TWO SIDES OF LIFE

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The end of all dreams

The birch trees
behind my house
between the swing
and gentle lullaby.
The lovely sight
in front
of my eyes
the blossomed magnolia,
and your hand
on my stiff arm.
The shadow falls
on my Christmas kiss,
and I try to hide
my bewilderment.
The mellow freesia
in her hair
made me sad
because I saw
my lonesome future.
I tried to sing
your dearest song,
but my words
are tired,
and I'm lost.
You put
the white lily
on my grave,
my ever
lasting home.

The future

Come, come in,
and leave
your past
at the front door.
Step into future,
with all
its unknowns,
all its arousals,
all its enjoyment.
Come, come in,
and leave
your coat
on the chair.
Do it without
any resignation
or sadness,
do it with love,
and loud laughter.
Come, come in,
into my room,
and sleep,
and dream
about the future
with all
its luxury.