

A Yellow Flower

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I am a closed yellow flower,
maybe not even a rose.
Maybe a dandelion
that hides its yellowness, its heart,
after dark.

Darkness doesn't inspire nudity.
One should strip naked in the daytime.
The details of the chest
will be more visible
while breathing.
One should breathe with
the scraps of words and dreams,
interjections of looks
and the slush of the unconscious.

It's true, the closed yellow flower
has nothing to lose
except its life – short and yellow.

Translated by Olga Karasik