

I

there is dead silence in the plain
a bird is singing, it takes a seed and a mother is envious of it
her eyes blackened from starvation and she is swearing on the eyes
a good soldier from souli is standing aside and crying:
"lone dark rifle, why do i have you in my arm?
you became heavy for me and the muslim knows it"

II

April together with cupid are dancing and laughing,
and as many flowers blossom and fruits grow that many weapons are
enclosing you
a white mountain of sheep is moving while yelling,
and it gets thrown again into the deep sea,
and with its whiteness it becomes one with the beauties of the sky.
and to the lake's waters made it in a hurry
a blue butterfly and with its shadow it played,
it fell asleep in a wild lily.
The worm is also in a sweet state.
The nature is magic and a dream in beauty and grace,
the black stone seems golden same with the dried up grass.
with a thousand faucets it spills itself and with a thousand languages
speaks
"whoever perishes today will perish a thousand times"