

*Peycho Kanev*

**little by little**

old basement in France.  
The rats are raising and start to chew  
at the old paintings of Monet:  
beautiful September! – pain,  
sweet as honey is pouring out of me,  
but I part the curtains, look outside,  
I notice the green of the trees,  
the blue of the sky and the music –  
the unsolved color of the music,  
but I ignore them  
at this place, in these times  
we can't sing,  
and the music, yes, the music is dying,  
all the great sopranos are dead.  
I light up a candle and hold it up for  
whole minute

outside starts to rain

in the Vatican one holy man is shaking

no  
chance.