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**I STOOD DEATH UP, MAY IT TAKE ROOT THERE AT OUR MEETING PLACE**

wound down words

the minute and hour hand kiss at twelve  
and all the chimes ring on time

I do not care to come  
please excuse me death

I am going to put it off for one more day

in the streets of the silent city

seagulls have fallen asleep  
the snow is ready to cover every trace

I haven't forgotten appointment  
but this time I am too lazy

death, you'll have to wait for some time more...

now, they say that winter

is the time of death

and I have seen and know

that people curse those who die in winter  
excuse me death

I won't let them curse at me after I'm gone  
to this appointment I will never come

a train might pass through this poem

or a plane

or a ship

or all the vehicles of death, but none of them shall be my carriage  
excuse me, death

I shall not come.

the future stands so limitless and vast

and just when I am wondering what is next

I cannot pack up and leave this life  
as if leaving a cinema

during the finest scene of the film  
excuse me death

your name is so cold that I cannot come

while life offers me so many grounds

to excuse myself

I cannot even consider death

I love you, life

and even your worst surprises

**Erol Zavar,**

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