

Home is still possible there...

Kateryna Kalytko

the world becomes more fragile at each moment,
and when you suddenly embrace
through the cloth – you don't know who it is,
and whether you've lost or found.
And the swelling parted body of war intrudes into a blossoming heart
because we didn't let it enter our home on a cold night to warm itself.

Translated from the Ukrainian by Olena Jennings and Oksana Lutsyshyna.

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