She

Dušan Gojkov

sadly packing winter clothes in the closet
trying to remember
where has she lost the past year
which was the first and last for many things
he
leaning against the bed
writes meaningless pathetic verses which do not even rhyme
but actually trying to remember
how and where the heck did he lose the past year
he comes closer to the window it’s spring time
the street is dark and there is no more light, golden and grainy, from the wooden pole
that light that smells of fresh warm bread
and of winter
do you remember that some time ago we planned to travel to paris
and we still haven’t gone
together
you say your coffee is getting cold
it’s good to write poetry
you always have at hand a little piece of paper on which you can put the seeds from the
cherry dumplings