

What was it really ?

Zorica Sentic

Was it the winter with its cloak ?
Maybe it was the spring with its green fields?
Isn't the hot summer just a word?
Was the cricket's chirp just an ordinary song?
Wasn't an ant an actual giant?
What were the poppy flowers?
 and La Fontaine?
What was the music?
And autumn, what was it?
 the grapes?
 the birds' flight?
The pile of leaves that died of sorrow?
What was the meaning of time?
What is the season?
And what actually is the grain of sand?
What is the rose,
What is the river?
The color of the sea is blue, isn't it?
What is the water,
And the school of fish,
What is all of it,
Did the flying fish grow wings so they could really fly?
Where have all the seas gone and all the azure?
Where are the birds and the stars?
Are they still all over the sky?
And what is the sky at all?
What really is the lemon?
Where are the ladybirds?
What is the meaning of beauty?
Good, bad, emptiness, what is it?
Does the Sun come before or after the rain?
A friend? What is man, the earth, the words?
Tell me what it means to be a child?
What is the meaning of love and silence?
Is it this soft melody I hear, this wind outside resembling life?
Why are you looking at me?
Do you see tears on my face?
Is my name Amnesia?
I remembered something...I love you
And what is it anyway?



Drawing : Cecile Wadlow

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