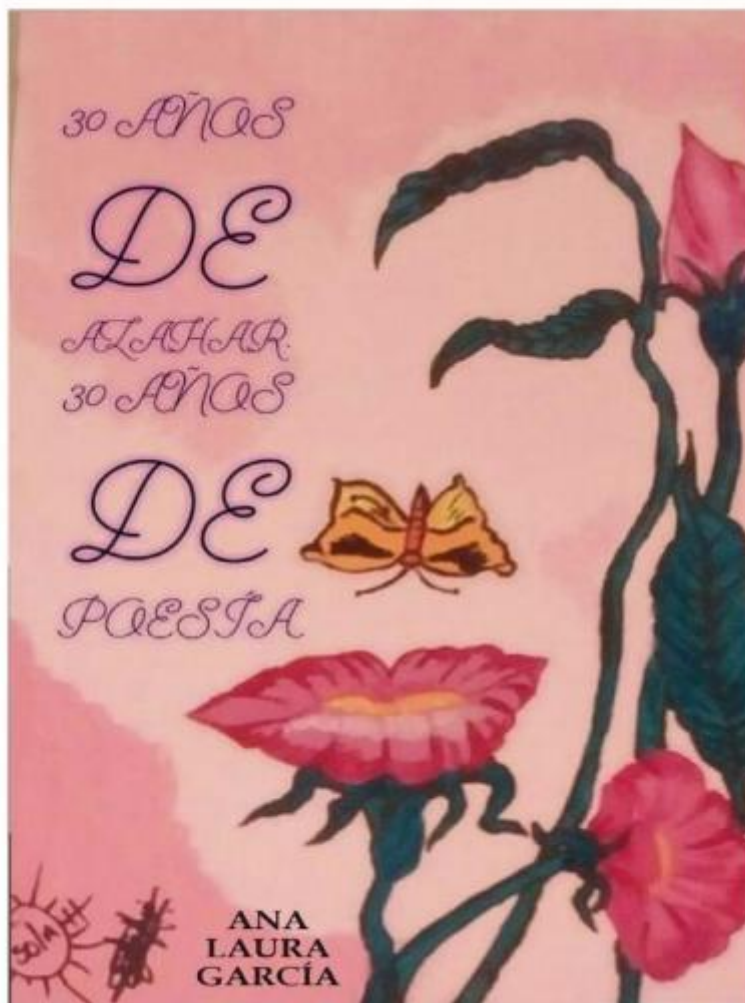


# A Z A H A R

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## I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

Behind the horizon the light is spraying.  
The sky tremble's like a tear.  
The winged summer wilts.  
Through the algae's a lonesome dew slides.

Trees hold empty nests in their hands.  
I quietly sing birds psalms.  
In the empty night, empty star is falling.  
Empty gaze of water is still cloudy.

I read an exclamation of silence  
and drink the morning blood stream aloud.  
The morning is taking deep breaths.

With its soft palms of the hands,  
the haze crumbles poems.  
Heart's beating is not quieter.  
Unbelievable sobs, like as if it was dead.

Del book A dictionary of foreign dreams of PAVOL JANIK -Eslovaquia-