

AZAHAR

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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 spoiled it?

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