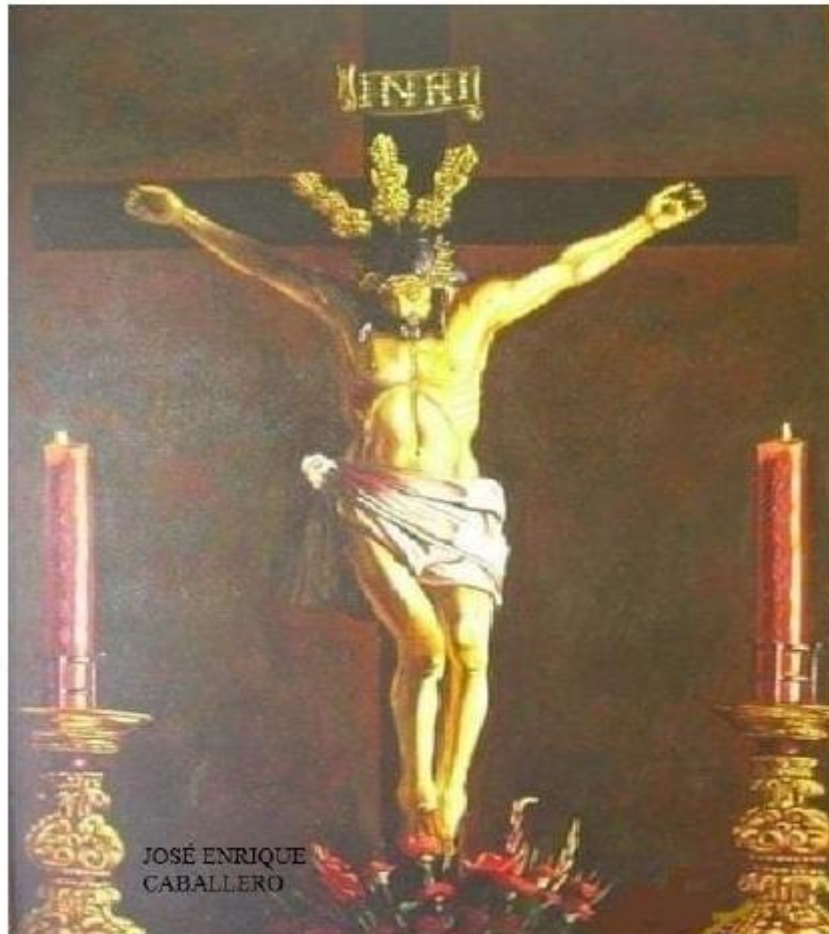


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REVISTA POETICA - N.º 110

TALLER DE POESÍA - AÑO XXXIII - MARZO 2021



THE MOMENT BEFORE TOUCH

The air grows still.
As in an illustrated weekly
I leaf through your eyes.

To hear silence
as it walks in new shoes
and lulls the buzzing bees.

Somebody furiously addresses us with wings.

It's said that you've seen
burning birds tumble from the sky!

It's just at the base of your breasts
there's something making a ceaseless hullabaloo.

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