Godina

W

Javager stoner un liseint, portire busemie tranieli, Edute a deleta, an metri, semme ganorienie y wisperisam studeniu mote ni mini pilmyn cionydy.

Zansun stronte prije ampstrio, i u animinj m'ali prouple Creaty, go tone, un unaptrio krony saiti unus: shuttelmi, Erby fare ja wystaniali zycie eto jest stempile.

Cush Mos

An Hour

Leaves glowing in the sun, zealous hum of bumble bees,

From afar, from somewhere beyond the river, echoes of lingering voices,

And the unhurried sounds of a hammer gave joy not only to me.

Before the five senses were opened, and earlier than any beginning

They waited, ready, for all those who would call themselves mortals,

So that they might praise, as I do, life, that is, happiness.

Czeslaw Milosz