100 Y

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TWO LOVERS WHO DIDN'T KNOW THEY ARE MARRIED

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ILUSTRATIONS:

Vítězslava Škrdlíková – A Poem about Water...... 47b (photo – Roman Hudec)

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JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH SPACE

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I've got stuck / between the sixth and the seventh dimension /
'cause I've been waiting for //
– the weather not so awful... //
I was staying there totally lost / having no reason //
- to move up... //
The door was shut to me /
'cause I was hopelessly full of Love //
– nobody appreciated... //
Simply, I couldn't open the door /
I couldn't do this //
- without YOU! ///
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BREAKFAST WITH MY WIFE WINNER-FAME

```
At midday, just at 13:00 o'clock /
In the month number 13 / I saw you on My Mountain //
– sleeping among the flowers... //
Exactly at 25:00 o'clock /
This year, perhaps on 32<sup>nd</sup> March /
So astonished, when I realized //
– your name should be Tenderness... //
We woke up that day taken by surprise /
The eighth day of the week was there //
- the eighth day after Sunday... //
Can you understand, My Love /
The changes in the calendar? //
So strange, so nice, so ours... ///
```

TRANSFORMATION IN THE SUN

Somewhere in the ancient time / We were taken / To the feeling / Of being Extra-Ordinary / That was because of the fear / To show what was really real / The fear to show the real / Estate of our deep insides / The fear to be hurt / The fear to die //

- Too young //

Being forsaken children / By the whole Universe /
Human beings without any hope / There is at least one more soul /
One more soul prepared to soar / Prepared to understand /
Prepared to hold you up / Every minute till the end //

– Till the end of time //

Last night we were drawing pictures / In our king-size bed / Now music is everywhere / Travelling by Brno's tram / The rails are singing wonderful / Songs about open arms / And we wake up / With these sounds / Full of embrace / Full of the Sun / Full of the consciousness / We are still alive //

– And the Sun is shining in our lives! //

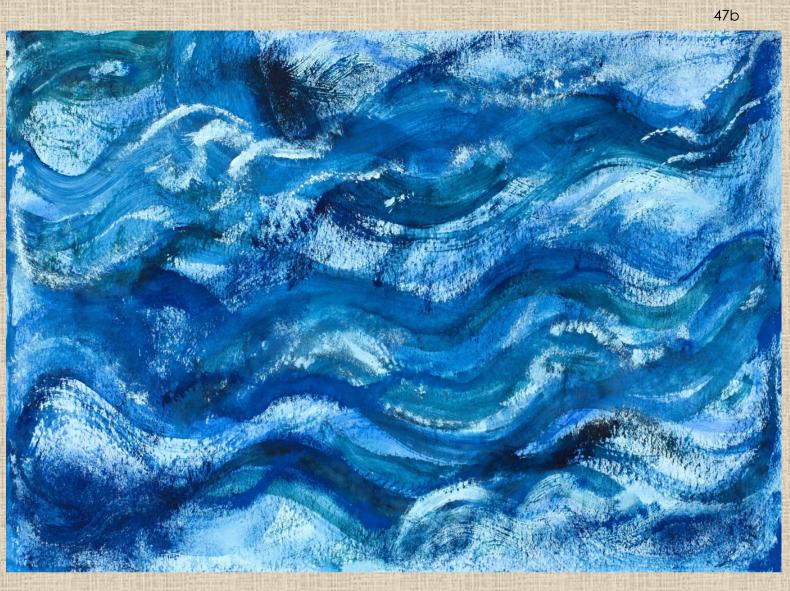
Somewhere in the ancient time / We were hidden to the feeling / Of being *Unique* / That was like a fortress / To protect us / Against the nightmare / Of the creepy Dark Night / But now we became the Sun / No more tears, no sorrows are / Around us / Now finally we are / Allowed to be /

– So Gorgeously-Ordinary... ///

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A POEM ABOUT WATER

```
It's like a cork on the surface /
There's always the same process: / Buoyancy of going up /
- Buoyancy called Hope / Hope which put down all effort /
– On your heart / In the blink of an eye /
When you swam / Completely immersed /
- In the liquid bath / You and Hope, you both... /
'Cause the one without the other / Where would you come? /
But you together / You both have come /
One day //
– To my side //
That very day / I repaired my masts / I wished to put to sea //
– All my barques //
There was the only reason / There was the only one: /
The desert was dismal... //
And my lungs were full of dust / And I hated /
Even the Sun / That's right: You both came right in time /
Right in time to leave together / The devastated land /
My Hope, please, sit down in my masts! / And You, my Love /
Make your bed in my barque! / We'll eat together this night /
And then we'll dance with the waves /
Waves, cabinet makers magical /
All the night we'll fabricate with them /
A delicate cradle from the liquid glass //
– A delicate cradle from the water foetal... ///
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Vítězslava Škrdlíková A Poem about Water

