

Muzyka jak woda

Aga Zaryan

How, on a summer night
The mysterious few bird notes rise
And break against the dark and stop
And that music continues, afterward, for a long time

How you move in me until silence itself is moving
Precisely as those few notes
How they do not stop, the music like water
Finding its way

How what we begin we only think is ours
How quickly it passes form reach
Some other life throating the air
Until it is utterly lovely and changed

How what we begin we only think is ours
How quickly it passes form reach
Some other life throating the air
Until it is utterly lovely and changed

How I am changed by you and change you
How we willingly hollow our throats for the song
How the music chains us, but the song
On a summer night, how it breaks and stops

How we falter and still the notes rise beyond us
How they complete themselves in the silence
And silence completes us, simple as those few notes
That answer the dark on a summer night and fall still