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Your emails are poems!

Letter from Igor

I started to write you an answer at 5:15 in the morning,
when I came home after closing a festival,
and just fall asleep without pressing send.
This is what I wanted to say (added last sentence a few minuts ago).

I just came home, took a sleeping bag and I am on a balcony listening to gales waking up the sun,
placing in the distance is a thought about what is above,
and what takes us below...

Soon I'll close my eyes and a dream will be a single dark dot,
a single black thought.

An echo from the life Before.
I suppose.

Somewhere behind that line we started to understand our selves,
we saw it in our eyes and can't, even if we wanted to,
take it away!

Thank you for publishing my poem,
of course I don't mind.

how could I?

By Igor Sláfer

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