

# A Z A H A R

REVISTA POÉTICA - N°115

TALLER DE POESÍA-AÑO XXXIII - DICIEMBRE 2021



Blackcappello

## THE MOMENT BEFORE TOUCH

The air grows still.  
As in an illustrated weekly  
I leaf through your eyes.

To hear silence  
as it walks in new shoes  
and lulls the buzzing bees.

Somebody furiously addresses us with wings.

It's said that you've seen  
burning birds tumble from the sky!

It's just at the base of your breasts  
there's something making a ceaseless hullabaloo.

Del libro A dictionary of foreing dreams of PAVOL JANIK -Eslovaquia- Traducción James Sutherland Smith