

# THE GLASS SANDWICH

Tomas Veres

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FIRST EDITION

**[www.tomasveres.com](http://www.tomasveres.com)**

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To all human dogs,



which freedom is limited



by thin wire

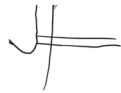






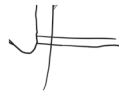
Struggling, 358 days in a row,  
The blessed day to scream came - no more,  
Shining lights, air,  
Shining lights, everywhere,  
Subtle voices spreading melody,  
Rough fabric heating a body,  
Bowls filled, rare smell,  
Table surrounded, harmony without a spell,  
Wild guts, beating heart,  
Red tissue paper, falling apart,  
Apart from a sock, something mythical,  
Deep smiling, what a miracle.

the glass sandwich



Tiny box, glossy surface,  
Sparks in eyes and constantly cold fireplace,  
Shaking fingers, clumsy moves,  
Bold familiar words, revealing silent clues,  
Around me, encouraging audience,  
Opposite me, perfect balance,  
Wide, but not too wide,  
Bright, but not too bright,  
I am holding it like a golden trophy,  
Like mom, used to hold her cup of coffee.

the glass sandwich



First date, new ray of joy,  
Later, just another display toy,  
Lying on the table, covered with dust,  
Swimming in a tub, decorated with rust,  
Trying to discover, whether strong or bleak,  
Apparently braver than a marble brick,  
Trying to silence curiosity why?  
We could not be friends, like suit and tie,  
Probably, the last memories,  
Before the bond changed to a spontaneous breeze.

the glass sandwich



Sometimes, clouds bring a fairy-tale,  
Sometimes, the tide soaks up a young sail,  
Sometimes, gems seduce us with their colour,  
Sometimes, objects steal our fleeting power,  
Sometimes,  
It happens too many times,  
Without shaking hands,  
Without equal agreements,  
Paralyzed, vainly waiting for a second breath,  
Drowned, under shadows of flourishing grief.



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