

Sweet Mystery

By Arthur Klepchukov

02.09.2006

And on this winter day,
A stripe as warm as May,
I'm a graceful human flower,
In the center of the pond of life.
My soul, a lily,
Enchanted by its own revolutions.
I'm inspired by this flowing liquid field,
Somehow the blight has passed.
I smell it all around me,
Something familiar yet completely new.
Life, is that you?
The pretty mistress has returned,
She breathes today for the first time.
Her lullaby of a voice makes my petals twirl,
In this delightful sea I am her pearl.
She touches me so gently,
Tickling me with my own pollen.
Laughing, running, moving,
Falling again into the river of release.
Her scent has never graced me,
Yet it's something I can't forget.
Where were you,
In the days when this stream was a swamp?
When I was just an ugly landlocked weed?
When I had all those romantic needs?
You must have been nearby,
Because what else has changed?
Nothing. And yet everything.
I feel it in my roots.
I feel it in the way the wind caresses my stalk,
In how all these new memories gently walk.
You've come from inside, from within.
How do I get you to stay?
And why did it take all these years,
For you to peek out from behind the sun?
Your presence is welcomed yet misunderstood,
Your happiness experienced but not like it should.
These feelings cradle my other mistress,
And the forest begins to dissolve.
So at the peak of happiness' virgin bliss,
Lady death returns to me with one swift kiss.
And you begin to slip so logically away,

Because I still don't understand you.
I'm sorry darling,
I've cheated on you with these thoughts.
Please don't take so long to forgive,
Sometimes it hurts more to understand than to live.
My leaves already black,
I am again a flowerless plant,
The familiar thoughts: I won't, I can't.
Will I be dead again tonight,
Or for another nineteen years?
What's in my power to decide?
I can't choose when precious life will grace me,
But I can choose to not have death erase me.
Away dark mistress,
I am not ready to go.
I sleep alone tonight,
Having tasted the beauty of life,
And with the other exotic offer always on the table.
Death, I will not choose you.
Life, I'll try not to lose you.
And until you return,
I'll ponder the thought:
Can understanding be a feeling?