"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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