

SHE RISES...

P.K. Yavorov

In light she rises - star of my unconscious dreaming,
and yet I long for light
for she has all the seeming
of ghost, though bright,
with rays of an unreal streaming.

O, hundred bodies, that I loved and afterwards rejected -
the sad remembrance of my ugly past,
look at her face, how she has resurrected
among your crowd, and will forever last!
I beg you to forgive my soul, with sins infected.

You all are cruelly humiliated
by this contagious jealousy of mine
against her beams - beloved and hated,
behind the border line
of happiness... As always belated...