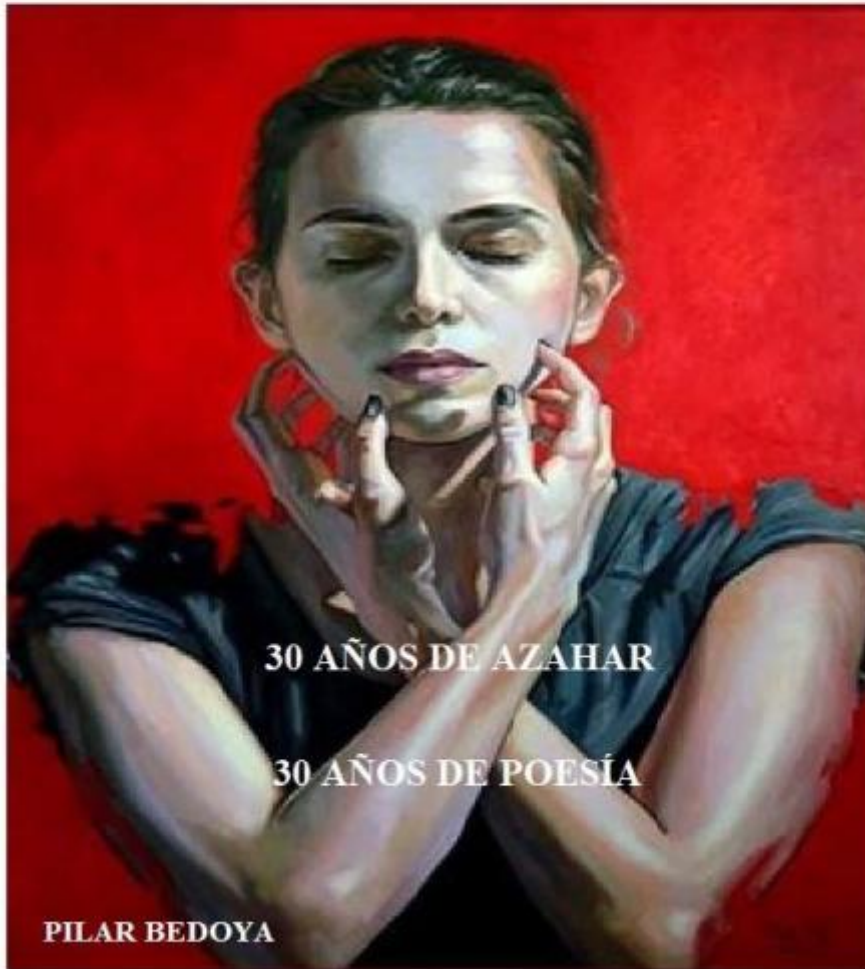


AZAHAR

REVISTA POETICA - N.º 105

TALLER DE POESÍA - AÑO XXXII - JULIO 2020



TO YOU

You come from a scent.

A crumpled flower.

I inhale you tangled like smoke.

You inhabit the starry sky
and dials of digital watches.

You stupefy me dependably

and faster than light.

My head aches from you
and to this moment I mistake you for music.

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