

VALENTIN CUNDRIČ
THE REQUIEM

The moment
I touch the candle
and before
I light it
she looks at me
from the glowing room:
'You here?'
And I leave,
like being driven by
my hesitation towards her,
who will bear witness
that I loved her
preferably in the dark.

As I notice the hand,
which doesn't know
whether to give me
or to take away from me,
the tears
enter my eyes,
and through them
a white witness
with a throne
in the hot waterfall
is slanting
into my eyebrows,
but when I try
to kiss her
it pains my throat,
my waist.

By the shrub,
which doesn't admit to itself
that it will always be
a sanctuary,
she kisses me,
a translucent witness,
searching for me
and finding me,
fearing me,
and my
thorny body

prevedel Simon Koranter