

carnal dinner

In the middle of winter my lonely room,
with red, checked curtains
at the window,
through which the cold wind blowing,
next the candle,
which drew on the walls bouncing, flushed *scribe-scrables*,
for table sat memories.

Two or three had pulled the tap,
others are blowing
in numb hands
and whispered obscenities on the sleeping flowers,
who are hiding under the snow.

Those who wore glasses
remembered the grassy slopes,
dotted with red poppies,
between gold wheat
and barley,
noisy birds
who spreletavale around
scarecrows

dressed in old, weathered clothes!

I was lying on the stove

and contentedly stroking pussy

heating between my legs.

She was so soft, wool,

hot actually.

Who knows why some of

those who have lost

In the distant past,

forget about her,

not knowing

it is still challenging,

mild whispers

which initially soap and uncertain.

Beet the shudder moist almond leaf

ha, ha, ha, then change

in passionated bulls

that,

ready for breeding

elated

and lustful

chew braided wreaths of flowering daisies.

It's a good

it was apples in the basket,

which was placed between memories

restless,

light,

mature.

Not remember the day of the Death -

Invitatinig you

Come

and you pour a glass of wine, year 1952!

--

Milena Miklavčič