

1

To whom shall I shout and who shall I cry to?
My heart, who can I share with?
Who can I tell my troubles to? To whom can I tell my story?
If I tell you, my friends, will we understand each other?

2

The silver birch sings with a gentle rustle. The warm, soft Sun sends its tender light to the birch. For many years the birch has been standing on the crossroad from dawn till dusk through a century of worldly troubles. Winds bend her branches and try to break her and winter tries to hurt her with a hard frost.

The silver birch on the crossroad waits for sun, breathes with leaves and sings with a gentle rustle.

3

Quietly shaking its curly green head
My pale little birch tree prays without end;
Each little leaf rustles a silent prayer;
Pray, little birch tree, also for me.

I came here alone from a distant land;
Here the god is strange to me as also is his speech;
He will neither see my sadness nor understand my prayer,
Even though I pray, and pray a lot.

From the far west a delicate ray of rose-hued light
Stole sorrowfully among the slender branches,
And gave a hushed kiss to the small leaves,
Which dreamily heard the nightingale.

From the distant field came a gentle breeze
And told the little leaves endless stories;
A great longing overcame my heart.
Pray, little birch tree, pray also for me.

4

You are my heart, you are my life, oh, why can't you understand that? If only I could heave a sigh for your sake! But better not. You've had sweet letters from me, they were like hot words on a cold stone. What were they to you? Not a day passes without one of my limbs going numb, and my blood's running cold in my veins. I'd rather be dead, ...but better not.

5

An angel came to me in my dream.
Waiving his wings from afar, left his quietness and home and softly descended into my world. He knew forgotten sorrows that were secretly gnawing my heart and melted the steel armor of my soul in a golden light. He took my heart out and untwined the spikes that were constricting it. Pulled my soul out of the crowd and enveloped me into silence. He chimed 'See you' and left my soul to heal. ... Now I will wake up and, with new strength will set off to fly with my angel.

6

The silence didn't last long.

As soon as I opened the door into the world, my illuminated heart gasped: I am here on my own now, on my own. The chill of the Earth's orbit seems a bit strange but not new. Dozens... thousands of little gods swarm there. Tearing the Earth apart, they drag it back to square one. In the thick of viscous taradiddle co-humans fade away.

I soar alone, exploding with light. Shards of heart sweep into the world. Above the shimmering planet let there other souls soar.

I am a leaf fallen from a thin branch, swinging, a crying clarinet... I am a resident, a neighbour's cat, I am an enemy, I am a friend's pistol...

I will cover the world with shards of my glowing soul. My Angel, don't search anymore. I am here on my own. I am here with you.

7

Three centuries ago I was young and joyful. Living simply and honestly and searching for happiness. Swarthy and strong, I grew up in the Mediterranean heat under the eye of trees and outcrops.

Three centuries ago I met a girl there with passion and radiance in her joyous eyes and life dashed away like a song, with love, three centuries ago. I remember: we greeted sunsets together. I remember declarations of eternal love. I remember a beauty in a bride's dress and our conversations till sunrise. Three years we lived in quiet harmony, in mundane tumult our closeness grew. Suddenly Death came and took away my happiness.

I closed the shutters, shackled my heart in armour – though the pain didn't go. How slowly did years drag!.. With a smile I noticed it was time to go.

Three centuries without light my restless bird-soul strayed through lives. Hope whispers to me that the song is not sung yet and that life is still good!

Will you recognise my new guise? Will I recognise your joyous tranquillity?

You are in this world and maybe this time together we can go home. That home with quiet harmony and light souls flying freely.

Let you mind not remember – your soul knows that meeting three centuries ago.

8

Lovingly enveloped by the night and breathing easily, the Earth is at rest in the lap of Spring. My love is far away and my heart is longing. A little bird sings so heartfully. Her beloved one is looking for her somewhere but nobody is looking for me and my heart is silent.

9

Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm; for Love is as strong as Death, its jealousy unyielding as the grave. It burns like blazing fire, like a mighty flame. Many waters cannot quench love; rivers cannot wash it away.

10

Ay yay yay

11

Our Father, our King! Be gracious unto us and answer us, for we have no good works of our own; deal with us in Charity and Kindness, and save us.