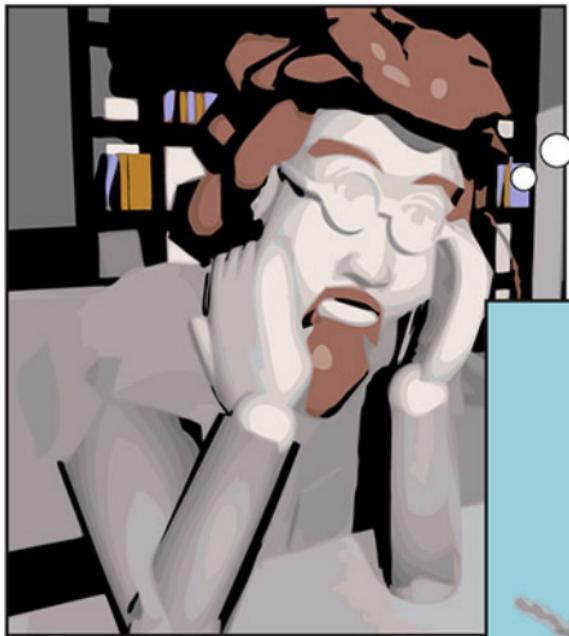
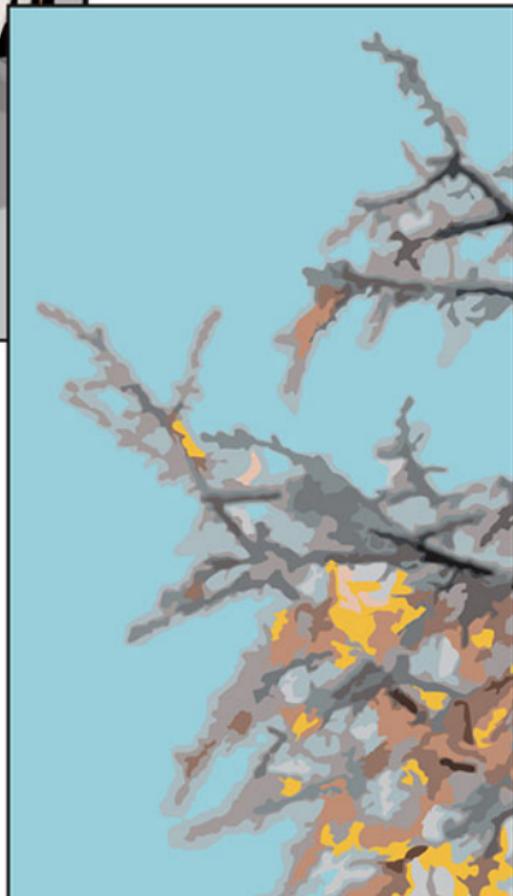


# OF THIS WORLD

author: Antonio Šíber



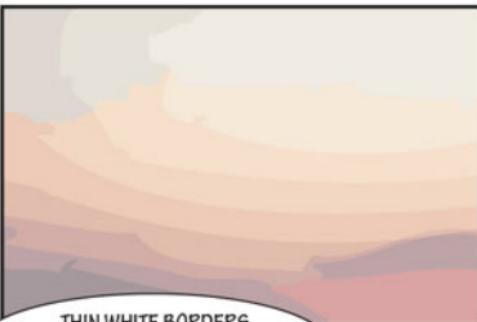
OF THIS WORLD  
I WILL MISS LIGHT THE MOST.  
LITTLE STARS OF LIGHT IN RAIN DROPS  
ON YELLOW LEAVES WITH A BACKGROUND  
OF FRESHLY WASHED  
BLUE.





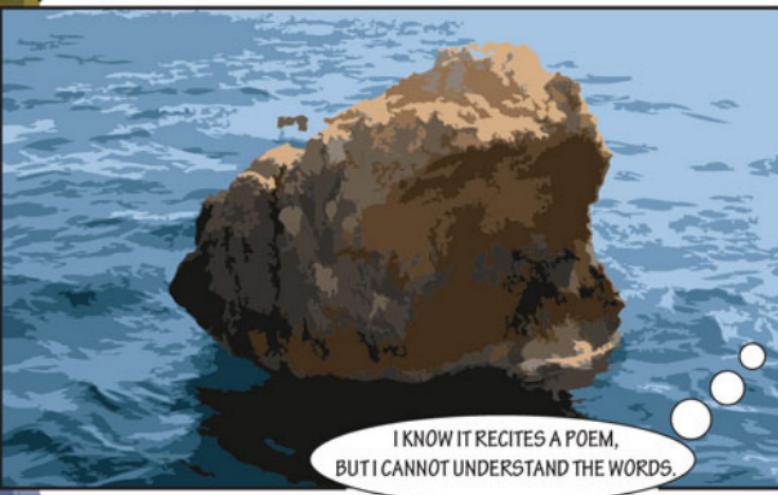
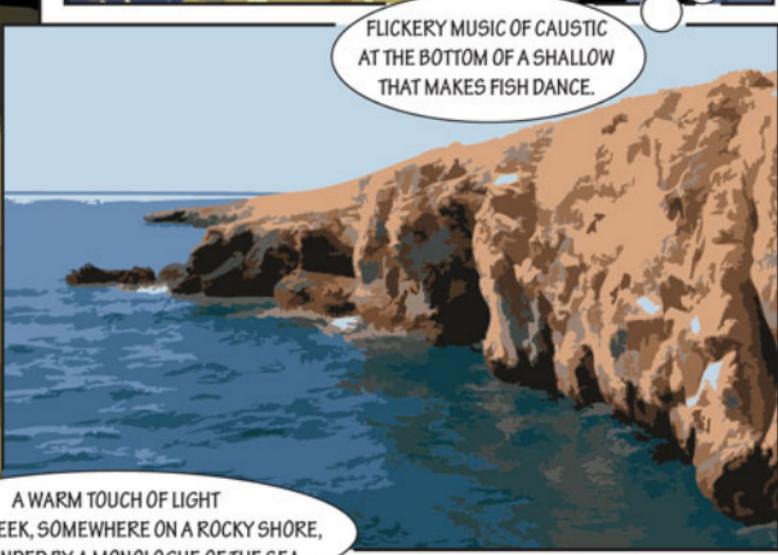
I WILL MISS THE SKY  
AND CLOUDS IN INNUMERABLE  
PLENTY OF VARIATIONS, FROM A CINNAMON  
SUNSET TO A SHINY  
AUTUMN MORNING ...

THAT RESTORES HOPE  
AFTER A MONTH OF GREYNES.



THIN WHITE BORDERS  
AND PINK-GRAY BELLIES OF CLOUDS





Flickery music of caustic  
at the bottom of a shallow  
that makes fish dance.

A warm touch of light  
on the cheek, somewhere on a rocky shore,  
surrounded by a monologue of the sea.

I know it recites a poem,  
but I cannot understand the words.