
I cannot remember your smell anymore.

I don't remember touch of your hands,
your presence with me, only
the hammock over yellowed grass,
swinging the sun beside.

What I felt – except for the moment
that could have not to live to the end
but it did, against me and you

I join flashes of light with thread,
I shall lean on it
more securely than on gleam
of bashfully hidden green.
Let this moment of prayer
never ends.

/THE DAWN/ translation Urszula Smerecka