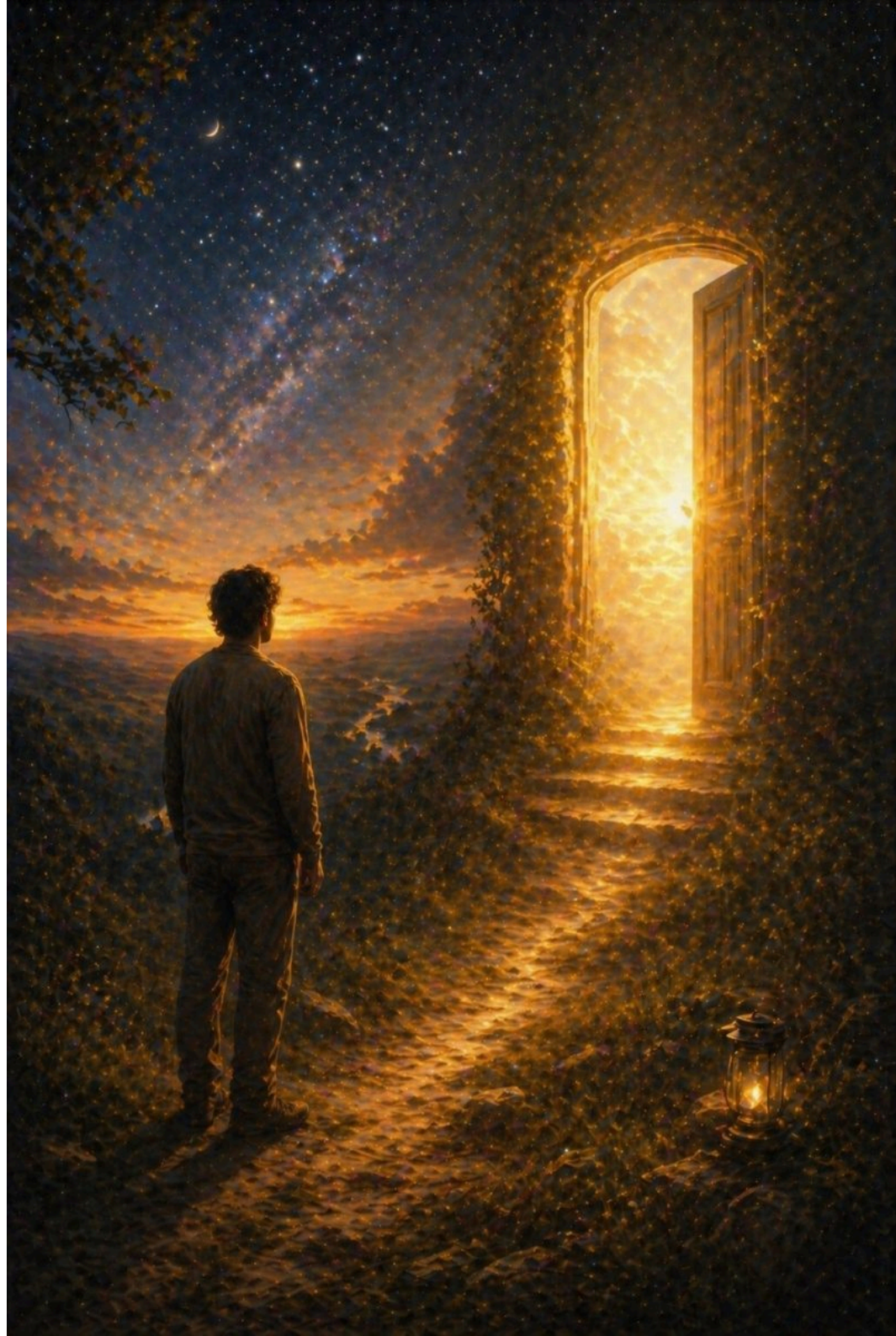




You Will Not Come

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

You will not come. I waited, all in vain.
You were in me each time I called your name.
You do not come. You always are.
Not “afterward” — you are “forever,” near and far.

I waited for you in the outer day,
while in my very soul you stood and stayed.
I called you as one calls toward a home,
yet you were Door and Window, all my own.

I searched in stars, in prayer, along the road,
while you breathed, “I am here. Step in. Come close.”
I waited for the footstep, the night flame,
yet you were stillness from which silence came.

I painted you the way a dream is drawn —
a gray-haired judge enthroned above the dawn...
yet you, within my speechlessness, were weeping,
moving as light through me, and never leaving.

You will not come — you are right here, inside.
You are not on the way — you are the deep.
You walked with me through all my shadowed side,
within my silence, and beyond its keep.

You have not gone — you simply will not come.
You are no Light to rise from distant hills.
You are not hope, no turn that waits its sum,
you are the I in whom all wording stills...

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