
Your eyes candlelight
put by the wind
that is careless – on the face
of days under the violence of calendar
which had fallen on quiet world
and started to enumerate
those normal weekdays
and those unusual from the dream

You don't touch my feet by your heart
you don't touch my mouth by your heart
you don't touch my heart by your heart
but by this soft dance
that was danced up by the tear
when seeing me
it escaped from your eyes

PHYSICS

The soul is the life
the life is the soul and body
the soul lighter by body
sails away
the body lighter by soul
drowns

/HARVESTED FROM THE AIR/ translation Urszula Smerecka