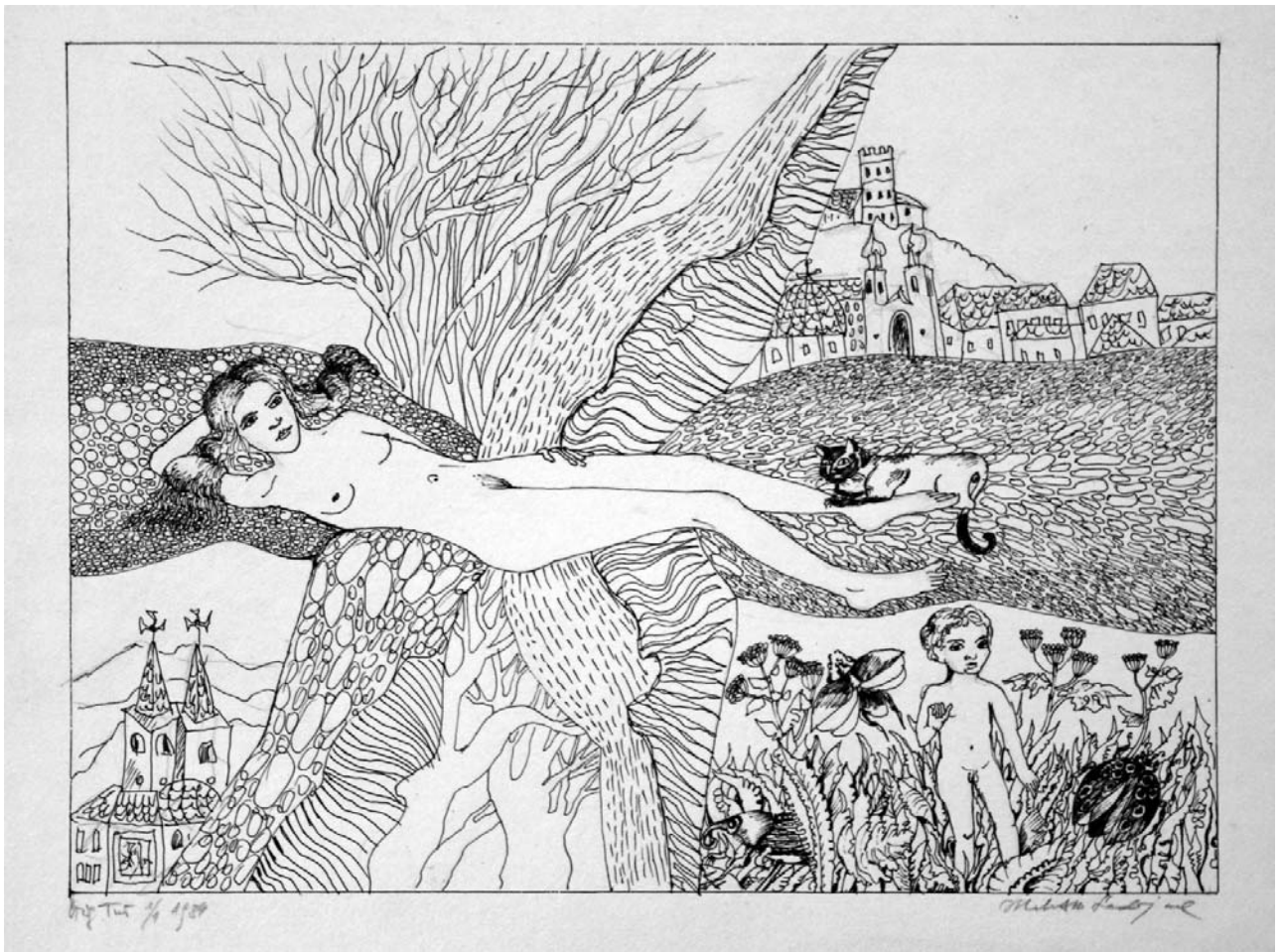


# POETRY



## The Breath of Nature

I see tuft of grass in front of me, trampled  
some blades of grass crashed and broken  
these are still  
those still standing are waving, as indicating fair wind's breeze  
but the wind has been absent  
an animal or a man who would have trampled the grass has not been there either  
maybe, it is the breath of the meadow, living in this hollow

I know this breath  
when I had been sitting on the slope in the forest in the night  
a gentle breeze breathed to my face  
in an endless stillness of the forest at the sky  
I got chilled  
a tuft of grass, I sat besides,  
was upright and still, it didn't wave at all, as it had been  
used to this evening hail.

People thought, it was a breath, breath of the cold air,  
usually descending to the valleys at evenings and nights  
I felt it as a breath recalling primeval memories  
something like, when in an absolute silence light or remote celestial breath touse  
small particles roaming and passing over the emptiness

In an absolute silence of the clearing of the wood this breath gently and tenderly  
moved and tousled my thoughts and my sensations,  
coming from the depths of my self  
thoughts were rushing out, drowning into the sections of my essence,  
the essence that even I am not acquainted with well  
These were tiny little, slight thoughts, roaming and sticking together  
or rebound one from each other

No thought was ultimate or illuminated  
they only crawled silently and looked, as like it should have happened by meditating

I realized, that thoughts were torn apart, similar to what had happened to our big Universe because I believe in the Creation-infinite multitude of universes and other miracles - and in the time that sides with a man, the reason prevailed at once and thoughts got familiarly profane.

In a distance I had heard the shot. Soon afterward a hind was at standstill close on my side. She was hurt in upper part of her elegant leg, she looked away and then to me. She had beautiful blue eyes.

She had remained there for a moment, knowing I couldn't had helped her. Then she ran away to the wonderful forest, her home.

Not long afterward I heard barking of the dogs and rumble of two hunters, hurrying past me, with fire in their eyes

When things had calmed down and tranquillity of the forest had been restored, then also the thoughts sensed their own truth: reality is something;

but the Creation is something completely different – Magnificent

I had talked with hinds often, they had pastured by the hut I had dwelt in at that time

Even now I feel hurt, because i couldn't help one of them.

## Twofold truth

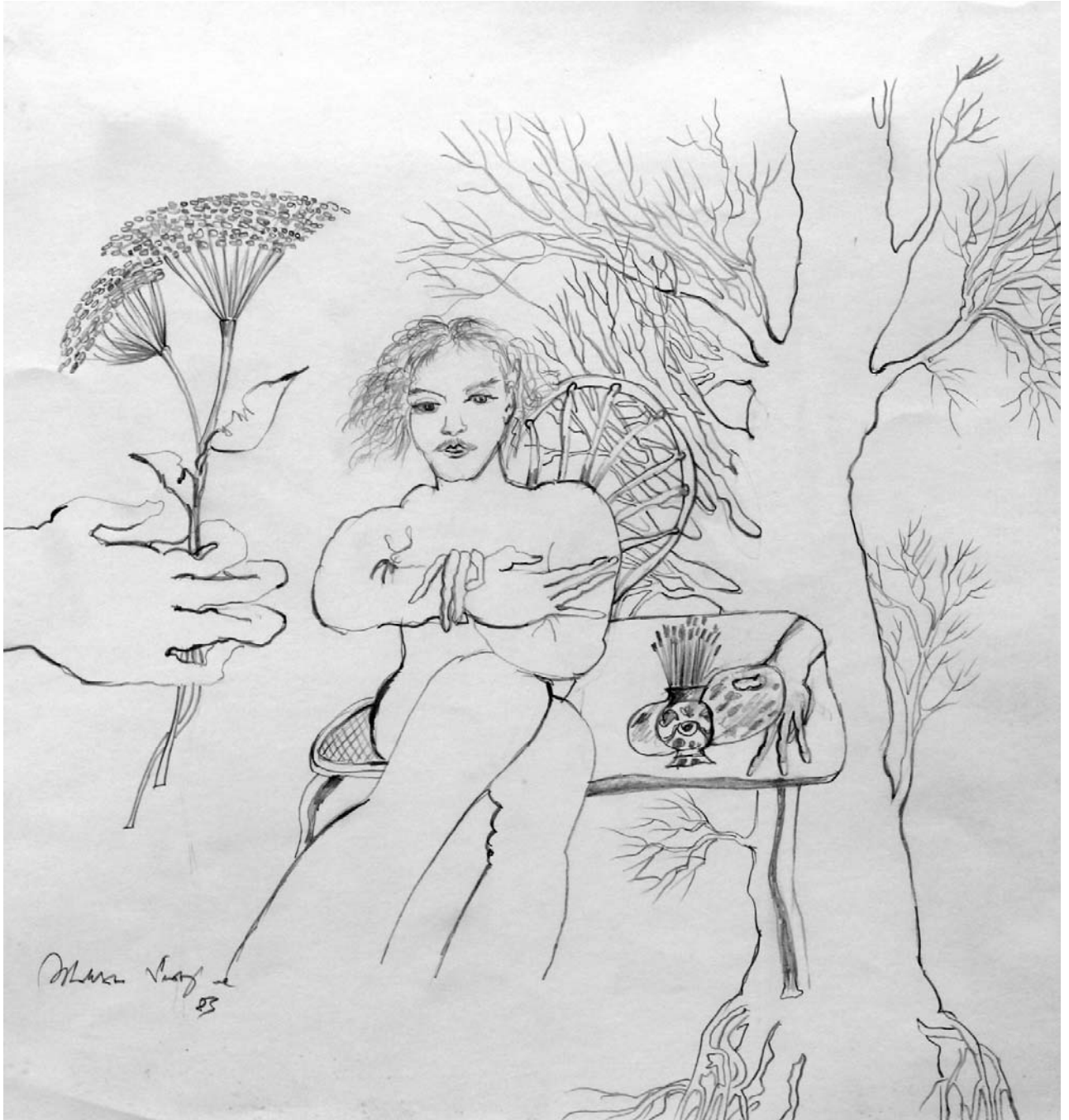
A knight was riding a dragon, which was riding a horse  
another knight was riding a horse, which was riding a dragon  
under them t extended the Town  
streets, parks and squares were covered by crowds of townsfolk  
nobody looked at the sky, where two riders rode  
because of my strong imagination which enables me to see unusual things  
and occurrences,

at least according to claims of my father and mother,  
I was neither surprised nor astonished  
I knew that city folk were so concerned with their own survival  
to scarcely notice those people without earthly means and power  
while I had been observing enthusiastically magnificent scene on the sky  
play writer I.M. approached me, he had emerged se from the crowd, like a fish  
that sometimes swims from a shoal to stay alone in an emptiness of the riverbed,  
and silently said:

city folks live apparition on the sky every day, these poor like those rich of them, but  
they don't see it. They don t know neither have premonition that anything can be  
wrong about apparition or about their lives  
only few of them can see the truth

the scene was so surprising as I would have seen the Town in it's essence  
there could nothing to be done. If I had said, that one knight on the back of the  
horse together with one mean dragon would suffice, everybody would judge me for  
being a clericlist

I wouldn't be hurt by that accusation, but there would be no point in it,  
Why would I sit on the anthill of red ants?



## Longing

Even if I'm not a blossom  
the humming bird flies  
in front of my face  
His dark blue eyes are wonderful  
His wings are woven with silver thread  
When he flaps with his wings  
a gentle breeze caresses my eyes, cheeks and mouths  
When he flies away I see splendid meadows  
full of grasses and wonderful flowers and their tiny admirers

They are divine  
The sky is blue, glowing bright  
One day it hadn't come for a long time  
I got a feeling, that was the beginning  
of withering of the splendid meadows

Firs they got purple  
than they became hardly visible  
This beauty was not illuminated by the light, fading at nightfall  
After they had been covered by the dark, there was no stars on the sky  
The light origins from the spark, which is in me  
After the humming bird had returned, the wonderful world of flowers and grasses  
glowed in wonderful colors again

I'm not sure what is this wonderful world going to look like  
If one day my humming bird is not coming again

## Whisper of the friend to eternal dialogue

Bluish green treetops were dwindling into the mist  
The mist condensed into the fog embracing the river and the observer  
Through the fog a bluish sky could be anticipated  
If one had taken up a look, he couldn't see grotesque skyscrapers of the town  
any more

Shapes of the people were like the shades of the mist, only darker  
No tumult of the town or other unusual noises and words could be heard  
Thoughts and senses were filled by friendly and happy face of the friend  
the poet and writer Jože Felc, actually by his essence, floating in the space

I can sense, how we seat together on the bench, chatting  
We discuss of the space we live in, it is immense and magnificent  
But mysterious and indifferent in its being and function  
Why would these mighty formations, galaxies, quasars or black holes be interested  
for a creature living on a warm stone, warmed and lighted by a small star

We are alone, everyone has his own death, too  
Death alone is not so terrible, because it is pushed away to the  
subconsciousness and to unknown remoteness  
My friend met this last guest calm and with a warm smile  
He knew everything, He sensed the Truth  
He whispered this to my ear, it exhaled like a gentle breath

## Night butterfly hunting ground

The dark covering the sky extended over the horizon  
at the edge of the Town the houses and skyscrapers were disappearing in the dark;  
they dissolved in it.

It got darker and darker, city lights turned on automatically  
the light by the church of saint James glowed the most

That spot was my friend's Vladimir night butterfly hunting ground  
once he had caught Egyptian bollworm, the butterfly that need only one day fly to fly  
from the Egypt to our land. It happens very rarely.  
Once we had a conversation about Egypt his hunting ground

They perceived one single God  
According to Vladimir God was „Infinity of the nature“  
to this god shrines were erected all over the planet  
the time will come when the infinity and the eternity will be united

Eternity is the nature of the God  
About „Infinity of the nature“ dream humans and all of them, who have met their  
Universe or have been allowed by the Universe to meet it. God is in the humans,  
in the creatures who admire the nature of the Universe, even if some of them can feel  
it very rarely

The world of eternity and infinity is the Creation  
In the Creation the Eternity and the Infinity are equal, but not the same  
God is present in all the dimensions, therefore he can be everywhere in the Creation  
Sometimes we wholly feel him, sometimes emptiness and infinite nothing prevail



When catching marvelous Egyptian bollworm  
he felt the wild passion of the nature  
he knew that butterfly's darling would fly after him,  
even if she was only half of his size  
The night was very long, but at the dusk the jewel flew finally

At this marvelous adventure the notion of unmercifully killing them to keep them  
perfectly preserved, with all this wonderful silver dust,  
deeply shook and sobered him up  
Those times were pervaded by distant call of general Franco: „Eviva la muerte“