

# 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