

This Only

Aga Zaryan

A valley and above it forests in autumn colors
A voyager arrives, a map led him here
Or perhaps memory
Once, long ago, in the sun
When the first snow fell, riding this way
He felt joy, strong, without reason
Joy of the eyes
Everything was the rhythm
Of shifting trees, of a bird in flight
Of a train on the viaduct, a feast of motion
He returns years later, has no demands
He wants only one, most precious thing:
To see, purely and simply, without name
Without expectations, fears, or hopes
At the edge where there is no I or not-I