"Light of my life, fire of my loins"
V. Nabokov

TO WHERE IT'S LIGHT

No light in the morning, evening
And when it's time to have a dinner
No light either.
No light when I'm sleeping.
Even less light when I wake up.
When I hang out
And drink beer with friends in a local pub.
No light when I eat or work.
When I suddenly drop a fork
It's too dark to pick it up.
There's somewhere bright and warm.
But when it's day there - here's night.
I should have forgot
That long time ago here was light.
It's too sad to know
That the light still exists:
It's between your arms, in your smell,
In your warmest kiss,
In your bed, in the movies we've watched,
In the picnic with wine and cheese,
In your sweat when you drudged,
In your endless embrace,
In the heart you touched.
But the morning is here,
And you are alredy going to bed.
In both hemispheres
The black color has stepped
Like the widow under the veil of grief.
It only knows the start
It doesn't know the way to forgive
It's just impossible to stop.
Remember there's only darkness
When I wake up.

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