

MARRIED.
TWO LOVERS
WHO DIDN'T KNOW
THEY ARE



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**TWO LOVERS
WHO DIDN'T KNOW
THEY ARE MARRIED**

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ILLUSTRATIONS:

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

JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH SPACE

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! ///

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 32nd 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...* ///

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... ///



Vítězslava Škrdlíková
A Poem about Water

