

The year of cherry

When the bird smiles in my gaze,
and with the fragrance of cherry visits the height of poplar trees
and it entwines the whole world with a flight,
I no longer look for the silhouette of your body,
because, enchanted by April I feel
you boil on my lips
and in the kisses of wind,
I recognize your fingers coming with May.
Under the beat of their touch,
I open the glades in me
and I become the tide of June
blossoming in the stream of feelings,
and with it to the coast of your breast I ashore
and with all the force,
the depth of subtle flow I spread,
I bathe your things
and with the sky of my skin I lay.
In every star of July,
which twinkles in your stature
with the dreams of a sunflower I start August
and with the golden of September
I dance with soft belly
and with my shivers,
I sit all over your plains
and with the moonlight, I knit the strings into embraces
and I arrange juicy fruits of lust.
With the year of cherry,
I embrace, more and more ripe quince in you
and with endless bunches of grapes I consume October,
swaying my hips
I quietly bring it to November
I twist my palms
and in ducats I string myself around your neck
into quiet birch-lines
and put on the glittering whiteness of December
I take you into the first January dawn
and with crystals of snowflakes
kiss you passionately,
I burn with the spark of February on your cheeks
I gather the strength of March
to bring you, with the first kiss of spring,
to the year of cherry,
with me, again...

Zal Kopp

Godina trešnje

Kad se u mom pogledu nasmiješi ptica,
pa s mirisom trešnje posjeti visinu jablana
i cijeli svijet ovije letom,
više ne tražim obrise tvoga tijela,
jer opijen travnjem,
osjećam kako vriješ na mojim usnama,
u poljupcima vjetra prepoznajem
dolazak tvojih prstiju sa svibnjem.
Pod vrelinom njihovih dodira
otvaram sve proplanke u sebi
i postajem lipanjski val
rascvjetan u rijeci osjećaja,
pa s njim na obale tvojih grudi pristajem
i svom silinom
dubinu nježnog toka prostirem,
kupam tvoja bedra
i nebom svoje kože polažem.
U svakoj srpanjskoj zvijezdi
koja osmjehom treperi tvojim stasom
snom suncokreta započinjem kolovoz
i sa zlatnom bojom rujna
mekim stomakom plešem,
a svojim drhtajima,
cijelom tvojom ravnicom sjedam
i pletem mjesečinom niti zagrljaja
u sočne plodove požude slažem.
S godinom trešnje
dozrelu dunju sve jače u tebi grlim.
Beskrajnim grozdovima ispijam listopad,
njišem svojim bokovima
i tiho u studeni nosim.
Izvijenih dlanova
oko tvoga vrata
sebe u dukate nižem
i mirne drvorede breza
sjajnom bjelinom prosinca oblačim.
Uvodim te u prvo siječanjsko svitanje
i s kristalima pahulja
strasno ljubim.
Plamtim iskrom veljače na tvojim obrazima
i sakupljam snagu ožujka
da s prvim poljupcem proljeća,
u godinu trešnje
sa mnom ponovno uđeš...

Zal Kopp