

## **Because of Klimt**

I take you,  
starving,  
in verse  
and in high heels.  
When the day miss to be  
good  
I take you.  
When I do not need you  
and when I resignedly  
talk with the fishes  
and shellfish  
I take you.  
As a runaway shelter,  
I take you  
In the golden color of Klimt  
and  
regular,  
against the  
pain.  
As an enemy,  
cautiously,  
and skirmishes with the estimated  
uncertainty of outcomes,  
I take you.  
When I have my mouth  
full of  
death  
and life  
I'm takeing you  
and with no remorse I  
approach,  
touch the shape of your eyebrows  
and nostrils,  
down to the lips,  
with my finger I describe a place  
where I  
drop my breath  
and take you again.

*Tanja Stanić*

