

## SUBSCRIBER OF MY TRUST

Zuzana Smatanová

What a rare thoughts were born into my head ...  
What a rare thoughts you can find after my death ...

I want you to remember my name  
'cos it took me too much energy that  
non-stop please others!  
I'm not like a moth starved for light  
and than burn my wings when I touch it ...  
Why don't they understand me?  
and my sandalwood can be broken  
to a splinter!

I'm not like a bottle of juice with  
an instruction : "Shake well before opening!"  
and incapable consider human  
inner dignity ...  
Please be brotherly in this plight  
and brotherly I'll know your name!

Where are the letters for me?  
Did the postman die?  
I sent the request for somebody  
better, but I was too much selective  
and tend towards dungeon of souls and  
pretty hearts and I found only subscriber  
of my trust ...

Did you inquire about it, how many  
ingredients I got into my dinner,  
that I'm hungry for?  
The details are more important than  
entire things ... do you want to eat  
the same like me?

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What a rare thoughts ...