

**MY DESK**  
**(in a period of creative doubts)**

*It is inspired by the sanctum  
of Charles Dickens*

It is my desk. The chair is removed.  
And carelessly are here parsed papers.  
The feather lies. And convolute portieres.  
This unexpected end can now intrude.

The monk forces me to write, he is so rude,  
The letter cheats – and I see grinned chimeras.  
I choke, and now I'm losing manners –  
Because my spirit is misunderstood.

I see your shock. My soul, don't go away.  
As that Macbeth, I shall not "Amen" say.  
I'll grasp the knife... But it's a simple mare.

But I'll return again to the books, could go,  
For I stepped back – awhile. Not evermore, –  
And the last strike I could devoid there.

*22.09–23.09.2013, Kyiv (перекл. 2014)*

