

Aga Zaryan, Autumn Quince

How sad they are,
The promises we never return to
They stay in our mouths
Roughen the tongue, lead lives of their own
Houses built and unwittingly lived in
A succession of milk bottles brought to the door
Every morning and taken inside
And which one is real?
The music in the composer's ear
Or the lapsed piece the orchestra plays?
The world is a blurred version of itself
Marred, lovely, and flawed
It is enough