

Salome Benidze

Berlin. January.

Step over the grey corpses of angels
shot by this bleak wall
that path will bring you to me:
the paths that pass through corpses are always
shorter than others _ circuitous and distant.
One day, snow will cover all of the crests,
and titles, and all the names,
and old clay pots
full of flowers _ as dry as chips.
Step over these existences buried deep
and don't be late not even for a minute.
Don't remind me_
one day I'll be thoroughly forsaken,
because I lived scattered in a thousand pieces
and could never adapt to my own existence.
Don't remind me_
You have needs,
that your soul needs
to keep me in it's still unfulfilled night prayers _
I already knew
There is no other way of surviving _ except for me and you.
And when you intend to leave
step over these cemeteries
of forgotten hurts buried under this bleak wall
and go that way
I want to imprint on your back a long, long stare.
Then everything will be easier
and when you intend to die, please, remember _
the colorful scarf
my trembling hands wove for you
in typical northern winter nights
will serve you one day as a rope as well _
it's knitted tight to hold your weight,
the weight of your snow white body
and your heart _ one of my dwelling places.
And when they find you hung on this rope,
all blue and swaying,
like a swingy pendulum of an old clock,
I'll smile slightly
and say _ I helped you escape because
I loved you so.