

No tears from birch trees or wild flowers

The remnants of days on the sheets of alabaster
All the seconds of longing of archaic letters contrived
We embalm in time the remaining yearnings
We portage morsels, piles of led

The angst of youth in the eye
Disperses with a flicker in the pupil's depth
And all the other blocks of ice drifting on the lake
Abscond in amaranthine darkness

No tears from birch trees or wild flowers
For the satiny shade in the penumbra of sun
All summer rains could not wash away
The scars on the face glistening in the reflection

And the opalescence lives in this fairy tale house
Gathers stars from the sky, counts footsteps and breaths mutely
While the wind heaves the ashes into perpetuity
And with it, obliterates the pulsating moments of being

Vladimir Milojković