

Ignatevsky Forest

The last leaves burn in self-immolation
And rise to sky. The whole forest here
Lives and breathes the same irritation
We lived and breathed in our last year.

In tear-blurred eyes the path is a mirror
As the gloomy floodplain mirrors the shrubs.
Don't fuss, do not disturb, don't touch
Or threaten the forest's quiet by the river.

The old life breathes here. Listen:
In damp grass, slimy mushrooms appear.
Though slugs gnaw their way to the core,
A damp itch still tingles the skin.

You've known how love is like a threat—
“When I come back, you'll wish you were dead.”
The sky shivers in reply, holds a maple like a rose.
Let it burn hotter—till it almost reaches our eyes.

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