

AZAHAR

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UNSENT TELEGRAM

Inside me a little bit of
a blue Christmas begins.
In the hotel room it's snowing
a misty scent – of your

endlessly distant perfume.
We're declining bodily
while in us the price
of night calls rises,

waves of private earth tremors
and the limits of an ocean of blood
on the curve of a lonely coast.

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