

## NAKED SHADOW

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## UNCLEAR QUARTET

Four stones around me  
With eyes fixed  
Between the rows of ink  
They are not surprised  
From deep chasms  
All whiteness grows  
Forgetting no one forgives  
Four stones in a scream  
The lying time is gone  
From deep melodies  
All the sadness sounds  
On the other part  
Only four feet  
The painful smell of rose  
Only four petals  
While the horn is heard  
The sound of her petrified  
On the slope of the verse  
The dead face  
Of paused moment  
On which it will dawn  
Four roses  
Of unclear quartet.

\*Translated from Serbian by Marina Popadić

VIDEO