

Aga Zaryan, A Gift

Just when you seem to yourself
Nothing but a flimsy web
Of questions, you are given
The questions of others to hold
In the emptiness of your hands
Songbird eggs that can still hatch
If you keep them warm
Butterflies opening and closing themselves
In your cupped palms, trusting you not to injure
Their scintillant fur, their dust
You are given the questions of others
As if they were answers
To all you ask
Yes, perhaps this gift is your answer