

Nika Turbina
[Untitled]

My poems are a heavy burden-
Like stones carried uphill.
I shall walk with them to the cliff,
Until I walk no more
I'll bury my face in the grass,
And run out of tears.
I shall tear up my line -
The poem shall weep.
Searing pain cutting through my palm-
'tis stinging nettle's bite!
The bitterness of my day
Turns into words and disappears.