

## **Spring and Summer**

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**Translated by Elene Pagava**  
*Republic of Georgia*

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### **Spring**

Beaches and oaks;  
Thick roots sticking out of the earth;  
The worms of the May bug on the leaves of the beech  
You can see a moving caravan of red ants in two rows there too;  
A half-destroyed blackened nest and mistletoe;  
A waterfall between enormous grey boulders; a small deep pool;  
At the edge of the water three fish, clinging to each other, basking in the sun;  
On the top of the rock an old whitish-yellow grass-snake; toads on the boulder;  
Young trees along the river; thick ones on the slopes of the ravine;  
A blackened eye of an immense hollow in the bare-branched oak;  
Field mushrooms hidden among dead leaves;  
Yellow-beaked blackbirds, male and female, fussing around;  
A wag-tail at the edge of the water, on slippery stones;  
A quiet cool breeze.

### **Summer**

Tall green grass along a small brook;  
A greenish brown lizard quiet on a big stone;  
A poppy sprinkled with black dots on the sides, glowing red;  
Yellow and blue tiny flowers scattered in the meadow;  
Two big flame-coloured butterflies chasing each other;  
A snail with its head out of its shell, with its horn up;  
Jumping and flying grass-hoppers, creaking in different voices;  
Big, shiny flies, dragon-floes, wasps, bees;  
And the smell, mixed with everything, intoxicating smell.

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