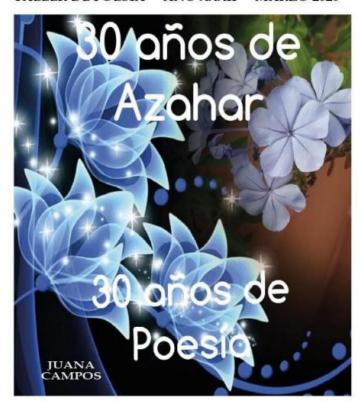


TALLER DE POESIA - AÑO XXXII - MARZO 2020



ON THE LINE MAN - WOMAN AND BACK

You escape from me like gas. With astonishment I watch how with a single scrawl of your legs you ignite your silk dress.

With such blinding nakedness you pre-empt sky-blue flame.

Blazingly ablaze and perhaps wholly otherwise I address a fire which you will no longer damp down.

That time I wanted to declare at least what was essential to all chance passers-by, to all chance passing aircraft.

So under such circumstances who wouldn't have spoilt it?

From the book A dictionary of foreign dreams of PAVOL JANIK -Eslovaquia-