

The street of life

Once

An age-old night glinted

Twinkling in the corner of an eye

A man became the stroller

Through the clash of freckled shadows

Once or Twice

Tears ran down the skies

And there

Underneath us

The street of darkness

a secret in it

and our steps

I tremble, but your fingers are pulling me

One day

When we no longer are

Dead

When we become

Freckled heroes of the street

with no end

The death will whisper

It is waiting for us in the poem

No hero has ever survived

Once more, just once more

We'll look

In the street of a hundred year night

the wreck of hope carried on the palm

We will listen to

the happy ending story about nobody

And we will love

A thousand times more

As I tremble

I wait

Once more

For the cold crust of the north wind

to become warm

Once more or two times

I'll wish

a hundred times more

But it will be a thousand times less

The long street

The endless street

Once or twice

I walk the hundred night street

And if it is hundred times smaller

I'll wish it thousand times bigger

Once, only once more

Let us

wander together

through the street of secrets

through the hundred year night

Once or twice

I'll become the stroller

a freckled shadow in the eye

Don't be mad if I got tired

You and I

freckled shadows

without tears

without reason

In the street of mysteries

on the hill of loneliness

maybe I'll stop

Forgive me if I got scared

Say it
once more
and I'll walk
the street of endless secrets
Like you
I'll stroll for long
crying before the loneliness of the promised darkness

As I shiver
the fingers of the freckled shadows
are waiting
for us to go
Only once more
for the last time
I look at
the secret of the hundred year night
And in vain I fear the street of life

By Vladan Cukvas