

LIKE DOBERMAN

Dmitry Blizniuk

You squeezed out lemon juice on your breasts
and whispered, "I'm your oyster, eat me!"

You accelerated my blood like kids accelerate shopping carts;
your amazing nipples met my fingers
like Doberman Pinschers – they cocked their pointed ears alertly
if the master opened the gun safe.

It was love, but love with a limited shelf life.

Life of a rainbow. Life of kefir.

Eternity lazily turned its back to us,
and we, light and careless,
scattered like young rats in a port
after the cruise was over.

But sometimes the bronze angle of the horizon
reminds me – please don't laugh – your eyebrow
when you looked at the sea
above the sunglasses.



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