

**plastic**

i go out to the store  
in a country that is at war  
i buy water  
two five-liter bottles  
they are heavy  
the plastic handle  
pierces into my skin  
as if  
craving for blood  
but it's not my blood  
befalling the earth  
when my bottles are full  
i carry them home  
just like jesus carried his cross  
with a key i open the door  
and come in  
in the kitchen i  
pour some water  
into the kettle  
and put it on fire  
i look at the window  
and

i wish i could break  
it  
and  
cut myself with the shards  
to feel  
what i'm supposed to be  
feeling  
i feel like kneeling  
and praying my heart away  
but the windows are plastic  
so is everything anyway  
in a country that is at war  
there's no point in praying  
plastic is the god  
so is my mother's love  
so is her pirozhkis' smell  
so are her words  
so are the birds  
she is feeding every morning  
so is her asking me not to worry  
in a country that is at war  
so am i  
wishing that i could cry  
wishing i haven't spent all my tears before

in the country not yet at war

i'm afraid of what if

the only tear

i could muster

is also

plastic

*By Ivan Ovcharenko*