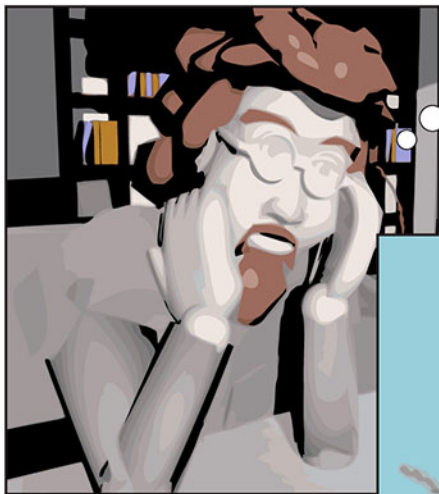
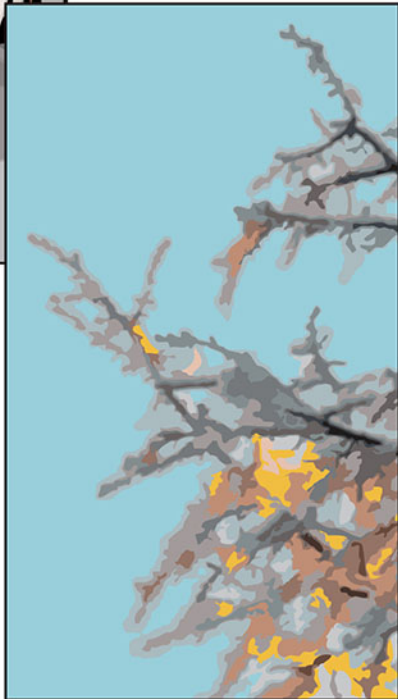


OF THIS WORLD

author: Antonio Šiber

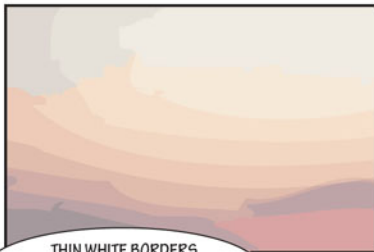
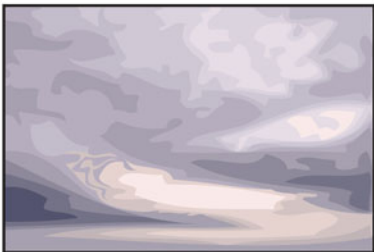
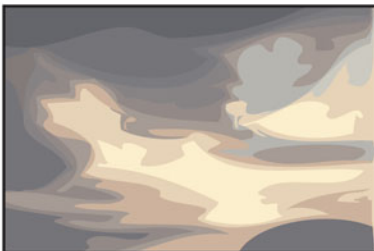
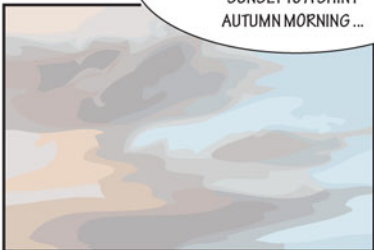


OF THIS WORLD
I WILL MISS LIGHT THE MOST.
LITTLE STARS OF LIGHT IN RAIN DROPS
ON YELLOW LEAVES WITH A BACKGROUND
OF FRESHLY WASHED
BLUE.



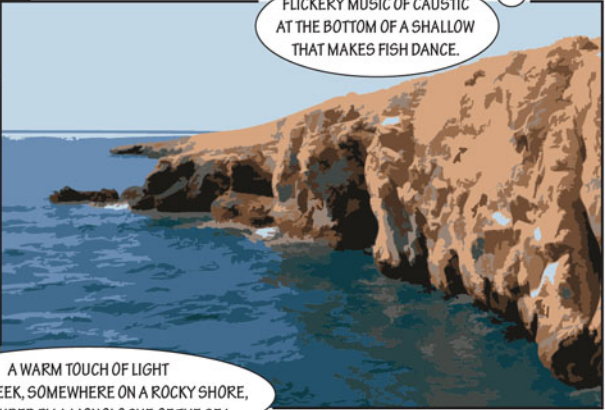
○ ○ ○
I WILL MISS THE SKY
AND CLOUDS IN INNUMERABLE
PLENTY OF VARIATIONS, FROM A CINNAMON
SUNSET TO A SHINY
AUTUMN MORNING ...

THAT RESTORES HOPE
AFTER A MONTH OF GREYNESS.

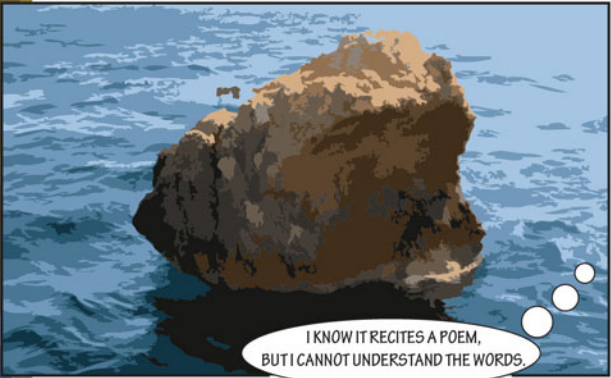


THIN WHITE BORDERS
AND PINK-GRAY BELLIES OF CLOUDS

○ ○ ○



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.