



The Silence

by: Irina Valerina
translated from Russian by:
Sergey Gerasimov

Why are you such a rough old cob, my dark-eyed beast?
Where did you get your rage boiling like a white spring
when your cheekbones harden, and why do you always need two:
two fates, two women, two countries?

Okay, I'll stay,
till morning – and, believe me, it's my limit
because having you alone is infinitely much for me.
You can believe in yourself, but there are no solutions
to our equation, where
every quantity is unknown.
I'd better not touch with my rapid lips
the knobby muscles or the tired eyes.
I'd better not whisper or pass my hand over the burning skin.
I'd better fall asleep, freeze, turn into stone,
but no one else can love
like you love.

No one can tell
why this passion is so intense
that the electricity blows out
in the old country cottage again.

...Hesperus was running by.
He spilled stars all over the sky...
Shallow-water sleep.
Silence.
The tidal wave of shivery touches...



#MMPPisLIT

www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com