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from HURRAH, IT BURNS! (fragment 15/17)

Distorted humour
enters the bay leaves
on the poet's head
who wakes alert
in the laurels.
The legs of clocks

and hands of insects
arouse the snow in us.

This is the damage of
normalization.

There are these houses in the windows,
trees on the branches
and birds in feathers,
everything about nothing
and nothing about everything.

PAVOL JANIK -Eslovaquia-