

THE SECRET OF MISO SOUP

Miroslav, you are a miso soup
A Protestant a crypto-Catholic
A communist a peeled potato
A few leaves of lettuce
A secret amount of ginger
And John Cage's crazy mushrooms

Everything is clear to me about you
But just please tell me
How you always manage to make
Your potatoes sink a little bit
And then rise to the surface again
Is that the secret of miso soup
Is that the secret of everything
That is and isn't?

SPARROW

I'm a little obese sparrow
And I can't take off
But let me ask you right away
Now that you look at me so beautifully
If you have time this winter
Will you go for a walk with me
I know where there is love for both

NIGHT SONG

A song flows down through the night
Songs of victory are being sung
Along with the songs of defeat
The songs of defeat want to be quieter
Than songs of victory
They are somehow embarrassed
Mostly it's like that

But by the break of day the throats that sang
The songs of victory are at their end

With the first rays of the sun
Only a quiet song of defeat is heard

AT NIGHT

At night I wait for something to change
Everything has fallen silent
Only breathing and heartbeat can be heard
I take a breath and stop breathing for a moment
And the heart keeps beating
I am overcome with cheerfulness
Everything is possible

A KISS

I'm really uncomfortable
No one is making noise
Throughout the neighborhood
Absolute silence

What has happened
That no one says anything

I go out into the street
I start from the right side
And come back from the left side

No one anywhere
Stillness
Emptiness

Here's what I do if that's how things are
I just open the window and shout at the top of my voice
And silence kisses my ear