

Poems: *Autumn and Winter*

by Maczarashvili Merabi
Translated by Elene Pagava
Republic of Georgia

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Autumn

A sign on the wall of the pier : " No swimming ! ";
a boat with a rotten bottom and broken sides, tied on an iron wedge;
a merry pack of homeless, dirty dogs;
an enormous lock on the door of the life-guard station;
chaise lounges piloted at the ferroconcrete wall;
a lot of jelly-fish and sea-weeds on the shore;
the sand soaked, trampled, heavy;
the sea-front lonely and deserted;
several wet sea-gulls in the sky;
the water veined, muddy;
the waves lettuce-coloured, dark;
the surface, foamy;
the dust of water in the air;
foam and roar.
Waves.
Sea.

Winter

Morning.
Snow everywhere;
the trees bare, spread wide;
the bushes rounded, lost in whiteness;
a huge silver pine sloping down the hill;
a winding black line of the ravine, coming from the horizon;
far in the distance, a long chain of mountains;
crows on the dead branch of the plum-tree;
the sky dark grey;
the cloud, blue.
Frost.

Maczarashvili Merabi is a Republic of Georgia freelance writer. He now lives in Poland. His address is: Os. Piastowskie 23/1, 61-148 Poznan,

Poland. TEL: 011-48-61-877-47-18