

## Market

Vasilina Orlova

Market

Selling peas and nuts in lilac *pyalas*.

A lily-looking face of a woman: the black  
crescents of eyebrows rising

Crescendo

You don't want to twist in your fingers  
fuchsia and bright-blue fabrics,  
Rolled a wave upon the wave down the  
staircase?

*Kameezes,*  
Colorful carpets,  
Shawls,  
*Shalwars*

A bearded seller is smiling and smoking  
a dragon  
It bites its tale in the glass triangular can

Released through his thin nostrils,  
Which  
In intricacy of their forms  
Resemble his shoes with curved tips,

Shoes sewn with beads

The dragon leaves his lungs.

I'd like to buy something  
But what is something

Here I know very well that I will be dead

I will lie awake one night  
Just like that  
And one night  
There will be no one in charge to be me  
To be awake for me  
Like that

I wish I were expecting death like the awakening  
But it will be someone else  
Something  
Lying awake at night

I am really not very tempted (I assure you, susurrus) that  
much by treasures they have here

Something

Maybe a wooden box with the Sikh horseman:  
He holds his blinking sharp saber in one hand,  
And a pale, miraculous rose in another.

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