

A Yellow Flower  
Liliya Gazizova

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*