

Babylon

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I am a temporary refugee in Babylon
Temporary stretches like nylon
The hair is growing for the third time and is getting into the eyes
I don't see anything, I don't see anyone, I don't want anything
Freudian slips,
Languages/tongues like snakes on the Gorgons' head,
spread out in all directions
The teacher takes the chalk,
writes: "I am the illegitimate son of Sancho III, in fact, the first
king of Aragon"
I am among all, something small, but spreading like the prophets,
Growing like a tumour
Only benign and
Flowing
Like everything temporary.
Like everything that is counted together.
Let's go our separate ways already.
A small helicopter will fly over and poison with gas.
I will braid my snakes in a rococo hairdo,
In a rush I'll get confused-fused, get lost,
I'll forget all... I will lose... The tower will crack -
And everything will scatter with icicles to Kay,
Who will all his life try to compile "eternity" out of them,
While I hiccup -

In my icy chest and neck, -
And through the demolished tower of languages
Of my already defunct head -
He'll contemplate stupefied
Open sky and memory

About the Babylon.

