

## POETRY

### INSIGHT

**Nino Papanashvili**

I don't know why I've mixed the real with the unreal,  
and every touch of yours - painful deep to the bone,  
Why do I keep it as a pleasure for the night?  
I'm a hedonist like everyone else...  
When the dams are opened the substance flows,  
the pain experienced during the day  
transformed into pleasure,  
in the cold night  
brings warmth and moisture and  
pours into the groove of the spine like the warm current of the ocean-  
touches the cold one and causes a storm...  
I don't know, because  
I've been thinking for a long time  
that I live in illusions.  
Maybe...  
Warm golden gradation and light in the room,  
where you are  
Your aura, your skin, and your hair.  
Your eyes like autumn color,  
Are they also an illusion?  
I have fallen in love with golden monochromatic.  
I see a small smile at every intersection of our eyes,  
colorful bubbles scattered in the air, like in an edited photo  
and I'm glad because I know  
that I'm the reason.  
Only I can call the Merry Pan  
in your soul  
from his dark cave  
and fill your eyes with happiness and a smile.  
But why do I want to?  
Let the mind stay as the free surface of the mirror,-  
the shelter of thoughts  
where I think you are mine.  
Maybe because  
When you lit up as the sun and filled the great emptiness,

Since then, the fear of losing you torments me every moment.

Because I know

We have a frame limit.

Because in just a couple of weeks, we will become two strangers

who have been warm to each other,

souls for so long a time,.

The body, too, in a way

with that touch

As if legal, but with the exchange of illegal energies and painful valences of atoms.

#### **Author's Note.**



**Nino Pepanashvili** is a native of Gori, Georgia but is now in her 9<sup>th</sup> year living in New York State, most of the time in Brooklyn. She always writes authentically of her experiences in the United States and this poem is no exception: she has fallen in love with someone who is not available to her. This is not part of the “American Dream.”