

AYURZANA GUN-AAJAV

*Two Poems*

I grope in my life like a blind man  
The blind man has a cane  
I don't

Eyes open, helpless,  
In complete darkness, in the awful darkness  
Of your body, like a blind man....

Somewhere a light flashed.  
I asked a fortuneteller what it was.  
"Your heart," he said.

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The sound of rain falling on the roof  
The sound of rain striking the roof  
The sound of rain striking the roof  
Repeat the unrepeatable

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*Translated from the Mongolian by E. Sodontogos and  
Christopher Merrill*