

Man on the Margins

The man
Sitting on the margins
Knows the wolf
Recognizes the fox

The wolf too
Knows him
And the fox
Recognizes him

After many years
The wolf sometimes
Offers him a hare

The man
Sitting on the margins
Brings that hare home
Shows it to his children

Imagines a picture
Of his children
Playing with the hare
Hanging on the wall

And for years together
Forgets the wolf

Language

Language is helpless
Whosoever wishes?
Kisses her
Relishes her fragrant hair
On her lips
Stamps his lips
Molests her

Sometimes someone
Gnaws her
Drags her
Here and there
Fixes its price
Gets its price fixed

Another one
Sitting before her
Weeps for hours
Laughs for hours
And sometimes
Spreads it
Makes a bed and
Sleeps in it

Children love her
For old men
Language is business
Newspaper sells it

A leader misleads her
Teacher drives it
A businessman
Measures it

The dumb one
Does not speak it
And poetry
Loves him

Poet

Today
A poet should do
Many things

He should have
A look at philosophy
Bring society back
From sociology

Take Psychology
To the clinic
Of some Psychiatrist
And make the scientists
Eat the forbidden fruit

And a poet has
To make blind
The ones blessed
With good eyesight
And make an attempt
To make the blind
See cabre

A poet should often
Tell the story
Of two cats
And a monkey

Sandal

In the forest
Of relationships
Centuries pass
And then sometimes
Sprouts sandal

As the tree grows
Million snakes
Cling to it

A crisis arises
Fragrant become
The trees
Around the sandal

The sandal
Does not suit them
Fragrance of sandal
Turns them mad

The sandal
They curse
The sandal tree
Regrets its own fragrance

Its own fragrance
The sandal
Wishes to renounce

Much disturbed
The sandal is

Ash Tray

The ash tray
Sitting on the table
Knows much more
About me
Than you do

Whenever I
Lighting a cigarette
Breathlessly run
In the forests
Of thoughts
It watches me

Whenever I
To take proper action
In the search of
Suitable words
Looking at the sky
Descending down
Into the ocean
Deep, deeper
It keeps watching

Ash tray is my friend
My confidant

Whenever my wife
Throws the ash
Gathered in the ash tray
And asks it many questions

Ash tray laughs
And tells her nothing