

Kadya Molodowsky

In life's stable

My poor Pegasus must go on foot.  
Both he and I – we've clean forgotten how to fly.  
The world is very small,  
The sea is drying up.  
I've tied up this wild pony in the stable of life.  
Now both of us drag our feet.

Who shot away his wings?  
Who gnawed the point of my pen?  
The sun sinks down, the windowpanes shine bloody.  
The sun comes to an end. My sight comes to an end.

Come, lines, arrange yourselves, raise me up.  
You're my bodyguard, my generals.  
I can't cross over this fence of webs and dust,  
The whole field darkens, narrows.

What good is boasting, what good is it?  
What's the good of kneading our story after story?  
Pegasus, don't stand too close to you stack of hay.  
God forbid, you might become a donkey with epaulets.