

Lunar Hypnotism

by vera zubarev

You told me once
That the cosmic world
Was a cradle of silence,
Of peace and cold,
Of icy sparks,
Of deathly rays
And fossil darks,
And no one else.
You told me once
You told me twice
Your home got covered
With the ice.
So did your lake,
Your swans,
Your words
I was the one
Who never froze,
To whom you talked at night,
From whom
You heard no word
I was the moon.

* * *

You wake up at night and think: What was it?
The sound of time comes from the wall.
You pull back the curtain. The moon is frozen
And stuck with its scalp to the iron vault.
The night is deep. The winter is longer
Than life if you stubbornly wait for its end.
The blizzard approaches its stormy organ.
You listen, and secretly wonder: When?
The date is unclear. The laws of nature
Are unreliable. So is the mind.

Its always trapped whatever it ventures,
Revealing again its ephemeral might.
Your bodies hang quietly in your closet.
Your spirit is wandering along the rooms.
Your mind is perturbed: What was it? What was it?
Your heart knows the answer, but only booms.

* * *

You sleep. The time is soft and slow.
Your dreams are covered with the snow.
And so are you, your street, your home
The snow reshapes their look, their form.
The wintry worlds a dreamy pool.
Your clock purrs sleep. The moon is full.
And I walk in. Im here. I see
A frozen lake through the jalousie.
Ive gone through the walls, Ive crossed the world.
Its getting dark. Its growing cold.
And you breathe out the frozen air.
I am so far. I am so near.
The frosty window slightly gleams.
I see the landscape of your dreams
A snowy sculpture of the heart.
Is this one real? Is this one art?
Its hard to say. Its hard to know.
Your world is covered with the snow.
And only dreams are free to fly.
And so am I. And so am I.

* * *

I am the moon.
You are my stone.
Your eyes are in bloom
When lit in my zone.
Your eyes are in bloom
My surface shines through.
I am the moon:

Half-fickle, half-true.
The flux of my flow
Changes so fast!
I bring up your glow
Thats held in my depths.
Were bound forever,
You want me to say.
But life only favors
The moment per se.
And after its ended
Like time in the clock
I am a dead land,
You are a rock.

http://www.dailymotion.com/playlist/x18q73_vadchar_lunar-hypnotism

