

CONFESSION

Where I pray I bow all curved
There the prayer book glows by a drop,
And truthfully, I truthfully speak to You
Overcoming the fear by thousands reproaches
Long before I became a bird
Even before the freedom had decided to make the chain blind.
Where I pray I want an old story, weaved by a frozen glance
Touching the retelling mistily to die.

It's not a dance of a ballet dancer, but they are ghosts flying
Before I bow I silently send old witches into exile
So the thought of You is the best prayer
Making the dying bird living again
In a unique way within my thought,
But previously, I have previously remembered
Before each prayer to express my sinful gratitude without breaking a vow,
Since every sparkle of my breath
is a continuation of my confession

Where I pray the hope that one day
The morning will start singing does not die
The morning, once turned to the dew, with its hand is caressing me
To bring tranquility in the dusk, for one more day gone away
From the memories whose confession breath of a living man
Resurrects my prayer and overwhelms my soul
Stitching it into the canvas of forgiveness
Whenever I learnt from my mistakes and wondered fearfully,
Wondered fearfully,
Whether the dead say a prayer for the living,
Now when I doubt whether I am living or dying.

Sanja Muchkajeva-Vidanovska