

Zoran Jungić / THREE POEMS

2

Beauty of the flower dust
heals
and reveals
the reflection
of the sun's blindness

when the bird nests
are flooded by blood
mixed
with the blue hair of the sky

then
war
begins to yawn among the canons
together with the vortex
of iron
feet:

in the armour
overgrown with rocks

over there
where

dead gulls
pray
and with a scream
pick

the last tear
out of the long
blue
aorta

of the sea.

3

This last
 tremble:
the moon's skin *reflection*
should be left
 to no one
the threads
 of her asleep
 movements
hover crucified
 above
 her torn
 body:
light steps
 of darkness
 force their way
 through the walls
 and the mirror
 masked with mud
in the corner:
in the secret moment of realization that there is no
 dream
of stillness.

