

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.