

Five unpicked apples

Alena Podobed

I've escaped the sodden summer
Where the August was scraps from the summer's table.
Like a bark beetle, I crouch under the roof
and keep the wood stove burning.
The outside is wet
and sunk in heavy murk.
Autumn has invited itself over,
and there's no way we can toss it out now.
Why have we opened the gate?
It might have grumbled a bit and left
without robbing all the orchards empty,
or drinking dry the pale blueness of the sky.
Milk production goes up;
fallen leaves rot,
layer after layer,
the pathways
woozy from all the liquid they were drinking
are covered with water.
The world is sniveling and chilly;
the sky is like a sieve.
And only five unpicked apples
still have some hope,
but hope for what?



Translated from Russian by Sergey Gerasimov



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