

VERSE
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Translated from Georgian by Manana Dumbadze

A DISAPPOINTED THOUGHT

A poem needs a heart. A poem needs a liver.
A poem needs a tear, and plenty of your blood.
A poem needs a leg. A poem needs a hand.
A poem needs a brain and a forehead as well.
A poem needs dollars. Roubles are also needed.
True poetry needs sex. And a poem comes next.
A poem needs fury. A poem needs a fist.
A poem needs Barbie for a granddaughter's smile.
A poem needs wine, fruits and vitamins as well.
Plenty of sleepless nights and from time to time a nap.
A poem needs anger. A poem needs poison.
Centuries (a lot), and a couple of seconds.
Surely, at night—surely, at noon,
Devotion of somebody's, devotion of yours.
A poem needs poetry. A poem needs candies.
A poem needs honesty.
A poem needs cedar. A poem needs oak.
A poem needs a heart and a bullet in that heart.
A poem needs a mountain. A poem needs a valley.
A poem needs a wife (sometimes a second wife).
A poem needs a breast and a dagger through that breast.
A long and quiet sleep. A dead mom's lullaby—so sweet.
A poem needs sheep and a shepherd for that sheep.

I know what a poem needs,
Have no idea who needs a poem.