

Field comes to me in a dreamy,
brownish way, covered with fallen
leaves, convinced of its truth,
of the truth of the words given to us
in the early morning fog,
words tapping daily on our ears.

While we all think
that our words are the true ones
they are all, indeed, merely drops
from a jar as huge as the ocean
reflecting myriads of colors and shapes
depending on the eye that sees them
and the light falling on them
in a particular season or time of day.
At night – they become silent and black,
submerged in mystery.

Bronislava Volkova

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