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A Biblical Motif

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A BIBLICAL MOTIF

I live in the corner of the world where man,
with his head bent down over a plate,
is chewing fiercely . . . his Adam's apple
marking the passage of time.

Is this what I dreamt of when as a boy
I flourished a stick of spring onions amidst
whirls of dust, rolled the sun like an egg . . .
and went to sleep by it in the hole of darkness.

Why did merciless God choose me
to be witness when the local thief
kissed the teacher's wife . . . their sweating
bodies steaming in the sultry summer day?

When I crept out of my weed-covered childhood,
and my chin reached the boot of Goliath,
I realised that stupidity, hanging over me
with its ladle would keep me dry all my life.

Then I decided to join the poets
to cool down my burning head among them . . .
But black sheep always live apart from the flock,
for they don't want to be milked by their master.

I saw them climbing towards the ridge of the mountain,
picking up stones for David's sling. David himself
was lying like a god in the river, hiding
his devil's tail from the eyes of all men.

translated by Vladimir Phillipov