

## The Dream

has funerals, urns  
and ravens

instead of garden parties  
and nesting sparrows

after 20 years  
father is still waiting

in my sleep  
like a shadow

whispering  
*A drop*

*of blood*  
*is enough*

*to drown*  
*the world*

and I'm sure God  
dreamed

of Stalin planting cabbages  
in the snow

## **The Wind is Dry this Time of the Year**

because of the heat,  
I see the dead

pulling what remains  
of their bodies

from the grave  
they marched

in front of the house  
I waved at them

and they waved back  
like those Gulag prisoners

they begged for bread  
and water

only to lie down again  
as a dust storm gathered

in their eye sockets

## Omen

I came across a door that led to a mirror.

A crow had taken up residence in front of it.

The last snowfall fell in Moscow, and the pope  
told me to hug myself. This was not something

I expected. The spoon was used to bury those seeds  
until the plague passed. When I stood before the mirror  
and rubbed the crow's beak, I was only in this dream.

## **The Day After the Funeral**

I emptied the house  
of mementos and dust,

erasing the scent  
of the dearly departed.

With a calm face,  
I sat on the balcony,

admiring the changing  
color of the leaves.

At night, I climbed  
to the roof

and listened  
to the moon's music,

weeping one last time.

## **In a Room Overlooking the Seine**

I prefer to visit cemeteries  
during the summer.

Not winter,  
not autumn,  
not spring.

Summer is the perfect season  
to keep an eye on  
Death.

When life is pulsing through the crowd  
everywhere.