

Aga Zaryan, This World

It appears that it was all a misunderstanding
What was only a trial run was taken seriously
The rivers will return to their beginnings
The wind will cease in its turning about
Trees instead of budding will tend to their roots
Old men will chase a ball, a glance in the mirror
They are children again
The dead will wake up, not comprehending
Till everything that happened will unhappen
What a relief! Breathe freely, you who suffered much