



My first husband was the most difficult of all.
He used to say to me:
we'll die together.
Oh, mom, I used to love him
like our evenings in the common kitchen,
like an old accordion,
like the aristocratic tang of tea.
I loved him...
But words like these are out of fashion now.
And music, which was so light, so bright, so tough,
bloomed in my heart, under the ribs.
Oh, mom, I used to love him as completely
as I hate him now.



The Anthology

by Evgenia Jen Baranova

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