
No. 28. We Went Through Days

We went through days as through storm-shaken gardens. We blossomed and were happy and played with love and death. Clouds and insolence and dreams were in our words. And amid stubborn trees and summer-rustling gardens we grew into a single tree.

And evenings spread out with heavy, dark blueness, with the painful desires of of winds and falling stars, with the wandering, fawning shine on twiching grass and leaves. And we wove ourselves into the wind, permeated ourselves with blueness, and were like happy animals and wise, playful gods.

No. 29. Fall of Night and Weeping

A silence, sudden and deep, Between the two of us, Like a confused letter Announcing parting, Likea sinking ship -

A silence without a look, without a motion, Full of night and weeping Between the two of us, As if we ourselves Were closing the door To Paradise.