

PARUYR SEVAK

You are not here and won't be

You are not here
The morning is so full of fear
That I can't bear
You won't be near.

And the sky-line is closed to me.
It's not clouds that closes
But the cloudy fold of your cloth.
You are not here
And this universal anguish
Has vanished
You won't be near
And it seems if we bring a match,
The air will blaze with a bright color.

You are not here
But why do I still feel in this way?
The way, one feels when loses his foot
But he still feels it
Which doesn't exist
And will never be