

Middle Age

Never again smuggling jeans and bubble gum
nor the feeling of joy at seeing New Year's adorn the grey city.
milk in plastic bags
black and white cartoons,
making calls in public phone booths
or greetings in doctor's waiting rooms.
No more parties on the shore with guitar and syrupy songs
city bus tokens
queues in front of kiosks selling french fries
corner stores.
No more friendly innkeepers
who let you run a tab,
no more giro accounts
and excuses that the bank was closed.
Only heaps of plastic
and the world like a turned-off
smart phone screen.

Translated by Manja Maksimovič