

Vodou život prekvitá

Hromovlad

keď v ohni leta prahne zem, hlboko je skryta
zelen v smadných korenoch a listie tazko dycha
v ohni slnka deti kvetiny tela skrutené
sta ruky starca v žlti odete

len daždom z nebies, vodou, život prekvitá
nieť žiadnej inej moci čo zelen prebudza
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nieť nenahradi dar, čo z utrob vyviera

vtedy ako vykúpenie z palav muk je dažd
keď z utrpenia zeme rozplacu sa nebesia
volou bohov v bleskoch vytrestaju skupe mraky
vrasky tvare zeme zmocia prudy ich krvi

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nezvratny kolobeh pocina rosou
put, keď sa do hmly premeni
v palavach zanecha zem, splynie s oblohou
kym sa v daždi navrati

zível mnohých tvarí, vsemozných zdrojov
z tisícok zriediel prameni
nesputanou silou vsemocných tokov
zahubi no i pohľadi

Translation: Life is flowering through the Water

when earth thrists in the fire of summer, hidden deeply
greenes in thirsty roots and leaves breathe hard
in the fire of sun, kvetina's children, twisted bodies
like a oldman's hand ,wearing in yellow

life can only flower through the heavenly rains, through the water,
there's no other force than can awake the greens,
life can only flower through the heavenly rains, through the water,
there's nothing like the gift, that rises from the vitals

at the time rain is like a redemption from the fever,
and the sky begins to weep with suffering of earth,
mean clouds punish the will of gods in lightning
and streams of their blood wet the wrinkles of earth

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the invariable round starts by moisture,
journey, when it coverts into the fog,
it leaves the earth in fever, joins the sky,
till it returns in rains

elements of many faces and all the possible genesis
it rises from thousands of springs,
by the wild power of almighty streams,
it can both - destroy and stroke