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The Two Trains

(translated by Sergey Gerasimov from Russian)

You grow from the past
and from the future at the same time.
Two infinitely long trains
run in opposite directions
on parallel tracks.
And you are a boy from the past
who sees the face of himself, but from the future
in the window of the train whooshing by.
(The window with yellow curtains.
The turbid edema of thick glass.)
A single moment – and you don't exist here anymore.
You are somewhere else,
and you are someone else,
and that moment shimmers forever --
the tiny flickering lightbulb of our self.