

*Tsvetanka Elenkova*

Pansies

Your eye is reached  
 through the flowers in the pot  
 in the hole between two  
 petals which almost  
 touch  
 after it's rained and is sunny  
 there where you expect to see  
 soil a sill or even  
 the block opposite  
 where you don't expect to see  
 anything at all  
 not a bulging eye like Emperor  
 Constantine's or an iguana's  
 a drop of paint on the edge  
 a downward brushstroke  
 which hardens

## Hyacinth

It turns out  
that giving its hand  
as I clean the nettles  
it's not a root  
but a top  
which budded in the soil  
so it's fragile  
hundred-year bones  
sans colour sans smell even  
or smelling of a raw egg  
I crack in water  
fragrant for three days  
without changing its colour  
it doesn't sprout again

*Translated by Jonathan Dunne*