushed screams
in the wicked twilight.

Every faked smile covered an ink tear,
every breath drew near
the dark and the end of the day.
Whose eyes were closing there?
The night was cool.
The wind jived on and on.
The rattle stopped.
A new day was born.

And on that grass,
the greenest you have ever seen
amongst the iridescent flowers,
there, someone has been.
Alone, forsaken, shivery -
remained, of a poet, the debris.

Violeta Milovanović