

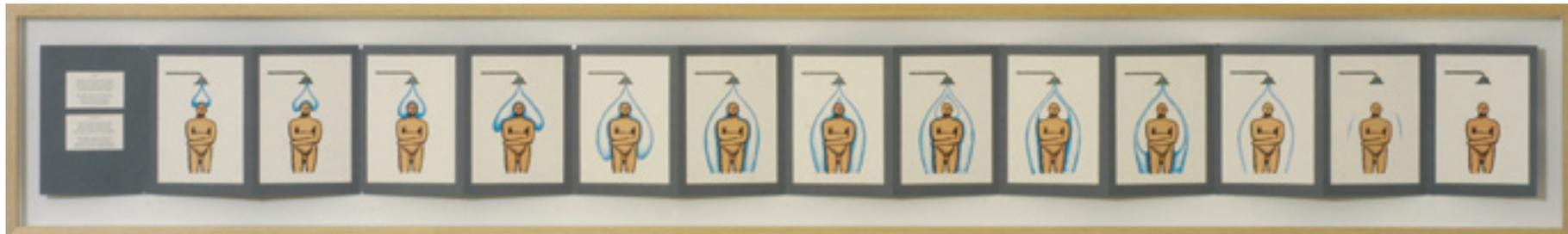
mike karstens **graphics**

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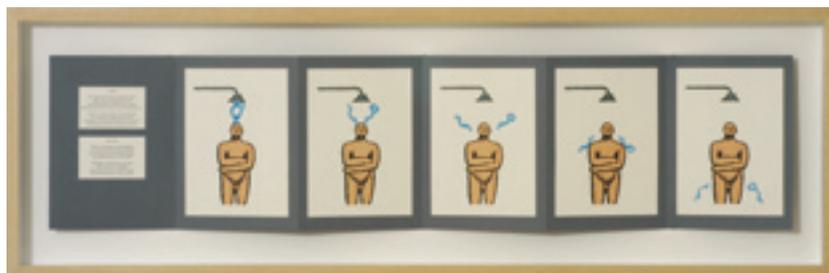
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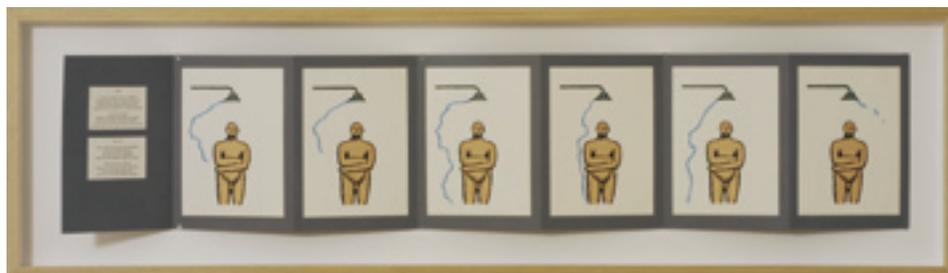
title, year CHALICE, 2003 size 26 x 114 cm



title, year SLEEP, 2003 size 26 x 266 cm



title, year CARAFE, 2003 size 26 x 114 cm



title, year WIND, 2003 size 26 x 133 cm

Ilya Kabakov

technique

Linocut, Serigraph

edition

30/30, 10 a.p., 4 p.p

paper

190g/qm, Somerset Book

printer

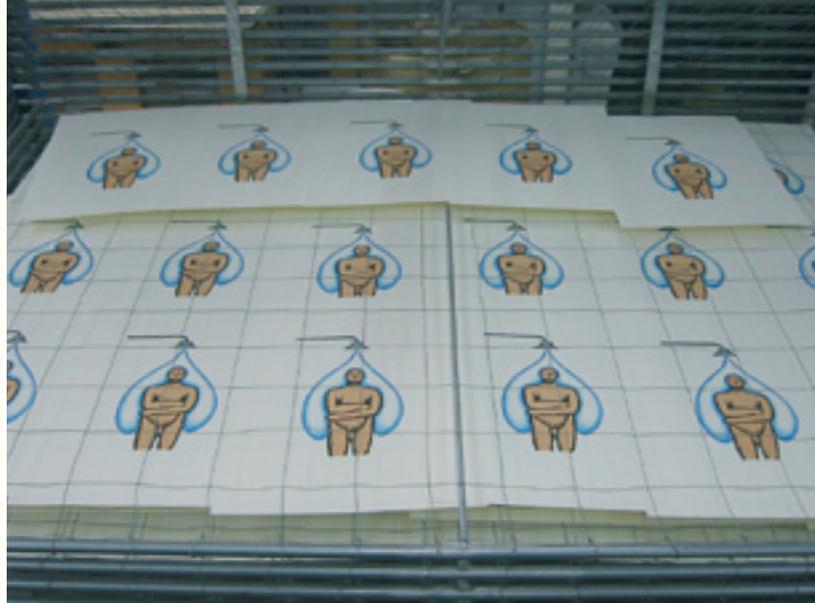
mike karstens graphics

poems

Ilya Kabakov

Works are not framed.

Delivered in protective millboard-box.



Chalice

There are no cares for young years:
Blossoming springtime is everywhere...
And we are given a full chalice
For happiness and delight.

But the years rushed past quickly,
Everything has disappeared, spring is over,
The living stream has fallen silent in the woods,
And there is merely one drop left in the chalice...

Sleep

Dressed in the heavy armor of sleep
I stood for a long time in the gloom.
The distant sound somewhere could
Not penetrate the depth of sleep

But a light came to me from inside,
Moving the stone around me,
And my soul was liberated
For the life of another day.

Carafe

Oh, carafe, filled with transparent water,
Why have you broken over me?
The fragile pieces, shattered and ringing,
Shimmering under the moon, go rushing along me.

There's no way to hold in my crazy head
The wonderful images floating aloft,
And they, not leaving any trace in my memory,
Will disaooeer forever just like the carafe.

Wind

Love, love, where have you hidden?
The cold wind of live is blowing all around,
It carries former dreams away from me –
Again my soul is indignant in anguish and fear.

Cold wind! Cease!
Return to me those wonderful moments!
Don't carry of those miraculous visions –
I will pay them tribute again with my fervent heart!

