

To the Edge

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I'll keep returning
and putting the ruins of the world together.
even those
resembling my time.
I'll tinge colours into all
the cracks of the madness of being,
loving, dying of presence.

Then, my son, we will find
the infinity of space
and thrust upon it a face, body, soul.
We'll implant it with a heart, eyes,
and we'll stop, searching for new births.

Then, my son,
we will listen to the silence
of echoes.

Translated by Aleksandra Kocmut