

## Four Poems for Robert Lax

By Niko Eliou

1

He spoke  
I listened.  
I spoke,  
he listened.  
In between  
we both  
heard almost  
nothing.

2

He dreams and  
(he) lives,  
he lives and  
(he) dreams.  
He calls "mother,  
mother" in sleep  
and I wonder,  
does he live  
and recall, or  
does he dream  
and rejoice.

3

He keeps  
his trust  
in Him,  
his stick in  
his hand.  
He sings but  
you only hear  
(silence), nothing  
and when you  
ask  
he only says  
"silence is  
my song."

4

He took the first  
and only step to  
the journey without return.  
(His) The journey to the  
light he called it  
My journey to sadness  
I call it.