

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

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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

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