**Untitled**

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Today I was called a poet

for the first time,

and I am taking my duties seriously.

I listen to the soft slurp with which

the soil in the pots soaks up the water.

I go to the park and check

the spring’s progress:

I notice that the chestnut trees look

like closed umbrellas on the beach

(closed not for long now).

I look at the pond:

the breeze on the water’s surface

is pixelating the reflection

like a glitch during a Skype call,

then quickly disappears.

Now a lonely mallard

is swimming across the pond,

his emerald head glowing in the sun.

He’s moving so fast that the water

still holds his trace far behind him.

Up in the sky, a plane

is drawing a line

perfectly parallel to the one in the pond.

I am standing on the bridge

between these lines

like a word in my notebook.