

Preface

on a bare tree — a red beast,
so still it has become the tree.
now it's the tree that prowls over the beast,
a cautious beast itself.

a stone thrown at its breast is
so fast — the stone has become the beast.
now it's the beast that throws itself like a stone.
blood like a dog-rose tree on a windy day,
and the moon is trying on your face
for the annual masquerade of the dead.

death decides to wait to hear more.
so death mews:
first — your story, then — me.

Valzhyna Mort