

SENCES

Week is the virtue, inside us.

Near I am, the picture.
a flash of the light. sun and the arabesque.
inharmonious sandy shrine, with skintight lips.
(un)expected fresco of the flesh,¹ easy as a shadow of an obelisk.

Nevertheless, our desire is solely touching. For loving – is the distance, its essence.

Our nostrils are, actually, near, and we only sniff each other, as well as some sensitive animalcules, unreliable.
Different from them, comparison is certainly and exclusively ours, by fragility of speech,
and all that just for again to be a mole, like in such game²: to be a turbulent thimble³ of the dust,
touched and crumbled by the earth.

It seemed so easy, once, to snuggle up your body to someones,
unimaginable that only a hint of it makes you flash, beneath the greedy abyss, lively.
For tissue is heavy, and hand is desert. Move – shivering.
For, you see, sorrow searches for the skin, more difficult when the longing is unavoidable and a tame is accidental.
For our vertebrae, as pins of far fir trees, gravely covered with snow, languish beneath the fingertip,
and, so solitary, so painfully meets – pebble that in glacial darkness roadlessly floats over the back,
so that beneath it continuously becomes a living star-dust – some divine, and delicate, all intangible pale-yellow dune.

In between, unspoken⁴ words remain, possibilities of a voice, chaotic crashes of the solar particles.
Yes, presences were, once, easy and cognizable, but they are living only in the beauty of disappearance.
So put the finger on the lips on the lips and by closed eyes kiss them, closed;
so the message doesn't evade us, take quitter wax for waxy ears, to impress in them what lies within,
and hear – how it wrinkles inside the lobe, how it arrives as a
sence

*Touch, you are not.
You are not, possibly, alive.*

Beside all, you undeniably, and faithfully, caress my absence.
Because you see – you are closer only when you drowned⁵, by desire, into two breezy fish, with their shivery eyes,
drowned as the window in the ocean, in the mirror, so close that you then even believe:
I can't exist without you, and you can't exist without me.
What would you do with entirety?

For, thy virtue is the weakness.

for now different sickly limpid silent langour
at the end⁶ are widespread hands and bare ribs
no contempt no pain hung waiting embrace

For, naive, you are now, as a breeze,
to take a look at the step, a last time⁷, and let yourself by it.
Walking by january, to condense our nothingness into the substantial susurrations and some superior silence,
to hint sincerity, our meeting and smiles.
Warmly it snows.

For to see, clearly, from the edge of the experience,
that birth of any thing is always birth from _____,
that this presently gray morning is warm women, embracement, gently cracked egg inside the mothers womb;
this shore an oval white cloudily palm, blind touching eye, beneath which our red and then pale clothes
falls – so beauty, by that solitaire window, then horizon, lives its shell.

¹ Syn. *body; flesh* is used here because of alliteration.

² *Fragility* and the *mole* are the words that in Serbian have the same base.

³ In Serbian also: *sth. little, sth. that can be taken on the finger.*

⁴ In Serbian also: *sensed.*

⁵ In Serbian also: *warmed.*

⁶ In Serbian also: *on the rope.*

⁷ In Serbian also: *road, way.*