My Thoughts Return

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Why do my thoughts return to you?
They often wander off into some unattainable expanses;
They travel far in infinite directions,
Away, away from all necessities, conclusions, comprehensions,
But every time, like faithful puppies, they return to you.

And sometimes you’re there. In front of me.
Our eyes are bound together by a common stare.
Your wide, wide eyes! Unbent, they penetrate and pass me by
Like rays of light through a translucent surface
And dissipate somewhere in abstraction
Where thoughts of mine can only hope to go.

Meanwhile, I’m carried back into myself by rushing currents of your stare;
I grow self-conscious and uneasy; I try to look astray;
I scatter into little pieces, preoccupy my mind with any meaningless idea...

Then you’re gone again, --
My thoughts, again, beginning to return to you.

You know, sometimes I even feel that our thoughts are somehow similar...