

#10

YOU SLEEP, MY PRINCE

"The night scatters your dream among the city walls."

Athanase Vantchev de Theacy

You sleep, your head resting on the gentle pulse

Of the blood which flows deep in the alleyways of the heart,

The taste of afternoon gives the flowers more beauty,

And the rhythms of my song, more light.

Translated into English by Peter Hill and Norton Hodges

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#11

TRANSPARENCY

For Ali Husteev

The satin smooth shadow lifts rippling water hyacinths

Towards the stooping branches of the weeping willows -

Slowly all becomes love

Now that the heart is pure

And peaceful.

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