

I am the far-away awakening of seafoam

I am the poem of transformations which
place their steps only with difficulty
in sweat and in the depth of a struggling heart
when they step on splinters
and dare into a countryside, in which the blood freezes over.

I am
the day in which the sun has woven its
rays
and opened the palm
of first communion.

I am that I am.

Bronislava Volkova

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