A Quotidian Morning, When
Liljana Dirjan
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A QUOTIDIAN MORNING, WHEN

like bees in the almond blossom, I nest in you, like a metal spoon that
returns your fragrant bitter taste . . . I am the hand that feeds you, the
furnace that smelts. My throat is a crater. The wound inside me is
nothing but ash.

Every morning, you greedily swallow mouthfuls of fresh water to take
away the gooey pollen. My honey. You draw your coat about you.
Sticky and viscous, already a stranger.

A cat scratches after you.

Translated from the Macedonian
by P.H. Liotta