

Cape of Good Hope

Antonina Tymchenko

Just like a butterfly
I am hard to nail down.
While growing up
and beginning to dream,
I was fluttering, always in flux,
sheltered by sunbeams,
endlessly flying.

As long as my shining love
stays fluttering on my cheek,
as long as it held my sunrise
in its fingers.

But then it fell into the grass,
gazed at blossoming hollyhocks,
and fished for swift silvery perch
at the deep forest creek.

I made my bed under the stars
to look at their sky-crossing streaks,
to make up the stories of distant
cosmic adventures.

My love is still glimmering,
glimmering, blinking: who are you?
My love is still close,
a butterfly touching my cheek.

(Translated by Anna Antonova)

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