

# Brighton

## Forgotten Silence

He gathered all his plans,  
stuffed them into his aching head  
Got on a stage-coach  
and during the night he erased his past  
Sometimes he did not care for the others  
and sometimes he cared too much  
He looked for his face in windows of ships  
and listened to waves of oceans  
Red lights of buses  
were the last thing he saw  
He left for city L  
and stayed there for the New Year's Eve  
In small beer joints he stared  
and languished  
In the square  
he was breaking up flocks of pigeons  
Smiled at people  
because he was so far away

To erase oneself from the world,  
to bury oneself,  
to present oneself with wings  
To dissolve in evening air  
and go as far as the end of the pier  
And to go where he is going...

He wanted to start  
and live everything from the beginning  
To learn to read  
and not to stand by your side any more  
He did not believe in what was,  
only in what will be  
Bathed in colours  
and wept with happiness  
Touched the end of the world  
and it was wonderful  
Skidded through the first snow,  
which was melting  
Colourful parties end  
so late in the morning  
He let colourful smells  
and walls of rooms sleep  
And in nightshades of lamps  
he lightly disappeared out of sight

To erase oneself from the world,  
to bury oneself,  
to present oneself with wings  
To dissolve in the evening air  
and go as far as the end of the pier  
And to go where he is going...

He has erased himself from this world  
Gave no chance any more to anything  
and was friends with shadows  
Nobody might not have understood him,  
but he did not want to be any more

In hustles of department stores,  
in audiences of restaurants  
On wet pavements  
he returned home from night hunts  
Looked at his strange face  
reflected in puddles  
And sat in parks and among graves  
And in the streets,  
which were not alight even during day  
Shiny splinters of wild harmony

To erase oneself from the world,  
to bury oneself,  
to present oneself with wings  
To dissolve in the evening air  
and go as far as the end of the pier  
And to go where he is going...

I met myself walking down the street  
It was a surprise  
I looked like a stranger